

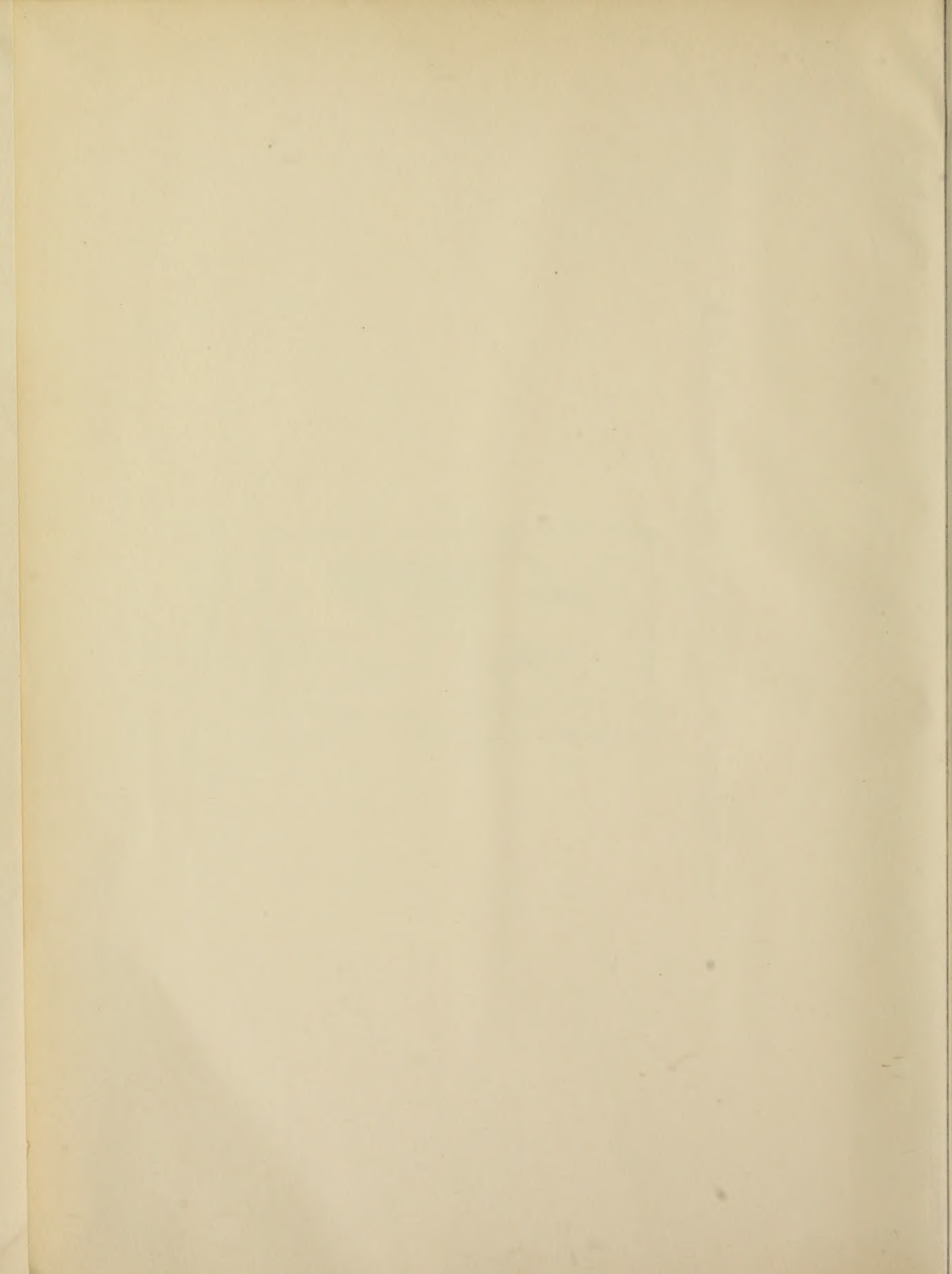


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# TOWN TALK

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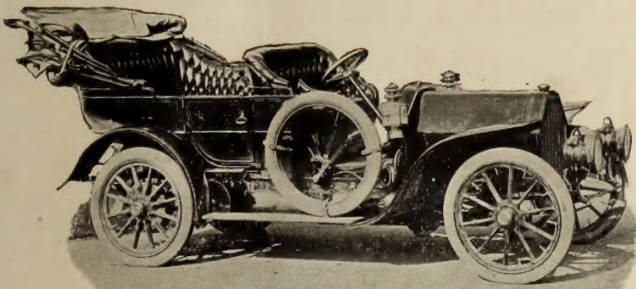
VOL. XV. No. 753.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 2, 1907

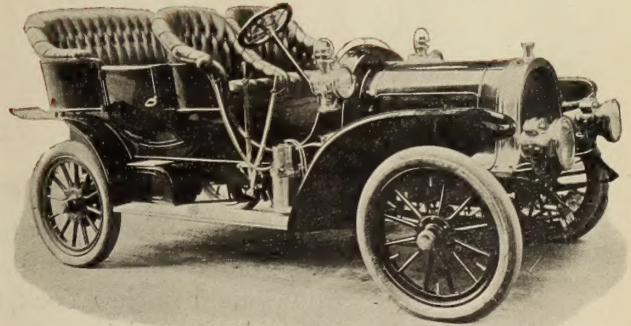
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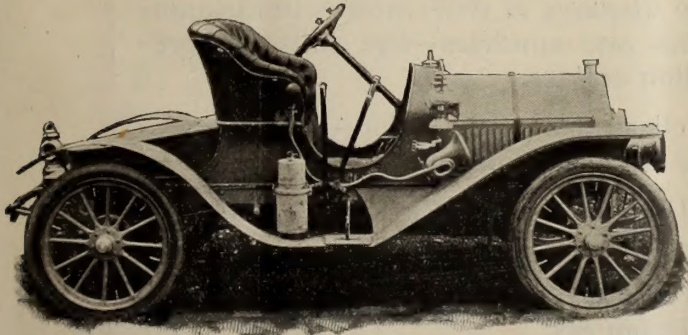
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# TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 753

San Francisco, February 2, 1907

Price, 10 Cents

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## A Bishop's Temerity

The hardihood of Bishop William F. Nichols of the Episcopal Church is astonishing. When a clergyman of his rank hazards his reputation as a Conservative Force in the community he gives us pause. It was no doubt in a friendly spirit, a spirit animated by something bordering on affection, that he took occasion during the course of a public address the other day to animadvert upon our "unenviable notoriety for graft" and the "flaunting of our vices." His remarks were more frank than amene, and they were open to a construction prejudicial to the character of our municipal Government. Indeed they might easily be construed to be in justification of the prosecution of the grafters. Now we all know that the prosecution of the grafters has been stigmatized as a foul and malignant conspiracy, and that the widely disseminated stories of graft have been pronounced the vicious inventions of a corrupt and an indecent press. Yet from Bishop Nichols' utterances, mild and almost non-committal as they were, we should judge that eminent clergyman is in sympathy with the so-called conspiracy and that he has little respect for the judgment, or fear of the hostility of the distinguished citizens who are incensed at the outrageous machinations directed against the peace and dignity of the Hon. Eugene Schmitz and the Hon. Abe Ruef. The temerity of Bishop Nichols is in strong contrast with the reticence of other Church dignitaries who have seen fit to maintain a discreet silence throughout the awful revelations of civic corruption and the manifest evidences of the city's debasement.

## Benefit of Clergy

"St. Francis," said Bishop Nichols, "might wonder why our city, with its box of Municipal Woes wide open, had not been named after Pandora instead of after him." We are inclined to think that if St. Francis were given to speculation he would occupy himself principally with the phenomenon of so much vice in a city containing so many clergymen. The founder of the Franciscan Order was the world's second great exponent of the simple life. We earnestly

commend to all clergymen the study of his career that they might model themselves after him. For it is our impregnable conviction that if all clergymen were of the sweet, poetic temperament of that mild, ascetic monk there would be fewer grafters in the world. Schmitz and Ruef might never have fallen into their present plight if their clerical intimates had exhibited half the religious zeal that led to the canonization of Francis. The salient feature of St. Francis's character was his profound faith in the goodness of human nature. He believed that robbers of the highway were more good than bad and he talked with them and compassionated them on their inability to give rein to their holiness. His theory was that the bad in them had fortuitously gained the ascendancy, and though some of them mocked him there were others to whom the nobility of his character appealed. There was no task too stupendous for that holy monk if it involved the welfare of one of God's creatures. The man that interceded with the Emperor in the interest of "his little sisters the larks" would not have observed with tranquility the wayward course of Mayor Schmitz under the ciceronage of Abe Ruef. Nor is it likely that with all his faith in the goodness of human nature he would have assumed in the face of the obvious that all the stories were fictive which had their inspiration in the debauching of this fair city.

## They Want Titles

There is a hot fight on in the navy between the staff officers and those of the line and all because those of the staff are avid for titles. There are two classes of officers in the navy, those of the line, from the grade of midshipman up to that of Admiral, and staff officers, the latter being officers of the pay department, of the medical department, of the department of construction and the civil engineers, coming under the bureau of yards and docks. In other words, the officers who have to do with actual fighting are line officers, and the others, including pay officers, surgeons, civil engineers and naval constructors, are staff officers. The engineers used to be staff officers, but they have been made a part of the line of the navy. Under existing laws titles, such as Ensign, Lieutenant, Lieutenant-Commander, Captain, etc., are not given staff officers in the navy, as are staff officers in the army, and they claim that they should be. They have relative rank but no title. Thus an assistant surgeon has the rank of a Second Lieutenant; a passed assistant surgeon the rank of a Lieutenant, senior grade; a surgeon the rank of Lieutenant-Commander; a medical inspector the rank of a Commander, a medical director that of a Captain, while the Surgeon-General has the rank of a Rear Admiral. But none of the officers in these grades is permitted to use the title. If an officer is a medical inspector he is called Medical Inspector So-and-so, and not Commander. In the army a surgeon, for instance, is entitled to the title of Major. Last summer, when it was determined by the Navy Department that something should be done about the commissioned personnel of the navy, the staff officers were asked for suggestions. A personnel board, headed by Assistant Secretary of the Navy Newberry, was appointed to take up the entire matter. The staff officers who were consulted, however, did not follow



the line expected. It was supposed they would confine their recommendations to matters concerning promotion, increased pay and such things, but instead all of them turned in recommendations that they have the right to make use of the titles. The line arose against this, and since then there has been a hot fight on. There were other recommendations made by the staff officers, and these were granted, but their suggestions that titles be given them was held back and not sent to Congress with the other conclusions of the personnel board. And now the staff officers are blocking the personnel bill and President Roosevelt is so indignant that he sent word to them that if caught lobbying they would be court-martialed. What the President wants and what everybody interested in the welfare of the navy wants, is to increase the efficiency of the line. The personnel bill is designed to secure better material for the command of fleets, squadrons and individual ships, to abolish the system by which the country gets flag officers who have survived their efficiency. The personnel bill will correct many flagrant imperfections, and though it is in no way prejudicial to the interests of the staff officers they have exercised their political pull so adroitly that the President is having a hard time getting it through in view of the fact that there is no dispute respecting the merits of the bill. It is no wonder that President Roosevelt is indignant; for the opposition to a measure designed to improve the efficiency of the navy, coming as it does from men in the service of the country, is a species of treason.

#### The Friars and the Indians

Elbert Hubbard, known to the culturines as the sage of East Aurora, has been disclosing his knowledge of the Californian Mission style of architecture. He says: "So impressed were the monks by the dangers of earthquakes, that it affected their architectural designs. The Mission style is a building that is built with earthquakes in mind—broad at the base, very simple, solid, and usually but one story high. The lofty steeples, vaulted roofs, overhanging battlements and ornate features of the old-world cathedrals were not repeated by these Spanish monks. They calculated on God's displeasure." To Fra Elbertus it has not occurred that there were other things upon which the missionary laborers had to calculate; on such trivial things, for example, as lack of tools and building materials such as were available to European architects, not to mention the lack of skilled labor. When they used rawhide thongs instead of nails it was not to propitiate God but because they had no nails. All things considered they did pretty well and their work was not devoid of ornament. Nor were they prejudiced against two-story buildings, a fact of which Fra Elbertus would not have been ignorant had he seen some of the early mission settlements. If the Monks had calculated on God's displeasure the probability is they would also have calculated on God's ability to reduce any building to ruins, but it appears that they went in for durability. If they had calculated on earthquakes it is not likely that their edifices would have abounded in arches. The fact is that in designing their buildings they calculated only on their capacity and resources, and their handiwork has survived in a measure not only the ravages of time but the displeasure of God so far as that displeasure has been expressed in earthquakes. It is easy to disparage the handiwork of the friars, but their achievements should command the highest admiration. From the time of the first settle-

ment until the secularization there elapsed approximately sixty years, about the duration of one lifetime. In that brief period more was accomplished toward the betterment of the natives than in all the other years of the occupation of this country by Christian civilization. The Government has expended in round numbers a billion of dollars nominally for the benefit of its wards, but what is there to show for it? We have Carlisle football teams and basketball matches, and Indian schools are a perennial source of copy for magazine scribblers, but where today is the skilled Indian workman, capable of self-support and independence? Latin and Greek, mathematics and zeal for athletics are crammed into dusky skins, but the occupation which appeals to the noble red man is an engagement with a Wild West show or an Indian village of some Exposition. Despite the reprehensible belief of the ignorant and superstitious Franciscans, they *did* teach their wards many skilled trades, amongst them that of curing and tanning leather, making saddles and other horse gear, weaving cloth, breeding and caring for livestock, planting and harvesting grains and fruits, the building of houses and making of furniture, besides such elementary education as they were capable of absorbing. It never was the intention or expectation to turn these naked savages into disputatious theologians, but only to make of them as good Indians as was possible. The wisdom of the design has demonstrated itself, since, today, after four hundred years of experimenting, the wisest heads in the Indian department have come to virtually the Franciscan conclusion, namely, that the Indian must remain an Indian to the end of time and the proper course to pursue is to give him such instruction and assistance as will enable him to become independent, to make and mend his own tools, to plant and harvest his own crops, and to take his place in his own world.

#### The Temporary Library Scheme

The proposition to erect a temporary building to house the city library should be frowned down. It is simply a pretext to throw away money and furnish pickings for the favored ones. The excuse is made that the McCreery building which is now the headquar-



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ters is overcrowded, and doubtless it is, but the proposition to provide a permanent library building is not one which has been suddenly conceived. On the contrary, it is a good many years since some of our municipal philanthropists took it upon themselves to beg a donation from Andrew Carnegie. Plans have been discussed time and again, and the site has been chosen. There is no occasion for any dawdling about the matter. The money needed to purchase plans, erect a temporary building, provide furniture and remove and arrange the books should make a considerable showing in the cost of a permanent housing place. We all know only too well the intolerable delays and the unexpected increase in the cost of every job undertaken by the Municipality, and it is safe to say that the tentative sixty thousand dollars which it is proposed to expend will double and treble itself before the end is in sight. It is not to be expected that municipal employees will content themselves with anything short of the most expensive furnishings that the market can supply, and when the permanent library is finally erected such articles as have been in use for a few years cannot possibly do further duty, nor will they be sold for the benefit of the library funds, for city property has an unaccountable way of slipping through the cracks of the floor, and it ill becomes a wealthy community to take picayunish note of a few dozen mahogany chairs and desks, leather covered couches and such trifles. Perhaps the patrons of the library are somewhat crowded in the present quarters, but they will be obliged to make the best of such accommodation as there is while the temporary building is being put into condition for occupancy, which will take fully one year from the day the work is actually begun, and they will have another period of upheaval when the next move is made. We are all pretty well inured to hardships just now, and can struggle along for a while with better grace than we will submit to additional burdens later on. If the McCreery library is overcrowded, there is the Mission branch which is ill-supplied, and some of the superfluities could be transferred thus equalizing the benefits which are supposed to be for all.

### More Money For Frills

There is a bill before the Legislature designed to increase the school funds ostensibly for the purpose of relieving the congestion in our schools. It would be well if before the passage of the bill we were given absolute assurance that the congestion would be relieved. And probably no better way could we be given such assurance than by legislation designed to eliminate from the school department all its fads and fancies. More money would mean, we fear, more high priced and incompetent specialists, more visiting physicians and nurses, more athletic grounds, shower baths and other luxuries which have no connection with school work. For some years before the fire the grandchildren of the first generation of native sons and daughters attended the same ramshackle shells which sheltered their grandparents, receiving instruction in the dark basements of firetraps, while the more favored ones reveled in luxuries akin to those that constitute the charm of private clubs. Instead of raising the maximum age of school children from seventeen to twenty years it would be better to contract the period in which public instruction is available. Children would advance more rapidly if their minds instead of their voices were cultivated, and if there were less voice cultivation of the public school kind there would be more voices available for proper development in later

years. Less time should be given to water-color painting and more to the multiplication table, and the boy or girl who has not been able to complete the grammar school course by the age of fifteen, should, unless a full year has been lost through unavoidable absence, be held to have forfeited further right to instruction at public expense.

### The Old and New Systems

Instead of offering inducements for longer attendance and greater ease the best course which educational authorities could countenance now would be to establish an age limit beyond which no child could remain in the grammar school, restrict the number of pupils admitted to the high schools each year, and charge a substantial tuition fee for a college course. What is difficult of attainment is invested with a value. Thirty years ago, when our schools were by no means overcrowded, there was a regulation under which no pupils were eligible to admission to the high schools unless they were at least fourteen, and it was by no means a dead letter. A rule providing for a junior class of not more than one hundred would infuse more enthusiasm into the work of our languid and lackadaisical pupils today than the present open door with the allurements of athletics and Greek letter fraternities and an abundance of flirtation and no demands on mental capacity. The boy who left the grammar school a generation ago, well grounded in the fundamental rules of arithmetic, able to spell ordinary words according to accepted standards, and able to write legibly and speak grammatically, with some knowledge of geography and history had a broad basis on which to build. He could go into a commercial house and climb the rungs of the ladder, or he was ready for an additional course in a business college, or for the high school. He played baseball in the back lot for exercise and fun, tinkered more or less with tools, and was raw material ready to hand wherever he was wanted or saw an opening. It was assumed by both parents and school authorities that at fourteen or fifteen that much at least would be accomplished: There are university graduates of today who are not worth as much. The boy who leaves the high school today, at nineteen, after being supported in ease at the expense of his parents, is fit for nothing but to matriculate at a university where he can gain honors as a member of the athletic team, and when, after four years of additional idleness,

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he is finally turned loose on the world, he is often better prepared for the career of a professional sport than for anything else. Collis P. Huntington once said he could hire all the college graduates he wanted for thirty dollars a month. The secretary of the New York Young Men's Christian Association is authority for the statement that one-fourth of the applicants for relief, those who are unable to do anything for themselves, are college graduates. When all is said and done we still need "the common man," the one who can do the ordinary work of the world well. The whole theory of our educational system is that it makes better citizens, but what is there in our present educa-

tional system that tends to purify the electorate? In the occasional glimpses we are afforded of college life we are unable to detect anything denoting the operation of a system for the disciplining of the heart and mind. The students, by their general conduct, do not persuade us that they have learned the benefits of temperance and moderation. On the contrary we have received the impression that life with them is a feast of selfishness without care or thought for others. We doubt that they are informed respecting the weakness of human reason, its province and its limits and we wonder by what secret process they are being fitted for the highest citizenship.

## Perspective Impressions.

Senator Sanford's proposed measure for the regulation of lobbyists is unconstitutional, being in restraint of commerce.

A Dublin audience having mobbed a Yeats play for its libelous portrayal of Irish character, it is easy to understand why Yeats is lauded in London for his pictures of Celtic life.

One circumstance that should reconcile New Yorkers to the abandonment of "Salome" is that Olive Fremstad was to play the title role. Olive is the lady who was Carusofied in "Carmen" one night that was made memorable by what happened in the gray dawn of the morning after.

William J. Bryan, the irrefutable, dropped into town the other day, decided the legal question involved in

the Japanese school case and dropped out again. No need of a Supreme Court while we have the Nebraskan with us.

A New York jury gave a man a verdict, the other day, for \$3,000 damages for the alienation of his wife's affections. He sued for \$75,000. Clearly a case of overestimating the value of affections that are susceptible of alienation.

"Taft's Brother Boosting Him;" was the headline in a daily paper. "Boosting" is not a good word to describe the performance. When you use a derrick you "hoist."

The Interstate Commerce Commission reports that "the ruin of its competitors has been a distinct part of the policy of the Standard Oil Company." This effort at giving color to a popular delusion must be very painful to that pious, philanthropic gentleman, Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

If official incompetency were a crime it would be unnecessary to employ a Burns or a Heney to fit the Supervisors to striped suits.

If the Gridiron Club is all that it is said to be then the members should be pleased with the way that President Roosevelt brought his performance into concord with its best traditions.



Japan—"Allow me to give you this slight token of my regard."

Uncle Sam—"Be so good as to take this seat, my yellow friend."

—La Silhouette (Paris).



These Railroad Mergers are Getting to be Monotonous.  
—Rogers in the New York Herald.

## Barren Ways

By Mabel Porter Pitts

This that we hold we craved: No passing day  
Marked off in shade or sun but sped our prayer,  
And not a temple built upon our way  
But, at some moment, found us suppliant there.

Sincere, we asked, not imitating those  
Who credence give to every mood that pleads,  
And from the earnestness of hope arose  
The true incentive to ambitious deeds.

Our prayer was heard; the gift which night and noon  
Had filled the empty circle of the skies  
Proved like that flower which blows beneath the moon.  
Which lives in coldness and in darkness dies.

We have received, and are as one that seems  
To have the favored goal yet still to win;  
As one who sits outside the door and dreams  
While wastes the banquet of his life within.

We meet with Pleasure, and her banal kiss  
She gives as earnest of a lambent fire;  
Our plea is answered, and we turn to this—  
Dead, sodden ashes of a vain desire.

January, 1907.

## Sown In Corruption

Roughly, in great clods, the ground had been broken up long before in preparation for the great burying. Piled up, the uncouth blocks lay open to the sky; light and the fresh wind filling the wide crevices, and flooding down to the dark places of the deep trench. The gravedigger's wrestling with the earth is over; he has made the bed; he has now only to soften and smooth it out fit for those who are to lie there in a long sleep. So he is upon the ground early on the day of burying. Not one will be put in a bed unmade, or made carelessly, and he will leave none unburied. The day shall not pass till all are lying in their places. There shall be no hurry, no scamping; the coverlet shall not be smoothed hypocritically over a single one of them, put away unlovingly, rudely, in tumbled, unsweet, unaired bed. He may not be learned in legends of the unburied Shades; he has never heard of unquiet souls stretching hands to cross the Styx. But he does know that if he leaves any one of them exposed unburied, it can never rise in glory. His theology is not scientific but he has faith, and because he has faith he works; resolutely, calmly, happily. All round him there is decay and corruption; death in a thousand forms. Where there is life, it is stricken life; the blackened leaf, dropping here and there almost silently, sometimes as it were with a sigh, as the wet wind carries it about before it sinks finally to the ground. A few palsied flies; honey-bees infirm with the cold; the last butterfly wandering alone; a flower or two that have lived too long, and seen all their compeers die. How different it all is from the heyday of summer life! The feeble gnats, attempting a pitiful dance in the thin, chilly mist that rises as the light drops, but emphasize the failure of life. It gets colder. One might shiver in the damp clammy air of falling evening. Everywhere is the dank smell of decaying vegetation; more pungent as night comes on and only the morbid bright-

ness of fungus spots shows out. The sky is turning to the hard rusty color of early winter twilight; but there is still light enough for the gravedigger to do his work. One by one he lifts them and puts each carefully in its own place. Gently he lays them in; thoughtfully, almost reverently. He seems to be trying to make them comfortable; as he would tuck up a child in bed, for he knows that if they do not sleep well they will never wake. At length the last one is in its resting-place, before it is quite dark. The last one is put out of sight and the earth closes over. Nothing now is left but to draw the coverlet and smooth out the creases. A last look and, turning, he leaves them there alone to the earth, to the elements, to Him who gives the increase, and walks slowly home in the dark and the cold and the damp.

But he does not see it; he sees another world than this. He has sown in corruption but he sees the rising in incorruption; the fresh spring air; and the new green; everything springing to life; the world is born again. Where he has just closed in the earth, he sees a host azure and snowy white and crimson rising to the light. As the wind plays with the tall hyacinths, he can almost hear their numerous bells ringing. He sees tulips flaming in the sun, catching bright dewdrops in their cups; and a great multitude of daffodils, nodding gaily, dancing and swaying to and fro. Their trumpets, he fancies, are lifted to sound the call to life. To him the sowing in corruption is not sorrowful; for the gardener has faith.

—S. R.

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# The Annals of Pickeye

(In Seven Chapters)

By the Editor of the Old "Pickeye Trumpet"—J. T. Goodman

## II

### The First Fourth of July Celebration at Pickeye

By the middle of '51 Pickeye had grown to such importance that a befitting observance of the national anniversary was deemed in order.

Accordingly a committee, composed of the representative men of Pickeye and its vicinage, was appointed to make arrangements for a grand celebration.

Some of their names may seem lacking in dignity, but a man's real name was seldom known or used in the mines at that date: his camp designation was sufficient.

The committeemen were General Houston, a professed lawyer of imposing mien and floodgate eloquence, whose military title had evolved spontaneously from his surname; Elder Beals, an itinerant Methodist preacher, who drifted into the camp with the first rush of prospectors and had become a fixture and notable character; Pap Grimshaw, the leading merchant and the only man with a family in Pickeye; Arkansaw, an energetic cattleman; Dobie Joe, a miner from Lang's Bar; J-B, another miner from the dry Diggings, and Cape Ann, a miner also, but from up the river.

The Fourth of July dawned bright and glorious as it can dawn only in the mountains of California. Pickeye had been astir early, but it was ten o'clock when Arkansaw and his aids, gaudy in trappings and superbly mounted, rode slowly up the main street, followed by the brass band.

Elder Beals had been named chief of staff, for his proficiency with the tin horn he carried to summon his congregations; and now, as the cavalcade halted at the plaza, he sent forth the assembly-call with a vigor that awoke the echoes like a calliope and told the inhabitants the celebration was on.

It would require a pen skilled in spectacular description to limn that pageant. The Pickeye division led. Arkansaw and his staff headed it, followed by the brass band and a mounted squad of prominent citizens. Then, elaborately decorated and drawn by six white horses, came a car of state, in which Mrs. Grimshaw posed as the Goddess of Liberty, and her daughter Cosey as California. After them marched a long line of townsmen, six abreast, in blue flannel shirts and bearing flags.

The Lang's Bar division came next, led by Dobie Joe and keeping step to the strains of a horse-fiddle mounted on a wagon—a big dry-goods box, across the edges of which two stalwart men kept sawing with a scantling, producing an ear-splitting and unearthly noise. Then followed a float, on which two men were working a long-tom, succeeded by hundreds of other miners on foot and carrying picks or shovels on their shoulders.

The Slate Range representatives, gray-shirted, as if dyed with that they worked in, were next in line, under the guidance of J-B and a callithumpium—an extraordinary instrument emitting more extraordinary sounds—followed by a float on which a couple of men were at work with a rocker, and ending with a long file of marchers carrying buckets.

The Red Banks delegation came in succession, red-shirted, and with a siren and a hydraulic outfit in full blast; the river contingents, with a monster bell and a

string of sluices; and at the end of all there trailed a horde of Indians and Chinamen.

The only drawback was acknowledged to be that everybody was in the procession, so there was no one to look on and admire. But there was a partial compensation in the counter-marching, when they could see and cheer one another.

For three hours the patriotic citizens paraded the streets of Pickeye, and then they assembled in the plaza to listen to the literary exercises.

The invocation by Elder Beals and the reading of the Declaration by Dobie Joe were nothing out of the ordinary, but the oration was something marvelous.

The term "spell-binder" was not in existence then, but the fervid oratory it implies existed; and if there ever was a spell-binder it was General Houston. He not only bound but spiked the attention of his hearers that day. He snatched the signers bodily from their forgotten graves; he rescued the name of Washington from oblivion; he spread the American eagle over the whole universe; he fought England; he reconquered Mexico; he convinced Pickeye that she was invincible though the combined armies and navies of the world should come against her; and in a peroration that fairly electrified his audience he materialized, as it were, the Genius of the Southern Mines standing on the summit of the Sierras with an awed and admiring world crouched at his feet.

Alas for the evanescence of extemporaneous oratory. It passes like a breath, leaving no token of the sorcery which thrilled a thousand breasts. General Houston never committed his oration to paper, so its beauty and magnificence are lost to posterity.

But fortunately the poem of C. Augustus Dinkey, the young Foothill Bard, is extant. He was painstaking and carefully preserved everything he ever wrote. Therefore patriotic hearts may be stirred even now by the fervid lines he recited on that occasion.

#### FOURTH OF JULY ODE, 1851.

This day the eagle-bird should soar  
And anvils belch and cannons roar;  
The flag should wave, the armor shine,  
And citizens form into line.  
With drums and fifes and what you will—  
And Pickeye's done it up to kill!

The memories of this glorious day  
Enthuse my soul in such a way  
It makes a queer goose-pimply brash  
Break out on me, like canker rash.  
Who doesn't have it? Everyone  
Must feel the same when Lexington  
And Bunker Hill and all the rest  
Of them there battles is expressed.  
We fit with England then, the cur,  
And knocked the stuffing out of her;  
And if she wants to try the game  
Again, she'll find us here the same,  
Not only ready for the fun,  
But eager—for we owe her one!

(Continued on Page 31.)

# The Spectator

## Van Ness and The Welchers

Though Mr. T. C. Van Ness met his Waterloo the other day there has been no grief to assuage that I have been able to discover. And yet there has been weeping over the catastrophe. If conditions were the same as in the old days when wet weather in London was denoted by turned-up trousers in America, we should have abundant proof of the dampness caused by the copious tears of Mr. Van Ness's welching clients; but, alas! those with whom turned-up trousers were formerly en regle are now wearing their pants in their laced boots. Mr. Van Ness is the gentleman who addressed a wonderful piece of periphrastic literature to the creditors of the British earthquake-clause companies some months ago. Having been hired by those companies to enable them to facilitate the evasion of their obligations he began the delectable job by assuring the creditors that they didn't have a leg to stand on. He told them his clients didn't dare to pay out any money because they would be pecuniarily responsible to the stockholders. He asserted that the legality of the position of his clients was so firmly established he was incredulous respecting the rumor that San Francisco judges and juries would decide against them through sympathy with the policy-holders. Thus did this eminent member of the bar naively intimate that if defeated in court he would be constrained to assume that justice had been perverted. And a little later the policy-holders were notified that the welchers had kindly condescended to make them objects of charity by paying them a small percentage of their claims. How these scrupulous men managed to do this and evade the pecuniary responsibility of which they were so fearful I have never been able to ascertain. Whence their authority to give away the funds of the companies is something the learned Mr. Van Ness has not seen fit to disclose. But to enlighten the policy-holders more than was absolutely necessary to carry out the welching scheme in hand was not the purpose of Mr. Van Ness when he constituted himself the oracle of justice in the first instance. He merely uttered himself as the welcher's attorney, but he affirmed the finality of the earthquake clause with the dogmatism of one from whose judgment there was no appeal.

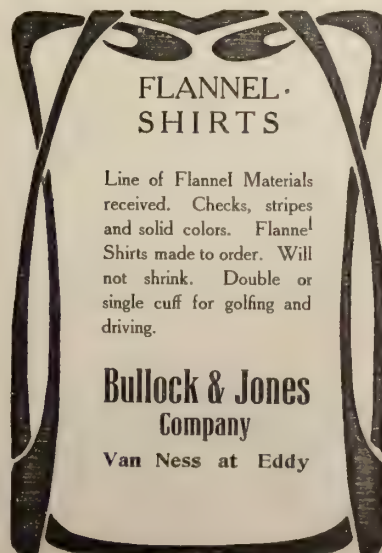
## When Bergin Went At Him

The simple, unadorned truth is that Mr. Van Ness, through his unfortunate ignorance of the law, aided a gang of financial pharisees in preying upon the necessities of the policy-holders of the Norwich Union, the Commercial Union, the Alliance Assurance and Palatine Insurance companies. Those policy-holders that did not rush in to avail themselves of the generosity of the welchers were, in the course of time, warned that the offer would not be held open indefinitely. By this species of intimidation those unfortunates that did not relish the prospect of litigation finally accepted the terms. Mr. T. I. Bergin, being a lawyer with money to burn, was not to be deluded by his distinguished confrere of the bar. He declined to accept the law as misinterpreted by Mr. Van Ness. He deemed it preferable to prove that gentleman's position untenable and for that purpose employed a lawyer somewhat more eminent in the profession than

Mr. Van Ness, one Garrett McEnerney who defined the law so clearly, and so completely demolished the frail edifice of sophistries designed and reared by Mr. Van Ness that when the trial was over it was inconceivable that anybody ever really believed the insurance companies were exempt from general liability under the earthquake clause. It was a notable defeat that Mr. Van Ness sustained and one to which there should be an aftermath.

## Moral Responsibility

While it is generally understood in these degenerate days that there is not so much call for the lawyer who can tell his client what the law forbids as for the one who can impart knowledge of how schemes may be carried out in spite of the intention of the law without involving the schemer in trouble, there should be some redress for those who are victimized through such machinations as were employed by the British welchers. When Mr. Van Ness without solicitation constituted himself the legal adviser of all the policy-holders he persuaded many that they had no legal claim against the companies. He so affirmed in his published letter. It turns out that his statement of the law was somewhat inaccurate, and that those British welchers are now at least morally indebted to every person in this city to whom they were legally indebted after the April fire. And I am not sure, in view of the methods employed to induce a compromise, they are not still legally indebted; for the whole thing, in the light of the law as set forth in the Bergin case, savors of a bunko game. But the familiar proverb of the law that there is no wrong that hasn't a remedy has proved in recent years scarcely more substantial than a dream. If there be a remedy the policy holders will not rely on Van Ness's judgment as to what the remedy is; for it appears that he sometimes errs, and it is a matter of profound regret to his friends that in doing so in this case he has probably disadvantaged himself professionally in no small degree. He is on record as the lawyer who declared the insurance company directors would be pecuniarily responsible for paying the claims of policy-holders, but who saw nothing wrong in giving



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Van Ness at Eddy



away the money of the stockholders. And he is on record as the lawyer who failed to make good in court, the consequence being that his clients have been put on record as men that repudiate their honest obligations and prey on the necessities of their creditors. It is to be hoped for Mr. Van Ness's sake that he received a very big fee from the welchers. It would be hard to estimate offhand the amount of money that would compensate a lawyer for the loss of prestige sustained when his cocksureness is blown full of holes in such a blinding white light as that which beat upon Mr. Van Ness at the crushing close of the Bergin case.

### They've Dissolved Partnership

It may interest Mr. Van Ness to learn that there are members of the bar somewhat curious to know whether it was the magnitude or the minitude of the fee which he received from the welchers that proved disastrous to his copartnership with his son-in-law, Mr. William Denman. It was just before the fire that the copartnership was established. And it was just a little before the formation of the copartnership that Mr. Denman formed a matrimonial alliance with the Van Ness family. Shortly after the firm of Van Ness & Denman came into existence Mr. Van Ness went off to Europe to spend a little of the fee that he got out of the Davis will contest, and during his absence his law business was handled by his brilliant son-in-law. It was while Mr. Van Ness was abroad that the fire occurred which brought dismay to the stockholders of British insurance companies, and the San Francisco attorney lost no time in making professional connections with the officers of those companies. He returned to San Francisco without giving the slightest hint respecting the intentions of his clients, but he was then in a state of perturbation and shortly after his arrival was delivered of that ponderous message to the policy-holders wherein he pleaded the earthquake clause as an impregnable universal expedient for the confusion of creditors. Up to that moment the firm of Van Ness & Denman was intact. There were no signs of a rift in the lute. A little later, in certain cases, the name of T. C. Van Ness was substituted for the firm name of Van Ness & Denman. This transaction excited curiosity in the profession, but it was explained that Mr. Denman was going to devote all his time to admiralty practice. As he has been making a specialty of admiralty law and with great and gratifying success, the explanation was accepted, but a short time ago came the news that the profession contained another ex-partner of T. C. Van Ness, the firm of Van Ness & Denman having dissolved January first. And by this news was curiosity again filled. Why did they dissolve? is the question that has been afloat for some weeks. Was the insurance fee so large and the prospect for more so good that Van Ness concluded he didn't need a partner? or, was it so small that he couldn't afford to divide it even though the division should all be in the family? But of course these questions will never be answered. It's a purely family matter anyway, and curiosity is vulgar and should be discouraged.

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### Luring Lights

Shock and fire cannot destroy the love of San Franciscans for their city. Graft disclosures do not make the hills that overlook the bay and ocean less desirable to live upon. The corruption of mere men cannot change our town's environments, or kill its traditions, or rob it of its gayety and joyousness. Although not in the foregoing words, it is in that strain that a correspondent writes me of returning to his beloved city. "Ever since the fire I have been exiled," he writes. "I have been no farther than Alameda, and I have been in San Francisco every week day. But that is not living here of nights. The lights lured me back. For months on my evening trips across the bay I could see nothing but the wreck-strewn hills. As the days grew shorter the ruins that littered them were hidden by darkness ere I crossed the bay, and were black against the Western sky—as they were half a century ago. Then came the pioneers of 1906 and built houses where they had lived before. And the lights began to shine of nights. There were only a few of them at first—a beacon here and there; but there was lure for me in every one of them. Week by week they became more plentiful, until at last the hills began to twinkle as they did a year ago. By their light from the deck of the ferry-boat I could almost pick out the streets that arch the hills and go out toward the ocean. There, in my imagination, the old city stood. 'The city of my love and my desire,' beckoning for me to come. I knew that only its shadow remained, that everywhere were blackened walls and heaps of bricks. But the lights lied to me, as I wanted them to lie, and tempted me to perch myself upon one of the city's hills again. 'Things are almost as they were before,' the lights told me—so I came. I miss much. I cannot see the long blaze that used to define Market street, the flashing lamps along Kearny and Powell, or the yellow haze over O'Farrell street. As I look down from the hill at night the lights are scattered and spectral. By day there is naught but confusion to gaze upon. But through the confusion the new town is arising—and day by day I watch it rise, and rejoice that I am back upon the hill,—a pioneer of the second generation."

### Wrecks of the Street

The current boom in mining stocks recalls the old Comstock days, when the whole town went wild—and mostly broke—over shares. This time, so far, there has been only a few disastrous fluctuations. The tendency has been mostly upward, and nearly all stocks have been good stocks. Mackay, Fair and Flood were the arch manipulators of the Comstock days, and shares went up and down as they willed it, to the ruin of those

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who had guessed wrong. Women by thousands were among the victims. Financial ruin did not cure all of them of the gambling fever. Many kept at it with every cent they could beg, or borrow, or save through bitter self-deprecation. Some of them are alive yet, and hang around the doors of the Exchange, living sermons on the fatal passion for gambling. They are not a pleasing sight. Old, ragged, toothless, shambling and dirty. They wait around the entrance listening for words of wisdom that might drop from the lips of operators or brokers. Their eyes glitter with the fever of chance, they scan the face of every man that comes out, strain hideously for every word that is uttered. They would be known as women only by the clothing they wear. They are creatures, nothing else, and but one thought possesses them—stocks, stocks, stocks! More than one young fellow, tempted to plunge on a tip, has held himself back at the sight of these battered, mumbling wrecks, some of whom once had more than he could ever hope to possess.

### The Boom In Bullfrog Rush

That the present craze will bring a new crop of dupes and financial wrecks there need be no doubt. The old game is being played over again. There is no game into which the "sucker born every minute" is more easily lured. It is so easy that anyone unburdened with a conscience and skilled in formulating plausible stories and giving verisimilitude to extravagant yarns may acquire a fortune by organizing a mining company on paper and floating the stock. How easy it is to play upon the greed of gold is illustrated by the experience of Frank S. Colton who recently brought suit for \$41,000 against the L. M. Sullivan Trust Company. On the strength of glowing circulars and advertisements issued by the company, which reached Colton in his Pittsburg home, he purchased two thousand shares of the Bullfrog Rush Mining Company for which he paid \$800.00. A few more circulars impelled him to take another chance. He paid \$315 for seven hundred more shares, and then sat back to await results. Presently he received this telegram which must have cost a little money:

"Just returned from personal inspection of Rush properties. Fifteen feet of \$30 ore opened on Rush vein, which has widened out to three hundred feet, and all will mill. Eleven hundred and sixty feet of tunnel work done to date in ore. Over nine hundred feet of Denver vein opened up and explored on this property. Considering fact that development work was commenced only ten weeks ago, showing is most phenomenal of any mine in Nevada. No such enormous body of ore opened up in the Montgomery-Shoshone at same stage of development. Rush bids fair to become greatest mine in State. Jack Campbell, our mining engineer, on the ground, and almost every miner on Bonanza Mountain buying this stock. Intrinsic value at this time not less than par. Full details by letter."

"L. M. SULLIVAN."

### Getting In on the Ground Floor

The telegram was sent from Goldfield and it made Colton jump with excitement. A few days later he got a letter confirming the telegram and giving in more detailed form the great prospects of Bullfrog Rush. It seemed to Colton that he was being let in on the ground floor. He was bewildered with kaleidoscope of easy

money in all the colors of the rainbow. Opportunity couldn't flirt with him recklessly without being embraced. He reached out for one hundred thousand precious shares, paying for this block the small sum of \$40,000 and then he squatted in eager expectancy of endless dividends. But none came. Months went by and finally growing impatient the Pittsburger sent along a few inquiries to Goldfield. Back came the news that the L. M. Sullivan Trust Company regretted the failure of Bullfrog Rush to develop according to expectations. Now Colton believes that he was defrauded and he wants his money back.

### The Case of Father Tyrrell

Among the Catholic clergy of this city the principal subject of discussion just now is the dismissal of Father George Tyrrell, one of England's best known Catholic writers, from the Jesuit order. Although this took place some time ago and was widely heralded in Great Britain as well as on the Continent, it was only recently that it became generally known in this country. An article in a recent issue of the North American Review on "Three Years and a Half of Pius X," purporting to be written by "A Catholic Priest" and consisting of a violent and intemperate arraignment of the public acts of the present pontiff, concludes with a statement of Father Tyrrell's case which is offered as the most damning evidence of Pius X's bigoted and despotic rule. Editor George Harvey of the Review is authority for the statement that the anonymous writer of this article holds a prominent and honored position in the Catholic priesthood of this country. Naturally speculation is everywhere rife as to his identity, especially in view of the fact that his statement of Father Tyrrell's trouble with his ecclesiastical superiors contains several misstatements of a kind to suggest the suspicion that the writer maliciously twisted the facts to make out his case against the Pope. Aside from the biased account in the North American only meager statements of Father Tyrrell's case have been printed, so the correct version of the affair will be welcomed by all who are interested in questions of Catholic church discipline.

### A Friend of Archbishop Riordan's

The case of this English Jesuit has attracted particular attention in this city because Father Tyrrell is an intimate friend of Archbishop Riordan. When he was expelled from the Society of Jesus it was rumored that the Archbishop had invited him to join the secular clergy of this archdiocese and that the distinguished English priest, anxious to continue his sacred functions though dissociated from the religious order in which he was ordained, had accepted the

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invitation. As might be expected this rumor caused quite a flutter among the local clergy. Even those who knew Father Tyrrell only as a distinguished convert whose devotional and ascetical books are read by pious Catholics all over the English-speaking world, realized that his presence in a diocese where the Jesuits occupy an important position might lead to embarrassment, while those who were familiar with the details of his dismissal foresaw the possibility of a great deal of trouble. But Father Tyrrell did not come and subsequent developments have made it impossible that Archbishop Riordan or any other of his friends should empower him to pursue his priestly duties.

#### Facts of The Tyrrell Case

Here are the facts of Father Tyrrell's clash with Rome. They have never before been published in this country but may be relied upon as absolutely correct. Several years ago the late St. George Mivart whose essay on "Happiness In Hell" will be recalled as having involved him in trouble with the Roman Congregation of the Index, sought enlightenment from Father Tyrrell on certain questions of faith regarding which his mind was troubled. In reply Father Tyrrell penned a letter the purpose of which in his own words was "to dissuade my friend from that breach with the church which would mean an assertion of individualism and a denial of authority and corporate life." Most unfortunately this private communication passed out of the hands of Mivart and a version of it, somewhat garbled, was published after his death in the Milanese newspaper *Corriere della Sera* with the declaration that "in point of boldness the ideas of this Jesuit go beyond anything so far published by even the most advanced 'reformist' Catholics." Of course the letter obtained wide publicity and its pronouncement on certain relations of criticism and Catholic theology being at variance with the teaching of the church it soon reached the notice of Pope Pius X. The Pope wrote to the late Father Martin, General of the Jesuits, commanding him to expel Father Tyrrell. Unwilling to resort to such an extreme measure, Father Martin pleaded with the Pope and obtained the promise that if Father Tyrrell would repudiate the letter or show where it had been incorrectly interpreted, the incident would be closed. This Father Tyrrell refused to do, maintaining that there was no statement in the original letter which was not theologically defensible. Thereupon the letter was placed upon the Index and Father Tyrrell, on the seventh of February of last year, was dismissed from the Society of Jesus under suspension, that is to say, deprived of the privilege of exercising his priestly functions.

#### "A Much Abused Letter"

Father Tyrrell counts among his intimate friends the most prominent Catholics of England and a number of these, regretting exceedingly his rupture with the church, endeavored to arrange with the Pope for his retirement to some diocese where he might pursue his

calling as a secular priest. It was at this time that the rumor got about that Archbishop Riordan was to receive him. Finally a Belgian Bishop announced his willingness to receive Father Tyrrell provided he would agree to submit any books he might write to clerical censorship. But Pius X, having in mind the fact that it was not one of the English Jesuit's books but a private communication which had caused the scandal, replied that Father Tyrrell would have to submit not only his books, if he wrote any, but also his epistolary correspondence to ecclesiastical supervision. To this condition Father Tyrrell would not assent, so he has remained under suspension and has published an account of his trouble in a tract entitled "A Much Abused Letter." Catholic churchmen, accepting the doctrine of papal infallibility in matters of faith, realize better than outsiders the logic of the Pope's position in this unhappy affair; hence their natural regret for the loss of a man of Father Tyrrell's cultured and scholarly attainments is not to be construed as approbation of the course he has seen fit to pursue. The viewpoint of "A Catholic Priest" as expressed in the extraordinary *North American Review* article is not the general viewpoint. And it may be added that they do not yet despair of Father Tyrrell's reconciliation.

#### Shocked By Salome!

Salome has shocked New York! Is it to be wondered at that in the school of nations we wear the Fool's cap? At this moment New York is pandering to the prurience of the nation through the medium of that lickerish theme the Thaw case with its sidelights on libidinous cults and paphian revels, and yet it throws up its hands in holy horror at the sound of the Strauss music that throbs with the passion of Oscar Wilde's beautiful dramatization of the Biblical story of the sacrificing of St. John the Baptist to the vengeance of Herodias. The objection this time is not that the theatre is consorting with loose and riggish letters or that Thalia has been lured again from the path of dramatic purity and transformed into a trull of the gutter. No, "Salome" is not open to either of these objections. The tragedy in musical dress has evoked a protest from two classes of zealous moralists—those to whom the music is a powerful sensual appeal and those who object to Wilde's treatment of a biblical theme. These moralists have not objected to "Parsifal" with its passionate rhythms and its mysticism through which suggestion of the Redeemer is subtly contrived though stoutly repudiated by the learned in symbolism. Neither have they objected to the Hall Caine play in which under cover of Biblical quotations put into the mouth of an hepatic murmurer, the porne-crastic fascinations of a concert hall are revealed. So long as hypocrisy is pandered to under the subterfuge of Art and indecency is exploited under the mask of

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dramatic technique, there is no objection to plays that exalt lust into love or that abound in devices for parading the turgid trade of harlotry.

### Its Checkered Career

New York is not the first city in which there has been revolt against "Salome." That play has had a checkered career. Written in the French language by an Irishman it was first produced in Germany after being interdicted in London by that holy terror the British censor. But it was not produced even in Germany until after Wilde's death. He wrote the play for Sarah Bernhardt and she was to produce it in Paris, but his arrest caused her to abandon her plans. The Germans were the first to acclaim "Salome" a masterpiece, and a little later, London having outgrown its vulgar prudishness, the English translation of it was performed in that city, and the critics pronounced it the greatest of modern tragedies. Respecting the dramatic and literary merits of the play all critics agree, and of course so great a work of art is not to be denied the people of this country because of the protests of the self-constituted guardians of public morals. There is nothing in the play to appeal to the prurient. It is devoid of lewdness. It is the tragic story of a fierce passion, written with a sense of the stage that is not less sure than the sense of dramatic poetry. But there is one feature of the play, only one, to which objection might reasonably be made, and that on the score of physical disgust, qualms of which cannot fail to be aroused if they are not guarded against by shrewd stage management. The scene in which the head of John the Baptist is presented to Salome on a silver charger and in which she kneels and kisses the lips of that head, this bitter triumph of Salome's lust is a little too horrible for definite and corporeal presentment. But there is no objection to the enactment of this scene in a shadow at the back of the stage. Wilde, in his stage directions, provides for absolute darkness in this scene.

### The Dance

According to the dispatches from New York the principal objection raised by John Pierpont Morgan's daughter to the music drama is that it mutilates a biblical theme. From the criticisms published in the New York papers it appears that Strauss, the stage-manager and the performers have greatly intensified the fleshly features of the passionate story. There is more of lasciviousness in the music than in the drama, and to appeal to the taste of Broadway the stage manager introduced a dance which even Oscar Wilde did not contemplate. Wilde directs that Salome shall dance the dance of the seven veils which requires her to strip off seven successive coverings of her body. The Metropolitan Theatre dance was, according to the Sun, "a colorable imitation of the danse du ventre" which stirred up a commotion at the World's Fair. "Miss Froelich," says the Sun, "the dancer who for this episode represented Salome, spared the audience nothing in the matter of active and suggestive detail.

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### "Charley" Dickman in Trade

"Charley" Dickman, Bohemian, von vivant, artist and all round good fellow, has forsworn the brushes and canvas for the more certain emoluments of the market place. He is now over in Nevada trying to establish a line of gas plants from Goldfield to Bullfrog. As a lot of hustling, up-to-date capitalists are financing the enterprise the chances of "Charley's" success are A1. Luck, Nature and the dominant trait of the lucky gold finders to have the latest in public utilities for their camps are all on the side of the promoters. The present cold snap in the midst of the fuel famine was the finishing stroke that started every town along the Nevada mother lode to yell loudly for gas, or anything else that had heat and "Charley" Dickman answered the call. He has already started a plant in Rhyolite and is now in Goldfield signing the last papers for one in that lively camp. He was at the banquet tendered the new Goldfield Press Club a few evenings ago and made his usual happy hit. At a Bohemian jinks of that character he shines more resplendant than a gas sunburst under full pressure. By the way, the same evening Joe Jordan, an old San Francisco newspaper man, was elected President of the club.

### Whirls of the Lucky Miners

Dickman and those with him are full of stories characteristic of the new mining camps. Here is one that tells of the happy-go-lucky way in which the fortune hunters take a five-minute reckless whirl with giddy Chance. "Big Tom" Reynolds happened into a well-known gambling place one evening recently. Reynolds is a well-known man about the town who is interested for the moment in anything that will give the player an opportunity to make or lose a hundred. He had had a turn of luck the night before and still thought it was with him, so he drifted over to one of the tables and produced a fistful of twenties. The deal was just beginning when he began to distribute his bets. His chips ran from one hundred to five hundred dollars at every turn. At the end of the deal, just eight minutes, he had dropped four thousand dollars. "That's fun enough for me for tonight," he said, and he walked out as unconcerned as though someone else had lost the money.

### Abe and the Lunatic

The latest Abe Lincoln story comes by letter from Charley Bowers, the New York artist, to a Bohemian Club friend. It was told one night last week at a banquet of the Pleiades Club by General James Grant Wilson who said that Lincoln told it to him in Springfield, Ill., while Mr. Lincoln was carrying on the debates with Douglas. "I am one of the trustees of the State Lunatic Asylum," said Mr. Lincoln, "and one day in November I went out to make an official visit.

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In the hallway a little lunatic dashed out at me, drew himself up pompously, stuck out his stomach and said, 'Sir! How dare you wear your hat in the presence of Christopher Columbus!'

"'All right, Christopher,' I said, and removed my hat. Half an hour later as I was returning the same lunatic dashed at me again and drew himself up to his full height. 'Sir,' said he, 'how dare you wear your hat in the presence of General Washington.' 'All right, General,' I said; 'no offense meant. But, sir, it seems to me that a little while ago you told me you were Christopher Columbus.'

"'Sir,' said the lunatic, bowing, 'that was by another mother.'"

### The Irrespressible Livernash

It will be regretted by some that our statesmen at Sacramento did not separate themselves from their choler before unleashing the forces of their vengeance for the chastisement of Mr. Livernash. The some to whom we refer are the benighted ones of the State who are intolerant of Mr. Livernash's activities as the flayer of a depraved government. To them it will appear that our statesmen have given renewed stimulus to the energies of the militant young publicist and have greatly enhanced his importance as a reformer. This of course was not the purpose of the statesmen. Goaded to hysterical resentment of repeated animadversions they flew into a great passion and in the fury of their wrath made of Mr. Livernash a person of such considerable consequence as to be the special object of legislative enactment. Thus they became the

unconscious foils of one upon whom they expected to wreak dire vengeance, apprizing the whole State of the fact that Mr. Livernash was abusing them in the columns of the Bulletin. Men, women and children that knew nothing of the past, present or prospective future of Mr. Livernash were made cognizant of this aggressive and troublesome journalist who has been reprobating legislators for almost everything from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. None will stop to inquire whether there was justification for his fulminations. It is generally assumed that a Legislature is at all times deserving of abuse. What sort of vengeance did the irate law-makers visit upon the head of the offensive correspondent in excluding him from their sessions? Perhaps in no other way could they have accomplished so completely and so expeditiously the consummation devoutly wished by Mr. Livernash, that of giving general publicity to his employment and zeal in the role of defender of the pee-pul's rights. If by putting their ban upon him they could have given him his quietus, then it would have been worth while to suspend the regular order of business. But merely to deny him the edificative delights of their society was a fatuous and futile expedient. Not only that; it was water on the Livernash wheel. It is the delight of Mr. Livernash to excite men to reprisal. His life has been a tempestuous one and his career has been marked by tokens of displeasure, which have afforded him much gratification. He blows across and around the country like a devastating breeze direct from the fires of the nebular chaos. But the more you know Mr. Livernash the less likely are you to take umbrage at his congenital felicities.



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### A Fountain of Entertainment

Whether the distinguished Mr. Livernash be mending the fences of Mr. Hearst, or grilling the people of Denver, or lambasting a Legislature for the Bulletin he inspires interest and exhales eloquence. Why dislike Mr. Livernash? Why not love him for the trouble he has made and is making and is bound to make. Furthermore, why kick against the pricks? Mr. Livernash is among the inevitable phenomena. We believe he is destined to be with us always. He has gone away many times but only to come back. He went to Congress but returned. A few short months ago he went to the people of Denver and they fired him back at us, and he was caught on the rebound by the Bulletin, which promptly claimed him on account of his potentialities along the lines which he has been pursuing in Sacramento, and also on account of his sway over the minds of the toilers. The Bulletin's wisdom in getting hold of Mr. Livernash has already been vindicated, but he has not yet extended himself, as they say on the turf. Mr. Livernash is a boundless source of inspiration to the toiling masses, and the vehicle of his homilies they will gratefully support. They prefer him to the Sermon on the Mount. In some of his impassioned assaults he may not exhibit a kindly nature, but then he does not draw a salary for addressing the sympathetic. He abounds in remonstrances and appeals only for the benefit of the toiling masses. He diffuses his imprecations for the gayety of the minions of the octopus. When his thoughts plough deeply his alabaster brow, either on his feet addressing an audience palpitating for an oracle or at the cloistered desk with burning quill in hand, he is ever, to the base, ignoble slaves of government by injunction a potent and imposing personality.

### The One Touch of Nature

In excluding the Bulletin's representatives from its sacrosanct precincts the Legislature at Sacramento has proclaimed its happy concord with the sentiments of the statesmen in session in Albany, New York. That body of lawmakers has suffered the pangs of outraged dignity, too, and has vindicated itself by passing a resolution vesting the clerk with the power to exclude correspondents from the Chamber according to his own discretion. The clerk's discretion in this case is an euphemism for the will of the Raines-Grady-McCarren combination which is fighting tooth and nail against Governor Hughes' efforts to redeem his election pledges to the people of New York. The decent legislators all voted against the resolution, but there were not enough deserving that name in Albany to defeat it, so the correspondents of the New York papers exclude themselves automatically from the Legislature as soon as they dare to wire to their papers anything that questions the honorable motives of Raines or Grady or McCarren. It may be mentioned for the enlightenment of our own press muzzlers that Raines is the legislator who boasts having organized the State Senate against Governor Hughes and who was once openly charged on the floor of the Senate with taking a bribe; that Grady is the man whose elimination from politics Grover Cleveland demanded when Governor of New York; and that McCarren, besides holding Brooklyn Bridge against the repeated assaults of the Tammany tiger which comes year after year licking its chops for the fat patronage he controls, has headed the Standard Oil and gas lobbies in Albany for ten years. Far be it from our purpose to insinuate that the legislators who have gone into perpetual executive



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session as far as representatives of the Bulletin are concerned are men of this stripe. Albany legislators are notoriously corrupt while our representatives at Sacramento are so animated with the love of virtue that they fell over one another in their eagerness to be appointed to the committee on public morals.

### A Night at Sanguinetti's

A reminiscence of Sanguinetti's enlivened proceedings in Judge Seawell's court a few days ago. The judge took judicial notice of the former location of the old water-front rotisserie and made it easy sailing for the voluble witness, who, in narrating her first and only experience there, drew a vivid and realistic picture of the place. She was fifty, Irish and had never had an Italian dinner. To her it was the discovery of a new world. It was after dark, the lights were blazing, the room was filled with diners, the music of banjos floated in the air, and the fog kept outside the open door. She was at one end of a long table, between two female companions; and at the other end was a larger dinner party. It is best to give her testimony in her own words: "We had finished noodles,—spaget, I think they call 'em,—the black coffee and the burnin' crame, when the waiter axed me in low tones, 'Wud we take an afther-dinner drink with a gintleman who wanted to treat the house?' So iv course I excepted f'r th' party; for his giniros'ty, seein's that there were fifty people there, was splendid, an' should-n't hev been blocked by a rayfuz'l."

"What will it be?" sez the Eyetalyan waiter.

"Crame de mint," sez somewan.

"Crame de mint," sez I, tho I'd niver heard of th' shtuff before, nor tasted it; but I didn't wish to dish-play me peculiar liken f'r whisky. Whin he came back with glasses th' size iv thimbles an' filled with something as green as park grass, I was surprised beyant speakin', but there was nothin' to do but swallow it an' thry an' think I'd had a drink. It was an apology fer wan."

"Did you dance while there?" asked the attorney.

"Sure an' I did," she answered, "but I want to explain. Ye see, Jidge, I was raised in the South, an' ivery time I hear a banjo, the chune goes to me feet. Now there was two coons pickin' a chune to beat the band, an' somewan dared me to cut a caper, an' what cud I do? There was the bare flure with its thin sawdust an' the chune in me feet! Why, if we had the same music here, an' I got the dare, I'd do some dancin' in this courtroom, sure, Jidge."

### A New Industrial Center

About six miles down the bay shore the foundation of a new San Francisco suburb is in process of construction. It is to be the terminus of the Southern Pacific Company as soon as the Dumbarton bridge is built, and meanwhile it will be a scene of great industrial activity; for at this point men are now engaged in building the new freight yards which are to take the place of those in Oakland. The trains will cross the bay from Dumbarton Point to Visitacion Valley where there is a beautiful cove and here the Southern Pacific Company is reclaiming about two hundred acres of land with earth that was taken from the five tunnels of the Bay-Shore cut-off through the Mission Hills and with mud lifted by electric dredges. As soon as the new cut-off is built the yard, repair shops and round-

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houses will be removed to this point, and all freight trains will be made up and coaches cleaned there. As a consequence of all this industry a new and thriving city will be brought into existence. There are to be fifty miles of siding in the yard which is to be about 8,400 feet long. Work is now being done on the pile foundations for the shops and other buildings. All are to have concrete foundations on piles with brick and steel superstructures.

#### Japanese Soldiers in Honolulu

My Hawaiian Correspondent writes: "Secretary Taft very promptly denied the statement cabled from here that a report had been made to the War Department that there were two regiments of Japanese soldiers in Honolulu, fully officered, from Colonels down, both men and officers employed in various occupations here but ready at a moment's notice to step into their places in their regiments and obey whatever orders should be given in the name of the Emperor. His denial may be technically true. But Secretary Taft has been advised in effect of the existence of just such a military force in posse, and there is not a Federal official in the Islands who is not seeking to learn all that he can about the Japanese military in these Islands, or that is not reporting every scrap of information he can get on the subject to his superiors. The sixty-odd thousand Japanese in these Islands are animated by the military spirit, and honeycombed with military organization. Military drill is a part of the exercises of every Japanese school in Hawaii. The Japanese schoolboys have all been organized into cadet companies. It has been noticed for several months past that in some of these cadet companies there has appeared an unusual number of Japanese adults. Until recently no one thought there was any significance in this circumstance."

#### Some Strange Happenings

"The Chiasu Maru, a Japanese steamship," says my correspondent, "recently brought five hundred and sixty Japanese here, almost all of them declaring themselves laborers in search of labor. But not one of them has gone to work on a plantation. A very large number of them are known to be veterans of the war with Russia. They brought their army uniforms along with them in their baggage. Instead of accepting work from the planters, who offer it to every one that comes, they have refused it, and are quartered in Japanese hotels in the Oriental part of the city. What they are going to do remains to be seen. There are beginning to be indications that the Federal authorities are at work trying to head off any expressions of antipathy toward the Japanese. For instance, the present liquor law has worked so badly that both the liquor dealers and the anti-saloon element want it changed, and have in fact agreed on a number of features of a new law. Many of the worst abuses of the present law were practiced by Asiatic dealers. It was therefore proposed that licenses be issued only to citizens of the United States. The Hawaiian Medical Society some time ago decided to ask the coming Legislature to require that all examinations in medicine for license to practice in this Territory should be in the English language, a provision that prevails almost everywhere but here. Lately the word seems to have been passed that both these measures would be looked on with disapproval by the President and that if they are pressed it will be at the peril of the people of Hawaii."

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### Origin of Bridge

The Legislature having taken up the subject of gambling in homes mainly for the purpose of abating the bridge fever will no doubt stimulate interest in that game. It has been ever thus: efforts at suppression that are impossible of success invariably stimulate interest in the object of hostility. Hence the pretext afforded me to become the historian of bridge. For bridge has an interesting history and it is perhaps unknown to ninety-nine out of every hundred devotees of the game. Indeed most players are under a misapprehension as to its very recent history in this country, being of the opinion that it came hither from England whereas it was carried into England via the United States. The origin of bridge is somewhat shrouded in mystery. The game is said to have originated in Russia, but there is no satisfactory proof of this statement. It was first known under the title of "Biritch or Russian Whist," and this no doubt gave rise to the idea that it was of Russian origin, although as a matter of fact, the word "Biritch" is not to be found in any Russian dictionary. In the late seventies it was played in Constantinople by the Russian colony. In the sixties there was a game of whist played in Germany and Austria called "Cayenne" and it is believed that bridge, as we play it, combines certain features of cayenne and biritch.

### From Paris To New York

Bridge was played in Paris in the early nineties and in April, 1892, Mr. Henry Barbey of New York returned home from the French capital very full of the new and delightful card-game which he had learned in that city. Shortly after his return he gave a dinner-party at his own house, with the special object of introducing the new game to his friends, but the experiment was not much of a success. His guests did not appear to be at all enraptured with the novelty, saying that the scoring was too difficult and the game altogether too complicated, and one or two of them left early and broke up the party. Mr. Barbey, in no way disheartened, consulted with Mr. H. de Forrest Weekes, whom he had converted to his own way of thinking, as to what was to be done next. They agreed that the wrong sort of men had been present at the first trial, and a second dinner was given to a carefully selected few, who were all enthusiastic card-players, and this time the result was very different. In the meantime Mr. Barbey had drawn up on a sheet of paper a short precis of the method of scoring, and of the principal points of the game. He adopted the somewhat novel method of cutting out pips from a pack of ordinary playing-cards and pasting them on the aforesaid sheet of paper, to indicate the different suits. This original document is now framed, and hanging in the card-room of the Whist Club of New York. After the second dinner party Mr. Weekes had copies of this document printed and sent them round to all the leading clubs in New York. From this time the game took on like wild-fire, and it has never hung since; still, it did not have quite the same meteoric success in New York that it had in London, and whist did not die the same sudden and unexpected death in America that it did in England.

### Bibliography of Bridge

It was not until 1894 that the game was played in England. It was introduced by some Americans who have the entree to the Portland Club of London, a sanctum that had long been sacred to the cult of whist.

The Americans expressed surprise to find the members playing whist, and told them they were quite behind the times. When the charms and mysteries of bridge were explained to a few members and the game was given a fair chance whist was routed root and branch. When bridge was once fairly established in England, the necessity arose for a recognized and authorized code of laws for the new game, and it was drawn by a committee of three members of the Portland Club. Shortly thereafter came a perfect flood of bridge literature. The bibliography of bridge would make a large library. There never was a game about which so many people have aired their different opinions, and hardly a week passes without some fresh aspirant to literary fame setting forth his views under an alluring title.

### Caswell Becomes a Tea Expert

The United States Treasury Department has honored San Francisco in the appointment of two prominent merchants instead of one as formerly to represent the Pacific Coast on the United States Board of Tea Experts. The two are Mr. Chas. D. Platt of J. A. Folger & Co. and Mr. Geo. W. Caswell of the Geo. W. Caswell Co. There have been heretofore but seven members on the board and New York City was the only one having two representatives. In the appointment of Mr. Geo. W. Caswell, San Francisco therefore, is placed on an equal footing with New York. It was considered necessary to appoint two members from San Francisco, on account of the increasing importation of Teas. The Board of Tea Experts will meet at New York City at the office of the Appraiser of Merchandise, Feb. 11, 1907, and standards for the new

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season's importations will be fixed and the Interstate Pure Food Law as applied to Teas will be thoroughly discussed.

### THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW

**An Exhibition That Will Be Educational and of General Interest**

**By Homer Boushey**

**(Chairman Show Committee)**

That the Automobile Show to be held at the Coliseum near the Park Panhandle, from February 18th to the 25th, will be of interest to every motor enthusiast is a foregone conclusion. He will be eager to scrutinize the 1907 models and see how they compare with those of 1906. He will go to the show as an expert critic in quest of practical information. But how about the man who is not so fortunate as to own a machine? Will he find anything to interest him? We can only judge from the experience of people in those eastern cities where similar shows have recently been held. Reports from those cities are to the effect that the exhibitions proved of absorbing interest to the general public not only because of the magnificence and splendor of the display, but for the reason that intelligent people in every community wish to keep abreast of the times. Even non-motorists wish to be informed respecting the latest devices and the progress that is being made in a great industry. That such will prove to be the case in this city it is safe to predict. For what man is there in these bustling days who, if he does not own an automobile, does not hope to own one?

Twelve years ago the automobile was as strange a sight in America as an air-ship is today. What a change! One needs to stand on Van Ness avenue only five minutes to see at least twenty or thirty machines go shooting up or down the thoroughfare. In 1895 there was not an automobile factory in the United States. What machines we had were of foreign manufacture. Yet during the year ending June 30, 1905, the exports alone of American cars amounted to \$2,481,243. During the year 1906 there were manufactured in the United States about thirty thousand machines which were sold to the public at an average of \$2,000 per car, making a total valuation of \$60,000,000. It is estimated that there are in use today fully 150,000 automobiles of all kinds in the United States. With an average of four persons to a car there is over a half million people speeding over the country every day in the year.

The automobile industry is showing a greater increase than most any other line of manufacture. The automobile has come to stay. At first it was looked on as a fad—a millionaire's toy. Not so now. The automobile has proved its practicability and no one is more cognizant of this fact than the San Franciscan who saw its operations on those trying April days of almost a year ago.

One thing that is responsible for the interest taken now in autos is the standardization of construction. The auto is past the experimental stage. Manufacturers have quit producing freak models and have settled down to manufacture the models that the test of time has proved the most practical. The buyer feels safe in buying now. He knows that the machine he buys this year is not going to be a "back number" next season.

This is to be San Francisco's first automobile show and first exposition of any kind since the fire. That the exhibition will be a great success is certainly as-

sured. If only motorists were to attend, the show would be well patronized. Only when one starts to figuring does he find that there is in San Francisco one automobile to every 133 people. In this respect we are ahead of Chicago where there is one auto to every 377 people. The State of New York has one machine to every 210 people, while California has one motorear to every 173 people. Taking the entire United States there is one car to every 566 people. The man without an auto who ponders these figures will probably feel that he is out of the running.

And now as to the character of the coming show: It will comprise several hundred machines representing fully one hundred different makes. Each and every one will be the newest 1907 model. The enterprise of the Automobile Dealers' Association is shown by the fact that they are bringing to the show an entire train load of machines direct from the New York Show which closed last Saturday night in Madison Square Garden. This train leaves Chicago February 1st running on almost passenger time. It will reach San Francisco no later than the 7th or 8th, fully ten days before the opening of the show.

The Coliseum has a floor space of 120,000 square feet all of which has been taken by the respective dealers, both in machines, devices and accessories. The exhibits will have a valuation of fully one-half million dollars. The great building is being decorated with myriads of incandescent lights set in clusters and draped with colored bunting. The dazzling reflections of the thousands of lights in the highly-polished and enameled parts of the machines conveys a picture that can only be appreciated when seen in its beautiful reality.

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# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## Exploiting the Winships

The startling story comes from New York that we are to lose the Emory Winships. The story appeared recently in the columns of a New York paper, but seemed to have for its foundation nothing more substantial than the circumstance that Lieutenant Winship and his wife were at the Hotel Netherland. Mrs. Winship, said the writer, was living at that hotel "pending the time when she can domicile herself in an establishment suited to the campaign she intends to wage, which establishment she is now intent on finding." And then the writer proceeded to serve up all the epochal episodes of Mrs. Winship's career exhibiting a familiarity with details that could not

in his affections. He has been very attentive to the youngest of a large family of girls and has shown more than passing interest in a young lady whose sister announced her engagement a short time ago. Probably he is steering a platonic course in both cases but Mrs. Grundy wears a "show me" expression whenever the subject is mentioned. Mr. Stetson is one of the few good "catches" among those bachelors who are not looked upon by match-making mammas as hopelessly irretrievable. Hence the curiosity and the simplicity of the circumstance by which it is excited. Perhaps Mr. Stetson feels that a man has a right to be gallant without being suspected of treason to bachelordom. However, should his engagement be announced there would be many friends to offer felicitations.



Miss Mae Slessinger

One of the most popular young women of the Jewish community is Miss Mae Slessinger, a particularly talented painter of miniatures who is now on her way abroad to complete her studies under the direction of some notable masters in Paris. Miss Slessinger holds to her credit some very fine portraits of well-known San Franciscans and she is sure to make an enviable name for herself before many years have past.

have been acquired except during a long residence in this city, and treating them in a manner characteristic of the envious and malevolent female of the species.

## He Has Them Guessing

As a rule it is the dear girls who make Mrs. Grundy sit tight on the guessing stool but this season there are several chaps whose cardiac intentions have not been properly pigeonholed and unless they declare themselves soon they will be tagged as flirtatious little manlets. Harry Stetson will never come under that category but nevertheless society is wondering which of two attractive young girls has made a serious dent

## No Bridge in the Wet

Mrs. Carolan and the weather man had a tiff last Saturday night and as a result the al fresco bridge party suffered a damp demise. Mrs. Carolan loves novelty and to play bridge under the stars suited her fancy but when the heavens sprang a leak there was no alternative but to play indoors and the badge of expectancy which society always wears at a Carolan function did not serve as a talisman. Mrs. Carolan has set a standard for herself which out-Harries in a refined way anything Lehr ever attempted at Newport and when she gives a merely smart function without the superadded thrill of novelty society feels a pang of disappointment. No one who had the good fortune to be present has yet forgotten the function at which Mrs. Carolan was assisted in receiving her guests by six gorgeously gowned women whom no one had ever seen before. Upon closer inspection these elegant ladies proved to be wax figures that Mrs. Carolan had ordered made for the occasion. So life-like were they that every newcomer made her best bow before she realized that the wax works were literally a jolly. A cynic might have detected a decadent note in the laughter that punctuated the edifying conversations which the wags and wits held with the wax figures but it served to tickle the funny bone of society. The affair was never bavaarded in the press but society still rocks with mirth at the recollection of this unique "stunt."

## Her Pursuit of Mahogany

No historian has yet revealed whether the Round Table at which King Arthur's Knights sat was a mahogany board, but certain it is that never a knight essayed a more daring quest than Mrs. Frank Powers's venturesome pursuit into the very courts of law for a mahogany table which her soul coveted. According to published report the woman who owns the table agreed to sell it to Mrs. Powers and at the psychological moment exercised her feminine prerogative and changed her mind. Whereupon Mrs. Powers, backed by the legal advice of her husband, went to court to discover whether the woman's mental somersaults were according to Blackstone. The case is under advisement, and in the meantime Mrs. Powers sits midst her Chippendale, Shearer, Hepplewhite and Sheraton and sighs for the mahogany table which is not. To the born collector everything in life is merely incidental to gratifying a passion for a bit of china or a piece of mahogany.



### Mrs. Voorhies' Collection

Mrs. Powers has some very fine specimens of early woodcraft and so has Mrs. J. Mora Moss, whose interesting collection fortunately escaped the flames. But perhaps the most valuable pieces of mahogany in San Francisco are owned by Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies. Her collection of high boys and tables and chairs is not the result of arduous poking about in secondhand corners. The pieces have been handed down in her family. The chairs in the Voorhies dining-room once graced Lord Baltimore's manor house. The table upon which the treaty of Ghent was signed is the prize possession in the Voorhies family. Mrs. Voorhies has never sought to add to her collection by buying pieces of furniture which are not grained with memories of her ancestors. So she is not listed among the "collectors."

### End of Love's Young Dream

The intimate friends of Powers Gouraud, who is getting a divorce from the daughter of Amy Crocker Gouraud, are very confident that he is going to get a very substantial sum of money when the decree is granted. Some say it will be \$200,000. He is living in very swell apartments at the Sioux Falls hotel where he is stopping pending the end of the suit. He spends money lavishly, never hesitating about the cost of anything and brags that when the case is over he will buy one of the biggest cattle ranches in that part of the country. His brother is still living quietly with the mother of his wife, Amy Crocker-Ashe-Gillig-Gouraud. No cloud has risen yet to darken their domestic horizon. Miss Crocker was but seventeen years old when she married young Gouraud, a boy of twenty. That was three years ago.

### Society's Interest In Pottery

Several society girls are earnestly considering a scheme to establish a pottery here. Their plans are still glazed with secrecy but if the promised co-operation of a wealthy patron of the arts materializes we shall some day have limoges faience of our own instead of patronizing the Rookwood potteries. There are a number of artistic young women here who would take a delight in pottery. Girls like Cora Smedberg, Helen Ashton, and Miss Collier who excel in book-binding would no doubt take kindly to kiln work. Apropos of the famous Rookwood pottery very few people know that it was Mrs. Bellamy Storer who established the first pottery for porcelain decorations and overglaze in Cincinnati. As far back as 1880 Mrs. Storer crystallized her interest in artistic ceramics into a pottery which she called Rookwood after her magnificent home. Her genius for that sort of thing sandwiched between two thick slices of inherited wealth soon made the Rookwood ware famous the world around. Some of the choicest pieces of pottery ever displayed at Tiffanys were designed and fired by Mrs. Bellamy Storer. For eight years this remarkable woman personally ran the Rookwood potteries and then sold it out to the present operators. But

even her later-day genius for politics has not crowded out an absorbing interest in the pottery that made Cincinnati famous.

### Her Maid, Her Doctor and a Clergyman

Mrs. Charles H. Farnum of New York, a wealthy and prominent woman, was one of the most notable arrivals at the Hotel Green in Pasadena last week. Mrs. Farnum brought with her her private physician, Dr. S. R. Williams, a trained nurse and maid; and a clergyman, Rev. Edward Morgan, of New York, was also of the party. Mrs. Farnum occupies the finest suite in the hotel and has come for the remainder of the winter.

### Gossip From Los Angeles

My Los Angeles correspondent writes: General and Mrs. Elwell S. Otis with their young daughter, Miss Louise Otis, are among prominent army folks who are spending the winter in Los Angeles, and in honor of their visit the principal hostesses of the South have been entertaining on an elaborate scale during the last few weeks. Announcement was made last week of the engagement of Miss Jessie Gilmore, daughter of the Collins Gilmores of San Diego, to Bryant Matthews, a brother of the well-known Southern California writer of short stories, Amanda Matthews. The promoters of the Assembly dances which were arranged as a series of entertainments for the very exclusive members of the younger set decided upon a bal poudre to vary the programme for last week. Both belles and beaux attended in powdered wigs and patches and the novelty was thoroughly enjoyed by an unusually large gathering. The most prominent patronesses and chaperons were conspicuous by their presence in unusually handsome gowns. Society is finding the approaching wedding of Miss Louise McFarland and Leo Chandler the principal topic of pleasant gossip these days. The marriage is scheduled to take place February 6th and the ultra smart set will fill the Woman's Club House to the doors on this evening. Mr. Chandler is a brother of Jefferson P. Chandler who married the daughter of Attorney Shankland a few seasons ago, and the bride represents one of the important families of the Southwest. In the bridal suite will be Mrs. Sam Haskins, Mrs. E. A. McCarthy, Mrs. J. P. Chandler, Misses Louise Burke, Lucille Chandler, Florence Silent, Grace Mellus, Frances Cochran and a number of young men whose frequent service as ushers renders their presence valuable at fashionable affairs where there is a crush. The coming nuptials have furnished the motive of the principal teas, dinners, theatre parties and luncheons of the month.

### Gossip From Del Monte

My Monterey correspondent writes: Under the oaks of Del Monte on Wednesday evening the climax to a pretty little romance was enacted. Nearly a fortnight ago among the guests of this big Monterey Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Merriman and Miss Merriman of Exeter, Cal., and Carl D. Greene, from Chicago. They said they expected a party of friends to arrive about

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the last of the month, and aside from making arrangements for them they requested that the pretty little Del Monte Chapel be lighted and decorated on the night of January thirtieth, and that one of the private dining-rooms be made to look its prettiest with palms and blossoms, and that amongst the greens should be concealed a stringed orchestra. It was rumored that the Merrimans and Mr. Greene were acting in behalf of friends who were coming across the Continent in order to have a ceremony performed in the spot they had heard was the most romantic in California. Now it appears that the happy man is no other than Mr. Greene himself. The young lady in the case is Miss Amy Merriman of Marinette, Wisconsin. Sunday night there arrived at Del Monte a private car which had come from Exeter to Tracy, thence to San Jose and on to Del Monte. Beside the prospective bride and groom were Mrs. A. C. Merriman, Mrs. R. W. Merriman and A. C. Merriman Jr., of Marinette; Mr. and Mrs. Olmstead, from Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. John A. Van Cleve, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Merriman and Miss Merriman of Exeter, and Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Harlowe of Green Bay, Wisconsin. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. M. Cutting of St. Mary's-by-the Sea.

Mrs. Clapham and Miss Clapham of Victoria, British Columbia, left Del Monte a few days ago for the South. For many years Miss Clapham and her mother, who, by the way, greatly resembles the late Queen Victoria, have spent a part of each winter at Del Monte.

Miss Ella Morgan still stays on with her friends. Mrs. Low and Miss Flora Low. Last week she gave a delightful little dinner in the grill room to Mrs. H. Schmeidel, Mrs. Low and Miss Low, and although only four sat down to the beautifully decorated table the menu was as elaborate as if the guests had been a score. A few days later Miss Morgan gave a luncheon in one of the private dining-rooms in honor of Mrs. Charles H. Poor of Washington, D. C., who is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Maus, whose husband is the Commanding Officer of the Monterey Presidio. Besides Mrs. Poor and Mrs. Maus, Miss Morgan's guests were Mrs. Trilley, wife of Rear Admiral Joseph Trilley, Mrs. Captain Adams, Mrs. Low, Miss Low and Mrs. Frisch. The luncheon was served on the Low family silver, long stored, but unpacked for this occasion. Could sparkling silver speak, what tales it could tell of brilliant speeches made by notables gathered around the Governor's hospitable table. Frederic Nicholls of Toronto, with his golden haired young daughter, will be here for some little time. Miss Hazel is a fine little horsewoman, and spends many hours each day in the saddle.

Lieutenant Colonel George M. Dunn, with his wife and son, will remain several weeks at Del Monte. The golf links are for them the greatest attraction.

### The Tale of a Theft

The friends of Mrs. William Sexton are much amused at her experience while out shopping on a recent rainy day. While in a fashionable dressmaking shop on Van Ness avenue she forgot her umbrella, a very expensive one of unique design with a small watch in the handle. She prizes it very much and she was consequently greatly agitated when, after leaving

the shop, she remembered that she had left the umbrella behind. Hastening back to the shop she looked for the umbrella and to her dismay it was gone. The news of her loss caused quite a commotion in the shop, but not greater than that which disturbed the mind of Mrs. Sexton. As the umbrella could not be found the supposition was that a kleptomaniac had been in the shop and this supposition proved quite accurate; for a little later Mrs. Sexton saw a fashionable dressed woman walking along Van Ness avenue with the ferrule-end of an umbrella exposed to view and the handle concealed beneath her sealskin coat. It was the stolen umbrella. In the silk cover just above the ferrule pink flowers had been worked and with these exposed to view it was unnecessary for Mrs. Sexton to see the handle. She recognized her umbrella and seized the ferrule. The lady in the sealskin protested, but Mrs. Sexton claimed her property and looked for a policeman. The lady yielded up the umbrella and fled. It is said that she is a wealthy Easterner who has been living at one of our fashionable temporary hotels.

Last Saturday night Mr. Charles F. Hanlon gave a very enjoyable dinner at The Severn for Mr. John Huff. The guests numbered twenty-four. Among them were Count Yashi Lithoff, George Whittell, Dr. Alexander Garceau, Henry W. Taylor and Dr. Charles E. Parent.

Dr. and Mrs. L. D. Mead returned Wednesday from a two months sojourn in Tahiti. Dr. Mead will resume his position as medical director at Byron Hot Springs.

### DIDN'T LIKE TO DRINK ALONE

He—Shall I order a pint of wine?

She—I thought you were going to have some too.

—The Waiter.

Cuyler Lee, local agent for the Cadillac, reports that he has just received two carloads of the new model Cadillacs, small touring cars and runabouts.

  
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Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

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Murne Eye Remedy Soothes and Quickly Cures.



# Stage

## The Music of Salome

"Salome," the one-act music drama, against which a protest has been raised in New York was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House last Wednesday night. Of the music the Sun's critic said: "The writing for the voices contains not a single point of vocal display. For the singer, using that term in its strict sense as it is used in reference to the voice parts of Mozart, Gluck or Wagner, there is extremely little. The text is treated conversationally throughout, and the declamation goes further away from anything which we have hitherto recognized as singing than even the wildest passages in this same composer's songs. In some speeches it produces the illusion of spoken text. One has to listen keenly to perceive that the tones are sung. Yet these passages are among the most wonderfully expressive in the drama. The orchestral portion is one continuous piece of symphonic tone painting. Leading themes are employed as they are in the Wagner drama. But the writing for the orchestra is planned on a larger and more complicated scale. Gluck, for instance, aimed at a grand simplicity. Strauss aims at the effects of an imposing complexity. He is the Turner of tone painters. He uses the most bizarre palette, and sometimes things are out of drawing; but he fills his canvas with weird, distorted atmosphere, with vast expanses of contrasting color and figure and with an infinite number of details which only gradually shape themselves into a concrete whole. No one can hear half of them at a first performance. Thousands will say that this music is ultra-Wagnerian. The truth is that Strauss begins where Wagner left off. Wagner is his point of departure."

## The Drama

Of the drama the same critic wrote: The drama concerns itself with the shocking emotions of "Salome" and the shattered, perverted and decaying personality of "Herod." It is a study in rottenness. Ibsen in his most merciless exposures of decadent humanity never created a more amazing character study than this "Herod." Strauss's music has done wonders for the Wilde original. The recitative style is the very speech of the man. The orchestral illustrations of his blasted and putrid soul are marvelous in their scarifying truthfulness. When he is haunted by fancies of great winds, of alternate heat and cold, the orchestra paints in tone pictures of wonderful fidelity. A nerve shattered, dream haunted wreck, vainly seeking forgetfulness in drink, is the master creation of Mr. Strauss, realist. On the other hand the orchestra sweats and stews and quivers madly with the abandon of "Salome's" physical passion for the prophet. Mere words and cold type cannot convey to the reader any realization of the manner in which this man Strauss rips the covering off a soul beside which that of Swinburne's Faustine is as a lily beside a poppy. In his musical delineation of "Herod" and "Salome" the composer has made music publish the monstrosities of minds and bodies diseased, and he has done it with a power little short of diabolical. As an expression of the horrible fancies of Oscar Wilde this score is a masterpiece. As a demonstration of the suitability of ultra modern composition to the purposes of the music drama it is complete and convincing.

## Travers "Arrives"

News comes from Chicago of the success on the stage of Reginald Travers of this city who was identified in a minor capacity with the Frawley and Neil companies and who was playing at the Majestic Theatre in this city at the time of the fire. He has made a big hit in Chicago in Hauptmann's "Elga," with Crystal Herne, daughter of James Herne.

## Greenbaum's Coming Treats

Manager Will Greenbaum has succeeded in arranging the dates for the Rosenthal concerts. The great pianist will appear at Christian Science Hall Thursday evening, February 28, and he will give a Saturday matinee on March 2. It is also likely that he will give a concert on the afternoon of Sunday, March 3. On Friday afternoon, March 1, he will appear at the Greek Theatre with the University orchestra, on which occasion will be played the Chopin E minor and Saint Saens A flat major concertos. As it has been many years since our music lovers have had an opportunity to hear a pianist play the great concertos with orchestral accompaniment, there will no doubt be a large attendance at the Greek Theatre performance. Tickets for the Greek Theatre will be sold at the regular box offices of Manager Greenbaum. Our enterprising impresario, by the way, has another big treat in store for music lovers. He is going to bring to town the San Carlo Opera Company from the French Opera House of New Orleans. This company consists of 165 persons and numbers among its principals Alice Nielsen, Lillian Nordica, Companari, the baritone, and Constantin, a high priced tenor who is ranked in Europe with Caruso and Bonci. There is an orchestra of forty-five pieces with this company, a chorus of fifty and a ballet of twenty-four.

## The Perennial Thomas Play

"Alabama," the most successful drama that Augustus Thomas ever wrote is announced as the next attraction at the Colonial Theatre. "Alabama" is a delightful and entertaining drama dealing with life in the South during the war time and abounding in sentimental interest. The plot hinges on the estrangement of father and son, the former being an ardent adherent of the Confederacy while the son throws his lot with the North. After a lapse of eighteen years the son returns as Captain Davenport and proposes to build a railroad across his father's land, to which plan the old gentleman strenuously objects. "Alabama" has proven one of the best stock plays on the American stage and in the hands of the capable players composing the Colonial Theatre Stock Company should be presented in a most convincing manner.

## Orpheum Vaudeville

The programme at the Orpheum next week beginning Sunday matinee will be a novel and attractive one. Patrice, a dainty and piquante comedienne, will make her reappearance after a long absence and present a little sketch of Western life entitled "Gloria." She will be supported by her own company, which includes

All the luxuries of New York and Paris at The Severn, 1050 Geary street, east of Van Ness.



Charles Hutchison, an actor with an Eastern reputation. Hickey and Nelson, clever entertainers, will introduce a mirthful musical skit called "Twisted and Tangled." Happy Jack Gardner, alias "The Man With the Horn," a capital monologist and singing comedian, is another of the newcomers. "Little Hip," the smallest performing elephant in the world, should prove a fascinating novelty. Madox and Melvin, "The Labakins," and their wonderful dog "Folly," Chris Smith and the two Johnsons, New Orpheum Motion Pictures and Alfred Keley and Company will conclude a delightful entertainment. Mr. Keley will present

will be readily recognized as the fun loving mischief making Buster. His dog Tige is of course still prominent in all the trouble. Master Percy Helton is now the Buster of the cast. He is the youngest of the actors thus far seen in the role, and it is said that he cleverly simulates the vim and spirit of a real boy having a really good time. He has an excellent singing voice, dances gracefully and is a comedian to his finger tips. The company numbers forty and includes a handsome chorus. Seats for the production of "Buster Brown" are now on sale at the box office of the Novelty Theatre. A popular scale of prices will prevail.



Percy Helton

As "Buster Brown," at the Novelty Theatre, Commencing Sunday Afternoon, February 3.

for the first time here a very diverting farce, "Sister Mary from Tipperary." It will be the last week of his engagement.

#### Buster and Tige

"Buster Brown" will be the attraction at the Novelty Theatre for eight nights and three matinees commencing Sunday afternoon, February 3. This season's production of the musical comedy is said to be even superior to the one that won a big success here last season. Buster comes this time in an entirely new dress, not so greatly changed, however, but that he

#### "Princess Chic" Next

The new American Theatre is already intrenched in public favor. Not only has the opening attraction received substantial endorsement but the house itself has been the object of enthusiastic encomiums. During the week the old Tivoli favorites have received gratifying testimony of the esteem in which they are held, and at several of the performances society was well represented in box and theatre parties. "The Strollers" will continue as the attraction until Monday



Teddy Webb

Comedian With the San Francisco Opera Company, Whose Humor is So Irresistible in "The Strollers" at the American.



night when there will be an elaborate production of the La-Shelle-Edward's comic opera "The Princess Chic." Miss Maude Beatty, a contralto, with a London music hall reputation will be in the cast.

#### "The Wizard of the Nile"

Idora Park's versatile singers will make merry Monday night in that old favorite, "The Wizard of the Nile," which has had more than one long run in this



**Cecil Cowles**

This talented young pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt will be heard in concert Thursday evening, February seventh.

city. The music is by Herbert and is therefore catchy. The leading comedy role is an old favorite of Hartman's, one of the many in which he more than made good. There is abundant opportunity for the chorus which, with the orchestra, Paul Steindorff has well in hand. There is always good music at Idora, and as there is good skating too, not to speak of good singing and a lot of pretty girls, the park and its opera house constitute a very attractive resort. The management intends to put on that other Herbert favorite, "The Serenade," to follow "The Wizard."

"The Virginian" follows "Buster Brown" at the Novelty. Dustan Farnum will have the title role and Frank Cameau will again be seen as Trampas.

#### In the Limelight

Naho Frank, well remembered by opera-goers, has lost his job as first violin with the Metropolitan Orchestra. He had to resign on account of the ill will of the musicians.

Henry W. Savage's leading comic opera star, Raymond Hitchcock and the immensely successful production of "The Galloper" will be seen here in the near future. This will be San Francisco's first opportunity since the fire to see a real big comic opera production. Hitchcock in "King Dodo" and "The Yankee Consul" gave to American theatre-goers two of the best performances of late years.

Creston Clarke will be an early attraction here.

Jessie Izett in "Susan in Search of a Husband" gives a star performance; in fact, the entire cast smacks of steller interpretations.

Nance O'Neil will be seen here before long in "The Sorceress."



**Winsome and Gifted Patrice**

Who Will Appear at The Orpheum This Sunday Matinee, Supported by Her Own Company, in Her Latest and Greatest Success, "Gloria."



**Cecil Cowles' Recital**

One of the greatest musical artists California has produced is Cecil Cowles who, in spite of her extreme youth, is quite well known. On Thursday, February 7, Cecil will give the public an opportunity to witness the extent to which her really marvelous gifts have been developed. Even as a nine-year-old pianist and composer she aroused the greatest admiration, and her advancement has been of unparalleled rapidity. Cecil has the faculty of absolute pitch, improvises beautifully and composes well enough to win the admiration of Pietro Mascagni during his visit to San Francisco some three years ago. She is a pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt, whose vast experience with musical talent of every degree makes his enthusiasm over this little girl of particular significance. At the forthcoming concert Cecil's programme will be: I—(a) prelude, F sharp, op. 12, No. 13; (b) prelude, C sharp minor, op. 12, No. 10; (c) prelude, A major, op. 12, No. 7; (d) prelude, B flat minor, op. 12, No. 16. Chopin. II—(a) Aufschwung, op. 12, No. 2; (b) Warum? op. 12, No. 3, Schumann; (c) waltz, E minor posthumous, Chopin. III—(a) Etude, F minor, op. 25, No. 2; (b) Rondo brillante, E flat, Chopin. IV—(a) Vogel als Prophet, op. 82, No. 7, Schumann; (b) Fuge, G minor, op. 5, No. 3, Rheinberger; (c) Valse de Concert, op. 34, Moszkowski. V—(a) Valse, Caprice, Cecil Cowles, dedicated to Dr. Arnold Genthe; (b) Liebestraum, A flat; (c) Hungarian Rhapsody No. 8, Liszt.

**A BALLADE OF VERSEMAKING**

By Sydney Olivier

Out of the bottomless Ocean rift,

The dumb, dead glooms and slimes of it,  
The sunlight beckons the aimless drift.And the moon bespeaks the times of it:  
And the stormwind saws at the thundering strings,

Till the breakers bellow the chimes of it—

The close-wrought song that the Ocean sings,

With racing ripples the rhymes of it.

Out of the flaming firmament,

The ringing, singing mint of them,

The scarlet fades and the stars are spent,

One after one the glint of them:

And clear glow here the patterned words,

And dim is there the hint of them.

The hieroglyphs of beasts and birds,

For God to read the print of them.

Out of the wonder of Death and of Life,

Whatever stings or stirs of it,

Splendour of loving, splendour of strife,

The steadfast or perverse of it,—

The blessing or the curse of it,—

The better or the worse of it,—

There is no Word that is spoken to Man,

But Man shall make his Verse of it.

**Envoy**

Princess: this song has an idle tune,—

You must not deem the worse of it:

For it sang in my heart for an hour of June,

And You were mother and nurse of it.

**HADES UP-TO-DATE**

Jupiter—What in h—l, I mean what is the matter in hell?

Pluto—Nero has fitted up the car of juggernaut as an automobile, and is scorching with it.

—The Satellite.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt Presents His Pupil

**CECIL COWLES**

—IN A—

**PIANO RECITAL**

—AT—

**LYBIC HALL**

Larkin Street, between Turk and Eddy

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20—SONG HITS—20

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Book by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englander.

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Starting Monday, February 4th: "THE PRINCESS CHIC"

**IDORA PARK****OAKLAND**

Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

Commencing Monday Evening, February 4

**"THE WIZARD OF THE NILE."**

Next Opera: "The Serenade."

**Ye Liberty Playhouse**

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Direction H. W. Bishop.

**"THE WHITWASHING OF JULIA"**

By Henry Arthur Jones.

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Maddox and Melvin; the Lambakins and Their Dog  
"Folly"; Chris Smith and Two Johnsons; New  
Orpheum Motion Pictures and "Last  
Week of Alfred Kelsey and Co.PRICES: Evenings, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c; box seats, \$1.00.  
Matinees, 10c, 25c and 50c.

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## Letters

### Meyer's "Nine Swords of Morales"

Some wiseacre has recently been killing space in a lengthy screed in which he has attempted to prove that there never was a romantic period in the history of California when caballeros were brave and senoras beautiful; when haciendas were spacious and hospitality unbounded; in fact and in short, that the early Californians were about on a par with the Digger Indians, ignorant, idle and unregenerate. Perhaps he is right, but that would prove but a poor excuse for refusing to be entertained by a good story even though there is no basis of historical fact underlying it. As well refuse to read Shakespeare because we know the good Queen Bess ate with her fingers, swore like a trooper, and boxed the ears of her courtiers. Perhaps there never were any Morales at all, nor a Pancha Rivas, whose coquetry involved the whole Sonoma Valley in a feud, but if not, at all events George Homer Meyer has done some excellent pretending. His book is not new, as things go in the book world today, having made its appearance early last spring, but local events of considerable importance to San Franciscans crowded it into the background then, and it is but justice to the author that interest should be revived now that our lives have fallen upon quieter times. "The Nine Swords of Morales" were the nine stalwart sons of one of the early California dons. Their father had early instructed them in swordsmanship, and it goes without saying that in a country without roads and without wheeled conveyances of any kind they were equally expert horsemen. They lived after the manner of their kind, in rough comfort, their herds roaming the unfenced plains, and their followers soldiers or servants, as circumstances demanded. Pancha Rivas was the fickle goddess whose demands and exactions played havoc with the hearts of her wooers. It was her whim to send a belated message to one lover, demanding his presence by a given time, or the forfeiture of her hand, and it was the determination of Gonzales, that he would load the dice and prevent the fulfillment of de Guerra's journey which involved him in a quarrel in which the Nine Swords enlisted themselves with their friend and guest, de Guerra. It was, on the whole, a bloodless warfare, considering the times and the nettle of the men, but it is not to be understood from this that there was any lack of excitement. Cattle were raided in a style that would have done credit to the "lifting" caterans of the Scottish border, and there was an abundance of hard riding, much fighting, daring reconnaissances, invasions of each other's territory, and even kidnappings, and escapes hair-breadth enough to suit the most exacting. Such historic names as Vallejo, Carillo, Pacheco, Berryessa and Rivas are to be found in every chapter, and that mysterious old chief, Sonoma, plays his part. Mr. Meyer has cleverly interwoven some of the legends of the early days, now all but forgotten, and has spared us the trite descriptions which make up the stock in trade of most writers who attempt to delineate the life of the early part of the last century. In spite of the lawlessness, if we may use the term in connection with a period when there was no law, the adventurous spirit of the ease with which the factions found followers, "The Nine Swords of Morales" cannot be classed with blood-and-thunder fiction. On the whole, the episode was much after the fashion of a cowboy "shooting up," more an effervescence of spirits, and a demonstration of loyal friendship than an indication of ill feeling. There was no real grievance, except against Ramon Gonzales, and that not for his winning of the fair Pancha, but for his attempt to interfere with his rival's journey. And after the only sister of the Gonzales eloped with a Morales, and the remaining daughter of Don Pedro Rivas was claimed by Herrera, who had assumed the place of the disabled de Guerra, the leaders were so entangled in

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December 2-9

*with 19 makes of tires represented there were 228 Diamond Tires on cars shown, as against 148 tires of the second highest make, which were of foreign manufacture, and 140 tires of the third highest make, which were of American production.*

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criss-cross family alliances that, when the invitations for the marriage of de Guerra and Dolores Morales were announced, and the Comandante and all his relatives, who had held aloof from the disturbance, announced their intention of being present, there was a general shaking of hands and as much enthusiasm about repairing mischief as there had been before in inflicting it. Except for those who are predetermined to find nothing good "before the Gringos came," "The Nine Swords of Morales" will make excellent reading. It does not fly in the face of accepted traditions, and probably gives as fair a picture of early days as any historical novel does of the time it attempts to depict. It is a stirring romance, abounding in life and color and will appeal to all lovers of the romantic atmosphere of early California. Published by H. Altenus.

#### Authors and Their Names

Robert Hichens has a middle name, "Smythe," of which he makes no use. Anthony Hope is in private life Mr. Hawkins. Josiah Flynt uses but two-thirds of his name and Joseph Conrad has dropped his unwieldy Polish patronymic of Korzeniowski. Hall Caine's full name is Thomas Henry Hall Caine. Gellett Burgess used to prefix "Frank," as did Bailey Millard. Kipling's baptismal name is John Rudyard Kipling. Authors nowadays, as a rule, drop part of their names simply as a matter of convenience, but there was a time when writing was not considered as altogether a creditable performance, especially for women, and an effort was

made to either keep the matter secret or else to protect the family from the disgrace, on the same principle that stage folk concealed their identity. Occasionally a pen name becomes better known than the real one, as in the case of Mark Twain. Henry Harland began his literary career by writing stories of Jewish life, and his signature Sydney Luska, taken in connection with the character of his work, gave the impression which he probably intended to create, that he was a young Hebrew of orthodox adherence. Grant Allen used several names for different classes of writing, and it was not until after his death that the identity, and even the sex of the author of some of his novels was determined. Henry Seton Merriman was the name under which the late Hugh Stowell Scott published all his work, the singular reason for the concealment being that his father, who was editor of one of the London weeklies, tried to dissuade him from attempting a literary career because he so evidently lacked the requisite ability. The elder Scott never knew of his son's success. It is told of him that once, after reading a novel which especially pleased him, he turned to Hugh, and commending the book, said, "If you could do something like that, now, it would be worth while," but even then the veil was not lifted, though the story which excited his enthusiasm was by "Henry Seton Merriman." It seems a futile and foolish device to adopt a pen name, or to attempt to hide identity in anonymity, and then, after the lapse of a few weeks, to step forth into the limelight.

—The Bookworm.



Loading the first '07 Pope-Toledo shipped by express to the Coast, at Toledo, Ohio. This car has just arrived and was delivered to General Arthur MacArthur of the United States Army.



# An Architectural Masterpiece

The New Reinforced Concrete Hotel In Pasadena of the Mission Type



The Hotel Wentworth, construction of which has just been finished on Oak Knoll, Pasadena, will be a stupendous and handsome structure, remarkable in many ways. An adequate conception of its beauty and magnitude may be gained from the accompanying illustration.

The building is situated on the brow of a hill overlooking the San Gabriel Valley, with a magnificent vista to the Sierra Madre Mountains. The snow-capped peaks of Old Baldy and Mt. Wilson are plainly visible, and form a pleasing contrast to the sun-kissed slopes of the valley, with its orchards and verdant orange groves.

The grounds of the hotel contain a great variety of shade trees, among them some of the finest old oaks in the vicinity. The lines of the building have been made to conform with those of nature and none of the forest leviathans have been sacrificed to make room for the walls.

An army of workmen, more than 800 in number, has been employed for the past seven months on the work.

It is constructed throughout of reinforced concrete. Walls, floors, partitions and roofs are built of this material. This form of construction makes it possible to finish and decorate the rooms in the lower stories before the upper stories are built. No hotel in the world will be run more nearly fireproof than this.

The architecture is of the mission type, carried out with a purity of style and with the careful and conscientious attention to detail which the architect for this building has developed in some of the other large hotels of the West, of which the Alvarado, at Albuquerque, N. M., the Cardenas at Trinidad, and El Tovar at Grand Canon are examples.

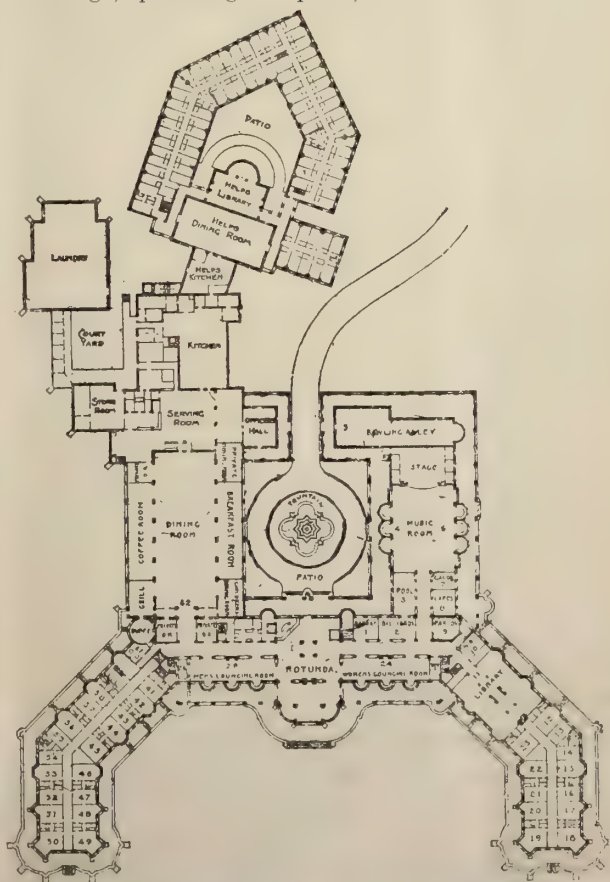
All ostentation and appearance of commercialism have been avoided, while the interior decorations are as rich and elegant as wealth can provide and good taste dictate. The purpose of the designer is to express the repose and homelike feeling so essential to the success of a resort hotel.

The main building, across the front, will be six stories in height; in the center a massive tower, fifty feet square, surmounted by four square turrets will rise to a height of nine stories. On the highest floor to which the elevator runs, there will be one of the original features of the building, a climatorium with a roof garden above.

Two of the turrets will contain the water tanks which will supply the hotel with water, the third will contain the private "den" of General Wentworth, and

the fourth will house a beautiful chime of bells whose soft, melodious notes will be heard over the valley in the soft twilight of the evening.

From each end of the main building a four-story wing extends obliquely from the front corners, each surmounted by a roof garden and a promenade. The ends of the wings are carried up into towers one story higher. The result of this arrangement is a large number of corner suites with commanding views of the valley and the mountains. The entire roof of the hotel will be covered with red tile of the mission pattern. The buildings to the rear, which are grouped about the large, quadrangular patio, are of broken outline,



Ground Floor Plan of the Hotel Wentworth



lending a picturesque charm to the entire group. Viewed from any point the great pile will present a castled effect suggestive of a citadel or an old Spanish hacienda on a large scale. The autobusses from the railroad station will enter the grounds by a broad avenue, winding under eucalyptus trees, through an archway, and, swinging around the fountain in the patio, will deliver the loads of guests at the hotel portal.

At the outer entrance to the patio the guests will be struck with the fact that within it are several monarchs of the forest dating back to the time of the padres. In order that the illusion may be more faithfully carried out, the roughest surface of the concrete walls of the building will be stained a weather-beaten color to give it the appearance of great age.

To the right of the patio is the dining-room with high, vaulted ceiling, capable of seating 600 guests. Through the arcaded sides of this room one catches glimpses of the coffee and breakfast rooms, which flank it, while grouped about it are private dining-rooms, banquet room, children's dining-room and buffet, all served from the same kitchen. To the rear of the main dining-room is the great serving-room, the ceiling of which is of such height as to admit of windows overlooking the roofs of the adjoining buildings, the pantries, kitchen, store rooms, bakery and pastry establishment. One feature of the dining-room service is the sitting-room for waitresses, of which there will be such a number that each will have but four guests to care for.

To the rear of the store-room is the kitchen courtyard, inclosed by the buildings of the working department, including fuel store-rooms and laundry. This courtyard is entered by an arched gateway and is entirely screened from all parts of the hotel grounds.

The buildings in the rear, ending in a point, comprise a two-story dormitory building for the servants, including servants' dining-room, kitchen, pantries, sitting-room, library and a large ballroom equipped with a stage, and scenery, for the exclusive use of the hotel servants, of which there will be about 350.

On the side of the patio opposite the dining-room is a large ballroom with alcoved niches, on each side, richly decorated and upholstered in leather. At the end of the ballroom is a commodious stage which will be equipped with scenery and all other paraphernalia required in the presentation of dramatic or operatic entertainments.

In one of the front wings on the ground floor is a large library and parlor for the use of the "old folks," and in the basement of the other wing, but entirely above ground, because of the slope of the hillside, will be a playroom for the children. In the basement of this wing there will be a swimming pool.

The decorations throughout the building will be suggestive of the simple life. Through the main lobby, the men's and women's lounging rooms, and the sun parlor, the upper walls will be of a luscious poppy yellow and golden brown, with delicate ornaments in pale green. The ballroom will be decorated in gold and two tones of color, ivory and pale green.

The main dining-room will be, probably, the most original in its decorations of any room used for a similar purpose in the United States. The high vaulted ceilings will be flooded with light through stained glass windows, and at night will be illuminated by unseen lights producing a translucent effect with an alabaster glow.

The buffet is a circular room with a domed ceiling. The sides and walls of this room will be covered with stalactites, behind which the electric lights will be concealed.

Rambling around the building are verandas of extraordinary width.

So large an expanse of territory is covered by the building that anyone, starting from a given point and walking around the entire building, will have covered three-quarters of a mile before he again reaches his starting point.

The grounds comprise about twenty-six acres. In front is a hillside, covered with graceful orange groves, sloping off into the valley beyond, while on either side are deep ravines.

The plans were drawn by and the building erected under the supervision of Chas. F. Whittlesey, a San Francisco architect recently from the East, a designer of exceptional talent and originality who has won an enviable reputation as a constructor of large buildings in reinforced concrete in various parts of this country. Notably the great Auditorium recently finished in Los Angeles, the Hayward Hotel in that city, and the great Pacific office building now under construction at the corner of Fourth and Market streets in this city.



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## The Annals of Pickeye

(Continued from Page 8.)

We're peaceable, but if for cause  
The eagle's roused, beware his claws!  
Poor Mexico in silly rage  
Kept poking at the game-bird's cage  
Until she got it in the neck  
From Brazos to Chapultepec,  
And, whipped to thunder, had to split  
Herself in two to make us quit.

That split was luckily ordained,  
For what the Greasers lost we gained;  
It gave us all the Golden West,  
Of which this fair State is the best;  
These realms swopped eagle-birds, the freak  
Which holds the serpent in his beak,  
More like a jay, was forced to yield  
To him that clasps the shafts and shield.  
And he'll protect us all alike  
While shield can guard or shafts can strike.

Thus fate decreed this land should be  
A dwelling for the brave and free,  
And that no kings or concubines  
Should ever rule the Southern Mines.  
Then let's be faithful to our charge,  
Let's build up Pickeye pure and large,  
So that posterity shall say  
We did no snide work in our day,  
And not go down to shame and sorrow  
Like poor old Sodom and Gomorrah.

Loud and prolonged applause rewarded the effort of the young Foothill Bard, and then Dobie Joe led off in "The Star Spangled Banner." It was sung with such enthusiasm and with so mighty a volume of sound that everybody voted it a triumph—though the singing was considerably out of tune. Elder Beals then pronounced a benediction, and the celebration was concluded.

But not the congratulations and glorification over its success. They continued in all directions—on the street corners and in the stores and restaurants, but chiefly in the Long Tom saloon, wither most of the paraders adjourned.

It was but a little while till this spirit of rejoicing and that with which it was mingled begot a feeling that the glorious day had not been sufficiently celebrated.

This sentiment first developed itself in Bowleg Tom, an old man-of-war's man, who swore the American flag had nowhere been hoisted high enough that day, and that he would fling it out from the top of the tallest pine-tree on the flat.

A flag was furnished him, which he fastened about his waist, and then, with a saw and hand-axe stuck in his belt, he shinned up a hundred-and-fifty-foot pine like a crack-a-jack. By a half-hour's hard work he cleared off the branches for fifty feet or so at the top, and floated the flag from the peak.

Bowleg Tom's achievement stirred an emulous spirit in others. It soon became evident from their modest assertions that Pickeye contained the best marksmen in the world, and a lot of wild target-shooting was indulged in to prove it. The crowning evidence came when Al Cleaves vowed he could make Arkansas's horse, which had become restive, as docile as a lamb by just "creasing" him over the withers, as

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Davy Crockett used to "bark" squirrels. In spite of the owner's protest the marksman tried the experiment—and succeeded in one respect, for he killed the animal as dead as a door nail. That ended the shooting.

From like assertion it was presently manifest that Pickeye had the fleetest runners on earth. A stadium, with the Long Tom as its terminus, was measured off in the main street. No record-breaking time was made, but the sport was kept up until Paddy McCann, who was barefoot, cut a toe off on a piece of broken bottle. Then the foot-racing ceased.

Quoits came under discussion next. It immediately became apparent that the discobuli of old were pitifully outclassed by the Pickeye adepts at the game. So, whirling horseshoes hurtled wildly through the air in front of the Long Tom, till one of them struck Coony Blaker in the head, knocking him endways, and there was a cessation of that sport also.

By this time the desire for renewing the celebration had become general, and it was proposed to carry it to benighted Whisky Flat, five miles down the river on the opposite side, which had not been represented in the parade. Accordingly a volunteer procession of unsteady men, headed by the brass band, filed cautiously across the footbridge and took up its line of march toward the sulking camp.

It had not gone far when Bowleg Tom—who, like most old sailors, ordinarily waddled like a duck, and was now so liquor-logged that he waddled worse than usual—announced his inability to go any farther. With the sympathetic spirit of comradeship his companions bemoaned his downfall, gave him a fresh bottle of whisky, tucked him nicely under a buckeye-bush to sleep away the time until their return, and then proceeded on their way.

If there had been any sulkiness on the part of the Whisky Flatters it vanished at the appearance of the procession, for they fell in line to a man, imbibing the spirit of the occasion and other things so freely that when, after encircling the camp repeatedly, the procession started homeward, every Whisky Flatter marched with it, leaving the place deserted.

Just at sundown the paraders reached the spot where they had left Bowleg Tom, and halted to arouse him and assist him back to town. But he didn't need arousing. They found him, covered with blood, picking shot out of his legs with a sheath-knife. Upon inspection it was discovered that he was peppered with shot from head to heels.

The ardor and excitement which had almost died out from over-exertion instantly flashed into life again. Here had been an attempt at murder—the murder of the patriot who had most distinguished himself! The crime should not go unpunished if a thousand avengers could ferret out the criminal!

Without waiting for an explanation, and despite the victim's assertion that he could walk well enough, he was dosed with the remainder of his bottle of whisky, placed on a hastily constructed litter and borne like a dead warrior on his shield proudly into Pickeye, the band playing a funeral march.

The gloomy cortege, the bleeding victim and the fiery denunciations of his comrades ignited the wrath of even the soberer and quieter townsmen, so that the cry for a blood atonement was unanimous.

Bowleg Tom had been lively enough when first found, but by the time he reached town, whether from the whisky drenching or that he had begun to take the funeral proceedings seriously, he was moribund. If he ever had a clear notion how he received his

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wounds the doping had obscured it, so nothing could be learned from him.

But some one had seen Pierre, the proprietor of the Pauvre Diable rotisserie, go across the river with his double-barreled shotgun that afternoon and return hurriedly shortly afterwards, slinking up a back street.

That was enough. Beyond a doubt Pierre was the assassin. He must be arrested at once.

When Napoleon III. was contemplating his coup d'état the stanch republicanism of the Garde Mobile caused him to be distrustful of them. To make sure they should give him no trouble he sent two shiploads of the most pronounced of them to San Francisco, in 1850, supplying every man with a double-barreled shotgun. These deported soldiers and their shotguns were thicker than hornets throughout the Southern Mines in the early days. At Sonora they were in such force that they boldly resisted the collection of the foreign miner's tax, and California came near having an insurrection on her hands.

Pierre was one of these Garde Mobile exiles. He had mined for a short while, but the business of restaurateur being more to his taste he engaged in it, opening the Pauvre Diable rotisserie in Pickeye. But he retained his beloved shotgun, and it was his habit to take an outing with it every afternoon and pop away at linnets and blackbirds, or anything else in the line of what his countrymen call "gibier."

When brought before the Lynch court that had been organized and was sitting in the Long Tom saloon, Pierre evidently was very frightened. He had reason to be. The room was full of angry men; Chancellor Kent, the judge, a grizzly old miner who owed his title to the identity of his name with that of the great jurist, was frowning like a Fouquier-Tinville; and the atmosphere generally was suggestive of the guillotine or gallows.

"Pierre, you are charged with the crime of attempting to murder Bowleg Tom," said the judge sternly to the scared little Frenchman. "Have you any counsel?"

"Je ne comprendez pas," replied the accused, with a dazed look.

The judge did not understand the words, but the prisoner's action made their meaning intelligible.

"Any attorney, any lawyer, any—"

"Oh, ze avocat!" interrupted Pierre. "I no 'ave im."

"Will you choose one yourself, or shall I appoint one for you?"

"Zey say Zheneral 'Ouston ees very good."

"But he has been chosen to prosecute you."

"Zen I am depreeved and loss!" exclaimed Pierre, with a despairing gesture.

"By no means," said the judge reassuringly; "there's no end of good legal talent present. Is there any other particular person you would like to defend you?"

"It makes no deefference, if not Zheneral 'Ouston."

"Then the court will appoint Dobie Joe to appear for the prisoner. Will you defend him, Dobie?"

"Certainly, the best I can," answered the big miner, coming forward.

A jury was quickly impaneled and sworn. Then the prisoner was formally charged, and asked to plead to the indictment.

"He pleads not guilty, of course," responded Dobie Joe.

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"The prosecuting attorney will please proceed," said the judge, settling back in his chair in anticipation of the opening statement.

"May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury," began General Houston, assuming an imposing attitude and speaking in impressive tones, "in a long career of criminal practice I have never encountered so heinous a case as this. I have dealt with many flagrant crimes, but never with one involving those extremes of turpitude, the unpardonable sin and the impenitent thief. All murder is foul. But premeditated murder, with the deliberate purpose of robbery, is so unspeakably hideous that language has no term by which to properly characterize it. Such an intent was this. We shall prove how the assassin and robber stealthily tracked his victim until he found an opportunity to accomplish his object—the complete consummation of which, thank Heaven, an overruling providence beneficently thwarted! But the animus—the furor trucidendi et praedendi—is none the less atrocious for that interposition. The prisoner is as guilty as if he had succeeded in his attempt. To all intents and purposes murder has been done. We shall produce the corpus delicti in court, and ask of you a verdict and sentence that shall hang the felon by the neck till he is dead."

Pierre had understood very little of the impassioned harangue, but he caught the purport of the last sentence and felt himself already condemned to death. He shuddered and turned pale when the litter on which Bowleg Tom still lay stretched was brought into court.

"Your honor and gentlemen of the jury," said General Houston, waving his hand toward the litter, "here is the corpus delicti. Its production is ample proof, I take it, that the crime has been committed."

The judge looked at the gory spectacle and ruled that the evidence as to that point was sufficient.

Jerry Holt, the man who had seen the prisoner go across the river that day, was the first witness. When asked what he knew about the affair, he said:

"Well, all I know about it is that I saw Pierre go past my shop and across the footbridge this afternoon with his shotgun, but he does that almost every afternoon. The only thing different today was that he came back sooner than usual and sneaked up a back street."

"Was he running?"

"No, not running, but he was going a pretty lively gait."

"Did he exhibit any signs of guilt?"

"Well, I'm not an expert as to that, but it struck me he was trying to get to cover as soon as he could."

"That's all," said General Houston, with a superb air of satisfaction. "Take the witness."

"We don't want him," replied Dobie Joe.

The refusal of the defense to cross-examine made a profound impression on the court and crowd. It showed fear. There was a feeling that it about clinched the case.

"We have no other witnesses," said General Houston, after waiting for the impression to have its full effect. "This crime was one that the All-seeing Eye alone beheld. No human vision saw it. In addition to the testimony adduced—which every one of you must feel, as I do, to be direct, irrefragable and conclusive—I can only show you Bowleg Tom's bleeding wounds—poor, poor dumb mouths!—and bid them speak in thunder tones against his slayer. With that mute appeal ringing in your ears, the prosecution rests."

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"Your honor, I ask that the prisoner be put on the stand," said Dobie Joe.

"Very well, if you desire it," assented the judge. "You will please take the witness-stand, Pierre."

The prisoner obeyed, but in a shambling and hang-dog way. His whole manner was against him.

"Did you go across the river with your shotgun this afternoon?" asked his counsel.

"Oui, yes."

"What did you go for?"

"For recreaceon, and to shoot ze leettle bird and rabbit."

"To hunt game, eh?"

"Oui, ze gibier."

"You didn't follow Bowleg Tom?"

"Non, I no follow 'im."

"Did you see him while there?"

"Non, I no see 'im."

The answer caused a sensation, it was so manifestly perjured. Even Dobie Joe was staggered, the reply was so contrary to what he had expected. He looked the witness steadily in the eye, and said solemnly:

"Be careful what you say, Pierre. This is a very serious matter. Are you sure you didn't see Bowleg Tom?"

"Parfaitment. I no see 'im till now."

There was an impatient stir in the crowd. This bald perjury was only too clear a proof of guilt. Judge and jury evidently saw it in that light too. Things were looking bad for the prisoner.

But just then Bowleg Tom, who had been tossing about uneasily for some time, having slept off his jag, sat upright and took in the situation at a glance.

"H—ll! have they rounded you up for peppering me, Pierre?" he exclaimed, with a hearty laugh. "Why, boys, he ain't any more to blame than an unborn babe. I heard him popping away, and when a flock of quails came running under the buckeye-bush where I was hid he let fly at them and hit me. The brush was so thick he couldn't see me, and when I yelled at him he run like the devil."

There was a sudden revulsion of feeling in the crowd. A shout of laughter went up which almost unsettled the propriety of the court. But General Houston was equal to the emergency. Rising with more than his customary aplomb and dignity, he said:

"Your honor, since the corpus delicti has gone back on us, I move that the pending charge against the prisoner be dismissed. But I bring two other counts against him: that of doli capax in posse, or of it being possible he might have been guilty; and that of being de facto non amicus curiae, or of having trifled with the time and dignity of this court. These are not capital crimes, but they are offenses punishable at the discretion of the bench. I trust the culprit will not be permitted to go altogether unwhipped of justice, but that your honor will mete out to him such punishment as his crimes deserve."

The dictum of General Houston was the only legal code Pickeye knew. In this instance it sounded so plausible that no one disputed it. Chancellor Kent pondered the matter with an air of profound thought for a considerable time before giving an opinion. Finally he said:

"Without wasting time by consulting other authorities the court will hold that the propositions advanced by the prosecuting attorney are valid. It is therefore ordered that the prisoner be discharged on the original count, but on those preferred by the distinguished prosecutor this court sentences him to

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supply a free supper, with wines, champagne and cigars, to as many of his fellow citizens as may desire the same. The sheriff for the people will see that the sentence is enforced. The court stands adjourned sine die."

A murmur of approbation told that the decision was recognized to be as just as a judgment of Solomon. It took a good deal of pigeon-talk to make Pierre understand his sentence. When its full meaning broke upon him he threw up his hands frantically and exclaimed:

"Mon dieu! but it ees unzhust! it ees ruin!"

"But it might have been a halter, Pierre," said Dobie Joe soothingly.

"Vraiment, zat ees true. C'est un arret juste, it ees a zhust sentence. I submeet. Allons, done! At ten o'clock ze souper will make itself ready. Vive la land of ze free and ze hum of ze brav!"

At ten o'clock sharp the crowd began to pour into the Pauvre Diable rotisserie. Pierre had kept faith and spread a feast that Lucullus might have gloated over, while the wine and cigars were inexhaustible.

General Houston rose above himself. By a speech which left nothing original to be said, he practically broke the mold of eloquence and put an extinguisher on oratory. Like his other speeches the colossal effort is lost, but the peroration and the effect produced by it made such an indelible impression that a synoptical version of it was committed to writing and preserved as the classic of classics in the archives of Pickeye.

"But to be great and free is not the only glory of a people," he said, after picturing the exaltedness of the nation in those respects; "they must also be just. The quality of justice is not indigenous to earth, it is of divine origin; but I proudly assert that the American people, and we of Pickeye particularly, have domesticated the heavenly exotic. This crowning glory is ours, that justice goes hand in hand with liberty. The proof of it is here. We might have hanged our noble entertainer. There was no power on earth to prevent us had we so willed. But our sense of justice told us the penalty would exceed his crimes, and induced us to commute it to a milder and more righteous one. Hail, Pierre! illustrious exemplar and beneficiary of our grandest virtue! I pledge you in this vintage of your own sunny France. Ah, magic name! France! As into Richelieu, in one moment there passes into me the spirit of France. Vive la Republique! one and indivisible! Liberty, equality, fraternity! But above all, Fiat justitia ruat caelum!"

"C'est la Revolution sans la Terreur!" exclaimed Pierre.

Then; beating his chest like a gorilla, and in stentorian tones, he burst forth in the soul-stirring strain:

"Allons, enfants de la patrie,  
La jour de gloire est arrive!"

The fervor of General Houston's apostrophe and of Pierre's outburst was infectious. The whole concourse joined in the grand chant, and by a common impulse Pierre was enthroned on a table and the crowd began whirling madly about him.

"An apocalypse of the spirits of just men made perfect!" ejaculated Elder Beals, who was a sober but sympathetic spectator.

And so, with most of the celebrators singing the "Marseillaise" and "Ca ira" and dancing the Carmagnole around a frenzied and plundered Frenchman, the curtain went down on the first Fourth of July celebration at Pickeye.

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### SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
 IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Department No. 10, No. 5390.

JAMES F. STRODE,  
 Plaintiff,

vs.

LILLIAN STRODE,  
 Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, SEND GREETING TO LILLIAN STRODE, DEFENDANT.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any further relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2d day of January, A. D. 1907.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

E. L. THOMAS,  
 Attorney for Plaintiff,  
 1437 Fillmore Street, San Francisco.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
 IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate  
 and Guardianship of  
 RAY DOWNEY,  
 An Incompetent Person.

No. 2548.  
 Department No. 10.

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

HELEN D. UMBSEN, guardian of the estate of Ray Downey, an incompetent person, having presented to the Court and filed herein her verified petition for the sale of certain real estate belonging to the said incompetent person, setting forth the condition of the estate of the said incompetent person, and the facts and circumstances on which the petition is founded, tending to show the necessity or expediency of a sale thereof, and it appearing to the Court from the said petition that it is necessary and would be beneficial to the said incompetent person that the said real estate described in said petition should be sold.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of the said incompetent person and all persons interested in his estate, appear before the Court on Tuesday, the twelfth day of February, 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m. at the courtroom of Department No. 10 of the above-named Court, in the building on the northeast corner of California and Webster Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of the said real estate.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three (3) successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

DATED: January 9, 1907.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
 Judge of Said Superior Court.

Endorsed. Filed January 9, 1907.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
 By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

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## Our Incorrigible Mayor

A correspondent of the Oakland Tribune is authority for the report that Mayor Schmitz is indulging the hope of being vindicated again at the polls. If this is true then the Mayor must also be indulging the hope that meanwhile the question of his guilt or innocence will not be determined by the courts. That the law's delays will not be exhausted by election day is not improbable. But it is unlikely that in the event of the Schmitz case hanging fire until the next campaign there shall be reason for us to be apprehensive of the Mayor's political designs. For since the Mayor's last vindication at the polls the impulse of self-preservation, which is the root of selfishness, has inspired the community, and the star-eyed goddess of reform has become the favorite deity of many citizens who were wont to view with complaisance the devious ways of his Honor and his mentor. Indulgent merchants who were flattered by the smiles of the powerful boss and who nodded approval to his faithful puppet, have lately been constrained to celebrate the advantages of honesty in government. Through absorption in the petty interests of personal welfare they have become horrified at the costliness of sympathy with corruption. The high price of insurance and high cost of living being obviously due in a large measure to conditions resulting from the zeal of public officials for their own interests and their neglect of the public interests have caused a revolution of sentiment. Through long chafing and friction, as Carlyle says of the French on the eve of the Revolution, the public temper "has got electric." Incompetency and stupidity, the offspring of immorality, have disgusted men with the atrophy of the civic virtues. When the iceman raised the price of his commodity because of the wear and tear of his trucks he contributed to the stimulus to virtue. We are being purified by affliction. The iniquities of the Administration are inspiring the people to righteousness. It is not that we love virtue for its own sake. Selfishness is the evangelist of the gospel that abominates graft. Indirectly and unintentionally the Mayor himself has become the scourge and chastiser of the city. But we are not gluttons; and therefore his Honor is likely to be grievously disappointed should he seek vindication again. In the role of vindication seeker he has become something of a bore. For it appears that with each fresh term in office he puts himself in need of a new

certificate of character. And as elections do not keep pace with his transgressions he finds it necessary to vindicate himself in the interval, as, for example, when he decreed that all blots on his escutcheon that antedated the eighteenth of April were barred by the statute of limitations. The unfortunate man is manifestly incorrigible. It is time for him to realize that the city itself is in need of vindication and that a mighty advantage would accrue to the public if he should cease from troubling.

## The Japanese Imbroglia

Like a bolt out of the blue was the startling news from Washington last week respecting the imminence of war with Japan. Nowhere was the news more unexpected than right here in San Francisco. In the Eastern States the imbroglia precipitated by our relegation of Japanese to Oriental schools was taken seriously from the beginning, and from the tone of the European press it is clear that the complications are regarded as portentous, but to us the controversy has appeared to be of a purely academic character. We were entirely insensible to the gravity of the situation. So when we learned that the President and his Cabinet were excited on account of the corrugated brow of the Japanese Minister, and that our School Directors had received a hurry call from Washington, we were at first incredulous. The troublesome question, so far as we understood, was to be brought into court for solution and meanwhile discussion of it would be in vain. But it appears that Japan is under no obligations to wait upon the machinery of our government. The treaty is explicit enough in the opinion of Japanese statesmen, and they are not required to sit idly by until our courts determine whether the Federal authorities have the right to enforce the supreme law of the land. But it would be no great stretch of courtesy for them to do so. And if they are too impatient to extend that courtesy it is because they are eager for a pretext for war. And if they are as eager as some European authorities of the first rank believe, we shall not be able to preserve peace by settling the school question to their satisfaction. It might be well for us, however, to have that question more generally understood. For misapprehension respecting the merits of the case is widespread. A recent discussion of it in the London Saturday Review was brought to a close with these words: "By the way it is stated in an article in the North American Review that not only children but Japanese adult men wish to attend the Californian schools. This would certainly go to justify the Californian's objection, but it must surely be of quite rare occurrence." We have been informed that our school authorities were impelled to discriminate mainly for the reason that Japanese adults were attending the primary schools. Japanese minors, we believe, constitute a very small minority of the Japanese public school pupils. It is inconceivable that the school authorities discriminate against Japanese children merely because they are Japanese. "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven," was not said in reference only to the children of the Jews, or the Gentiles or of any other creed, or of any particular race. We should feel humiliated to learn that in this Christian country children were discriminated against merely because they were heathens. Japanese children have been relegated to the Oriental school along with Japanese adults, but it is probably because they need special attention owing to their unfamiliarity with the language. There are many reasons that might be advanced for assigning Japanese children to an Oriental school quite in consonance with regulations of a purely scholastic nature and which should



not occasion umbrage. Our School Directors have not been very generous with their explanations respecting the animus of their conduct, but we believe it has been generally assumed in this city that the Japanese adult was the principal inspiration of their discriminatory order. It is to be hoped they will make it clear we have no absurd prejudices against Japanese children.

### The Imminence of War

In England publicists and statesmen have been on the alert for an ultimatum from Japan ever since the protest was made against the action of our school authorities. That protest was diagnosed as a premonitory symptom of war and from the speculations of the press it was evident that European sentiment attributed to Japan a purpose prejudicial to this country on account of the notion prevalent in Tokio that the Japanese policy of expansion is not to be realized while we are in possession of the Philippines. In the judgment of European statesmen and publicists the Japanese, since their triumph over the colossal Russian Empire, have not only developed an extremely sensitive susceptibility to affront but are incidentally looking for trouble. Japan, said one authority, some weeks ago, is the kill-joy in the European agapemone. And according to another writer the Japanese have become so arrogant that some white races are beginning to experience a singular cooling in the enthusiasm with which they received at first an Asiatic race as an equal among the Great Powers. "But," he added, "there is no resisting the logic of the sword." And a London writer, discussing the school imbroglio, said, "The momentous decision may be postponed as the exigency may not be Japan's now for the moment, but the difficulty is of so grave a nature that its existence seems the menace of the hour." But perhaps the most interesting discussion incident to the irritation of the Japanese is that which deals with the probable attitude of England in the event of war. Just before the arrangement of the Peace of Portsmouth England and Japan entered into a treaty which binds each signatory to aid the other provided either should find itself engaged in war with any other single Power. The purpose of this treaty was to safeguard British India against Russian invasion and to deter Russia from reconstructing her navy for another contest with Japan in the Far East. Now the question is would she have to place her armies and fleets at the disposal of Japan in the event of war with this country. The terms of the treaty are explicit. The question must be answered in the affirmative unless we consider the likelihood of England's repudiating the compact. The matter has lately been discussed in the House of Commons, and the sentiment of many of the M. P.'s is that the people of England would force the Government to repudiate the treaty if Japan engaged in war with the United States. For if we invaded Canada and cut off the grain fields of British North America from communication with the Atlantic seaboard, and also prohibited the exportation of foodstuffs from this country to England, there would soon be famine in the tight little isle. It is because British statesmen conceive the relations between the United States and Japan to be at the snapping point that they have been discussing the treaty obligations of their country. The circumstance should persuade us that the strong man armed is the only efficient guardian of the gates of Janus. A Pacific fleet more powerful than the whole Japanese navy would be an absolute guaranty of peace at this time.

### Our Naval Strength

In consequence of the President and his Cabinet becoming apprehensive of trouble with Japan there will soon be a rearrangement of our naval fleets, and this is a consummation of considerable importance to the Pacific Coast. It was suggested in Town Talk some months ago that in view of our paramount interests in the Pacific it was absurd for us to maintain a preponderance of our naval strength in the Atlantic, and we are now pleased to learn that there are Federal Authorities of the same opinion. There is no European Power except England that would select the Atlantic Coast for the scene of hostilities in a war with this country, because none save England has an adequate naval base in the Atlantic. With the Philippines so poorly guarded as they are by land and sea they will always engage the attention of the enemies of this country. Besides possession of the Philippines is necessary to the expansion of two Asiatic Powers, China and Japan, and also of Germany which has six naval stations in the western Pacific. Possession of the Philippines would be of great strategic importance to Japan because those islands command all the approaches to China. Germany in possession of the Philippines would hold the balance of power between China and Japan. And yet in a military sense the Philippines are almost entirely neglected by this country. England recently expressed her confidence in the amity of the United States by a redistribution of her naval strength practically abandoning the Atlantic. So now our military experts are urging the rearrangement of our naval resources. It has been suggested that at least three battleships could be spared from the Atlantic fleet. At present our Asiatic fleet consists of only four armored cruisers, five protected cruisers, six gunboats, five torpedo boats and a squadron of light draught vessels for river and harbor service. The heaviest ordnance carried is an 8-inch gun. Japan could make short work of our Asiatic fleet with a few battleships and could capture Manila with scarcely more difficulty than attended Dewey's achievement.



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### Jingo British Criticism

If anything could heighten the pleasure everywhere expressed in America at the appointment of James Bryce as British Ambassador to Washington, it would be the ill-natured comments that his assignment has called forth from those English journals which never miss an opportunity to show their hatred of all things American. It would be hard to recall a time when so much envious and spiteful criticism has been written about any act involving the two countries that are always supposed to be reaching across the Atlantic to clasp each other in affectionate embrace. Just at present the British "hands across the sea," some of them at least, are wielding pens steeped in the quintessence of gall. The Saturday Review, for instance, hates these United States with a hatred that is hardly equaled by its hatred of the Liberal party that is responsible for Bryce's appointment. The Saturday Review does not approve of Mr. Bryce's book on American institutions but it professes inability to conceive any reason except the writing of the "American Commonwealth" for his appointment. After sweetly hinting that perhaps Mr. Bryce had made so disastrous a failure in Ireland that Campbell-Bannerman was anxious to get rid of him and had therefore seen fit to exile him to Washington, it rejects this explanation, aware, perhaps, that no reader would take it seriously. It goes on to say that Mr. Bryce's will be a familiar name to educated Americans and owing to the tone of his book, a persona grata. "That is what probably weighed most with the Prime Minister," the Saturday Review complains; for "Americans might safely be expected to receive with open arms an Englishman, a Scotchman to be exact, who has recorded with enthusiasm his conviction that the United States has a far greater and more brilliant future to look forward to than the British Empire." This suggests some terrible misgivings to the Saturday Review. "It is a question whether Mr. Bryce will not represent America when his business is to represent England." The results are awful to contemplate. "If his head be against America" in differences between the two countries, "his heart will always be on her side; and his heart will pull his head around." And now we have a chance to learn where the soreness lies. "Should there be an opportunity, we may look for more Alaskan surrenders. Americans will be able to build their canals and revise their copyright with as little respect for British interests as before. It is safe to snub the British lion has long been a maxim of American diplomacy. Mr. Bryce may be trusted to convert it into an axiom. Canada may well look askance at his appointment." And so on to the verge of tears.

### "A Meticulous Pedant"

The Pall Mall Gazette is equally bitter but as becomes a paper that so often mirrors royalty, shows better breeding in making its moan. "Mr. Bryce would be an acceptable Ambassador to any country which had outstanding or possible differences for settlement with Great Britain and desired to get as much as possible of its own way. Mr. Bryce represents the school in whose eyes Great Britain is almost invariably in the wrong, and which looks upon the surrender of national contentions as the highest virtue." But the most extraordinary fusillade that has been aimed at the venerable head of the new representative of the court of St. James comes from editor L. J. Maxse of the National Review. Maxse hates Germany and the

United States with an equally ferocious hatred and has the English imperialist's lofty contempt for a Little Englander. It would not do to mar his gunnery by abridging him, so here is the full clatter of his verbal hot shot:

"British Embassies are henceforward to become the dumping-grounds for political 'deadheads.' Having deliberately created a vacancy in Washington by compelling Sir Mortimer Durand to retire, because he was supposed to be 'out of touch' with the White House, and therefore incapable of looking after British interests, the Home Government, after an unconscionable delay, which encouraged the public to hope for better things, has selected a meticulous pedant in the person of Mr. Bryce, who has never been 'in touch' with anyone. The Irish Chief Secretary, like the majority of Irish Chief Secretaries, is a pronounced failure, whom Sir Anthony Macdonnell has long wanted to get rid of. That the Washington Embassy should be employed for this purpose is a public scandal. Mr. Bryce's supposed qualification is his authorship of a fulsome panegyric upon the American Constitution, which was many years out of date at the time it was written, and is now one of the most obsolete books in our libraries. M. Taine made this delightful criticism upon the 'American Commonwealth': 'On dirait que M. Bryce voudrait etre President.' The new Ambassador's disqualifications are obvious. He is a hopeless prig and an inveterate Little Englander, which will put him utterly out of sympathy with the Imperialism of the 'powers that be' in the United States, while as a pro-German he will exercise a mischievous influence on our international relations. Moreover, the appointment of a notorious pro-Boer excites the legitimate suspicions of Canadians who know that he will make it his business to sacrifice their interests on every possible occasion. It would be difficult to make a worse appointment. It is particularly hard on our diplomatic service, which contains several members among its younger men who are fully qualified for this particular position. We would counsel our readers not to be taken in by American enthusiasm over Mr. Bryce's appointment."

A Swettenham would doubtless be more acceptable to the jingo British press, in the role of Ambassador to America, than so courteous a gentleman as Mr. Bryce.

## Announcement

Spring and Summer

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## Bends of the River

By George Ives

The river seems shut in at every bend,  
But on it flows.  
And life appears to kindle and to end,  
But yet, who knows?

The stream is never bounded by that shore  
Which our eyes view,  
As we draw near, long reaches and still more  
Spread out anew.

So life may prove a rill that always ran  
Eternally.  
Which shall not cease, since never birth began,  
Its mystery.

## Perspective Impressions.

There is virtuous influence enough in New York to compel the withdrawal of "Salome" from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, but not enough to raise a zephyr of protest against diffusing the effluvia of the Thaw case.

The Los Angeles Times objects to President Roosevelt's eulogy of General Robert E. Lee because General Lee fired on the flag. Are we never to be permitted to forget that incident? General Otis should reflect that the whole country has kindly forgotten about that Rubicon episode in which he figured.

The Missouri Legislature wants to limit each woman to two hats a year. The average woman can beat that law by making her hats over. There is no limit to the number of styles into which one hat may be transformed.

A Baptist clergyman in St. Louis is suspected of heresy because among other things he can't see any mystic meaning in the Song of Songs. Let us hope that it is not essential to salvation to discern nothing but spiritual significance in Solomon's addresses to the Shulamite.

"Commentators on our Government," says the Bulletin, "have remarked often that the ablest men in the country are seldom found in the service of the nation." The explanation is easy: able men seldom have to chase jobs and when they do they find that mediocrity excels in alertness.

A writer tells us the Federal Government has unlimited authority to make treaties but not unlimited authority to enforce them. There is probably no use in appealing from this distinguished journalist to that tribunal of inferior jurisdiction, the Supreme Court of the United States, and yet it is quite possible that the court may be ass enough to decide that the Constitution is not so ridiculous an instrument as is implied by the dictum that it creates authority for a vain purpose.

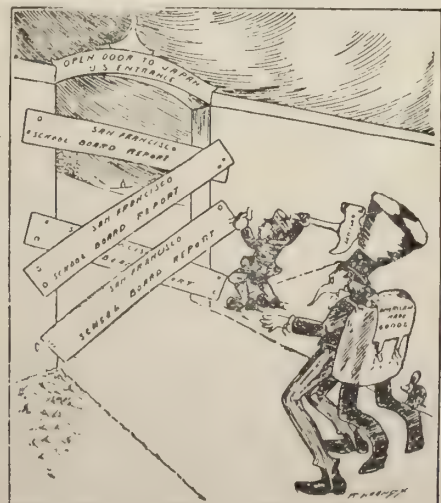
Governor Swettenham may have been insane when he wrote an insulting letter to Admiral Davis, but if so his conduct was singularly in accord with his characteristic temperament. He has been notorious for his boorishness all his life. Consequently his insult to Davis was a consistent performance. In other words he was true to form.



The Shortage Explained

Tailor Jim Hill—You've outgrown yer pants.  
Uncle Sam—Durn it, I know it! Hain't you got some more of the same goods?

—Bartholomew, in the Minneapolis Journal.



Making Use of the Boards

—Handy, in the Duluth News-Tribune.

## Verona of Many Memories

By Herman Scheffauer.

Verona, a name that melts with its own music and is dyed in romance, Italian and English Elizabethan. It is a name that connotes Juliet as Juliet connotes Romeo and both connote Shakespeare. Over it flutters a light of rose-tinged pasts, melodious with lutes and nightingales and gay with silken ladies and gallants in flower-embroidered gardens. Life and Love feast amid the flowers, but there too the worm gnaws in his strength, sapping it all, and we remember in sad conclusion, the curtain's solemn fall upon tragic groups on theater stages lit up by memory.

The approach to Verona, after passing from sight of the blue Lago di Garda and Breseia on the plain, is not inspiring. The country is still part of the uninteresting Lombardian flatland and the agriculture appears sparse and meagre. Nor is Verona itself a place that obtrudes its beauty or romance with any emphasis. It is a city ancient and worn by time and possesses the unostentatious life of a third-rate Italian town burdened with great remnants of mediaevalism and oppressed by a slumberous peace. Yet in its stones, grooved by centuries, lie dreams a-plenty and its name is a lure and a light to all who love.

The streets are granite-paved and wind and twist, fortress with keep and bastion rise frowning by the river, castles overmaster the hills, walls are pierced with loopholes and toothed with embrasures and ancient bridges span the rapid Adige. In this river are to be seen most curious structures, big barges carrying cumbrous mills, like Noah's arks, anchored in the stream, whose swift current turns the ponderous wheels as would a mill-race. These black monsters, splashed with white flour, sit grimly in the river like stubborn hippopotami grinding corn with their stony teeth beneath the shadows flung by nobly-domed cathedrals and formidable battlements. Verona toils but lightly and gracefully; this patrician dame deigns only to weave silks, velvets and woollens.

This day was one of the many holy days of the Italian calendar. A peacefulness more profound than usual lay brooding over the town. At noon most of the shops were closed. Strolling idly about in an unknown part of the city, far from the hotel quarter, my hunger soon ceased to be artistic and became gastronomic. Not a ristorante was there to be seen, nor even a humbler trattoria; nothing but wine-shops—vendita vino. Yet through the narrow streets came an appetising scent of cookery, public or private, that bade me persevere. At length I discovered a bright, respectable little place where an excellent meal was served me by a plump waitress with jet-black hair and eyes. She was plump as a dove and at every breath her little bodice drew tight the confining buttons. She was the youthful epitome of her mother, the proprietress of the place. So must the mother have looked when young, so would the daughter look when old—a thought that was enough to sadden one's soup. In Italy no one is afraid

of displaying the affections, and to one who comes from climes of closer convention, the sweet spectacle of human love presents itself with more absorbing insistence than all the wonders of art or the state of royal lands. So, in these transcripts from the Italian life as seen by me, this element of the natural affections can no more be ignored than the sun and the skies beneath which I observed it. Torn from its setting it seems mere trivialty here and now, but there and then it was like a shining splinter broken from the soul of a people. Eternal tale of Romeo and Juliet! Verona lent this instance an additional significance. A swarthy youth, evidently a petty merchant, sat at one table and under the tolerant eye of the mother would venture upon little affectionate liberties with the prepossessing daughter. Maria was the girl's name, for so both the mother and the youth addressed her—and Gaetano was the name of her admirer, for so daughter and mother addressed him. His black eyes followed her everywhere as she served the dinners; her own face was flushed with the heat and her cheeks glowed redly with the smouldering blood from her happy Italian heart. Yes, it was the old eternal tale! Beyond the years I saw the youth turned into a steady burgher of Verona and his wife had grown into the very image of her mother. That was a sad, long thought.

Six bridges cross the Adige, some of massive stone, others frail structures of iron and wood. Along both banks of the river run broad esplanades, finely paved and modern in their sense of room. Here the idler inhabitants hang over balustrade or parapet content to watch the rolling of the river, the threshing of the anchored mills or the women washing clothes upon a granite ledge sloping into the water. The great floating mills tug at their chains and make a splashing sound, the square church towers arise at intervals along the perspective of the river front, the clouds drift on, the hours go their way "and I go too."

I go through the tortuous streets, now broad, now narrow, without set purpose except to see, without any fixed direction apart from an onward one. Let a city take a wanderer into its maze or its turmoil and lure him hither and thither, whithersoever his feet, obedient to his fancy, impel him or the streets impose no barrier, ranging in unfettered liberty and slave not even to Time. So I drift by churches or into them, from streets white with an undimmed sun, into the comparatively inky gloom of S. Maria Antica to stand before the imposing tomb of the Scaligers, or by the bronze gates of S. Zeno Maggiore, the church that holds the tomb of Charlemagne's father Pepin the Short. A square, truncated tower stands forth between the street walls, and making for this, I suddenly burst upon the Piazza Erbe, one of the most picturesque squares in Europe. In Roman times here stood the forum; to-day it is the fruit and flower market. Its composition is

(Continued on Page 29.)

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# The Annals of Pickeye

(In Seven Chapters)

By the Editor of the Old "Pickeye Trumpet"—J. T. Goodman

## III

### THE ORIGIN AND DEDICATION OF THE PICKEYE GRAVEYARD

Few interior towns of California had a cemetery at all in 1851, and to this day there never has been one to rival the old Pickeye graveyard.

In a region and time of careless burials it stood out monumental, not only in its attestation of respect for the dead, but as an evidence of public spirit, of advanced ideas, and of an inspired foresight into the requirements of a boom mining camp.

During July the social atmosphere of Pickeye had been portentous of a tragedy. Up to that time a gambler named Cross—commonly called Double Cross—was unanimously conceded to be the most dangerous man in the camp, and in consequence he had been peaceable as a lamb. His record of half a score of victims in other places rendered it unnecessary for him to make a new one in Pickeye.

But a disrespect for his title of "chief" was shown by a new-comer, Frogmouth Pete, who insinuated that he also had a string of scalps to his credit and was somewhat of a sachem himself. He and Double Cross had been walking around and around, turkey fashion, for a whole month, each apparently indifferent, but keen to see that the other didn't get the drop on him. Everybody felt that the comedy part of the performance was about played out and that the tragic scene might come at any minute.

The Saturday night inflow of miners was greater than usual the evening of July 27, 1851, for the river was being flumed for miles above and below by scores of companies and the adjacent dry diggings were swarming with men.

The Long Tom saloon had seldom been more crowded, and never more brilliant and festive. The string band had been augmented by a cornet, and a lansquinet and two faro games were running, the latter presided over respectively by Double Cross and Frogmouth Pete, and the former by Madame Josephine, who was the wife or something else of Cross.

The gaming, drinking and conversation were at flood tide when a horseman rode up to the door at an easy lope, dismounted and entered the saloon. He was so dusty that his features were scarce distinguishable, but the jingling of his big Mexican spurs at once revealed his identity, for there was a general exclamation of "Hello, here's Arkansaw!"

"You're just the crowd I wanted to meet," he said to a group of miners near the bar. "I'm so dry I can't drink enough by myself, I'd like a dozen or two of you fellows to help. Come, Dobie Joe, Cape Ann, J-B, and the rest of you, stand in with me."

"Hadn't you better have a hydraulic nozzle turned down your throat?" suggested Dobie Joe.

"I could stand it, I reckon. It's been a scorcher out on the range. I never rounded up such a thirst before."

"I guess it's epidemic," said Cape Ann; "everybody seems to be drinking as if they eat nothing but salt codfish and mackerel."

"Well, Cap Ryan shall mix an anaconda punch for every one of us. That's the kind of a drink for weather like this—something that's at once cold and hissing, and seems to squirm along thirty or forty feet while going down your throat. Do you hear, Cap?"

"All right," replied the bartender, and proceeded to compound the serpentine beverages.

"Has the express-rider got in to-night?" inquired Arkansaw.

"No, but I guess that's him," said Cape Ann, catching the sound of a footstep on the porch.

The speaker was wrong, for the person who presently entered was neither travel-stained nor equipped for riding. He might have been mistaken for a gambler, for he wore the black frock coat affected by the sporting fraternity of that day; but he wore it by right of an older conventionality, for he was a clergyman. It was Elder Beals, in fact.

As he modestly entered the room, with an animated look upon his face and a tin horn under his arm, there was an immediate abatement of the prevalent boisterousness, for everybody knew him, and, apart from the esteem in which he was personally held, there was a lingering respect for his calling in even the rudest of the crowd.

Arkansaw felt it to be his duty, as the general entertainer at that moment, to welcome the new-comer, so he said:

"Good evening, Elder Beals. We're just taking a drink; will you join us?"

"Thank you very much, Mr. Arkansaw, but I must beg to be excused. I'm not pharisaical, but it wouldn't be becoming for me to indulge, even if I had the inclination to do so."

"Well, I supposed you wouldn't, but I thought I'd ask you, just for sociability," said Arkansaw apologetically.

"I fully understand and appreciate your good will," replied Elder Beals, in a tone that implied a sense of obligation. "But though I decline your kindness in this respect, the good will and assistance of you all in another direction will be thankfully accepted."

"Just call your game, Elder, and you'll see us all stand in like thoroughbreds," said Dobie Joe, and the others signified their approval.

"Thank you, gentlemen, I expected as much, from the generosity I have always experienced in this camp," returned Elder Beals. Then casting his eyes about and seeing that he had the whole roomful for an audience, he coughed a little to preen his vocal chords for an oratorical flight, and continued: "My purpose in coming here to-night is to provide for the location and inclosure of a graveyard. A respectful care for the dead is one of the first duties as well as

(Continued on Page 31.)

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# The Spectator

## Dr. Dille's Triumphant Reticence

There has been a good deal of popular interest manifested in the reticence of the Rev. Dr. Dille of Oakland, a reticence upon which may be founded one of his innumerable claims to distinction. Close watch was kept on Dr. Dille by psychological students fearful the while that he would emerge from his shell and forswear his reticence. For the provocation, it must be confessed, was tremendous. It required stupendous moral courage to maintain an aspect of invincible obduracy amid the storms of public clamor that raged over Oakland and that were expressive of a vulgar curiosity. But the Rev. Dr. Dille never flinched. His moral courage never faltered. And at this writing his superb reticence is triumphant. There are some ethical authorities upon whom the ruggedness of Dr. Dille's reticence has not made a favorable impression, but that is a circumstance due to the obliquity of their viewpoint. It is not the business of a minister of the gospel to assuage vulgar curiosity. Indeed to discourage it is one of the duties of the zealous clergyman. When Dr. Dille, during the course of one of his edifying sermons, took occasion to affirm the existence of a milliner in Oakland who advised her shop-girls to swell their incomes with the wages of sin, his purpose was merely to startle his hearers, to arouse them to the growing wickedness of a city that was rapidly expanding to metropolitan proportions. It was far from his intention to propitiate his circle with bitterness against offences that are most unlike his own. Nor was he designedly sensationalism. He was inveighing on that occasion against public evils and he played no favorites.

## By Way of Palliation

Perhaps Dr. Dille was guilty of an indiscretion in affirming his willingness to divulge the name of the milliner since he had no intention of doing so. But strange are the caprices of ebb and flow in the deeps of human impulses. And anyway a minister cannot be adapting his sermons to the scruples and infirmities of public taste. In these piping times of sin and depravity a minister charged with a palpitating message to humanity cannot wait for it to be mellowed and tempered by long reflection and the higher influences of the soul. His business is to catch the drowsy ear of the public, to take a popular tide at the flood, to dash off something that will hold 'em for awhile, something to make them sit up in their pews and take notice. In the circumstances mild improprieties of logic, rhetoric and taste are to be expected.

## Merely a Question

Dr. Dille might have been less specific. He need not have said it was a milliner that gave wicked advice to poor girls, but having said so why should all the milliners have got so excited over so broad an allusion? If he had said it was a member of the Ebell Club would every woman in that chaste and highly respectable organization have felt humiliated? Well, that is a question not to be answered offhand, but it is not likely that Dr. Dille would have mentioned the Ebell Club in so scandalous a manner. There are indiscretions against which instinct safeguards even the most imprudent clergymen. The ladies of the millinery busi-

ness are not expected to be so sensitive as the ladies of a swell club. But these rambling digressions are without significance. The salient features of the whole affair are Dr. Dille's stolid reticence, his courageous indifference to public clamor, the Christian fortitude with which he endures caustic criticism, his grim determination to withhold the name of the wicked milliner, who, perhaps, were it divulged, would sue him for slander, but that is the least of the distinguished gentleman's troubles. He is reticent not because he is afraid of a slander suit, but because he wishes to discourage vulgar curiosity.

## When the Vatican Gets Busy

Though nothing has been said of late respecting the appointment of Archbishop Montgomery's successor I shall not be surprised if the Vatican takes some action in the very near future affecting the interests of this diocese. Pope Pius X is a very energetic man, and unlike his predecessor he keeps in touch with the machinery of his church in the most remote parts of the world, taking a lively interest in matters that are usually deemed of minor importance and that have heretofore been entrusted to subordinates. That he does not take it for granted that all church dignitaries are efficient is evidenced from the fact that he has been conducting an investigation of the affairs of European provinces. In one of them he found a Bishop who had outlived his usefulness and shortly thereafter the Bishop resigned. This diocese has grown so much in importance of recent years that the matter of the appointment of a successor to Archbishop Montgomery is not likely to be long neglected, especially as Archbishop Riordan is not a man of robust constitution and has not been able to give a vast amount of attention to his duties.

## Fighting Bob Evans

When it was reported last week that there were prospects of a clash with Japan the mind of the average citizen turned seriously to thoughts of the navy. For it is upon the navy that we must place our main re-

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liance in the event of war with Japan, and the man in whom we shall take a lively interest is the famous seadog to whom Kipling inscribed these lines many years ago:

Zogbaum draws with a pencil  
And I do things with a pen,  
But you sit up in a conning tower  
Bossing eight hundred men.

Zogbaum takes care of his business  
And I take care of mine,  
But you take care of ten thousand tons  
Sky-hooting through the brine.

Zogbaum can handle his shadows  
And I can handle my style,  
But you can handle a ten-inch gun  
To carry seven mile.

To him that hath shall be given,  
And that's why these books are sent  
To the man who has lived more stories  
Than Zogbaum or I could invent.

Those lines were written by Kipling on the fly-leaf of one of the volumes of an edition of his works and addressed to Captain Evans, U. S. N., who is now senior rear-admiral and the commander-in-chief of our navy's



"Fighting Bob" Evans

The Senior Rear Admiral of the United States Navy is standing to the right of the President. To Evans's right are Rear Admirals Davis and Bronson.

strongest fleet—the North Atlantic Squadron. He now bosses eight battleships that go "sky-hooting" through the brine and were we to engage in war, the President, who is one of "Fighting Bob's" greatest admirers, would unquestionably transfer him instantaneously to the Pacific. Even now the President is trying to have created for him the rank of vice-admiral.

#### His Career.

Evans is a Virginian by birth, and sixty years of age. He has been a fighter all his life. When only thirteen years old he was fighting Indians on the plains and in one fight had his right ankle pierced by an arrow. Washakie, a friendly Indian chief, took such a fancy to the lad that he tried to kidnap him. One year

later, in 1860, Bob was on the frigate *Constitution* as an acting midshipman. When the Civil War broke out, he ignored his mother's entreaties to follow his brother's example by donning the Confederate gray, so she wrote out his resignation and sent it to Washington. He intercepted it by telegraph. He was in the attack on Fort Fisher and was hit three times before he fell. In the hospital at Norfolk he overheard the surgeon in charge say to his assistant: "Take both legs off in the morning." Bob slipped a pistol under his pillow, and when the assistant came in the morning to prepare him for the operation, he pulled out his gun and said he would kill anybody that attempted to cut off his legs. The legs were saved.

#### A Compliment From an Emperor

James Creelman tells a story that illustrates the preparedness of "Fighting Bob." At the opening of the Kiel canal in 1895 Evans was there with the *Columbia*, and one night he had Emperor William as a guest. Just before leaving the ship the Emperor asked him how long it would take to close all the water-tight doors. Evans replied, "About thirty seconds in the day, but about two minutes at night." With a merry twinkle in his eye the Emperor asked him if he would



Viscount and Viscountess Aoki

The Japanese Minister to Washington is said to have inspired President Roosevelt with his sense of the seriousness of the school question. When he protested against the treatment to which the Japanese were subjected his attitude was deemed "very unusual." The Viscountess Aoki has German blood in her veins. She is one of the most successful hostesses at the national capital.

mind closing them. "Certainly not," said Evans, turning to blow the siren signal for the closing only to find that the steam was so low the siren would not make a sound. "Ah, ha! Captain!" said Wilhelm. "You see you cannot close your bulkheads at all." At that mo-

ment Evans touched the general alarm button calling all hands to quarters and in a moment the crew was swarming up. In exactly a minute and a half by the Emperor's watch all the water-tight compartments were closed.

"Captain," said the Emperor, "I cannot conceive of a ship being in better condition."

### His Courage at Valparaiso

It was in 1891 that Evans won the sobriquet of "Fighting Bob." In that year he was sent to Valparaiso to assist Captain Schley of the Baltimore in a fracas with the Chilians. At one time, during the absence of the Baltimore, he confronted with his single gunboat ten forts and the whole Chilian squadron and threatened to open fire if an attempt were made to seize two American refugees who had taken refuge under the flag.

### Harrison and Humphrey

Scheduled for Friday night of this week is a banquet at which is to be celebrated the concurrence of Mr. William F. Humphrey in the deeds of Mr. William Greer Harrison. For be it known grim-visaged turmoil hath smoothed his wrinkled front and stern alarms and jangling dissonances have been changed to tuneful harmonies and alluring melodies. In other words the affairs of the Olympic club are once more running on a smooth track. Mr. William F. Humphrey, the attorney, and Mr. William Greer Harrison, the interminable President, have adjusted their differences, and henceforth there will be no incentive to perfervid oratory at the meetings of the directors. There have been many stormy meetings of those directors since the fire and all because Mr. Humphrey, who is a man with the courage of his convictions, had the temerity to question the wisdom of the President and seek to rescind his acts. The attitude of Mr. Humphrey was decidedly heterodox. To find a precedent for it one had to wander back into the dim past to that period in the history of the club when William P. Lawlor, now a judge of the superior court, met Mr. Harrison in the club hustings and thundered against a project that he conceived to be prejudicial to the club's interests. But since the memorable controversy Mr. Harrison has proved a great benefactor to the club. He is recognized as the man that put the club on its feet. For years he has been given free rein in the management of the club and though there are always several nominal directors they take suggestion from Mr. Harrison as a cat laps milk.

### The Futility of Opposition

The rift in the lute came with the election of Mr. Humphrey to the Board of Directors. Mr. Humphrey is one of the most conscientious of men and when, after the fire, he learned that Mr. Harrison had employed an architect, a Mr. Schultz, to prepare plans for a new building, he lost no time in putting in a protest. He was in favor of putting the plans into competition. Over this matter there was a very hot debate and it almost

led to the resignation of President Harrison. It appears that Architect Schultz had been employed before the fire to prepare plans for alterations in the old building, and that he had made a trip East to familiarize himself with athletic club buildings and equip himself for the advancement of the Olympic Club's interests. Harrison succeeded in winning the fight for Schultz. Then followed a fight over the contract for the construction of the building and Harrison was again triumphant. The Thompson-Starrett Company, with which Allan Pollok, who is a director of the club, is associated, got the contract. Pollok then resigned from the directorate, and Humphrey succeeded in electing Postmaster Fisk to the vacancy. When it was all over a dinner in Humphrey's honor was proposed. For Harrison triumphant was in a most amiable mood, and with the sweet breath of flattery he conquered strife. But Humphrey would not consent to be a guest of honor at a dinner. So then it was decided to give a dinner for the fun of the thing and Humphrey agreed to attend. It will doubtless be a great love feast, and hereafter when Mr. Harrison gives reasons that may seem to Mr. Humphrey as two grains of wheat in two bushels of chaff the attorney will probably remember the futility of his efforts to persuade the directors in opposition to the President, and confess the irrefutable logic of Mr. Harrison's position.

### London and the Pirates

Jack London's adventures with his publishers would make a record stranger than any fiction he has written. London has not yet given us a real pirate story—the nearest approach to that sort of thriller is "The Sea Wolf" and his own experiences as an oyster pirate in San Francisco bay; mere personal reminiscences of the poaching industry almost commonplace in comparison with the real thing. Piracy is no longer on the high seas; all the pirates have come ashore and are devoting their energies and their nefarious talents to plain robbery within the laws which they have themselves procured. Some of these pirates have engaged in the publishing business and it is with these that Jack London has run afoul. But Jack's practical knowledge of the ways of ordinary pirates at sea whose fate is to pirouette at the end of a yardarm if they are caught, gives him an advantage over other authors and enables him to break even with the piratical crew of the publishing houses. Some day perhaps Jack will write a book entitled "Buccaneers of the Literary Main: Being a True Account of My Capture and Escape While Picarooning for Doubloons on the Trade Track of the Best Sellers."

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### Outwitting the Buccaneers

When London announced that he was intending to sail around the world in a forty-foot yawl the Pirates were eager to sign for the cruise. London himself was also willing, but he stipulated that he should draw the contract. The Pirates made no demur to this proposition; they had dealt with authors before and they had confidence in their ability to rob any "seller" however shrewd or experienced. They read the London contract and saw nothing but advantage for themselves in its terms. It looked to them as if London had given them everything and reserved nothing for himself. As soon as the contract was signed they began to advertise the fact that this "virile exponent of the elemental and the primitive" would contribute to their special magazines certain phases of the voyage of the Snark—some of them were to publish one thing, some another; one of them would print the log of the voyage, another would describe the places visited, still another would tell of Mr. London's personal adventures, a fourth would receive Mr. London's impressions of men and manners, and so on. But one of the Pirates, reckless of all veracity, announced that Jack London would "write exclusively for the Cosmopolitan." This announcement aroused the ire of the other Pirates, all jealous of their own mercenary interest in this popular writer. They wrote to London and London wrote to the Pirates of the Cosmopolitan, who, as might be expected, took not the slightest notice of Mr. London's protest. Then London called the attention of the Cosmopolitan Pirates to the circumstance that his contract with them entitled them only to "an account of the boat trip, OR fiction." The virtue of that conjunction served as well as the "if" of Touchstone's "catechism." He warned the Pirates that they must not trade on his "exclusive" services, and he insisted that they should advertise their wares explicitly. The Pirates laughed as pirates laugh when their prisoners walk the plank. Whereupon London arose in his wrath and told them that they could "cut out" the "boat trip" and content themselves with fiction in fulfillment of the original contract; he called their attention to the grammatical relation of the conjunction, which he informed them was "an alternative particle" and complementary or correlative to "either." That "fetched" the Pirates, and they ceased to advertise exclusive ownership in the literary product of Jack London; but London is now obdurate, and the Cosmopolitan will publish nothing of the news of the voyage of the Snark. The readers of that piratical publication will, however, enjoy Mr. London's fiction.

### All Eyes on Delmas

Now that D. M. Delmas has become a figure of national interest his personality is receiving almost as much attention as that of the young millionaire for whom he has undertaken the task of cheating the gallows. By reason of Delmas's connection with the Thaw case interest in the trial has been intensified in this state. The pride that Californian products always excite in the breasts of Californians finds in the brilliant attorney a worthy object of concern, and consequently there is a great deal of sentiment throughout the state on the side of the defense in the Thaw case. It is a sentiment inspired by the hope that Delmas will live up to the encomiums that have gone on

from California; that he will show the self-satisfied Easterners that Californian legal talent is of the highest quality, and compel them to acknowledge that both as an exponent of the law and a spellbinder he is not surpassed by any of the intellectual giants of the metropolis.

### They Know His Christian Names

That there has been considerable curiosity in New York respecting the merits and achievements of Delmas is evident from several circumstances. One of them is that the reporters have not been satisfied with the initials of his Christian names. They have been calling him, as though they knew him all their lives, Delphin Michael Delmas. No Californian reporter ever thought of writing more than the initials of his Christian names. Indeed comparatively few men in the state ever knew what Delmas had been christened. The story was told years ago that Barney Murphy, who was a classmate of Delmas at Santa Clara College, did not know his Christian names. Barney went to Sacramento with Bill English once to urge Governor Stoneman to appoint Delmas to a vacancy in the United States Senate. Stoneman promised to do so the following day. That evening it occurred to Murphy and English that it would be necessary to have Delmas's full name written in the commission, and as neither of them knew his full name they sent him a telegram of inquiry. In the morning the slippery Stoneman appointed George Hearst. That was the nearest Delmas ever got to the United States Senate.

### The Flaying of Johnson

Annie Laurie has been telling the readers of the Hearst papers of her first acquaintance with Delmas and by anecdotal recital celebrating his genius. Annie is somewhat inaccurate. Or rather she misses the main point of the anecdote. The incident to which she referred occurred in the contest over the Martin will. The attorney Johnson to whom she referred is none other than Hiram of the patriarchal whiskers who is now so busy making laws and improving each shining hour at Sacramento. When Johnson invoked the aid of the deity in that case he did so in the most approved conventional attitude of reverence; on his knees with hands and whiskers raised in supplication and eloquent tears coursing in copious streams carpetwards. This theatrical stant was unquestionably very effective. Johnson like William Pitt has great faith in the virtue of theatrics. If Pitt reminded his contemporaries of Garriek, Johnson should remind his of Frederick Warde. Johnson can weep a torrent without the aid of an onion. His tears submerged the jury in the Martin case. They floundered in a paroxysm of emotion. Delmas fell ill and three whole days passed before he recovered. It was shrewdly suspected that his illness was protracted through sympathy for the jury; that he wished to give them time to recover. When he

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finally came into court he was in fine fettle physically and oratorically. He plunged into a discussion of the evidence and with the consummate skill of the subtle logician marshaled the inconsistencies and implausibilities of his adversary's case, after which he took some of Johnson's detached expressions and made of them a text for lively ridicule and solemn reprehension. The weeping stunt was dealt with in a way that caused Johnson to wince. For every tear that he shed a bolt of caustic irony was shot into his hide and the jury enjoyed his discomfiture and gave Delmas the verdict.

### An Alleged Treaty

After that experience Johnson was as mad as two wet hens, and he told the reporters that Delmas had not played fair inasmuch as he had broken a treaty of peace. He explained that they entered into an agreement before the trial to refrain from personal assaults, and that Delmas took advantage of him having the last word. Nobody asked Delmas for his side of the story. It was assumed that the agreement referred only to personalities of a private nature, and that as Johnson had injected his personality into the case Delmas was at liberty to comment on it. However Johnson affirmed his intention to "get even," but history does not record such an achievement. There are many San Francisco attorneys eager to revenge themselves on Delmas, for he has made some of the most ponderous and the haughtiest of them look like inflated pigmies. He has made it a practice never to go outside the record of the case in his reprehension of professional conduct, but his adversaries in their blind rage have not been content to show equal deference to the

ethics of practice. However they have never been able to disconcert him. Once upon a time George Knight was all prepared for an attack on Delmas in a case that was tried in San Jose. He promised to wire his friends in this city of the date set for the argument, but he disappointed them; or rather the court disappointed them. Delmas moved for a non-suit and convinced the court that he was entitled to it.

### They Couldn't Stay Put

The wonderful magic of Delmas's eloquence was exemplified in the case of Jarman vs. Rea tried in San Jose. The suit was for damages for slander and the jury was composed of personal friends of the defendant. So warm a friend of the defendant was one of the jurors that after the impanelment he telephoned to Rea to assure him that everything was all right. Much to Rea's astonishment the plaintiff won the case. When Rea met the juror who had assured him everything was all right he demanded to know why he had deceived him. The juror was full of apology. "We couldn't help it," he said. "Everything was all right until Delmas began talking. When he compared you to Boss Tweed 'who perished in a dungeon amid the curses of a state which he had plundered, of a nation which he had disgraced and of mankind whom he had dishonored,' it was all off. We couldn't stay put!"

### Harriman and His Enemies

Have Harriman and Gould buried their differences over the division of the western territory? Those who know Harriman, men familiar with his intolerance of a likely rival, scoff at the idea. When their attention



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is called to the fact that Harriman's engines are helping the Western Pacific across the Nevada sands with private surveys and the gift of suitable rights of way they smile mysteriously and say, "Another Harriman trap. Wait till the game is ended. Hasn't Harriman just broken into Jim Hill's territory on Puget Sound after the bitterest kind of fight, and the two were like brothers at the time of the colossal pool on the Northern Securities?"

### Beginning of the Feud

Gould's hatred of Harriman dates back to one of the incidents following the train of the latter's acquirement of the Southern Pacific system. Indeed one wing of Harriman's most bitter and most implacable enemies was born out of that famous deal. Harriman had acquired the Union Pacific, the Kansas City Southern and the Chicago and Alton when along about 1900 he cast his eyes on the Central Pacific as a complement to his Union Pacific. The little Napoleon of Railroads had started on his career of piling up properties, according to the testimony brought out before the recent hearing of the Interstate Commerce Commission, by securing control of one road, mortgaging it to the top notch and thereby raising money to buy the next road; then mortgaging that road and raising funds where-with to purchase the next one. Harriman was in the midst of these machinations when Huntington suddenly died and changed the whole field of opportunity. The man that Harriman had now to reckon with was Edwin Hawley, one of the most brilliant of Huntington's advisers and the one who practically had charge of the fate of the S. P. system. Speyer & Co. had been Huntington's bankers and had carried through the settlement of the Central Pacific with the Government. This firm stoutly opposed Harriman's efforts to capture the stock. But Hawley was won over on certain promises, the ill keeping of which now seem fated to break the careers of several magnates in the railroad world.

### Hawley on Harriman's Trail

Harriman, as is characteristic, promptly showed his hand once he had taken command of the S. P. system. Mr. Hawley was to have had an important voice in the matter of the reorganization. He was ignored. A violent protest followed and he was at last given a paper place on the executive committee; it proved a dummy position as far as his being allowed to take part in the confidential conferences of the committee. Forthwith Hawley began to study Harriman and his methods. After being ignored as an S. P. director for something like two years he decided one day to buy a big holding of Chicago & Alton. Armed with his stock he asked Harriman for a seat in the directors' board of that railroad—he was on the Harriman trail. Harriman gave the promise, but when Hawley appeared he discovered that the place had been given to John Stillman, a "friend in need" of Harriman's. Hawley is courageous, a hard fighter and a man of infinite resource. Forthwith he sent Harriman his resignation from the S. P. directorate in a form, it is said,

to have blistered everything with which it came in contact.

### Enter the Western Pacific Race

Hawley rapidly formed around him a coalition of big men who have worried Harriman at every opportunity. From the date of Hawley's resignation may be said to begin the active campaign for the building of the now approaching Western Pacific, a line which practically parallels the C. P. Hawley talked Gould into the venture and both men became directors in the new road. When Harriman heard that Gould had become identified with the line he at once ordered his expulsion from the directorate of the U. P. Out of the same door went W. S. Pierce and all Gould's friends, and they went vowing vengeance against Harriman. They were a shrewd and vigorous band of relentless hatchmen. On their first foray they captured the Chicago & Alton from Harriman.

### Cutting Out His Railroads

They formed a combination with the Rock Island crowd, a gentlemanly coterie of railroad magnates that the wise let carefully alone, a combination that bitterly hates Harriman for his attempts to cut up their territory. On a Wall street raid the new aggregation neatly cut Harriman out of his control of the Kansas City Southern. Latterly they have been giving Gould some very keen advice as to the best way to prick Harriman in his western weak spots. Hawley is a man eminently fitted to tell him all about the inside business secrets of the S. P., and outside of Harriman there is no better manipulator of railroad securities on Wall street than W. H. Moore, the king-pin of the Rock Island crowd. With them now is Hill, who will never forgive Harriman's recent invasion of his exclusive northwest territory. Verily it is a battle of giants, for with Harriman are W. K. Vanderbilt, James Stillman, Jacob Schiff and Henry C. Frick, past masters of the game on Wall street.

### More Indictments to Come

Many of the grafters have been living in a fool's paradise during the last few weeks. Because the Grand Jury has been compelled to sit less frequently of late owing to Frank Heney's business in court, the gentry who showed ashen complexions and sickly smiles during the earlier sessions of the local inquisition are now

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beaming happiness and content along the paths of the tenderloin. They freely tell you that the worst is over, that Heney has shot his bolt and that there is no reason now why anybody should worry, with the exception of course of the few unfortunates who have been indicted. With no disposition to inflict unnecessary pain or to dash the cup of joy prematurely from the lips of these fond boasters, I still must tell them that the worst is not over, that Heney has a few more bolts to fit to his trusty cross-bow and further, that a few of his bolts have not yet struck the marks they were aimed at. In plain English, the Grand Jury has not yet finished with its work of finding indictments and besides, it has some true bills on its secret file which have not been presented in court and will not be until all its labors are over. I have this from Grand Juror Sanborn who makes no bones about saying that much. "We have a number of indictments on our secret files," he told me; "not a great many yet"—there was great significance in his way of uttering that "yet"—"but we are not through by any means." So it is really a little too early for the grafters to be putting tongue in cheek when the name of Heney is mentioned. There will be another sheaf of indictments to demur to before very long.

#### Police Court Justice

When Superior Judge Hebbard startled this community recently by his sweeping criticism of the judiciary, he did not refer specifically to our police judges, but no doubt he intended that they should consider themselves included with their brethren of the higher bench in the charges of incompetence and corruption which he made against all the local ministers of justice without exception. Many are loath to admit that justification exists for his unqualified condemnation of our superior judges. But in so far as Judge Hebbard's strictures of incompetency and corruption were meant to apply to our police tribunals, they have received the unanimous approval of men who know. Those who are compelled to spend a good part of their time in the police courts of this city—lawyers, newspapermen and others—are so used to seeing justice debauched that the spectacle has pretty nearly lost the power to shock them. Only occasionally when the laws are glaringly perverted or brazenly disregarded does it occur to them to consider the real character of the men who have received a great trust only to betray it. It is notorious that certain favored persons can fix a case in one or two of the police courts provided the bright light of publicity does not beat upon it too fiercely. Yet this fact is more often made the subject of careless pleasantries than of serious animadversion; and the men who can be "reached" are returned to the police bench election after election. Perhaps it is not so generally known that attorneys whose practice is mostly in the higher courts plead before our police judges with the greatest reluctance. The reason is not difficult to find; they have small expectation of an impartial administration of justice when they find themselves opposed by the police court practitioners who are allowed to do everything except call the judge by his first name and slap him on the back. These attorneys are agreed that if there is incompetence and corruption to be found in the superior courts it is due as much to the elevation of police judges to the higher tribunal as to any other factor; some carry their methods with them.

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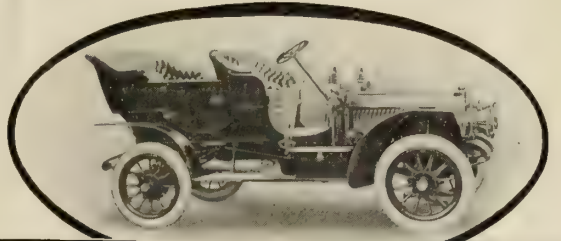
### Blamed for Social Evil

To give ear to a policeman when he criticizes the police courts may seem akin to the unwisdom of hearkening seriously when the pot calls the kettle black, but it must be remembered that few have better opportunities of seeing the inner workings of these malodorous temples of injustice than the patrolmen who go there every day to testify against the unfortunates whom they have arrested. The police are never disposed to shoulder responsibility for the prevalence of crime, but when they shift part of the burden to the backs of the police judges they are not overstepping the bounds of plausibility, to say the least. Police Captain Mooney has just done this. His district embraces most of the new tenderloin and he has been making excuses for his failure to root out the social evil from the residence district. "The police judges," he complains, "will not assist us. They continually discharge women and men when the evidence of their guilt is clear. These persons are daily sent back to us from the police courts without having been given any sort of punishment. We re-arrest them and they are again turned loose on the community when they reach the police courts. In one instance we succeeded in securing the conviction of seven women on the charge of vagrancy. That occurred in Judge Shortall's court on January 15. Those women have not been sentenced by Judge Shortall and we have received no assurance that they ever will be sentenced. In the meantime the women are in the same condition of vice as when arrested and adding to the sum of our troubles." That is a plain statement of what has been happening in the police courts for years. The truth of the matter is that the women of the underworld are able to bring such strong influence to bear upon the police judges that those functionaries who subordinate law to politics lack the courage to punish them. The only time that they are constrained to screw their moral bravery to the sticking place of passing adequate sentence is when the newspapers direct public attention to their actions so insistently that they are compelled to choose between the displeasure of the influential person who has been haled before them and the castigation of a paper read by thousands of voters. In such a dilemma justice is usually done.

### How Justice Is Dealt Out

Indeed, if our police judges had half the respect for law that they exhibit for the power of the press, there would be little cause for complaint. The newspapers are supposed to represent public opinion and the police judges study them carefully, so that when occasion arises, they may give the public what they think the public wants. An instance of this sort occurred in Judge Conlan's court a few days ago. A boy of seventeen was arrested on the complaint of a girl whom he had molested on her way home from work. It appears that he followed her closely for several blocks and finally placed his hand on her arm as she entered the gate to her home. After being well drubbed by the young woman's brother the boy was arrested and charged with battery and disturbing the peace. The papers "played up the story" and the girl was represented as a heroine who had had the courage to give one of the despicable breed of mashers his just deserts. It was intimated that Judge Conlan would set a precedent that would enable young women to walk the streets without being insulted. The hint was not lost on Judge Conlan for he sentenced the boy to nine months in the County Jail. Now there is no disposition here to minimize the evil of mashing; it is a cowardly

practice, all too prevalent on our streets, from which young women ought to be protected. But the point is that this boy was not a masher at all in the ordinary sense of that term, but only a half-witted fellow for whom the sound beating he received would have been punishment enough. This fact the judge knew when he sentenced him for the lad's attorney informed the court



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that the boy was on the verge of idiocy, that one of the probation officers of the juvenile court would so testify and that to send him to jail instead of to the reform school would simply result in the destruction of the little brains he possessed. In spite of all this Judge Conlan refused to hear the probation officer's testimony and gave the boy nine months in jail besides delivering a homily (which the newspapers duly recorded) on the evils of mashing and the necessity of safeguarding the young women of the community. Here was an occasion when a police judge might have performed one of those well-considered acts which have made Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver's Juvenile Court famous and well-beloved. But any ethical striving seems beyond the capacity of the police courts of this city and besides, the lad was ragged and dirty—clearly no votes would be lost by sending him to jail.

### Historian, Townsend

"Our Constitution," a history of the inception and development of the supreme law of the land, is too ponderous a work to have anything connected with it of a frivolous nature. Therefore the author scorns the familiar abbreviation of his christian name, and defies recognition as the creator of that vulgar but popular series of sketches dealing with the adventures of "Chimmie Fadden." These sketches made "Ned" Townsend famous. Perhaps "Our Constitution" will bring equal fame to Edward Waterman Townsend. Those of us who knew "Ned" Townsend as a reporter in this city should be less surprised to learn that he devoted many years to the gathering of material for a history of the Constitution, than we were when he created Chimmie Fadden. For "Ned" Townsend was a young man of considerable dignity and not of a temperament that was likely to find relaxation in the study of characters representative of the submerged tenth. So many years have elapsed since the author of Chimmie Fadden deserted San Francisco to begin his career in the country's literary center that he is now remembered only by the old-timers of journalism. Only to a small number of the residents of new San Francisco is he known as one of the first of the Californians that "made good" in the East. Yet "Ned" Townsend was a veteran reporter in this city in the late eighties. He was a star newsgatherer on the Call staff when Will Hearst came from Boston to take charge of the Examiner. Townsend was one of the first of the clever journalists that were lured to the Examiner staff.

### His First Notable Achievement

He began his newspaper career as the general utility of a Virginia City (Nev.) newspaper, not, however, the famous Enterprise from which has issued so many geniuses. As the story goes, he was about the only one connected with the sheet who had wit enough to keep sober, and it was owing to the bibulous tendencies of the rest that he got his chance. There was an outbreak of the convicts in the Carson State Prison during which several of the guards were killed and the militia was called on to suppress the disorder. When the news came neither the reporter nor the proprietor was in condition to distinguish between a hail storm and a fusillade of rifles. It was late at night when he returned to find the foreman in a blue fury, and with no outlook but the expectation of having to hash something together from the reports in the other paper. "Not necessary," was

the assurance of the youngster; "I have all the facts and will write you a good story." After some picturesquely profane objections to "having that stuff you will write put into type," the foreman was finally persuaded, with the aid of a liberal supply of beer, to give the thing a trial. Next morning, when the proprietor and reporter were awakened from their nap and put outdoors, it occurred to them that their last recollections were of important news to be gathered and that the paper would not have even so much as a line of reference to it. While they were ruefully repenting their debauch a carrier threw a copy into the doorway. They picked it up and spread it open and there, on the first page, was a complete account illustrated by diagrams. The credit was given to the foreman, but he was honest and placed it where it belonged. Though the mention of Townsend's name always produces the reflex "Chimmie Fadden," there are old-timers who have not yet forgotten "Major Max," and his letters published in the Call. According to his own story, the most strenuous days of his life were those spent in San Francisco, when, in addition to his regular work as a reporter, he was doing special writing, and taking an active part in the management of several clubs. "There was a period," he says, "when I must have lived chiefly on coffee and hard work." He was an exception in the time when "gin and journalism" were coupled as a matter of course, and most of the contemporary "good fellows," who needed to be put through a sobering process before they were in condition for serious work have passed away and been forgotten while Townsend still appears, to the imagination of those who know him only through his writings, as one of the young men of the day.

### Art Redivivus

A happy sign of the time is the rebuilding of the Mark Hopkins Art Institute. The arts and luxuries only venture an approach when the industries are assured a plethora of tribute. In this case the mercantile element in the Association might not have ventured the reconstruction on such an elaborate scale as proposed had not the Board of Regents of the State University, suddenly awakened to the very important factor the Association cuts in the local art world, promised to furnish a handsome share in the expense. Without the Art Association as a nucleus around which the local artists may cluster with their various hopes, ideas and canvasses, San Francisco is a city void and unrepresented as far as art is concerned. No organization in

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the state has done more to foster and stimulate those noble aspirations. A number of good paintings and marbles were saved from the big fire and these have been carefully guarded in a temporary cellar fixed up on the site of the old ruins. Miss Sarah Spooner recently contributed five good canvasses and doubtless, under the new and promising conditions, Mr. Searles, Mr. Phelan, Mr. Redding and other good friends of the Association will come forward with adequate gifts to start the rehabilitated institution on its way rejoicing.

### Lepers of High Society

My Hawaiian correspondent writes: "A rumor comes from Japan that the Japanese government intends to adopt a system for the segregation of its lepers. In every other country this rumor reaches it will interest scientists. Here it interests society. There is quite a colony of Hawaiians in Japan, many of whom left here to avoid the segregation law that would have sent them to Molokai. For the most part they are men and women who in Hawaii were of good social position, some of them of wealth. When they or their family physicians discovered the incipient signs of the dread leprosy, they quietly left for Japan. In some cases the local health authorities winked at their departure, or even suggested it. Molokai is very comfortable. The lepers are taken care of there as they are in no other leper settlement but they are imprisoned for life on a lovely island and the terror of that fate appals the stoutest heart. Going to Japan was looked on as exile, but it was neither isolation nor imprisonment for life. In the earlier stages of the disease, it meant simply carefulness on the part of the afflicted, without either separation from human kind or any other of the miseries of Molokai, and strange to say Hawaiian lepers that left here in the incipient stages of the disease have in most cases, by careful living and regulation treatment effaced in a measure the ravages of the disease. There are a number of cases which, except to bacteriological tests, seem entirely cured. To all these, and to their friends and families here, the rumor of segregation has something sinister in it. It is the very thing from which they fled when they went to Japan.

Two great baskets of pink carnations and scattered almond blossoms made a very effective table for Miss Paxton's lunch at "The Severn" last Thursday. Those who enjoyed the luncheon besides Miss Paxton were Miss Katherine Herrin, Mrs. Jack Spreckels, Mrs. Daniel E. Shean, Miss Alice Herrin, Miss Louise Redington, Miss Granby, Miss Arline Johnson of Oakland, Miss Edith Metcalfe, Miss Frances Coon, Miss Jane Wiltshire and Mrs. Bessie Paxton.

### Athletic Tournaments at Coronado

Many athletic events are scheduled for Coronado this winter under the auspices of the Coronado Country Club. The golf programme for this month includes a championship tournament for men. A duplicate of the challenge trophy will be given to the winner. The challenge trophy must be won three times in order to become the property of the winner. The second prize is a silver medal. On the 11th there will be a championship tournament for women, on the 18th a driving contest for men and on the 25th a driving contest for women. The annual tennis tournament will take place on the 14th, 15th and 16th of this month. The Misses May and Florence Sutton will be at Coronado for the

tournament, and as the ships of the Pacific Squadron are expected in San Diego harbor, many naval officers will doubtless participate. The much-talked-of polo tournament and race meeting, to be held under the auspices of the Southern California Polo and Pony Racing Association, will commence on March 2d.

A Boston artist has refused a bequest of fifty thousand dollars because he believes the testator was of unsound mind. It would be interesting to learn whether he doubts his own sanity or merely regards himself as a tremendous genius.

### CHASE'S NEW PAVILION

When Fred H. Chase began the erection of his new sales pavilion at 478 Valencia street, after the fire, he had many things to overcome, but finally got started and put up his box-stalls, which are the best ever built in this city. For the first few sales held during this fall and winter he was compelled to use a large tent in which to show and auction the horses, and the rains and winds, which seem to have visited us this year in greater force than usual, played havoc with his canvas on two or three occasions. Recently, however, a force of carpenters have been at work putting up the new permanent pavilion, and when the Combination Sale comes off on Monday night, February 11, it will be held under the roof of this new building, and even should the rain fall in torrents, spectators and horses will be housed comfortably from the storm and can defy the elements. The new pavilion will be very large, roomy in every way, brilliantly lighted and comfortably seated. Horses can be shown at speed either in harness or to halter, there being a straight track nearly 200 feet long to show them on. Mr. Chase now has the only place in the city where high-class auction horses can be stabled and shown in all kinds of weather.

### THE BAYWOOD STUD, SAN MATEO, CONSIGNMENT, THE STAR LOT OF THE SALE

Don't fail to go a day or two before the sale of February 11th and inspect the consignment of horses sent up from the Baywood Stud at San Mateo. These horses were bred at Llano Seco Rancho, in Butte county, and especially fitted and prepared for this sale at Baywood Stud, where, as all Californians know, horses are educated and mannered—not "broke." These horses are all accustomed to steam and electric cars, automobiles and other infernal inventions, and range from four to six years in age. They will come direct from the breeder's stables to this sale. There are in the consignment carriage horses, pairs, surrey or buggy horses, single horses for business buggies and some light draft horses that are extra nice ones. Send to Fred H. Chase for a catalogue of this sale. If you want any kind of a horse weighing less than 1,500 pounds there will be something at this sale to suit you.



## RACING

New California Jockey Club  
Oakland Race Track

Six or more races each week day, rain or shine.  
RACES COMMENCE AT 1:40 P. M., SHARP

For special trains stopping at the track take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street; leave at 12:00, thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M. No smoking in last two cars which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.  
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.  
PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

## Reinforced Concrete

By Charles F. Whittlesey.

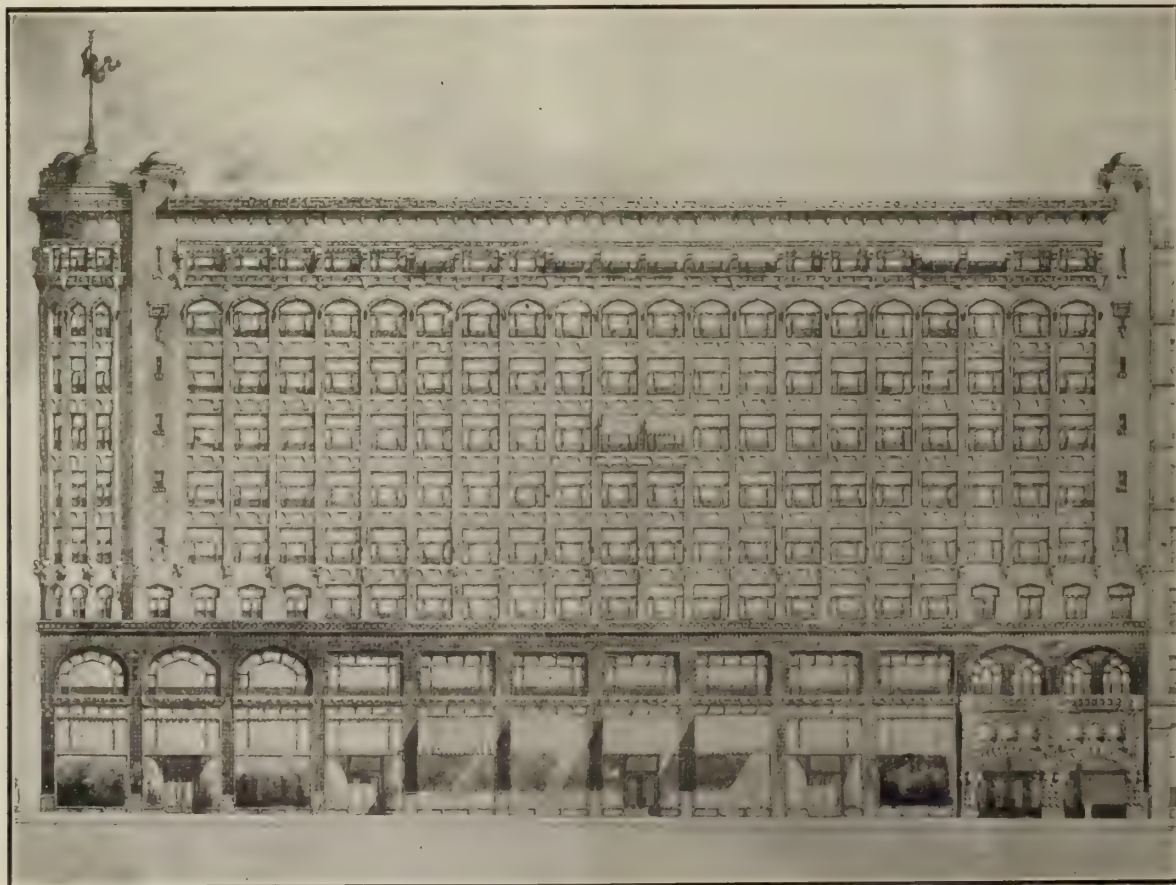
The accompanying picture is of the Pacific Building, which is being erected at Fourth and Market streets.

In the reconstruction of San Francisco this is the largest reinforced concrete building which has yet been announced. It will be erected on the site of the old Flood Building, and will have a frontage on Market street of 195 feet with a side elevation of 145 feet on Fourth street. It will be nine stories high and contain five hundred and forty offices, with five stores on the ground floor, all facing on Market street. The exterior of the building for the first two stories will be veneered with ceramic tile in rich browns. Above the second story the entire front will be faced with dull glazed

restricted by the city ordinances, which is one hundred and two feet. The first story will have a height of twenty feet; the second, twelve feet, and the remaining stories ten feet each. An ingenious arrangement of the structure and the fact that the roof will be of concrete makes it possible to dispense entirely with an attic story.

The building is being erected for the Pacific Company, who have obtained a fifty years lease, and will cost when completed one million dollars.

The equipment provided for rushing this work is worthy of mention. All the sand, stone and cement come to the building in wagons which are dumped



tile in a soft gray green, with trimmings in cream colored glazed terra cotta in rich detail. The corridors and lobbies will be finished in imported marbles, and six high-speed electric elevators will be installed.

The building will have a complete heating, lighting and power plant sufficient to provide for the needs of all the neighboring buildings. The stores and offices will all be trimmed in mahogany. An up-to-date law library will also be installed in the building for the benefit of attorneys.

One remarkable feature of this concrete structure as pointed out by the architect, Chas. F. Whittlesey, is the fact that nine stories are made possible, within the limit of height to which concrete buildings are

into the basement through the sidewalk and thereafter are handled automatically until they reach their permanent place in the construction of the building. A tram railroad makes the circuit of the building gathering up the sand, stone and cement in the proper proportion and quantity, which are run up an incline and dumped into a hopper which in turn dumps into the mixing machine, and from there into the hoist which dumps into the conveyors on the floors above, which dump the finished concrete in the position it is to occupy in the finished building. This building will be completed and ready for occupancy not later than September of this year and the basement, first and second stories will be completed and occupied in June.



# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## He Will Be Missed

Mrs. Eleanor Martin will probably be inconsolable over the departure of her dear friend Count de la Rocca. The Count was about the only person in society who could keep pace with Mrs. Martin's social activities. Debutantes wilted in the race, seasoned belles got out of tune, the younger matrons cultivated crow's feet, the dowagers dropped by the wayside, but Mrs. Eleanor Martin still goes the dizzy round as blithely as though grandmotherhood were synonymous with youth. And Count de la Rocca was her man Friday—he could always be depended on to give the rich flavor of Gaelic wit to her dinner parties; he did not lightly regard the arts and elegances of afternoon tea; and unlike most foreigners he could actually "reverse" his partner at a dance! So no wonder his social worth was rated above Bradstreet. Pleasure was business with Count de la Rocca and as there are few Californian men who have his instincts and training it will be hard to find a plug for the hole which his departure has made in society.

## His Parisian Pull

The Count's cousin, M. de Soisset, has decided to send his daughter to France, where she will enjoy the hospitality of the de la Rocca family. Madeline Jeanne de Soisset has not been formally introduced into society here, but she has been a guest at several of Mrs. Martin's entertainments and is a very fascinating girl. Her family prefer that she should make a European alliance; hence the debut abroad instead of here. Count de la Rocca will probably prove very useful to the Peter Martins who are living in Paris. His mother the Comtesse de Perreti de la Rocca has the key to the Fauborg Saint Germain, which holy of holies Americans seldom glimpse. If the Comtesse choose she can give Mrs. Peter a peep at that branch of French society which remains proof against the invasion of American dollars.

## He's an Art Connoisseur

I hear that it is through Mrs. Will Crocker's influence that Lieutenant Clarence Corrigan is going to give up the army to enter the collectors' field. Ever since his marriage to Anna Sperry, Mrs. Crocker's niece, Lieutenant Corrigan has helped Mrs. Crocker add to her collection of art treasures and his judgment is so sure in things artistic that Mrs. Crocker thought him out of joint with brass-button environment.

## Generous Matrons

Mrs. Will Crocker and Mrs. Frank Carolan are probably more generous to their friends and relatives than any other wealthy women in the smart set. Every time Mrs. Crocker returns from Europe she brings trunk loads for especial favorites. When Harriet Pullman married Francis Carolan her trousseau was the wonder of Chicago and although she has been married for years there are boxes of trousseau linens that have not yet been touched. Mrs. Pullman had twenty dozen of every article made for her daughter and Mrs. Carolan has given away whole outfits from this collection without making a serious impression in the quantity. When her sister-in-law, Miss Carolan, married she gave

her a dozen of each and Miss Kirk who married under Mrs. Carolan's chaperonage was also treated to a generous lot of Mrs. Carolan's bridal outfit.

## It's No Longer Vulgar

The fad for wearing earrings has now reached the stage where the old rule, that all jewelry is "bad form" in the morning, is broken by those who love the ear baubles. Baroness von Schroeder wears her huge pearl pendants shopping in the forenoon. Mrs. Gus Taylor and her sisters wear earrings even with the short walking togs and so does Mrs. Jim Follis. Pearls are the favorite stones for the ear, but ever since the last Greenway dance the knowing ones are suspicious about the value of some of these pearls. A woman whose pearls have been the envy of her set lost an earring during the dance. It was found uninjured in a corner of the room but the gallant who picked it up squeezed it too hard and the "pearl," which was simply a clever Roman imitation, crumbled off, leaving what looked like a nice little piece of castile soap underneath.

Among the prominent guests at the Hotel Green in Pasadena this year is Major Theodore Kane Gibbs of Newport. He is a representative of the Astor family.

## Gossip From Monterey

My Monterey correspondent writes: One of the most attractive girls at Del Monte is Miss Coe, daughter of Theodore Coe of Newark, New Jersey, who accompanies her. \* \* \* \* George Partridge of London arrived recently, and some other English visitors are Mr. and Mrs. Bellville, friends of Lawrence McCreary, who is still staying here. \* \* \* \* Mr. and Mrs. Percy G. Hannigan of San Francisco are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte. \* \* \* \* Captain and Mrs. Charles C. Smith of the Monterey Presidio had as their guests at Del Monte one night last week Captain and Mrs. W. C. Davis of the San Francisco Presidio. \* \* \* \* Colonel Maus, commanding officer of the post at Monterey, was here with his father-in-law, Charles H. Poor of Washington, D. C. \* \* \* \* Rear Admiral Joseph Trilleux has been purchasing more property along the shore at Pacific Grove. Last week he bought the two Sanderson cottages, which are not far from his own summer home, "Shawmut Lodge." \* \* \* \* Mrs. Louise Nash of Palo Alto is in the Grove for a couple of weeks. Mrs. Nash is the widow of Professor Nash, who was one of the Stanford University faculty. She is an illustrator of some note and has assisted David Starr Jordan in that capacity in his biological works. \* \* \* \* Captain Wilson T. Davidson, medical department, U. S. A., who has been stationed at the Presidio of Monterey, has been ordered to Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming.

## Murphy is Playing Golf

Samuel G. Murphy, the retired President of the First National Bank, who was thrown into a state of panic by the April earthquake, is at Del Monte feeling like a three-year-old. He has entirely recovered his composure and has taken to golf. He doesn't play a very fast game, but he has good staying qualities.



### A Generous Tipster

The waiters, the bell boys, in fact, all those who fetch and carry at Del Monte are doing so with the utmost alacrity these days. The way the good Gold-field dollars fly out of the pockets of a certain wealthy visitor keeps employes hustling to get there first. There have been several very lavish tippers at Del Monte this winter, but the story I heard of a Pullman episode puts this one at the head of his class. On the way down here he placed a roll of bills, amounting to seven or eight hundred dollars, under his pillow. He forgot all about it till the next morning as he was starting for the dining car. "Dearie," he said to his wife as she turned back to get something she had forgotten. "I think I left some money in my berth. Would you mind looking?" When she returned she handed him five hundred dollars, saying "It was scattered about; was that all?" "There was more than that," her husband responded; "but no, dearie, you must not go back to look again! The porters have been awfully good to us, and some of them will find the rest and no doubt can make use of it." With this affluent gentleman and his family is their physician who receives, so rumor goes, a hundred dollars a day for running off from his less favored patients to travel about luxuriously, and be on hand should accident or pain befall any of this household. Del Monte is to be favored for some time, as this lucky mine owner is delighted with Monterey and thinks he will be slow about leaving it. "You can breathe here," he said, "throw your arms out and smoke your cigar without being afraid of its fumes getting in anybody's face. I like it and think the place good headquarters for my family."

The A. B. Costigans received a visit from the stork last week and are now rejoicing in the possession of a baby boy.

Mr. W. B. Sanborn was the host at a very enjoyable dinner last Friday night at "The Severn" in honor of Miss Jane Wilshire and Mr. Jack Polhemus.

### IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF SAN MATEO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Estate of  
BRIDGET McDERMOTT, } No. 913.  
Deceased.

### NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY ADMINISTRATOR AT PRIVATE SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California, given and made on the 24th day of January, 1907, and filed in said court and matter on the 30th day of January, 1907, in the matter of the estate of said Bridget McDermott, deceased, the undersigned, as administrator of the estate of said Bridget McDermott, deceased, will sell in ten (10) separate parcels, at private sale, on or after the 28th day of February, 1907, to the highest and best bidder or bidders for cash in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, all of the right, title, interest and estate of said Bridget McDermott deceased, at the time of her death, and also all of the right title, interest and estate that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Bridget McDermott at the time of her death, in and to all those certain pieces or parcels of land, described as follows, to wit:

1. One parcel of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning on the westerly line of Mission street one hundred and ninety (190) feet southerly from Twenty-sixth street, running thence southerly on Mission street ninety-three (93) feet seven (7) inches; thence southwesterly on Mission street six (6) feet two (2) feet six (6) inches; thence westerly ninety-five (95) feet; thence northerly forty-five (45) feet six (6) inches, and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

2. Nine (9) parcels of land, situated, lying and being in the County of San Mateo, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Parcel 1. The southwest quarter of the northwest quarter (S. W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  of N. W.  $\frac{1}{4}$ ) of lot number two (2) of section thirty six (36) in Township number six (6) south, range four (4) west, M. D. M.; containing eighty (80) acres.

Parcel 2. The northwest quarter of section number fifteen (15) in Township five (5) south, range five (5) west, M. D. M. containing one hundred and sixty (160) acres.

Parcel 3. Beginning at a stake at the southeasterly corner of block "B," as shown on map of survey of lands at the place known as Amesport, thence on and along the easterly line of said block "B" to the northeasterly corner of the same; thence westerly along the northerly line of said block, lot No. two (2) of said block "B"; thence in a southerly direction to the southerly line of said block "B"; thence on and along said line in an easterly direction fifty (50) feet to the point of beginning; being lots No. one (1), two (2), fifteen (15) and sixteen (16) of said block "B," as shown on the before mentioned map of survey.

Parcel 4. Bounded on the east by San Gregorio street; on the west by the Pescadero creek; on the north by lot of Taft and Garrison, and on the south by the land of Herman Foster, and being the northerly half of lot number sixteen (16) in the town of Pescadero.

Parcel 5. Being a portion of lot number six (6) in block sixteen (16) on a certain map or plat of the Town of San Mateo, laid out by C. B. Polhemus and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the County of San Mateo, January 24th, 1863, in book two (2) of Miscellaneous Records, page 95, and particularly described as follows:

Beginning at the southwest corner of said lot and running easterly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northerly sixty-three (63) feet four (4) inches; thence at right angles westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles southerly sixty-three (63) feet four (4) inches to the point of beginning.

Parcel 6. All that certain parcel of land bounded on the north by land of John Donald, Senior; on the west by land of John Donald, Senior; on the south by lands of Mrs. Fabbre Muller, and on the east by the road leading to residence of Peter Casey and others, said tract of land containing one (1) acre, and being a portion of a tract of land containing three (3) acres, conveyed by deed dated November 29th, 1861, from David S. Cook, to Joshua Pomeroy, recorded in book 3 of deeds, page 135, Records of San Mateo County.

Parcel 7. Beginning at a point on the westerly line of E street, distant thereon fifty (50) feet from the northerly line of Fourth avenue; thence running along said westerly line of E street northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; being a part of block twenty-six (26) of the Town of San Mateo.

Parcel 8. Lot number two (2) in block number six (6) in the Town of San Mateo, according to a map of said town of San Mateo made by C. B. Polhemus in 1862, and recorded in book 2 of Miscellaneous Records, page 95, Records of San Mateo County, on the 24th day of January, 1863.

Parcel 9. Lots seven (7) and eight (8) in block number twenty-three (23) in the Town of San Mateo, according to a map of said Town of San Mateo made by C. B. Polhemus in 1862 and recorded in book 2 of Miscellaneous Records, page 95, records of said County of San Mateo, on the 24th day of January, 1863.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in gold coin of the United States: Ten (10) per cent of the purchase money to be paid on notice of acceptance of bid, and balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. All bids or offers must be in writing, and will be received at the law office of John J. Barrett, rooms 1257-9 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, or at the law office of Ross & Ross, First National Bank Building, Redwood City, California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said court at Redwood City, California, or may be delivered to said administrator personally, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale. Instruments of sale to be at expense of purchaser.

Dated this 5th day of February, 1907.

JAMES MAGUIRE,  
Administrator of the Estate of Bridget McDermott, Deceased.  
JOHN J. BARRETT,  
Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal., and  
ROSS & ROSS,  
First National Bank Building, Redwood City, Cal.,  
Attorneys for Said Administrator.

### IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of  
ELLEN STANTON,  
also known as  
ELLEN F. STANTON,  
formerly  
ELLEN MULLALLY,  
Deceased. } No. 4458.  
Department No. 10.

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER AUTHORIZING SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

THOMAS STANTON, the administrator of the estate of Ellen Stanton, also known as Ellen F. Stanton, formerly Ellen Mullally, deceased, having filed his petition herein praying for an order of sale of certain pieces, parts and parcels of the real estate of said deceased for the purposes and reasons therein set forth, and it appearing from said petition that said sale would be for the advantage, benefit and best interest of said estate and those interested therein.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court that all persons interested in the said estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Monday, the 11th day of March, 1907, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of said court, Department No. ten (10) thereof, at the Temple Israel, northeast corner of Webster and California streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell said real estate of the said deceased, at private sale, and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated Feb. 6, 1907.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of Said Superior Court.

LENT & HUMPHREY,  
Attorneys for Petitioner,  
1549 Octavia St., San Francisco, Cal.



# Why the Automobile Show Will Be of General Interest

By Homer Boushey, Chairman of Show Committee

Unquestionably the American people have a greater knowledge of the production, distribution and consumption of its products than any other class of people. They are in closer touch with the commercial development of the nation and endeavor to keep posted on the progress made in manufactured articles.

The automobile forms a most absorbing topic for observation and study as its progress has been so rapid. Twelve years ago there were no automobile factories in the United States making machines for the market. Today there are over 150 manufacturers of motor cars and new factories are being added almost every week. Each factory is behind in its orders and many of them have already sold the cars they will make in 1908. In 1895 there were a few machine shops working on automobile models hoping to produce a machine that would be practical. Today there is invested in this country in automobile-building the vast sum of \$67,000,000, while the valuation of the product from the industry is about \$275,000,000.

This is one of the most unusual conditions in the world of commerce. It is doubtful if there has ever been a parallel. The condition has been brought about through the utility of the motor car in its adaptation to various forms of transportation. And it has been said that in this respect the automobile is in its infancy.

Let us enumerate some of the uses to which the automobile has been put and we can see what a factor it is in superceding other methods of transportation.

The touring car is the most popular of all automobiles. This is due to public demand and the efforts of the manufacturers in concentrating their energies on this type of machine. The touring car is the pleasure machine, but it has proven its practicability in emergencies. What would we have done in San Francisco during those trying April days of almost a year ago without the automobile? The touring car brings country close to the city; it brings the beauties of nature within reach of people who heretofore were largely confined to city life. It has brought up the price of suburban real estate by bringing it within a few minutes distance from a large city. It has been a factor in the demand for good roads.

The runabout is the typical business man's car. It enables him to make twenty calls where he used to make but five with a horse-drawn vehicle. It has been instrumental in the centralization of retail business by the expansion of its zone.

The limousine and landaulet are supplanting cabs, coupes, hansoms and carriages both for public and private use.

The numerous other types of motor-driven vehicles depend largely upon the peculiarity of the business.

We see the automobile in daily use by the fire department. No field of municipal service offers such advantages for the motor car. The motor wagon has three times the speed of horses. It reaches the fire more quickly and losses are thus diminished.

The police are using motor wagons in the large Eastern cities and in only a short time it will be universally used by the authorities in all cities.

The use of automobiles for the rural free delivery of the Post Office department is gradually increasing. Again speed is a factor. The mail is delivered earlier.

Newspapers find the automobile a necessity in circulating their papers quickly over a wide territory.

Many papers which formerly depended upon railways now use automobiles and deliver their issues in the morning fifty miles distant before the first railway train leaves the city.

In Paris the motor omnibus is a common sight, likewise in London. That such will be the case in our American cities within the near future is a foregone conclusion.

Hospitals find the automobile an ideal ambulance, both for speed and comfort. The adoption of the auto for this purpose is a daily occurrence in our larger cities.

The motor truck is now a very common sight and its practicability is established. Of course many are propelled by storage batteries, but they are classed as motor-driven vehicles in summarizing the uses of the automobile.

The army has given the motor car a most severe test and has reported favorably. France has even gone so far as to equip the machines with rapid firing guns. The American army now has the project under consideration and the adoption of the auto is practically assured.

There is no question but that old traditions are losing prestige under the advance of the automobile. Motor-driven vehicles are being used in some communities as hearses. It is difficult to imagine to what use the auto will not be put in this swift-moving age when we accomplish in minutes what our grandfathers did in hours.

Self-propelled fire-engines, chemical wagons, sprinkling carts, repair-wagons for trolley lines are only a few of the many vehicles that have been tested and have proven adequate for the purpose.

Father Time has been lessening and lessening the hours required for a given task. Time-devouring inventions have played an important part. And the automobile has been one of the chief factors.

The automobile is part and parcel of our American life. Its achievements have only just begun. What the future holds in store can hardly be estimated. Look what has been accomplished in the short time of twelve years in supplanting the horse, steam and electricity.

An automobile show such as will be held at the Coliseum on February 18th to 25th should be of interest to every man who prides himself on a knowledge of American industries. That the show will prove of value is assured, not only in appealing to the motor enthusiast, but in educating the layman to an appreciation of what the automobile has done and is doing for civilization.

The Committee is arranging its plans so that the show will afford a means of disseminating knowledge regarding the automobile as well as affording pleasure to the visitor.

## THE EFFECT OF EDUCATION

"Don't you think that education has a tendency to reduce the volumes of crime in the world?" the university professor asked.

"No," said the Cynic. "I think it tends to reduce the number of convictions in our criminal courts."

The Reporter.

# Stage

## Goldsmith's Comedy

It is a great pleasure to predict that the performance at the Greek Theatre next Tuesday afternoon will transcend the usual, and yet the prospect, so far as I am aware, has occasioned not the slightest ripple of enthusiasm. Have we grown so blasé, so accustomed to seeing the usual transcended at the Greek Theatre as to be inclined to view with polite complacency the making of history within the confines of that classic temple? It doth seem so. And yet it is not improbable that our apathetic contemplation of coming events of great significance betrays our inability to appreciate their intrinsic value. If the intrusion of a merely personal view may be pardoned I will suggest that even the distinguished promoters of culture under whose benign auspices history is being made at the Greek Theatre are not wholly conscious of the place which that institution has come to occupy in the higher artistic circles of this continent; that it has not yet occurred to them that the atmosphere of it is alluring to great artists who are eager to have their names shrined in its traditions, and therefore that it should be their aim to safeguard it from the cheapening influence of mediocrities whose serious acceptance argues a provincial and uneducated taste. No professional artists should be admitted to the stage of the Greek Theatre save those of the highest rank. All of which is by way of preface to discussion of the coming of a troupe of genuine histrionic artists to breathe life into the characters of Oliver Goldsmith's delightful comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." To what we are indebted for the sending of these high priced players to this Coast at a time when the metropolis affords them no opening. I am at a loss to divine, though I half suspect them of appreciating the privilege of appearing at the Greek Theatre and requiring no coaxing. The company is composed of men and women of rare talent: William H. Crane, who heads the cast with Miss Ellis Jeffreys, is one of the veteran stars of America, and Miss Jeffreys is an English actress of the first rank. Then there is George Gidden, a famous London actor, Margaret Dale, who used to be John Drew's leading lady, and Fanny Addison Pitt and Walter Hale, long identified with the Frohman forces. What a treat these trained mimes should give us in that rollicking old Goldsmith comedy that long since became one of the classics of the English drama and is therefore but seldom revived! "She Stoops to Conquer" is one of the much neglected classics with an interesting history and I welcome the pretext for advertizing to it, so rich is it in memories of the Mitre Tavern and the galaxy of literary talent that worshiped at the feet of Boswell's idol. That history abounds in incidents out of which might be woven the scenario of a drama compact with human interest. It is the history of one of the most pathetic experiences of Goldsmith's career, for when the play was written the author was heavily in debt, and hoped, by the sale of it, to realize sufficient to satisfy his creditors. But he encountered the jealousy of rivals and the enmity of the manager of Covent Garden to whom he wrote: "For God's sake take the play and let us make the best of it, and let me have the same measure at least which you have given as bad plays as mine." His manuscript after being held at the theatre for more

than a year was returned to him with numerous disparaging notes written on the blank sides. It was the insistence of his friend Samuel Johnson that brought about the production of the play, and then under the most adversely prejudicial auspices. The manager scheming to make it a failure refused to purchase scenery or costumes and some of his leading players refused to take the parts to which they had been assigned. David Garrick wrote a sneering prologue for it, half apologetic, in which he facetiously dubbed Goldsmith the physician of the comic muse, the play a potion in fine draughts and the audience the patient that

" \* \* Must his pretensions back,  
Pronounce him regular or dub him quack."



Wm. H. Crane

Who will be seen in the Goldsmith classic, "She Stoops to Conquer," at the Greek Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, February 12.

And the play succeeded in despite the cabal against it, but Goldsmith was under so great a nervous strain and was so fearful of a hostile reception that he did not attend the performance. Early in the evening Samuel Johnson rounded up all his friends at the Shakespeare Tavern and there tried to revive Goldsmith's spirits with Johnsonian jest and quip but the playwright was in no mood to frolic or to relax into sportiveness. When the dinner was over Johnson and his friends repaired to the theatre resolved to make the play "go." Johnson took a conspicuous box seat





Dustin Farnum as The Virginian and Frank Campeau as Trampas in a Scene from "The Virginian," the Dramatization of Owen Wister's Novel, to be Seen at the Novelty Theatre, Commencing Next Monday Night.

and his companions stationed themselves in diverse parts of the house. When Johnson laughed the house rocked with merriment, but these artifices were wholly unnecessary. The play won its way on its own merits, but poor Goldsmith did not learn of its first night's success until the fifth act when a friend who went in search of him and found him in St. James's Park engulfed in melancholy communicated the joyful news.

THEODORE BONNET.

### Seats For the Performance

The production of Goldsmith's comedy at the Greek Theatre will be under Will Greenbaum's management. The company will appear at the Macdonough Theatre in Oakland, Tuesday evening and Wednesday matinee and night. Seats for the performance at the Greek Theatre will be on sale this Saturday and Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co., on Van Ness just above California, and Kohler & Chase's, corner of Sutter and Franklin. The prices are \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

### The Chopin Opera

The latest novelty of the Lambardi season was the opera "Chopin." The libretto is a compilation of sketchy episodes from the life of the unfortunate Polish composer set to the music of his own creation by Giacomo Orefice, and the experiment is interesting even if not completely satisfying. The music of Chopin considered as abstract music is so supremely beautiful, of such absolute originality and limitless variety of moods that the thematic material for more than one opera is surely abundant and of character to fit any conceivable dramatic situation, but just that dramatic element is what is lacking in the libretto of the work under consideration. The life of many another composer would have furnished sufficient theatrical material for such a purpose, but poor Chopin, with his always delicate physique, his years full of the drudgery of piano teaching, and his long protracted struggle with the disease to which he finally succumbed was perforce relegated to a comparatively uneventful existence from which stirring situations adapted to theatrical treatment were quite missing. Hence the librettist was handicapped at the outset by the entire absence of dramatic plot, and the wonderful inspirations of Chopin seem futile when fitted to inadequate stage climaxes. Then too, it is a question whether Orefice has not been too literal in his translation of the piano harmonies into orchestral music. On the whole we think the work cannot have lasting success owing to the undramatic quality of its plot, but here and there some very fine effects are obtained, notably the swinging Krakowiat and mazurka themes cleverly blended in the opening of the first act, the magnificent storm setting derived from the F minor ballade (erroneously called waltz themes in the program notes), the exquisite love that evolved from the soulful E major Etude. The harrowing scene of the death of the baby Grazia seems an unwarrantable innovation on the part of the librettist, no such episode having any part in Chopin's life, but it at least received a fitting musical setting in the sombre strains of the C minor nocturne with its superb religious chorale, splendidly adapted to the operatic chorus. This was one of Signor Orefice's best efforts and was vociferously redemanded by the audience. Under any circumstances we must feel thankful to the Lambardi singers for the opportunity of hearing another of Haly's operatic novelties.

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### The Princess Chic

The San Francisco Opera Company is doing "The Princess Chic" at the American this week and doing it with an enthusiasm that is quite infectious. The production is lacking in none of the essentials that contribute to the success of picturesque, sprightly musical comedy. It abounds in color that charms the eye and melodies that tickle the ear. The performers have the vim that is so important in this species of entertainment, and some of them have voices such as are seldom heard in the Broadway companies whose specialty is musical comedy. Aida Hemmi is still the chief vocalist despite the acquisition of Miss Maude Beatty of Australia. And though Miss Hemmi is scarcely to be described as chic so far as form is concerned, she has a voice of fetching quality and knows how to use it and does use it in a manner that moves her audience to warm approval. Miss Beatty is pleasing of person, and as the page makes a very enticing figure. Teddy Webb is the chief fun maker of the cast, and he is most industrious in his efforts to agitate the risibles of his audience. Quite in contrast with his methods are those of George Kunkel. Francis Carrier wins generous applause for his singing and he gets fine support in the accompanying ensemble work which, on the whole, is excellent.

### In the Limelight

Victor Herbert's brilliant comic opera, "The Wizard of the Nile," is a great success at Idora and bids well to keep the house full for some weeks to come. "The Serenade," another Herbert gem, will follow.

Rosenthal, the wonderful pianist, will play some of his extraordinary arrangements of Strauss waltzes at his concerts here. The great pianist seems to have a special fondness for the melodies of the "waltz king." His paraphrase on "The Blue Danube" is said to be a marvelous bit of intricate writing.

Petschnikoff, the Russian violinist, is touring America, and meeting with great success, often giving joint concerts with his wife, a beautiful young American whom he met when a student at the Conservatory where both were studying. Will Greenbaum is arranging to present them here in April.

### "The Half Breed"

Local theatregoers will have an opportunity of seeing the successful Western drama, "The Half Breed," at the Colonial Theatre where it will receive its first presentation in this city, beginning next Monday night. It is a four-act comedy-drama by Harry D. Cottrell and Oliver Morosco. In Los Angeles this drama played to capacity houses for five straight weeks, breaking all previous records in the Southern metropolis. Manager Kurtzig states that "The Half Breed" will be staged in a most elaborate fashion and that an exceptionally strong cast will be used in its production. Dealing with life in Indian Territory, it affords excellent opportunities for stirring situations and beautiful scenery, all of which will receive careful attention at the hands of the management of the popular McAllister street playhouse. The action of the play is laid in Indian Territory. A terrific rain-storm is one of the sensational features.

"Salome," the great one-act tragedy by Oscar Wilde, which is causing so much talk in the East, is announced for an early production at the Colonial.

Commencing Monday night, February 11, "The Dictator" will be put on at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland. This is the popular comedy drama that made a big hit at the Columbia in this city. By request "Old Heidelberg" will soon be revived.

### The Beringer Musical Club

A new musical club, composed of eight students of the Beringer Conservatory of Music, has recently been organized, the first meeting taking place last week at the studio of Professor and Mme. Joseph Beringer. The club is to be known as the Beringer Musical Club. Miss Frances Westington of this city was elected President and Miss Helen Hendricks of Berkeley was chosen Secretary and Treasurer. The purpose of the club is to further the interest in music and to give, periodically, public and semi-public recitals. The members are the Misses Sadie Bullman, Viola Jurgens, Grace Sutherland and Agnes Burrell of this city, Miss Emma Blum of San Rafael and Miss Anita Morse of Alameda.

### The Flower of Vaudeville

The week beginning this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum will be one of the most fascinatingly eventful in the history of vaudeville. The Lasky Rolfe Quintette, composed of four "cellos" and one string bass will be heard for the first time in this city. The instrumentalists are Herman Brandt, Ethel Murray, Rita Perkins, Charles Frinck and Angelo Falco. The music of this act has been arranged and rehearsed by the famous composer, Victor Herbert. The artists are seated in an immense and daintily colored sea shell which acts as a perfect sounding board and which is brilliantly illuminated by electricity. Nellie Beaumont, a captivating comedienne, with the assistance of

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her own company, will present a merry little play called "My Busy Day." Eleanor Falke, a dashing vocalist and most successful impersonator of Lady Hollyrood in "Florodora," is one of the principals of this company. The marvelous Troupe of Eight Bedouin Arabs, appropriately styled "The Whirlwinds of the Sahara," will entertain with their wonderful acrobatic feats. Happy Jack Gardner, Hickey and Nelson, "Little Hip," the smallest performing elephant in the world; new Motion Pictures and the last week of Patrice and her company are announced. Attention is called to the fact that matinees are given daily.

#### "The Virginian"

The Kirke La Shelle dramatization of Owen Wister's immensely popular best-seller, "The Virginian," a novel that had a long run, will be presented at the Novelty theatre for two weeks, commencing Monday evening with Dustin Farnum in the title role and the same great cast as seen at the Columbia Theatre last season. The play is well-known as an interesting romance of the Western plains—one that takes hold of the sensibilities, charms the eye, thrills the emotions and presents an absolutely truthful picture of its territory. Its types are faithfully copied from the book and transferred to the stage without losing any of the charm which created the enormous demand for Owen Wister's romance. By the way, the man whose individuality inspired Owen Wister in his creation of the hero of his novel was recently married in this city to Katherine Adams, daughter of Edward Adams, editorial writer of the Chronicle.

—The Playgoer.



**Joseph W. Smith**  
 Tenor With the San Francisco Opera Company in the  
 Romantic Comic Opera, "The Princess Chic,"  
 at the American Theatre.



## Verona of Many Memories

(Continued from Page 8.)

artistically diversified; its color free and strong—a delightful picture framed by four street fronts and full of an interesting life. Even to-day upon the feast of this particular saint to which it is holy, the square is alive with its picturesque trafficking. No vehicle rattles over the stones; no blatant, bell-beating tram disturbs the ear or eye. At one end of the Piazza appears a column with the winged lion of St. Mark upon its capital, much like that one so well-known at Venice. This lion, said a passer-by, was once destroyed by the French. The French were veritable demons for destruction. At the other end rises a Gothic pillar surmounted by a shrine. Between these two monuments, the market-place, riotous with a blinding burst of sunlight, gleamed like a camp. Huge umbrellas or sunshades, white, yellow or green, were spread above the booths and stands and in their cool shadows sat women, old and young, chaffering with patrons, sitting calmly with folded hands or knitting mechanically amidst the drowsy hum. Old market women, poor widows, unlovely and peasant-like, they sat there, each with a cross to bear, I know, and patient in its bearing. Among these old and weary ones were younger women, too, and girls a-many, like bright-cheeked pippins mixed with wrinkled russet apples. There were many full-flushed and buxom as Maria of the ristorante; perhaps they and even she might some day mumble toothless gums over a pile of fruit in this very Piazza Erbe. Let us hope that Gaetano may not die an untimely death, nor his little business fail him, nor Maria come to this, nor Maria's daughters! Such are the whimsical thoughts that sometimes assail the idle speculation of this wanderer. Away!

Pleasant was it to sit down at a little table in the shade upon the sidewalk before a cafe and drink a cool birra, transported barrel-wise over the Alps from Munich, and pleasant to watch the unhurrying life of the town defile before one—and anon to merge again with the life.

In the Piazza dei Signori I came upon the Palazzo della Ragione, built in 1183 and once the residence of the Scaligers. Hither Dante fled for refuge when banished from Florence and as I passed through the wonderful courtyard with its rare architecture, the ghosts of the great dead seemed very near, for these very stones had felt their hands and feet of flesh. The sun emptied its violent heat upon my head and in the mid-day silence all things seemed ablaze to the eye with a staring unreality like the limelight splendor on a stage. The Palazzo de Censiglio was erected in 1500 after designs by Fra Giocondo, and the monk architect had caused his portrait to be hewn in stone on one of the corner pillars, preservative of his memory. In far-off San Francisco stood certain buildings erected after designs of the contemplative wanderer who now surveyed this ancient work. But there would be no visitors four hundred years from to-day to gaze upon the face or the name of their architect, provided the buildings survived that lapse of time! In the musing upon the evanescence of all material and even mental things, it was in a petty way satisfying to think of those solid concretions of brick, stone, iron or terra-cotta standing bravely in the far-off city of the Golden Gate, creations of hand and eye, outlasting perhaps, the less stable work of the brain and the poetic products of the imagination. For how often does the work of the pencil live

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beyond that of the pen in this our day! A vain animal is man, compact of mortal dust and weakness, and he would still have the children or the creatures of his fancy or his invention live on beyond his years. I saluted this monk, Fra Giocondo, as a brother and left him in his petrified immortality basking in the light of a sun that would itself perish.

I knew it! Could it be otherwise? An unconscious doubt had been brooding deep down in my subconscious soul, a doubt which I found impossible to disentangle, hold up to the light or decipher. Chancing suddenly upon the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele it was revealed in a flash. It was the indistinct, lurking uncertainty that there might be no Via, no Piazza Vittorio Emanuele in this city! It was that which I had missed. Yet here it was: a fine square confronted by the imposing Roman Amphitheater built by Diocletian in A. D. 290. Along one side of the square, officers from the local garrison sat sipping drinks, ogling women, discussing the amours of their comrades or the latest methods of military murder. The amphitheater is well preserved, the benches and galleries quite intact, due, no doubt, in a great degree to the labors of restoration bestowed upon it by Napoleon—for the French did not always destroy. The great Theodoric once made it his abode long after that day that saw its audience of twenty thousand shouting and crying in applause at the bloody shows of slaughter in the arena far below.

Thence I was led to scenes of gentler association, for, wandering through a side street near the way of the Capuchins, I chanced upon the garden that holds the reputed tomb of Juliet. Ungenuine though it be, yet here delusion has all to gain and denial all to lose. Here Truth shattering Poetry and Romance, would gather only dust. As this stone sarcophagus is said to treasure all that remains of Shakespeare's hapless heroine, so the fiction of the tomb, so long as the fiction be fair, might well be fostered both by the silver-seeking Italian and the sentimental tourist come for a stare. Juliet lived in Verona, for so saith history and it is likely that Juliet also died in Verona and was buried in a tomb, this one or another. It lies in a little arcade of delicate arches with twin columns and about it from both sides the garden advances its masses of palms, laurels and rose-bushes. One might well be satisfied with such a tomb in such a place, though never a pilgrim came to stand in silence before it. Many came that day—of many nationalities. Three English girls, sisters they appeared to be, walked gravely around the tomb and spoke with low, soft voices, then went away with very reverent steps.

There came a dame of France, dark-eyed and heavy-lidded, accompanied by her bearded husband: both were in traveling dress. Though middle-aged they appeared to be newly married, each oppressed, I thought, and haunted even in the freshness of their association with memories of earlier, perhaps unrealized loves. They entered speaking with voluble carelessness and soon departed in silence with some spell upon their souls. Two very young American girls, fashionably attired, and of the sort apparently that so often appears impervious to sentiment, conveyed to their father in tones that quivered with emotion their intense commiseration over poor Juliet's sad destiny. "To think that she is lying here, father, right here before us!" And at the fall of one sympathetic word from the indifferent sire they had wept. Another brisk Americaine was bent only upon obtaining a photograph of the sarcophagus. Several Italian men and women came and some young girls. The girls and women invested the



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scene with an air of sanctity for most of them uttered some brief prayer as at the shrine of a saint. A German fraulein holding an open, gilt-leaved book of verses, read certain tender touching lines to her companion, a spectacled youth. The lines moved him not, whereupon she, taking a rose from her dress, placed it beside the other votive flowers. A widow came in voluminously heavy weeds and stood silent before the stone, measuring her own grief, perhaps, with that of her lovely sister whose sorrows have set tears flowing through the centuries.

When the sunlight crept from the stone and the keeper of the monastery garden expressed surprise at my protracted stay, I, too, left the loggia. My only offering was the memory of a very juvenile verse written years ago:

When I think no more upon thee,  
Lips or eyes of thine forget,  
Rose of June, may this hand wither  
As it writes—O Juliet!

## The Annals of Pickeye

(Continued from Page 9.)

one of the principal evidences of civilization. Death follows everywhere in the footsteps of life. A protecting Providence has shielded Pickeye up to the present time from the dread destroyer. Let us devoutly pray that it may long continue to guard us. But many of the surrounding camps have not been so fortunate. Numbers of their bravest and strongest have passed through the Valley of the Shadow and are sleeping in obscure graves, on hillsides and in gulches, where all traces of them will soon be lost and forgotten. Affection and humanity call for a common burying-ground, in order to preserve the resting-places of our dead from oblivion, and that friends may adorn them or kindred seek them out in future days. The undertaking is not a great one and the cost will be trifling. I am sure the appeal is one to which the public spirit of Pickeye and the neighboring camps will readily respond."

The suggestion was received with unanimous approval. The necessity of the project was so evident the wonder was that no one had thought of it before.

"I've a rabbit's foot in my pocket that I got out on the range to-day," said Arkansaw. "It's an invincible. I'll just go Double Cross a stack at his game, and turn the winnings into your graveyard pot, Elder Beals."

"Thank you," replied the parson; and Arkansaw stalked over to one of the faro tables.

"But it is proper," resumed Elder Beals, "that we should proceed systematically, it being a public occasion. With your permission, Captain Ryan, I will call a regular town-meeting."

The proprietor of the saloon cordially assented, and, stepping to the door, Elder Beals raised the tin horn to his lips and sent forth into the darkness a succession of blasts that startled the town and made the heavens reverberate.

"You wouldn't be yourself without that horn, it seems to me," said J-B, as Elder Beals re-entered the saloon.

"No, it has become an almost inseparable part of me," replied the parson; and added, with a mirthful twinkle in his eye, "so much so, in fact, that I'm told

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some sportive persons have hinted I might appropriately be styled a tin-horn preacher."

"Well, anyway, you toot it like old Gabe himself," stammered J-B.

"Thank you for your appreciation. I flatter myself that I've attained to some proficiency with it," complacently acquiesced Elder Beals, affectionately tapping the instrument in question. "It's a necessity of my calling in this new country, where there is no other way of announcing religious services. I call it my portable church-bell, and I find that its peals neither offend the miners nor lessen me in their esteem."

"That's so," assented J-B, seeing a way to extricate himself gracefully; "you're all hunky with the boys, Elder, and can count on their standing in with you on this racket."

It did not take long for the bugle call to produce an effect. When the populace of Pickeye heard the reverend gentleman's trumpet they knew that something of public moment was impending; and on this occasion it was but a few minutes till most of them were converging toward the Long Tom saloon.

The meeting was speedily organized by the election of Elder Beals as chairman, General Houston as secretary and Pap Grimshaw as treasurer. The gambling games had been temporarily closed, the music had ceased, and, in recognition of the changed character of the assembly, Cap Ryan and his assistants came out from behind the bar.

Elder Beals installed himself in the lookout seat of Double Cross's faro table, General Houston occupying the dealer's chair and Pap Grimshaw the case-keeper's. The hundreds in attendance bestowed themselves as best they could, the majority having to stand.

The formalities of organizing and the silence which ensued had impressed the assemblage with a feeling of awe, so that when the meeting was ready to proceed with business it had the solemnity of a devotional gathering. Before the chair could make any announcement, Dobie Joe gravely arose and said:

"Mr. Chairman and boys, it seems to me that it would be right to open this meeting with exercises appropriate to the nature of the business before it. If Elder Beals will pan out a prayer, I'll lead off in a hymn—the 'Old Ship of Zion,' we'll say, for that's my strongest suit."

"The suggestion is a very good one," agreed Elder Beals, rising from the lookout seat; "and in compliance with it, I will offer up a brief supplication."

A reverent spirit seemed to possess the audience, and there was a profound stillness during the prayer. Then, loud and clear as a bugle blast, Dobie Joe's voice rang out in the "Old Ship of Zion," voice after voice joining in the strain till they swelled to the volume of a mighty choir. So enthusiastic were some of the singers that they demanded a repetition, but it was prevented by Elder Beals, who said it would be better to defer more singing until the business of the meeting was concluded. Then he repeated his recent little oratorical flight, with some unimportant variations, and finished by saying he would like to hear the views of others regarding the matter under consideration.

A long pause followed. There was plenty of aside talk, but no one ventured to address the meeting openly. Finally Dobie Joe arose again.

"I hate to be pushing myself forward all the time like a jack-plane," he said, "but as nobody else appears disposed to put his shoulder to the wheel, I may as well buckle to it myself."

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"That's right!" "Good boy!" "Go in, Dobie!" and other encouraging exclamations came from different parts of the room.

"I agree," continued Dobie Joe, "with all that Elder Beals has said about civilization and humanity and rescuing things from oblivion. Them's mighty good sentiments, and a man who lives up to them has got about all the stuffing out of the ten commandments that's in them. But Elder Beals doesn't go far enough. Something more than that, it appears to me, is needed for an entirely satisfactory burial. When a man has gone to prospect that undiscovered country from which there's no getting back—if I may sling in a little poetry—I think he should be made to feel that he is still an American citizen reposing in his native soil. What sentiment could be more natural, what feeling more gratifying to a patriotic corpse? The proudest emotion I experience, living, is to behold the Stars and Stripes waving above me. The assurance which would rob death of its terror and render it almost attractive would be that in my long rest that starry banner should still float over me majestically. I therefore move, Mr. Chairman, that a liberty-pole be erected in the center of the Pickeye graveyard, and that the American flag be hoisted on it, perpetually and eternally, in respect and honor of the loyal dead."

A shout of applause shook the building, so affirmative and unanimous that the subsequent adoption of the motion was but a formality. This action appeared to be regarded as disposing of the whole question. It was merely resolved, in addition, that Elder Beals be intrusted with the execution of the project, and then contributions were announced to be in order.

"Here's the rabbit's foot contingent—or certainty, rather, for I told you it was an invincible," said Arkansaw, chucking down a fair-sized bag of gold-dust.

"The Long Tom will always do its part toward encouraging public improvements," said Cap Ryan, laying down a sack of about equal weight.

Purses of less size, nuggets and chispas rapidly accumulated in front of the treasurer, until it was manifest the fund was quite sufficient for the purpose in view. Then Double Cross walked leisurely forward and said, as he cast a sneering look toward Frogmouth Pete:

"I've been waiting to see if any of the fresh tender-foot sports would contribute, but they don't appear to be as liberal with their money as with their tongues. For the honor of the profession I'll ante this," he said, depositing a heavy bag of gold-dust; "but I'm not anxious to get called on it, for I don't like a game in which you must die in order to win out."

"I'll call you right now, you smooth-tongued, white-livered fraud!" cried Frogmouth Pete, casting a sack of gold dust on the table and whipping out his revolver.

The good right hand of Double Cross went instinctively for his gun, but before he could draw it Madame Josephine, with the inspired idiocy of women for handicapping their lovers in a fight, caught his arm, in an endeavor to drag him away. But she paid the penalty. Frogmouth Pete's first shot took effect in Double Cross's breast; the second laid Josephine out stark. Freed from her fatal encumbrance Double Cross succeeded in getting out his pistol, and advanced upon his antagonist. Four or five reports rang out in quick succession, and then it was all over. The three parties to the incidental controversy lay dead upon the floor.



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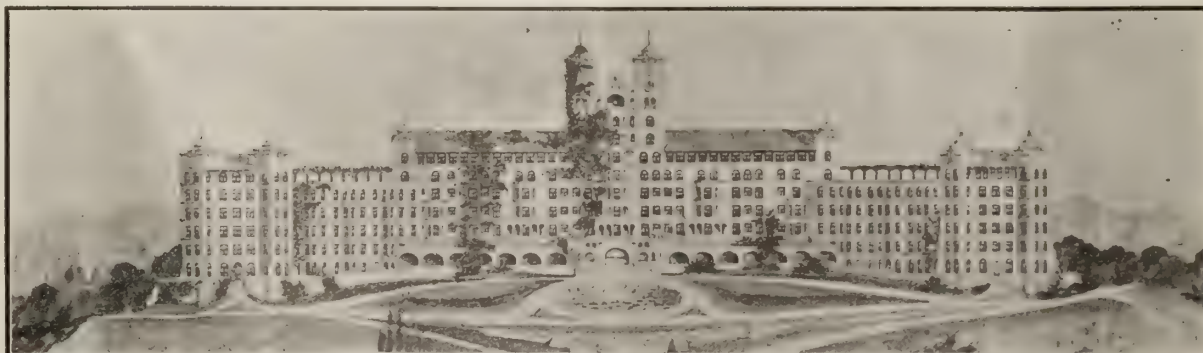
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The episode had not lasted twenty seconds. It had come so suddenly and was so quickly ended that the officers and audience had not left their places. And, strange to say, every bullet had gone straight to its mark and lodged there. Not a bystander had been hurt.

"This is a most unfortunate and lamentable affair," remarked Elder Beals, when he had regained his composure.

"Not at all," said General Houston; "it's a good starter for the graveyard, and there are half a dozen others we could afford to throw in."

"I'm at a loss how to proceed in this emergency. Can anyone suggest the proper thing to be done?" inquired the parson.

"The first thing to do is to administer on their estates," replied the General.

"But have we any right to meddle with their property?"

"Speaking as a jurist of considerable experience," said General Houston impressively, "I do not hesitate to declare that the doings of these persons, just now and for a long time past, were contraband of the public peace, and that dying intestate their estates rightfully escheat to the community they have robbed and terrorized. Therefore I would recommend that whatever property they may have left be added to the graveyard fund, to cover the expense of their burial and to encourage contributions of a similar kind."

General Houston was looked upon in that section as an unchallengeable legal authority, and no further warrant than his opinion was required for rifling the tills of the lansquinet and faro tables. About twenty-two thousand dollars in coin and gold dust was found, which was at once turned into the graveyard fund.

Contemplating the huge treasure heap and the three corpses, Dobie Joe arose once more, and said:

"Mr. Chairman, in view of the sum realized and of the present need and possible future requirement, I move that the Pickeye graveyard shall contain at least fifty acres, and that the flag shall be a forty-foot one."

The motion was carried without a dissenting voice. The meeting then adjourned, the bodies were removed, and the Long Tom resumed the even tenor of its way.

Before the next afternoon, when the triple funeral was to take place, public sentiment respecting the dead underwent a change. It had been proposed at first to bury them in an obscure corner of the projected graveyard. But, as the matter was more and more discussed, it was conceded they were entitled to greater consideration; and as Providence in its inscrutable way had ordained that their fortunes should be the cornerstone of the Pickeye graveyard and they the first fruits to be garnered in it, it was at length agreed that they should have a place of honor. So their graves were dug on a knoll near the center of the selected grounds, the whole community turned out to swell the funeral cortege, and Elder Beals in his sermon made some touching allusions to the deceased having builded better than they knew and to the blood of the martyrs being the seed of the church, and then he sounded "taps" over them with his tin horn.

A graceful feature of the occasion was the recital by C. Augustus Dinkey, the aspiring young Foothill Bard, of the following exquisite poem, which it was voted should be inscribed as an epitaph on a contemplated monument:

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## IN MEMORIAM

Here underneath the mourner's feet  
Lie Double Cross and Frogmouth Pete,  
And in the interval between  
Reposes gentle Josephine.

She come betwixt them once before,  
Her interference then brought gore;  
But no more bullets will she stop,  
For neither now can get the drop.

They never did much work until  
The end, but then they done it well;  
And so they teach us while they rest  
That one's last lick may be his best.

Within a month, fifty acres of the flat and hillside on the outskirts of Pickeye had been inclosed by a gaudily painted fence, a hundred-and-fifty-foot flag-staff raised on the knoll in the center of the lot, and the forty-foot flag procured from San Francisco.

The first day of September was fixed upon as the date of the consecration, and during the intervening weeks the whole country roundabout was astir with preparation for the event. It had become a settled belief that the late Fourth of July celebration at Pickeye had exhausted all the possibilities of pageantry. Nothing like it had ever been seen in the Southern Mines, and that section bore the palm for display; but it was now foreseen that even that memorable occasion was about to be eclipsed.

The splendor of the chosen day showed that Nature had reserved herself for the opportunity. The peals of Elder Beals's tin horn aroused the citizens of Pickeye from their slumbers an hour earlier than usual, and throughout the morning its notes were heard summoning the people to be instructed in the parts assigned them. Every place of business was closed except the saloons. They had doubled their force of bartenders.

By nine o'clock the delegations from the outlying districts began to arrive. First came a cavalcade of two hundred men on burros, from down the river, herding about an equal number of Chinamen; next came a phalanx on foot from up the river, with a cinnamon bear and a caged coyote in their ranks; then down the mountain sides streamed the legions of miners from the dry diggings and five hundred Digger Indians on ponies, followed by Arkansaw and his vaqueros, with a thousand Mexican steers from off the range.

Elder Beals was mounted on a magnificent white stallion, and by trumpet call and the assistance of aids marshaled the forces into line as fast as they poured in. By ten o'clock the procession was formed, and led by Elder Beals and the brass band it marched and countermarched through the streets of Pickeye and over the adjoining flat until it finally passed under the grand archway of the new graveyard, cattle and all.

The dedicatory exercises were in keeping with the parade. Elder Beals dismounted and opened them with prayer. Then the speaker of the day, General Houston, excelled himself in eloquence, if that were possible for one whose oratory was already the pride and boast of the Southern Mines. Unfortunately the effort itself is lost, but a faint conception of it may be gathered from the fact that in after days General Houston stoutly maintained that Lincoln stole his Gettysburg address bodily from the Pickeye graveyard oration, though the General had never thought it

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worth while to call him to account for it or inquire how it came into his possession.

But luckily time has withheld its obliterating finger from the ode delivered by C. Augustus Dinkey, the young Foothill Bard. There are some fifty versions of it extant, for during the month he was at work upon it he covered reams of paper which he scrupulously preserved, but it is given only in the form which he considered perfect.

#### GRAVEYARD ODE

There may be men with souls so tame  
 "They'd die like brutes and rot the same,  
 But we with sentiments more pure  
 Aspire to better sepulture,  
 And that desire is evidenced  
 By fifty acres here—well fenced.

'Tis common ground. Within this yard  
 The footwear question is debarred.  
 Equality reigns here; no scoff  
 Comes whether boots are on or off  
 When you receive the final call,  
 Or if you haven't boots at all.

Then, let it fill our hearts with cheer  
 To think we all are welcome here,  
 Unclassed and irrespectively  
 Of how we chance to live or die,  
 And that Tuolumne's low surge  
 For all alike will be a dirge.

The applause that greeted the young poet's brilliant recital had just died away and Elder Beals was stepping forward to pronounce a benediction, when the cinnamon bear broke away from its keepers and stampeded Arkansaw's band of steers. There was an ominous pawing of hoofs, a terrific bellowing, and then a furious rush of cattle, with tails in air, carrying away a whole broadside of the graveyard fence.

"Under the circumstances," said Elder Beals, amid the confusion that ensued, "I will simply say that Heaven seems to have blessed our undertaking."

But his voice was drowned by that of Arkansaw, who had leaped ahorse and was shouting to his vaqueros: "The infernal brutes! Round 'em up quick!"

The unfortunate incident threatened to bring the ceremonies to an inglorious conclusion, but the situation was saved by Dobie Joe, who sprang to the halyards and hoisted the big American flag, shouting: "Wait! wait! boys, for the glory of Pickeye and the nation to float to the breeze!"

His action checked the panic; and as the glorious banner unfolded and streamed out in its full beauty, a cheer went up that brought responses from all the mountains.

And there it floated, lovely and majestic, a solace and inspiration to many a weary eye, until its tattered remnants told of the passing of the gorgeous public spirit that once was Pickeye's.

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## Treaties and State Rights

If men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely, then there is excellent reason for looking forward to a correct solution of the question respecting the scope of the treaty-making power of this Government. Lawyers and publicists are burning a lot of midnight oil in the study of this profound constitutional question, and the discussion of it has given great stimulus to the flow of printer's ink. It is a question that must eventually be determined by the Supreme Court of the United States, but meanwhile that tribunal is getting the benefit of the enlightened views of many distinguished citizens, some of whom know the constitution backwards and are familiar with all the decisions that touch upon the line of demarcation between the functions of the National Government and those of the States. We recently mentioned the points of an argument which we conceived to be conclusive of the finality of a treaty; even of a treaty which infringed upon a right withheld from the Union. That argument we are told was refuted by the Hon. Isidor Raynor, United States Senator from Maryland, who was so well pleased with the way he handled his subject that he had his speech printed in pamphlet form and widely circulated. Mr. Raynor plunged to the depths of constitutional law, but brought up very little in support of his position. His thesis is that the States have granted to the Federal Government only such treaty-making powers as are necessary to carry out the purpose of the Government as constituted by the Constitution, and while he contends that the Federal Government has not the right "to incorporate in a treaty powers not delegated to the United States or barter away rights reserved to the States," his argument consists largely of declaratory sentences. There is an hiatus between his premiss and his conclusion. He "tramples upon appalling doctrines" and "denies that decisions apply," but there is no visible train of reasoning to be followed through the labyrinth of his perfervid utterances. Senator Raynor does not refute; he merely superinduces confusion worse confounded. He is not even reliable as an authority respecting the purposes of the makers of the Constitution. At least we think not since he is at variance with Alexander Hamilton, who, we believe, was much better informed, having played an important part in the framing of that masterpiece of organic law. Hamilton is a pretty good authority to consult when in doubt about construction. Though an ardent Federalist he addressed himself to the men who were jealous of State rights and yet from his papers it may be apprehended that it was not the intention of the framers of the Constitu-

tion to place restrictions on the treaty-making power. Before the adoption of the Constitution it was urged that treaties should be repealable at pleasure. Hamilton said it would be well for men entertaining that view to reflect "that a treaty is only another name for a bargain; and that it would be impossible to find a nation who would make any bargain with us which should be binding on them absolutely, but on us only so long and so far as we may think proper to be bound by it." He added: "Let us not forget that treaties are made not by only one of the contracting parties, but by both." The point in all this to be applied to the question at issue is that we must consider the rights and conveniences of the nations with whom we bargain, and that if it should appear to them that the President and the Senate have not plenary authority in the making of treaties they will have a right to conclude that we are in need of one of the forms of national government that are recognized by the law of all nations. That Hamilton believed the Constitution vested the President and the Senate with plenary authority for treaty making purposes may be inferred from the general tenor of his arguments in support of the Constitution. He said, among other things, that the power to make treaties is an essential branch of the Federal Government, adding: "If we are to be one nation in any respect, it clearly ought to be in respect to other nations." He called attention to the fact that while the Articles of Confederation expressed the power to make treaties, they were defective in that "treaties might be substantially frustrated by regulation of the States," and he asserted that under the Constitution "there could be no such embarrassment." In one of his papers he referred to the fact that objections were being urged against vesting the treaty-making power in the President and only one branch of the Congress and after insisting on the wisdom of excluding Representatives from participation in performances that sometimes demand great secrecy he suggested that there was nothing to fear from the President and Senate. They should be expected, he said, to conserve the interests of the country, and in this connection he remarked that there was one way of justifying repudiation of a treaty and that was by proving that it was corruptly made. Under the law of nations a treaty tainted with corruption is not binding. In explaining what was meant by the clause affirming treaties to be the supreme law of the land Hamilton said: "If it were otherwise the world would see for the first time a system of government founded on an inversion of the fundamental principles of all government. It would see the authority of the whole society, everywhere subordinate to the authority of the parts; it would see a monster with the head under the direction of the members." It is argued by Senator Raynor and others that treaties are the supreme law of the land only in so far as they are in accord with the Constitution. But that is not what the Constitution says. The supreme law of the land as defined by the second clause of the Sixth Article includes "the Constitution and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof and the treaties made by their authority." It does not say that in order to be endowed with supremacy the treaties must be made pursuant to the Constitution. It says that treaties made by authority of the Constitution are the supreme law of the land; in other words, treaties made by the President with the consent of the Senate. The probability is the framers of the Constitution assumed that the tranquility and prosperity of the whole country were more important than the dignity or interests of a part, and that in our relations with foreign countries circumstances might arise that would make it necessary for the treaty-mak-



ing power to exercise a broad discretion, which would be impossible were it constrained to consider something more than the welfare of the nation.

### Oratory In the Senate

It is one of the delusions of the day that eloquence no longer illuminates debate in the United States Senate. Occasionally there are lamentations over the decay of oratory in the Upper House of Congress which is so frequently referred to as the millionaire's club as to have come to be looked upon as the luxurious retreat of men of little wit afflicted with penury of speech and rich only in the pecuniary sense of the term. And yet the Senate abounds in flippant tongues and gifted tongues, and every day speeches are made in the Senate that edify and excite to rapture especially, as quite often happens, when one Theodore Roosevelt is being excoriated or ridiculed. For strange to say the Senate has not yet learned that the prevailing popular view of the Upper House is that it consists of a lot of plutocrats who are indignant because the President is keeping his eye on them to see that they don't steal the country. They are forever setting traps for him and he is getting caught every little while, but the Senate waits in vain for applause from the gallery. The notion is still prevalent that with all his faults Roosevelt is redeeming the country from the predatory rich, and Senators must assuage themselves in words. Some very good speeches have been made in dignified arraignment of the country's Chief Magistrate and they make excellent reading because they smell neither of the lamp or the inkhorn. The newspapers have been accused of exterminating the art of oratory by their practice of reporting speeches. While this practice has stimulated the flow of words it has certainly in a measure impaired its quality by destroying its essential element—spontaneity. The orator has been transformed by the press into an essayist. Instead of adapting his speech to the tone and spirit of his environment with his thoughts only on his subject and his audience, he harangues all Christendom in a lecture prepared for publication through fear of the butchery that is inevitable when an extemporaneous talk is converted into what some reporter thought was said. But when a member of the Congress speaks his speech it is taken down in shorthand and his remarks are often extemporaneous. Speeches worth reading are printed in the Congressional Record nearly every day. Foraker's speeches are usually both entertaining and instructive for he is an able debater, a master of dialectical fence, an orator whose eloquence consists of reason and passion skilfully fused. Though of less amplitude of mind Senator Beveridge is blessed with richness of imagination. He is known as the boy orator of Indiana, and he has a brand of language all his own and intoxicates Senate stenographers with his eloquence. Sweet as the siren's tongue his accents fall and whenever he speaks the listening galleries dwell on the melting music as it gushes forth. One of the star orators of the Senate is Rayner of Maryland, but it may be said of some of his speeches that what they want in depth they give you in length, for he has the habit of drawing out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his logic. But he is at his best when jolting the President. "Of course," he said the other day, "if the people have come to the conclusion that everything that the President recommends is right, then there is hardly any use in contesting any of his propositions or recommendations, and instead of conferring upon him the power to give Congress information of the state of the Union, we might confer upon

him the function of furnishing his own peculiar views upon the entire state of the universe and recommending any improvements or changes in the general plan of creation that he may deem expedient, from the cradle to the grave." And the Senate applauded uproariously.

### Oratory In the House

Incessantly is the full tide of eloquence poured along in the House. The other day so prosaic a topic as the River and Harbor Appropriation bill evoked an outburst of oratory from Mr. Candler of Mississippi. It had for its basis the beauties of the Tombigbee, which flows through Mr. Candler's district. "There is no place," Mr. Candler rhapsodized, "where the sun shines more beautifully and the moon lights up with her silver rays with more grandeur than on this beautiful river. Why, my friends, this river has been sought for far and wide by those seeking that which was beautiful and for that which was grand. They have sought it because it furnished an invitation to admire the beauties of nature, because along it from one end to the other the grandeur and sublimity of Almighty God's creation shines forth with a degree of perfection that is scarcely reached in any other country in the world. [Applause.] My friends, the Mississippi sinks into insignificance in its grandeur and its beauty when it comes in comparison with the Tombigbee. I have heard its murmuring waves as they went singing their beautiful song toward the Gulf since the early days of my childhood, and they have continued to sing along the path of my life and have given me inspiration to love the beauties of nature and admire those grandeurs and those glories that come alone from the great creative hand of God above." Champ Clark, the Chautauqua orator of Mississippi, took occasion the other day to give the House a sample of his sarcasm in a speech on the various plans proposed by the press for President Roosevelt after his retirement in 1909. "Some have suggested," he said, "that he go to the United States Senate. If New York intends to continue in the unhappy habit of electing Republicans to the United States Senate, then my voice is for Roosevelt for that position. Another suggestion is that he shall be president of Harvard College. A noble ambition, surely. I would rather be president of the University of Missouri than be a member of the House or a member of the Senate or Governor of that imperial Commonwealth. Another suggestion is that he devote his life to literature. He would have an immense audience to begin with, and it would make him a fortune. Another is that he shall be perpetual President [laughter] of the Hague arbitration tribunal. [Applause.] It is safe to say that he would discharge the functions of that high office with a great deal of energy, and what he would do to the other peacemakers who had plans different from his would be a plenty. [Laughter.] Another suggestion is that he be made general manager of the Panama Canal. Of all these propositions that would be to me the most tempting. To build an Isthmian canal has been the dream of men since John Balboa first looked down in amazement and delight upon the peaceful ocean, and if that work is a success the man whose name is linked with it will write his name upon the scanty list of the immortals. Why Shonts or Wallace or any other man that had a chance to link his name with it should relinquish that opportunity for any financial inducement whatever is one of those things which, like the peace of God, passeth all understanding." [Laughter.]



### Tommy to Become a Singer

Surgeon-General Evatts of the British army is in favor of teaching the soldiers to sing. He instances any number of moral and scientific reasons why singing is for the betterment of Tommy Atkins, but it should seem enough that the men would find pleasure in it. No doubt they would appreciate a little voice cultivation, but the probability is that if singing became part of the discipline of the army, it would lead to a prescribed programme of patriotic odes echoing exalted sentiments and devoid of "go." To make of pleasure a duty is bad enough but to prescribe its form as well is intolerable. In our own country we are taught that "America," "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia!" are the national anthems, which is all right enough, but supposing we had to sing them! "The Star-Spangled Banner" has been chosen above all others to express patriotic sentiment, but to the majority it is unsingable. Owing to the Civil War it was not that nor the made-to-measure "Battle Hymn" that caught the fancy of the boys in blue, but the readily adaptable and often rowdyish "John Brown's Body," for which new verses were improvised nearly every time it was sung. One of Sep. Winner's songs, "Give Us Back Our Old Commander," which was published just after General McClellan was deposed, had such a vogue that it was forbidden by a special law. Not only were the men in the ranks enjoined, but public singers as well, and dealers were under penalty if they offered it for sale. But it is as difficult to suppress a song as legislate one into popularity. The British Government has already had experience in regulating vocal music, for it tried to interdict the singing of "The Wearing of the Green" in Ireland, but with no more success than attended the efforts made in France to banish the "Marseillaise" from the tongues of ardent Frenchmen. It has long been known that he soldier is a sentimentalist and that music stimulates the martial spirit. There is nothing like a song with a stirring lilt to revive the drooping senses or move to deeds heroic. The severest test of soldiers is to keep still under fire, and the mere order to march or shoot is an immense relief to the nervous tension. Soldiers have been known to find relief in song, as in the Crimean War when the whole British army, as related by Bayard Taylor, burst spontaneously into the singing of "Annie Laurie." And George W. Cable says of the wailing and lugubrious "Lorena," "it was the 'Annie Laurie' of the Confederacy. Kipling's soldiers all sing under more or less provocation, just as often something suggestive of a banshee's wailing as a rollicking regimental ditty. Cromwell's Puritans marched into battle singing hymns and President Roosevelt has said that there is no better fighting tune in the world than "Garryowen." The German army is not behind other German organizations in its love of song, and Noah Brooks tells how the hint was taken when, in crossing the plains a number of young Germans, members of a Verein, marched with their arms on each other's shoulders and sang as they stepped briskly forward until others of the company learned to lighten their own

foot-toil in the same fashion. Even though the British Army shall never become famous for fine singing, the discipline of acting together will not be a loss, and if, as we are frequently reminded, singing is in itself a cure for weak lungs, perhaps the experiment may prove of value in another direction, that of overcoming to some degree the stooping shoulders and narrow chests which, it is now said, are characteristic of the recruits.

### A Desecrated Grade

The advisability of abolishing the rank of Lieutenant-General is being urged at Washington. It is argued, and quite properly, that the grade of Lieutenant-General is entirely superfluous in a time of peace, and that as a mark of distinction it will lose its value unless it be abolished. The proponents of the proposition appear to have lost sight of the fact that as a mark of distinction it has already lost its value, and therefore that it doesn't make much difference whether it be abolished or perpetuated. When General Corbin was made Lieutenant-General, the prestige of the grade expired, and it can never again be revived. If the grade could be abolished for all time with the understanding that as General Corbin had proved its worthlessness as a mark of distinction it would be vain to confer it on anyone, then something might be gained by taking the desired action. Then General Corbin's memory would be perpetuated on the strength of his most notable achievement, and philosophical historians might cite the incident in justification of a warning to all future warriors against seeking distinction on anything less substantial than merits. In bringing the rank of Lieutenant-General into ridicule Corbin caused no great amount of damage to anyone but himself. In assuming, without the stamp of merit, an undeserved dignity, he gave wings to the fame of mediocrity. But he did not diminish the glory of his predecessors; not, at least, that of the men by whom the title of Lieutenant-General was made a mark of distinction. The first that held it was Washington and then came Scott, neither of whom is remembered for his title. The civil war gave us four Lieutenant-Generals—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Schofield—making a total of six in 125 years. Schofield not having attained the honor until 1845 after a long struggle. All save Schofield are the pet heroes of the nation; and it is a far cry from Corbin to Schofield. During the past six years Lieutenant-Generals have been turned out at the rate of one a year, but of the six, five were veterans of the civil war. Corbin's military record was the reverse of glorious. His greatest triumphs were of a purely political character, and not deliciously savory either. Hence we say that he has brought the noble grade of Lieutenant-General into ridicule, and when we ponder the great names that have given lustre to it we feel that he should not go unpunished for the desecration. Because they shone on him he would reach the stars, but now that he is looking into the clouds it would be well if he could be made to regret the base degrees by which he did ascend ambition's ladder.

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# The Flats and Hotels of Paris

By Major Ben C. Truman

There are Flats and Flats in Paris—the French flat and the American flat. The French flat is an “appartement,” or a floor; and the American flat is the rashly unfortunate being who is beguiled into renting it. Ergo, whenever you see the words “appartement a louer” nailed upon a good-looking house in an inviting locality, shun the place as you would a case of leprosy or the bubonic plague.

Some of them are called “private hotels,” or “pensions”; but these are only other more pretentious appellations for the same apocryphal outfit—the handles of the big front door, the concierge, the cat, the elevator—that only carries passengers one way and so much slower than a funeral as to make the cat laugh—the marble stairways, the Venetian mirrors, Smyrna carpets, luxurious portierres, tapestried walls, frescoed ceilings, Louis XVI furniture—warranted to break the first time it is used—the bronze clocks and candlestick, are at all these “appartements a louer,” be they “pensions,” flats, or suites belonging to “widows of lamented officers of the army and navy,” or any other chestnutty device.

But when you pass under the porte cochere, and “montee,” and are then shown the “premiere etage,” or first floor—which is next above the entresol; which is in reality the second floor—which is, by the way, as paradoxical as true—you discover that there are no stationary water arrangements, no steam nor air heat, not bath nor toilette room, and in most places neither gas nor electric lights—although these latter are being slowly introduced. Someone has exuberantly exclaimed:

“Give us the luxuries of life—the necessities can take care of themselves!”

To that jocund person the Paris flat is exquisitely adapted; for there are the luxuries of life till you can't rest, even to the carved hat racks, bronze vases, Moorish chiselings, modern and ancient engravings and paintings, elaborate fireplace implements and adornings, and much else that appeals to an aristocratic desire; but the lavatory, the bath, the toilette and the incandescent are still coming on a slow freight that has been a long time ditched.

Then there are two or three other floors nearly as elaborately furnished—and the top floor for servants and other lodgers. All who pay their way and appear sober and genteely dressed are eligible as permanent lodgers—no questions are asked and no marriage certificates called for.

The elevator is for the use of “masters” (gentlemen of the flat and their friends, or families,) but never a domestic, nor a laundress, nor any other person—not even that most brassy of all American nuisances, the messenger boy. Only two or three persons can squeeze themselves into a French elevator, which must be always sent down empty in order “not to waste power”—for, be it known, there is no superfluity of even elevator power in Paris—there is no superfluity of anything but “Merci, Monsieur.” Thanks (merci) are the only things ever given away in Paris, and these are showered upon you by everybody, in every way, at every turn.

But there are other adjuncts than the elevator—the kitchen and the salon; one, seemingly, as important as the other. As a whole the Parisian house is from three to five stories in height above the entresol; and then

there is the mansard or French roof. The ground floor is always occupied by stores or business of some character; then comes the entresol; two or three feet lower than the premiere, generally a genteel array of workshops; then comes the premiere (or first) floor, then the second, third, and so on, to the mansard. Each of these floors, so-called, contains salon, salle a manger, kitchen, and from two to six other apartments, called “masters' chambers”—which term means bedrooms—or for other purposes. On the outside there are balconies on the premiere and fourth floors, and thus the entresol is made to appear more inferior in height than it really is. Between the entresol and the mansard, then, the better classes domicile; the salon is an immense gaudy parlor that is always in use; and the kitchen—well, the French kitchen is the ne plus ultra of “little big” things, and unostentatiously betrays what may be done with abbreviated space and transcendent ingenuity. In planning his dining cars Mr. Pullman must have had in mind, among other multum in parvo achievements, the Paris (or French) kitchen, which is six feet wide, ten feet long, with range, gas stove, stone floor and stone sink, and all the implements necessary for the preparation of meals for many people.

When one of Napoleon's generals visited the Inquisition rooms of Spain he saw what seemed to be one of the most elegant and luxurious armchairs that had ever been fashioned; but when one of his staff officers sat in it there pierced his body a hundred daggers like a flash. The French flat is not unlike this chair of the Inquisition. It is sumptuous in the extreme. Its ceilings are frescoed and its walls are hung with tapestries and mirrors. Its windows are draped and curtained in velvet and lace. Its floors are inlaid and covered with rugs. All its other appointments are alike opulent and luxurious, its many clocks and candlesticks being either in brass or bronze. But woe to the man who engages a furnished “apartment.” The chair of the Inquisition was never more fatal.

Neither has Paris progressed much with its hotels. London has far outstripped the French capital in this respect. The Elysee Palais and the Regina are new and more acceptable than any of the others. But on the whole Paris has no first-class hotels whatever compared with those in London and in the United States—except in prices. The Elysee Palace Hotel is luxuriously furnished and appointed, but its seven or eight course dinner consists of about the same old thing the year

(Continued on Page 50.)

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## Evolution of the Auto

With the automobile show at hand interest in the modern horseless chariot has become more widespread than ever. The automobile won its way into our affections during the days of stress and trouble some ten months ago, and since then the chauffeur has met with forbearance all along the line. The auto show will be worth attending, even if you have not and indulge no hope of ever having a gasoline wagon. It will be instructive and entertaining for it will embody one of the marvels of modern scientific achievement. It is not

search for the first one leads back into the dimmest pages of history. Mankind seems to have yearned for the automobile ever since domestic troubles first made swift traveling desirable. Some sort of a sledge that would bump down a side slope was probably the first form of an automoving carrier, aside from slaves and beasts of burden. It has been cited by the scholastic Solons of the motor clubs that the automobile was introduced as a war machine several centuries ago, when some of the gentle warriors of classic times filled a



**AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AUTO**

This machine was built in 1770 by N. J. Cugnot, who is generally known as the father of Automobilmism. But for the French Revolution, which turned men's minds entirely away from this form of mechanics, he might have anticipated George Stephenson. His machine consisted of a wooden chassis, with three wheels. The boiler, a kettle-like contrivance, was in front, and the single fore-wheel was driven by two cylinders. The steering arrangement was not unlike that of the present day, and there were non-skidding tires. The machine still exists and was recently placed in one of the museums in Paris.

easy to remember the appearance of the first auto you ever saw. You may think it is because you know that the up-to-date auto bears a resemblance in a general way, but it will amaze you to discover the vast difference and it will interest you to see how an ugly vehicle has, in imperceptible stages, been metamorphosed into a thing of beauty without losing its distinctive features. The automobile is not only the result of years of physical evolution, but also of centuries of intellectual progress. The horseless carriage is so old that its origin is not to be traced into the remote past. It has existed in some or another form in every age, and

wheeled box full of stones and launched it down hill into the ranks of the enemy. From prehistoric times the idea of eliminating the horse and donkey as hauling powers took possession of imaginative minds, and the horseless carriage was a recurring dream which at various times found more or less definite expression on paper, though not in fact. It has been said that the motor car is an evolution from the bicycle, but this is a careless way of putting it, to say the least. The fact is that the desire to get rid of draught animals and produce an automatic wagon came first of all, and the primary products of it were manumotive vehicles, from



which the dandy horse, the velocipede and the modern bicycle were developed. Considering this, it may be accepted that the automobile was not evolved through the bicycle, that neither is the automobile the father of the manumotive vehicle, but that the automobile idea is the parent of both. The bicycle was the first fruition of the thought and striving, that is all. A road vehicle propelled from within appears to have actually existed before the Christian era dawned, for in "The Ethiopics" Heliodorus refers to a triumphal car at Athens that was "moved along by men carried therein." Pancerollus also mentions these chariots. A Chinese contrivance with wheels that was punted along by poles and others that were rowed on land are recorded as wonders in the sixth or seventh century. Certain it is that the automobile is not of the mushroom growth that many accredit it with being, but that it has been a true product of evolution. Also, it is apparently certain that the real self-moving vehicle, actuated by mechanical power, was successfully demonstrated before the steam railway car. The commercially practical motor car has been a thing of rapid development within the last decade, but motor driven vehicles for road use that were practical in that they were capable of traveling and dirigible, date back to the eighteenth century, while during the seventeenth century wagons driven by spring power and by sails were employed in Germany and the Netherlands. It even seems possible that there was in Turkey a genuine automobile driven by explosive power, though not of a practical sort, as long ago as 1585, for Edward Webb, an English writer of travels, describes a cunning piece of fireworks, framed like an ark, that carried forty men within it and was driven by "thirteene thousand severall peeces of fire worke." Prophecies of the motor car and explicit forecasts there were in plenty. In the thirteenth century Friar Roger Bacon (1214-1294) declared that it would yet be possible to make wagons go without horses and not long afterward Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) made a sketch of a gearing for a self-moving carriage, which he declared was practicable, but which he did not demonstrate. In 1625 a petition was filed in England by John Marshall for "a new invention of a cart of 15 cwt., to carry a great burden without help of horses and guided but by himself." Letters patent dated October 10, 1644, were granted by Louis XIV. to Jean Theson for "the privilege of employing a little four wheel carriage, set in motion without any horses, but merely by two men seated." The second century steam engine of Hero was employed in the seventeenth century for a toy steam wagon made by Verbiest, a missionary in China, and Sir Isaac Newton is reported to have used the same idea, a kettle with the spout turned rearward and provided with a single steam jet apparatus somewhat similar to contemporaneous steam toys. In 1782 James Watt patented a double acting engine, which he thought "might be employed to give motion to wheel carriages." Before this, in 1769, a Frenchman, Nicholas Joseph Cugnot, invented what is most generally conceded to be the first steam automobile. This was a trolley vehicle, built with state funds, and in the following year he built a second one, showing improvements, which was exhibited at the Tuilleries in 1789. This contrivance was fatally defective in that it had only a single wheel for both driving and steering. Watt did not put his patent to the trial, but other British experts took up the subject, and for more than fifty years, well into the nineteenth century, there was remarkable activity in the building of steam carriages in both Europe and America. George Stephenson,

Richard Trevithick, Walter Hancock, Goldsworthy Gurney, David Gordon, William Brunton and others were the leaders of the movement in England, while in the United States steam vehicles were brought out by Oliver Evans, Nathan Read, Thomas Blanchard and others. Read produced his carriage in 1789, and it was more practical than that of Cugnot. Oliver Evans obtained in 1787 the right to operate steam road wagons in Pennsylvania and Maryland, and in 1805 built a combined road wagon and boat. The first notable improvement of the nineteenth century was that of Richard Trevithick of England, who with Andrew Vivian patented in 1802 a steam carriage having a flywheel on the crankshaft and the latter connected with the driving wheels by gearing. This was the first steam vehicle with transmission gearing.

Soon after the close of the first quarter of the nineteenth century the interest in steam road carriages grew to impressive proportions in England, and it seemed for a time as if this type of vehicle was destined to permanent use and to revolutionize travel on the highways. In 1833 there were not less than twenty such vehicles in and around London and a dozen corporations had been organized to operate motor roadway lines over stated routes. That was the time when the automobilists of to-day who rant about prejudice and adverse legislation should have lived, for these were what chilled and killed the budding bloom of steam highway lines. For a decade or two the activity in the developing of the automobile ceased. The "locomotive act" of Great Britain, requiring the man to walk ahead with a flag, was a sufficient deterrent to inventors in that kingdom, and when the activity was renewed it was in France. This was in the early seventies, and may be said to mark the beginning of the automobile era, for some of the men who then began to turn out experimental automobiles kept at it until in the eighties and nineties they had produced commercially practical vehicles, and several of their names are identified to-day with well known makes of motor cars. It is by no means to be inferred that American inventors were idle during this season of renewed activity in developing the automobile. Motor vehicles of merit were produced in the United States by so many different men that space prevents even the mention of the work of all of them, or their names. One notable invention was made in 1859, when J. K. Fisher of New York brought out a small steam carriage which made fifteen miles an hour. The modern automobile period began about 1889, when the Daimler liquid hydro-carbon engine appeared in a form which held out some promise of success in the use of it for road vehicles. Not that the gasoline engine was new at this time, but the adaptation of it for motor cars was the object being sought. In this work, however, Daimler and the other Europeans were anticipated by an American, according to the historians, for in 1879 there was filed in the Patent Office at Washington an application for a vehicle with a liquid, hydro-carbon engine of the compression type, having a transmission capable of being disconnected with the engine, the feature so necessary on all practical automobiles to-day. The first successful gas engine originated in Germany. The first long-distance successful trip in this country was made by Alexander Winton in the 90's, from Cleveland to New York.

— "Those Lustrous Eyes are Murine Eyes."  
Murine Eye Remedy Makes Dull Eyes Bright. Sick Eyes Well. Soothes and Quickly Cures Ailing Eyes. An Eye Tonic.



# The Annals of Pickeye

(In Seven Chapters)

By the Editor of the Old "Pickeye Trumpet"—J. T. Goodman

## IV

### HOW SANTA CLAUS FIRST WENT ABOVE PICKEYE

A railroad runs past the site of Pickeye now, and winds in and out of the canyons beyond until it disappears in the heart of the Sierras, so the region is no longer the almost inaccessible fastness it was half a century ago. There are orchards and vineyards on every sunny slope, gardens and cottages in every pleasant vale, and over them all bends a sky to which the reflected serenity has given a fresh charm. But whatever new glories may crown the scene or whatever joys may swell in other hearts, they can never dim the splendor and delight of that Christmas more than fifty years ago when Santa Claus first went above Pickeye.

Only the roughest of wagon-roads penetrated the region then, and Pickeye was its terminal point. The remoter camps were reached by the merest trails, over which the miners trudged on foot and supplies were carried by pack-animals.

One of the principal of these outlying camps was Lang's Bar, five miles up the creek from Pickeye. There were rich diggings on the flat and in the tributary gulches, but the spot was even richer in scenic beauty than in gold. It was almost a perfect amphitheater, about half a mile in extent, shut in by lofty mountains, except for a narrow canyon to the east and a broader one where the stream, after slackening its speed through the bar, rushed away again to the west.

Those were days when California had forests indeed, their native keepers, the Indians, having learned through ages of experience the wisdom of burning the undergrowth and fallen leaves as often as a fire would run through them; so the noble growth of pines and oaks that crowned the summits and adorned the slopes around Lang's Bar stood in park-like majesty and openness, stately, vigorous, unscathed, no tangled undergrowth choking the vistas, through which the deer might be seen a mile away.

The bar itself was smooth as a lawn, and on this particular Christmas-tide as verdant also; for in addition to the pines, cedars, water-oaks and manzanitas that held up their standard of perpetual greenery, an alternation of warm rains and sunshine had stirred to early life a grassy growth that coated it like emerald.

There was human life, too, and much of it—busy, boisterous, happy life. From one end of the bar to the other could be heard the songs and shouts of men at work in the bed or banks of the stream, mingled with the ring of picks, the screech of shovels on the long-toms and the boom of torrents and crash of rocks in the ground-sluices. Lang's Bar that season was a realization of the miner's dream, good diggings and plenty of water.

But there was also life that was not so ideal and joyous. Of the score or so log cabins strung along the banks of the stream, the one nearest the canyon at the lower end of the bar was the most pretentious, and its plan and surroundings bore evidence of a quality of domesticity lacking in all the others. There was a projection, or wing, at the eastern end and a porch filling out the nook formed by it, and in front, shadowed by a grove of young pines, were the rudiments of a flower-garden. The spot was not

fenced, however. Everything was open and free as nature had made it, except the top of a small knoll just back of the cabin. A little picket inclosure there indicated that saddest of all things, a lone grave.

Under a shed at the rear of the cabin a woman was toiling over a washtub, the collection of rough garments showing that she was doing washing for the miners. Two children, a girl of six years and a boy of four, were playing by the trail in front of the house. But their play appeared to have no merriment in it. It was the subdued, awed sport of children forever conscious of the shadow of a father's grave upon their playground, or who had been untimely weaned from mirth in some other way.

Their attention was diverted from their half-hearted pastime by the appearance of a big, broad-shouldered young man who came striding down the trail. As the children ran to meet him he slackened his pace and called out cheerily:

"Hello, Fanny! hello, Johnny! How are my little play-fellows to-day?"

Without any direct reply the children managed to assure him of their well-being and of their delight at seeing him.

"And how is your mama?" he asked.

"She's washing," replied Fanny. "Do you want to see her?"

"No, not now, I guess. I'm on my way to town; maybe I'll stop when I come back. To-morrow will be Christmas, you know. Are you little ones going to hang up your stockings to-night?"

"No," answered Fanny ruefully; "mama says it ain't no use."

"No use?" echoed the big miner, in astonishment. "Why not?"

"'Cause Santa Claus won't never come above Pickeye, she says."

"What makes her think so?"

"There ain't no road. Papa was going to build one; but there won't ever be one now, mama says."

"They put papa in a big hole in the ground up yonder," explained Johnny, to enlighten the apparently nonplused questioner.

The big miner gently lifted the little fellow to his shoulder, took Fanny by the hand, and walked on silently down the trail. But, after a little, he pressed Johnny's curls to his bearded face, set him carefully down, patted Fanny's cheek, and said, as if there had been no interruption of the conversation:

"Well, all the same, pretties, you hang up your stockings just outside the door. A little ground-squirrel told me something back yonder that makes me think Santa Claus is going to break his record and come above Pickeye to-night. Bye-bye. Remember me to your mama."

And the big fellow strode off down the canyon, sage Johnny remarking to his sister, as they watched the disappearing giant:

"Dobie Joe is the bestest man in the world now, 'cause he is just like papa used to be to us."

(Continued on Page 55.)



## In Lent.

In raiment gray—as sadly gray  
 As storm-hurt skies—unsmilingly,  
 This morning Betty comes to pray;  
 The church is dim \* \* \* a single ray  
 Of arrowy sunshine, straightly sped  
 Through saint-set windows overhead,  
 Tints her pale cheek beguilingly.

Her meditations match her gown.  
 From earthly joys, with deep disdain,  
 She turns, with contemplative frown;  
 And pearly tears go trickling down  
 Upon the violets at her breast.

Couleur de rose becomes her best!  
 \* \* \* \* \*

This morn she prays in pious pain;  
 This eve she plays at Bridge again.

—The Chorister.

## Perspective Impressions

Mr. "Ned" Hamilton says he doesn't understand the legislature at present in session in Sacramento. Perhaps the language of Colonel Mazuma this session is Esperanto.

The legislature might, in behalf of Senator Greenwell, pass a law barring an untenanted suit of clothes as proof of the corpus delicti in cases of apprehension in flagrante delicto.

A Royal Commission in Great Britain has reported that the drinking of raw milk is the chief cause of consumption. There are dairymen in California that protect the consumer from consumption by diluting the milk with liquids containing germs that destroy the tubercular bacilli.

It is needless to remark that nobody is reading the Thaw case except for its human interest.

The Pope it is said possesses a chair valued at \$90,000. The one that Senator Clark occupies cost a quarter of a million.

To make concessions on the Japanese school question for the purpose of getting a treaty for the protection of American labor is to argue ourselves somewhat pharisaical.

The patriotic labor agitators of the Japanese and Korean Exclusion League are in no mood to be trifled with by the Japanese Government. They are abundantly equipped with deadly jawbones and there is no limit to their supply of defiance.



It is rumored that the skull and jawbone of the giant prehistoric man recently discovered in Nebraska will be named by the scientists "Oratoriuspresidential-candidatusagainos."

—Walker for Baltimore Syndicate.



Onward!

—B. S. in Columbia State.

## The Neglected Lute

By Mabel Porter Pitts.

A moldering casement's twilight chill where shivering ivy clings  
Now holds the silence where a song once thrilled the vibrant strings.  
Long, long ago an idle hand waked one unwilling tone  
That now the far-off sea repeats in low, undying moan;  
An east wind spoke its sad complaint when chafed its stinging blight  
And whispered to a nightingale that told the listening night.  
No singing, sun-kissed sound of earth now warms the deepening chill.  
No passing breeze, however glad, finds one responsive thrill;  
All mute it lies, each straining discord hushed in gathering rust,  
The twisted strings confused and dead beneath decay and dust,  
But had some kindly thought been born to light the lonely space  
Or had some breath of gladsome ways filled up the empty place  
Then had the lute found out that song which joy forever sings  
And it had ever blessed the hand which woke the silent strings.

## The Spectator

### Martin's Humor

Walter Martin is something of a wag. He recently wrote to a friend in the East to the effect that he was thinking of building a home in Marin county so that he would be near his Burlingame friends when they moved to that side of the bay. From this subtle bit of jocosity one may infer that Walter knows something of the uneasiness of a bunch of Captains of Industry whose methods have been the subject of inquiry for some time. As the dailies haven't been giving much space to the progress of the graft prosecution of late it is generally supposed that Detective Burns has uncovered all the evidence of corruption that was accessible, but there are more sensations to come and when they do come it will be found that Burns has been living up to his reputation even though he should fail to vindicate the humor of Mr. Walter Martin.

### Sympathetic Millionaires

There are several distinguished citizens identified with the exclusive social colony of this city who have no sympathy with the prosecution of Schmitz and Ruef. Indeed they are well satisfied with the municipal Administration, the City's plight moves them not to virtuous reprobation, indifferent are they to the obvious in civic affairs and the incompetency of conscienceless and incompetent public officials. Their own personal interests absorb all their attention, and these interests are not menaced by the grafting proclivities of the people's thrifty servants. Consequently they are inclined to scoff at Rudolph Spreckels and James D. Phelan for being so eager to break up the powerful combination that holds this city in its grasp. Much is said about the iniquitous capitalistic combination that is persecuting Schmitz and Ruef but that combination appears to comprise only Spreckels and Phelan, neither of whom has any interest in any public service corporation. Nobody charges that Captain Payson, who represents the powerful Parrott interests in the Spring

Valley Water Company, is trying to railroad Schmitz into the penitentiary. Nobody accuses Billy Bourn of being behind the prosecution. Mr. Bourn is one of the men who are said to have bought a lot of Spring Valley stock some time ago when things were being shaped for the sale of the Spring Valley reservoir and pipe plant to the city so that it would be available as soon as Will Tevis turned over the Bay Cities Water System to the city. Will Crocker has so far managed to subdue his small voice of civic patriotism, a feat requiring no great effort since that gigantic water deal holds something of interest to him. Another of the prominent citizens who have so far repressed the impulses born of civic pride is Mr. Montford Wilson who has a happy faculty for reconciling his thoughts with those of Will Crocker. All these prosperous gentlemen have held themselves aloof from the prosecution. Not only that they condemn the methods of Spreckels and Phelan. By these wild-eyed reformers they are filled with well-bred horror. Perhaps none of them would hesitate to make the confession that George Newhall, a luminous Burlingame figure, made in open court when pleading to be excused from service with the Andrews grand jury—that he was a friend of the Administration.

### Harvey's Associates Desert

What has become of that Coast railroad that Mr. J. Downey Harvey was building for the purpose of bringing the surf of Santa Cruz to our doors? It appears that operations have been suspended, and that Mr. Harvey is doing the Micawber stunt. It is rumored that his capital has petered out and that he is now trying to devise new ways and means of financing the great enterprise. My sympathies are with Mr. Harvey, for I have heard that he has been deserted by some of his associates. One of the latest to withdraw from the company is Mr. Walter Dean, who was one of the many wealthy San Franciscans thrown into financial panic by the loss of property in the April fire.



### An Easy Bit of Financiering

It is a curious fact that it was principally among our very richest citizens that cold feet were prevalent during and immediately after the fire. Men of moderate fortunes took their losses stoically but the millionaires rushed home and discharged their servants and prepared for a protracted drought. One bank president lost his job as a consequence of his despair which threatened to become infectious and several shrewd financiers took such a hopeless view of the situation that they were easily induced to make very bad bargains. One of them was Mr. James L. Flood, whose sentiments respecting the real estate market immediately after the fire may be surmised from the character of a lease that he made covering the big gore lot at Market and Ellis streets. That property is worth \$1,500,000 and at the rate at which values are climbing will be worth \$2,000,000 before many years. Yet Flood surrendered possession of it for the rest of his natural life for two per cent on the present estimated value. The lessors are N. Scharlan, who formerly kept a small bazar in Chinatown, M. Rosenthal, who had a small wholesale business at Battery and Market streets and D. Freedman, who came to town shortly after the fire in quest of good things. These men took the lease on a shoestring, as the saying goes, agreeing to erect on the lot a building costing \$100,000. They agreed to pay \$30,000 a year for seven years, the rent to be raised thereafter until it reached \$45,000 a year. And it was agreed that the rent should not commence to run until July of this year. So by these terms the enterprising gentlemen virtually obtained for nothing an option, for one year, on one of the finest pieces of property in the city. But that is not all of the story. They organized the New Era Investment Company and the other day they turned over half the stock to the Western National Bank in consideration of an agreement on the part of that institution to erect on the lot a two hundred thousand dollar building. It is estimated that the rentals will approximate between \$80,000 and \$100,000 a year, and that here will be a profit of between \$40,000 and \$60,000. The profits will be applied to the payment of the debt and interest and thereafter they will be divided among the stockholders. So the bank acquires a half interest in the lease for financing the enterprise, and after the debt is paid, or in about four years, each of the original lessees will begin to draw down about ten thousand dollars a year and continue to do so for the remainder of their lives.

### The Thaw Case

A most astonishing phenomenon incident to the trial of Harry Thaw for the murder of Stanford White is the frank espousal of the murderer's cause by some of the daily papers. Ostensibly Harry Thaw is being tried under the Penal Code of the State of New York but quite obviously it is the so-called unwritten law upon which his counsel mainly depend and which is being invoked in the murderer's behalf. This fact the newspapers accept as though it did not call for reprehension. It even appears to be assumed that the jury is privileged to base a verdict on an unwritten law, and some of the more intellectually dishonest of the special writers are permitted to go so far as to insist that the defendant be acquitted under the infamous code that spells anarchy. It would be difficult to imagine a more vicious abuse of the license of the press. For here

is a case signally exemplifying the iniquity of ignoring the written law which should be presumed to be adequate for the protection of society and of all individuals composing society. Here is a case which brings into startling relief the dangerous potentialities of that unwritten code which seems to be susceptible of adjustment as a palladium for the protection alike of dishonored gentlemen and the frenzied degenerates of the tenderloin.

### A Fine Combination

In this curious case the unwritten code is not in itself sufficient to save the murderer from the electric chair. Nevertheless it is owing to the provocation which that code recognizes as a sufficient pretext for homicide that the murderer has the sympathy of the maudlin sentimentalists of the press. They assume that the provocation has been established though as a matter of fact the testimony to that end was introduced as evidence of the unhinging of a loose-jointed mind. Great are the opportunities for strategic manoeuvring under the disingenuous combination of the statutory insanity plea of justifiable homicide. Under that combination it matters not so much what the facts are as what the murderer believed them to be, and if he is as credulous as some of the special writers of New Year appear to be there is nothing sufficiently preposterous under the sun to excite his scepticism. Those writers are appalled at the unspeakable infamies of Stanford White, in behalf of whom it would be difficult to suggest the possibility of circumstances so palliative as to extinguish one speck of the odium that attaches to his memory, and yet it is quite easy to conceive a set of circumstances vastly at variance with Evelyn Thaw's narrative of her experience, a narrative so cunningly contrived to anticipate adverse testimony and so ruthless in some of its references, especially to Jack Barrymore, that one cannot but marvel that there should be experienced journalists so gullible as to accept it as the tale of an ingenue. Surely we may with absolute consistency sympathize from the bottom of our hearts with this erstwhile neglected child model of the studios and at the same time assume a cynical attitude with the aid of the reasonable reflection that misfortune schooled her to worse usage than could be borne without blushing embarrassment by a maiden fresh from the seminary.



GOLF HOSE  
AND  
HANDKER-  
CHIEFS

Imported golf hose in plain colors with fancy tops. Imported golf handkerchiefs in real Madger prints.

**Bullock & Jones**  
Company  
Van Ness at Eddy

The Severn, at 1050 Geary street, is a delightfully appointed restaurant.



### An Aspect of the Trial

It is White rather than Thaw who is on trial in New York and White cannot defend himself. And howsoever inclined the District Attorney may be to defend him, his privilege is merely to prosecute Thaw, and there are rules of evidence that exclude proofs which he would, perhaps, like to introduce. This aspect of the situation does not interest the special writers. So much of their sympathy has the poor, unprotected but precocious child wife absorbed that they have none left for the lascivious, unlamented. It is sufficient for them to know that she is very young and that White was a lecherous rascal. Though very young she has had a world of experience and has been a source of great mischief, but her experience was most pathetic and Thaw is a hero who rescued her from a life of shame and then exposed her to the pity of the world. And as a consequence we are being deluged with drooling sentimentality that would nauseate a sailor fresh from the bilge. I would not court the charge of squeamishness and hypocrisy by asserting that it revolts me, this unexpurgated tale of libidinous phantasies. My journalistic apprenticeship in the sumps of the department of criminal justice fortified me against shocks from such sources, but this drama of the out-Zazaing of Zaza in real life with its sidelights on the canicular rages in which the heroine's lovers threaded their frenetic infatuation, is, I submit, hardly a suitable theme to inspire the chaste feminine philosophers of newspaperdom.

### The Pretext for Exploitation

One of the very cunningly managed dailies prepared us for the mephitic irruption with a prefatory editorial shrewdly designed to forestall criticism of its impending appeal to the prurient. This editorial informed us that the case would deserve generous exploitation abounding as it would in human interest and in such moral lessons as should be afforded by familiarity with the evil results of a roue's iniquities and the miserable experience of the pampered son of indulgent parents. It is hard to acquiesce in this deft allurements of beneficent teaching and sacred purpose. Besides there is too much bad taste to be expectorated before you can savor the moral subtleties of the vulgar presentment. What proportion does the beneficence of it bear to the whole? How considerable a share of it is positively mischievous in its effects upon the popular mind in the erroneous ideas and unworthy predispositions it engenders! And above all how can any newspaper justify its sneaking advocacy of a principle by which a man is justified when impelled by no matter how great and how just a sense of grievance, he resorts to unwritten law and makes himself its tribunal and executioner.

### Perniciousness of It

The final vengeance belongs to the law that is written, and by no other conception of justice can the deterrent force of capital punishment be of lasting influence. Harry Thaw may be crazy and if so he should go to an insane asylum, but whatsoever be the result of his trial the effect of it has been most pernicious, inculcating, as it has by reason of the manner in which the news of it has been handled in some papers, the notion that an unwritten law obtains in this country, and that a woman of the character of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw is of the substance of which heroines are fashioned. The unfortunate young woman is deserving of sympathy but she is not a figure to be transformed into a theatric martyr for the edification

of the general. It is her misfortune that she is her mother's daughter and that she was started upon her career under no better auspices than have been the lot of bedraggled creatures of the quayside or the more prosperous that become the frolic of the dazzling tenderloin. She fell into the companionship of Stanford White, a practical esthete of the cult that worships Aphrodite Pandemos, a degraded wretch if you will, but possibly a trifle less vicious than he has been painted. Those writers by whom is being pictured the life that staggers through an atmosphere of stale champagne and musk sobbed dramatically over the tragic story of the sixteen-year-old girl's inveiglement and disillusionment, and yet how unconvincing was that confession! It is a story that might easily be altered to the advantage of White's memory. For it is slightly improbable that the man who had access to the stage entrances along Broadway would have pursued such dilatory tactics in the case of a chorus girl who had spent two years in the studios of New York as a model, and against whom the presumption lies in consequence of all the known circumstances of her career that even at the tender age of sixteen she had developed a mind of many colors and a mouth of many tunes and kisses. That drugging story—but, bah! there should be limits to balderdash and bathos, extremes beyond which vulgarity should not be permitted to go. This trial scrapes the very bottom of abysmal vulgarity. It is not a picture of life. It is a study in degeneracy, and despite the efforts of purveyors of cant the muck of it all is not to be refined in the germicidal rays of the sun of love.

### Bret Harte's Cruelty

"However great Bret Harte was as a writer of California classics," says a gentleman in commenting on the poverty of the author's eccentric daughter, "however beautiful his stories of early life in the Golden West are, his treatment of his family was simply contemptible. For twenty years or more before his death he lived in London in ease, receiving a large and steady income from the sale of his writings. All this time his wife and two daughters were living in Plainfield, N. J.,



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struggling to keep up appearances and to make both ends meet. Letters from the celebrated father and husband were few and far between, and remittances came still less frequently. What a bitter thing it is for those who are refined, educated and well born to put up a fight against poverty! And still the brave mother and her daughters were never heard by their friends to utter a harsh word against the husband and father who had taken himself out of their life and who lived in ease among the literary lights of London. So far as the outside world ever knew, Mrs. Harte, Jessamy and Ethel looked upon their father as a wonderful man and one of America's greatest writers. The daughters were brought up to revere him, while the mother bore her sorrow in silence. Why Bret Harte deserted his family so cruelly—for it can be called nothing less than desertion—is a mystery. No doubt in years to come it will be laid to the eccentricities of genius. Never once, after going abroad late in the '70s or early in the '80s, did Bret Harte return to this country, or did his wife and daughters visit him. After his death in London a few years ago Mrs. Harte and the youngest daughter went abroad, hoping he might have left something that would make their life a little smoother. But the genius had left nothing. Instead of getting a royalty on his books from his publishers he had received a stated sum annually, and this income ended with his death. All left for the family was the memory of a man looked upon as great by all except those who knew. Bret Harte also had two sons, but they were able to take care of themselves, and they did more for the mother and the two girls growing up to womanhood than their father ever did. They left home years ago, and neither is in this country, so far as former friends know. At last accounts Mrs. Harte and Ethel, who went to London after Bret Harte's death and were discovered living in poverty, were the beneficiaries there of a fund established by such prominent authors as Gilbert Parker, Conan Doyle, George Meredith and Anthony Hope Hawkins. Does it not seem strange that an author whose fine mind and seemingly inspired pen could blend love, sentiment, pathos and humor as Bret Harte has done in 'M'lis,' 'The Luck of Roaring Camp,' 'Salomy Jane's Kiss' and many other stories could be so brutal toward his own flesh and blood?"

#### The Sierra Poet's Latest Suggestion

Joaquin Miller is at it again. In the matter of tinkering with geographical names he runs the postal department a close second, but since it amuses him without harming other folks there should be no objection. At all events he is better than Tolstoi, who has as yet found nothing in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth quite to his satisfaction—with the single exception of Count Lyof Tolstoi. This time Joaquin only wants to change the name of the Mississippi river. He would like the stream called the Missouri from the source in the Rocky mountains to the

mouth at the Gulf of Mexico. In this he is no more original than in his other design of changing the name of the United States to Usland. Miller manages to have himself taken much more seriously in the East and in London than he does at home, where poets are too numerous to attract special attention. He has some foreign admirers who think he is the veritable saint after whom the San Joaquin valley and river have been named.

#### "Dicky" and the Moon

That industrious purveyor of sentimental tommyrot, the exquisite Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, who pours his soft enchantments into the magazines "in strings of doggerel like sausage meat," has lately been blundering astronomically in rhyme. He calls the effusion "Moonlight." Harken to this poetaster:

"O, climb with me, this April night,  
The silver ladder of the moon!  
All dew and danger and delight—  
Above the poplars soon.

Into the lilac scented sky,  
Shall mount her maiden horn,  
Frail as a spirit to the eye—  
O, climb with me till morn."

A critic, suggesting that Mr. Le Gallienne is hardly on sufficiently familiar terms with the Queen of Heaven's bright isles to take such liberties with her, thus responds to the invitation to climb issued by the bard of the scranne pipe:

Dicky, your "Moonlight" poem is just sweet,  
With the "divine afflatus" all replete.  
But let me whisper that no mortal eyes,  
However eagerly they scanned the skies  
In autumn, winter, spring or summer heat,  
Have ever yet beheld the new moon rise!

But, Dicky dear, even should not a soul  
Accept your invitation to a stroll  
Up the long "silver ladder" of the moon,  
Don't let the backwardness by others shown  
Discourage you from starting up alone—  
And, if you've no objection, make it soon!

## Announcement

Spring and Summer

We desire to announce that our complete selection of strictly confined Imported and Domestic Woolens, consisting of unusually attractive patterns in popular weaves and fashionable materials, is now ready awaiting inspection.

It gives us pleasure to state that every garment is made by skilled tailors, cut on stylish and artistic lines that command the admiration and approval of our customers.

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### A Kindly Companion Gone

With the passing of William Maitland, companionably called 'the dean,' the Press Club has lost one of the kindest, best beloved and most genial of its members. Everybody that frequented the rooms knew him intimately and everybody liked to sit beside the ingle-nook with him of an evening to smoke over a sociable glass and browse over the events of the day and the queer things in one's past experience. He had led a rounded and varied life full of strange adventures and replete with sage garnerings. He had served in high places, as when he was high Sheriff of Bombay and had penetrated into many queer places in the Orient while representing a big English house. Some twenty years ago he came to California with what remained of his fortune and bought a vineyard. Like many other Scotchmen of that day he knew very little about the business. The dry years and the vine pests added to his troubles and at last he encountered a period of financial distress. But he faced it pluckily, wrote for the press, tackled the wine problem more vigorously than ever, and after a bit he was on his feet again. Grapes went up in price and with the knowledge he had literally dug out of the ground he was able to reap a comfortable fortune. It was while he was struggling to right his finances that he joined the Press Club and endeared himself by his sincerity, simplicity and companionableness to all its members.

### Squeezing the Stock Speculators

Blue, darkly blue and sickly is the hue that hangs over the Mining Stock Exchange on Bush street these days. The several hundred different issues of the Nevada goldfields are sagging downward with a persistency that is heart rending to the margin players facing the situation. A cog slipped somewhere, for this is the very period which was vigorously touted some two months ago as the time when stocks would be soaring, knocking the lid off the record prices. By grace of the powers that be the boom period has been extended another month, so report now officially announce. Meanwhile what is to become of the investors who are having the life blood squeezed out of them in the way of margins. All sorts of soothing syrup reasons are given for the decline, lack of Eastern buyers, lack of big strikes to keep up the public interest, the distressful winter weather that is covering Nevada, the Sullivan failure; in short, any old reason that will mollify the distracted investor will answer the purpose just as well as any of those given. The big insides have formed a combination and when they get ready to move the market they'll do so. Meanwhile they're making money, pounding down prices and gathering in stocks at a cheap figure. Later on they will peddle them out to more gullibles at higher prices and repeat the present squeeze. It's the old, old game played wherever a mining stock board exists: played on a big scale on Wall street; played on a small scale in Oakland.

### Playing the Same Old Game

The fact of the matter is that the game on Bush street is being again conducted on the same lines that it was in the thimble rigging Comstock days. The difference now is that with a bigger population, more money in sight and better telegraphic communication

The Severn, at 1050 Geary street, is a delightfully appointed restaurant.



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east and west, the game is mapped out on a far broader scale. There are now a million shares of stock in play where before there were only one hundred thousand in a company. At par value of one dollar that means that the mine selling at that figure is supposed to be worth one million dollars. How many mines are worth

the present good shipping producers. The other two hundred are mostly prospects. Some few of them will make good but the most of them won't by a very, very large majority. And those who speculate in them on glittering advertisement, those who do not carefully investigate the condition of the mine and the character and financial standing of those managing its destiny will surely get their financial fingers burnt, and burnt badly.

### Aspects of Genius

It is interesting to contemplate the conflict between great minds. The Rev. Dr. Rader rhapsodizes over Tolstoy, the moralist and the Christian. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the learned London essayist, has somewhere pointed out that as a moralist the great Russian writer combines in one chaos of contradictions an unmanly Puritan and an uncivilized prig. Moreover he has quoted from Tolstoy's writings to show that his simple life theories are founded on a misconception of Christ's teachings, due entirely to a distortion of Christ's utterances as recorded in the Bible. In other words he has found that Tolstoy the moralist prefers to tell us what Christ taught instead of telling us what Christ said, and that when Tolstoy's assertion of what Christ taught is compared with what the Scriptures tell us that Christ said there is an obvious difference. Nobody disparages Tolstoy the artist, the portrayer of life; for critics all respect his transcendent genius, the essence of which is its universality, but they deplore the didactic Tolstoy, Tolstoy the moralist and Christian who is forever scenting out small sins that are sins only to the mind that has been steeped in sin. This latter Tolstoy is a bore and something of a nuisance. He is narrow and noisy. He is also something of an evil because he inveighs against many of the ideals of family and nation. For example he decries love of country and tries to make us ashamed of certain instincts upon which he has placed a very misleading appraisal; all upon the theory that his impracticable ideals are the essentials of a simple Christian life. It has been said there is more simplicity in the man who eats caviar on impulse than in the man who eats salt on principle, and this dictum embodies a principle of logic upon which may be argued the uncleanness of some of the Tolstoy dogma respecting the family. The influence of the Russian is mischievous because as a moral preacher he is vouchsafed an audience on the strength of his reputation as an artist. And Tolstoy is an artist, one of the world's greatest so far as he employs his skill in giving enduring form to his thought. His genius is at his best when engaged in portraying in noble outlines the dignity of humanity. But as Balzac has said the man who has the most genius does not display it at every instant—he would resemble God too closely. Tolstoy displays his genius when painting with poignant vividness the life of the poor, whose simple diversions from courtship to a glass of ale he would interdict in those moments when his genius nods, when as a venomous reformer he is intent, not like Christ, upon bringing joy into the world but upon making the whole world sad.



Homer Boushey

The energetic young automobile magnate and one of the leading and most active spirits of the coming automobile show. Mr. Boushey is Chairman of the Show Committee and to him in no small measure will be due the great success which the Exposition is bound to have. Mr. Boushey is comparatively a new comer in the motor field, having entered it some months after the fire. But his training before that event was of a character that enabled him to acquire the qualities essential to success in a business in which competition is keen and stamina is put to the test. For Mr. Boushey was formerly a newspaper man. He has had experience both in the editorial room and the advertising department. After the fire he went East and obtained the agency for the Pope Automobile Co., whose cars up to that time were almost unknown on this Coast, but now seem to be fitting everywhere. The cars shipped to him for exhibition are the same that appeared in the New York show.

that even in the far famed goldfields where they claim to have millions in ore blocked out. In some instances it will easily cost a million dollars to take out and mill a million dollars worth of bullion. There is no gain-saying that there are some good mines in Nevada, some very good ones, but one has fingers enough to count

## Burns Hammam Baths

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### She Disdains Buggies

Scene: A fashionable grocery store.

Persons: A Parvenu and a Grocery Clerk.

The Grocery Clerk—(Gathering up an armful of bundles containing the groceries ordered by Mrs. Parvenu): Beg pardon, but is that your buggy at the door?

Mrs. Parvenu (drawing herself to her stateliest altitude): That, sir, is my carriage!

To fully appreciate this little comedy from real life the reader must be informed that Mrs. Parvenu is one of the characters in the background of Geraldine Bonner's book entitled "Rich Men's Children." For many years Mrs. Parvenu has dominated the society in which she moves because her husband, now, dead, had money and was a lay figure in the world of finance where he "presided" and "directed" on various "boards" administering the business enterprises of several millionaires. But in the days that Geraldine Bonner writes about in her book Mrs. Parvenu was a boarding-house keeper in Virginia City. She married one of her boarders, as other women mentioned in Miss Bonner's book married the men for whom they washed, and the men for whom they cooked, and the men for whom they sewed on buttons. Out of the bonanza was wafted the good fortune that enabled Mrs. Parvenu to achieve a commanding position in society which she has retained to this day unchallenged and unquestioned. Much of her social success is due to her unrivaled ability as an entertainer. In the jargon of the society reporter, she is a "charming hostess." This success as a "hostess" is probably due in a very great measure to the lady's experience in the boarding-house business. Since her rise to heights of social distinction

Mrs. Parvenu has ceased to ride in "buggies"; she disdains to ride in anything but "carriages." The "buggy" is for the plebian descendants of those who once "boarded" with Mrs. Parvenu. But Mrs. Parvenu seemingly forgot, or perhaps she was never aware, that it is the worst of bad form to leave a "carriage" for the purpose of personally superintending the purchase of groceries. Genuine aristocrats to the manner born sit in their carriages and send the footman to call the clerk. But habit is strong in those who were once accustomed to make the rounds of the butcher, the baker and the grocery dealer for the day's supply of provisions for hungry and not over fastidious boarders.

### Jane Klink Honored

Miss Jane Klink, a Berkeley graduate, has been appointed director of the recently organized department of Sociology in the American International College of Springfield, Illinois. Miss Klink has taken a deep interest in sociology for a number of years. She was one of the intrepid band who hired out to do housework in an effort to solve the servant girl problem. The result of her first-hand investigations was published in the Atlantic Monthly, but though they were well written articles which considered the question temperately from both sides, they had no more effect on the situation than the proverbial drop of water on the duck's back. That, however, reflects not in the least on Miss Klink, for it is just as well to admit that the problem is one of individual temperament. There are good mistresses and good servants and when the two come together there is domestic peace and mutual respect. When the incompetent mistress engages the incompetent maid there is chaos, and when either mistress or maid is

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Spring '07

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incapable, there is friction and dissatisfaction. It is the round peg in the square hole again, and unless the one will consent to be whittled and sandpapered, or the other to be distended until contact on all sides is established there will continue to be the servant problem, in spite of all the experiments of sociologists.

#### Why Should a Doctor Be Called a Captain?

In the United States Navy, as in that of other nations, there is considerable friction between the line officers and the staff officers. The line officers are the fellows who do the harigating and the fighting, while the staff consists of surgeons, paymasters, constructors, engineers and such like. In order to give a better standing to the line officers, they are ranked as lieutenants, commanders, captains or rear-admirals, according to their experience and service. Not content with this, they want to have the titles corresponding to their rank. The controversy between the two divisions of the naval service is an old one and has recently been revived by the personnel bill now under discussion in Congress. To the ordinary observer, who, like Galileo, "cares for none of these things" it seems reasonable that a man should be called by that name or title which gives most information about his occupation. The titles "lieutenant," "commander," "captain," "admiral," seem naturally to indicate the combatant officers; but if surgeons, paymasters, engineers, etc., are to be called by the same titles, the obvious result is confusion. The man who performs the duties of a surgeon or a paymaster should be called a surgeon or a paymaster. Then we know what he is. If he is termed a captain, it is impossible to tell what his functions are.

#### Temporal and Spiritual Peers

The somewhat interesting and instructive parallel is furnished by the position of the English Bishops. These are spiritual peers and most of them have seats in the House of Lords. Yet the Bishop of Salisbury, for example, is spoken of as Bishop Wordsworth or as the Bishop of Salisbury, not as Lord Salisbury, though he is a lord. To call him Lord Salisbury would confuse him with the temporal Marquis of Salisbury, who in common conversation is referred to as Lord Salisbury. Similarly the Archbishop of York, though he is called "His Grace" and ranks above all Dukes except those of royal blood, is not addressed as the "Duke of York," since this would cause him to be confounded with the royal Duke of York. Quite properly, the spiritual peer is named from his office and see, and the temporal peer, by way of distinction, is termed "Lord." Many of the Bishops hold sees, such as Exeter, St. Albans, Nottingham, Liverpool, Bath, Win-

chester, Durham, etc., which have also supplied titles to temporal peers, and common sense requires that there should be some easy, convenient way of distinguishing persons so very different in character and occupation as the Bishop of Durham, a scholar, theologian and administrator of one of the greatest episcopal sees in England, and Lord Durham, a Steward of the Jockey Club and noted supporter of the British turf. On the same principle it is reasonable to distinguish between the officers who navigate, fight, set bones, pay wages, preach or perform other functions, equally necessary and honorable, but essentially different.

#### Baiting the United Railroads

If proof were needed that the daily newspapers of this city wield a power of destruction which far outweighs any constructive force of which they may be possessed, it would be supplied by the riots which took place recently between carmen and passengers of the United Railroads. In two of a particularly serious character which occurred on the same day and almost at the same hour, the platform men and inspectors working for the street car company were fiercely assailed by infuriated mobs which resented their attempts to carry out the perfectly justifiable rules of the company. Their lives were endangered by showers of cobblestones, the windows and sides of the cars were smashed and service on congested lines was delayed interminably during the busiest hour of the evening. In one case the riot followed the attempt of an inspector to remove a passenger who insisted on violating the rule of the company and the city ordinance which forbid riding on the roof of a car. In the second riot the trouble was the outgrowth of the murderous resentment of a crowd of hoodlums who could not stand by inactive and see one of their fellows ejected from a car for insulting women. Rioting is a manifestation of mob spirit wholly alien from San Francisco habits. Our crowds are more than usually disposed toward peace and good humor and on the rare occasions when mob feelings become too exuberant for repression they overflow in the form of rough but harmless pleasantry. Even when subjected to inconvenience, as in the street car strikes, San Franciscans are wont to retain their cheerfulness and good nature. So when we find a crowd on our streets rowing like a pack of frenzied Greeks some other than a purely sub-

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jective explanation must be found for the phenomenon. There is such an explanation for these street car riots; they may be traced logically to the incessant attacks on the United Railroads that fill the papers day after day.

### Carping Not Justified

The persistent hammering of our journalistic Thors has worked the public into hatred of the United Railroads and its employes which is very far from being justified by the defects of the service. Admitting that street car conditions in this city are aggravating and that improvement seems rather slow, it still must be allowed by all reasonable people that the extraordinary obstacles with which the company has had to contend weigh so heavily in the opposite scale that there is very small ground left for criticism. A street car system networking an entire city cannot be reorganized and its motive power converted in a week or a month. But this consideration is not allowed to influence the policy of our papers which consider constant and unqualified abuse of public-service corporations indispensable to circulation, so they cry down corporate endeavor with all the violence of which the fluent editorial pens are capable. Without being an arrant plutolater one may still insist on a square deal for a corporation which is performing a great public function, to its own exceeding profit of course, but also to the tremendous benefit of the city. If the United Railroads neglects the duties which its intimate relations with the municipality entails, the newspapers are strictly within their rights in calling it to account, but by ill-advised attacks breathing rancor and intemperate hostility no good but much evil is done. By shouting so raucously all the time the papers only deafen their readers to good counsels while they excite featherbrained fools and law-despising hoodlums to riot.

### Garibaldi's Interesting Pilgrimage

The effulgent and broadcast notoriety of the present Legislature as a convention of very eminent grafters has aroused the curiosity and perhaps the cupidity of some of the ancient war eagles of the old political parties and they are making rheumatic pilgrimages to the state capital filled with consuming desire to witness the prize grafters' ring at its worst. Among the most picturesque of these resurrected captains of industry is good old Garibaldi Finn, the same old Garibaldi who was one of the district leaders when Bill Higgins was the power in local Republican politics. Sad indeed has been the toboggan slide in life of the faithful Garibaldi since the passing of his mighty chief. He was among the flotsam and jetsam of human wreckage cast into the refugee camps by the big earthquake. Until last week he was among those who lined up daily at the Ingleside camp and marched to their meals. During the recent stormy weather however Garibaldi, like all the rest, kept indoors and found his only solace in the scraps of carefully treasured daily papers that were passed grudgingly from hand to hand. It was in this wise that Garibaldi learned of the exalted merits of the present Legislature as a bunch of artistic grafters and he was seized with an unquenchable fever to see them at their rawest work. The old lieutenant still has a lot of very good friends downtown whom he can call on for favors whenever he deigns to do so. From one he obtained an order for a suit of good clothes, from

another he borrowed twenty dollars and started on his pilgrimage to see the tricks of the up-to-date crafty grafter doing his worst. "They'll run you out of town as being the worst of the lot," hazarded one of his friends, jokingly. "Faith, and they won't," replied Finn, confidently. "I know too much about them: they'll not say anything." "Maybe they'll come to you for advice?" Finn winked.

### Buckley's Artful Methods

Shortly after 2 o'clock in the morning of the night that Bill Higgins died a Buckley emissary rapped hard on the front door of Finn's house. From an upper window he called down, "What's wanted?" "Word from headquarters, Finn." Garibaldi descended to the door and the messenger continued. "Buckley says to jump into your clothes and come right down and see him." "What for?" "He wants you to throw a district Democratic." "How can I do that? I'm a Republican." Chris says he'll fix that; bustle into your clothes and come along." When Garibaldi reached headquarters Chris met him with the proposition: "Garibaldi, I want you to bring in the umpty umth district Democratic at this coming election." "I can't do it, Chris," was the protest. "I'm a Republican." "Think it over, man. Higgins is dead; the fences are down. There's going to be a new deal all around in framing up the city government and you're a politician. Better get on the band wagon or you'll get left," and he gave him a lot of sage advice on the new combinations among the local powers brought about by the sudden death of Higgins. Garibaldi asked vital questions for five minutes, then he said: "What majority do you expect in the umpty umth district?" "By what majority were you going to carry it for Higgins?" "250." Then I want 250 majority in Democratic votes." "Can't do it," declared Garibaldi, stoutly, "that's flat." "I'll stand for what's right on expense. How many can you deliver?" demanded Buckley. "248." "Well, we'll compromise on 248 then," said Buckley, with a smile. "But say, Garibaldi, if you get a chance, see if in some possible way you can't make it 250."

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Professor L. D. Ventura has been awarded the set of Charles Dickens offered as a prize in the letter writing contest instituted by James D. Blake to determine which name was best adapted for a business heading

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**AT THE SIGN OF THE LAMP.**



### The Up-to-Date Method

When the returns came in the umpty umth district gave a majority of exactly two hundred and fifty in the Democratic column and great was the struggle among the Nestors of the political press to explain the landslide in the umpty umth district. "It was simple," confessed Garibaldi, long afterwards. "Buckley gave me four hacks; four men to each hack. They did the rest. But they do tell me these up-to-date, brainy workers would only use a messenger boy and bring in a majority of 2,500 while you wait and on any side of the slate. La, la, how times have changed!

Mr. Samuel P. Hamilton, who, since the fire, has had full charge of the gas and electric appliance business of the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company, has been promoted to the very important position of Superintendent of the Contract Department, in connection with which he will continue to manage the appliance business. Mr. Hamilton is one of the most energetic and courteous of quasi-public corporation officials.

### Wages, Now and Then

Those who compare the position of workers today with those of centuries back, and draw conclusions very much in favor of twentieth century hogishness, fail entirely in their arguments because they do not know—or with wicked intent ignore—the fact that workers now produce very much more wealth than the workers of old times, and therefore honest reasoning should be on the lines of proportion: What proportion of his productions was the producer of the tenth century allowed to use himself? Did the Biblical penny a day man produce more than "tuppence" worth of wealth? It is not probable that the Jews of those times stole more than half the products of LABOR—civilization however en-

ables both Gentiles and Jews to rob LABOR of about nine-tenths of their products in this twentieth century of Christianity.

Persons who have acquired a quarter million dollars and are still grubbing for more, are much to be pitied; they show dog and hog instincts rather than the love-one-another feelings of higher humanity—if civilize means to humanize, then savages, barbarians—any other term of contempt will do—are more civilized than we are today, for with them the whole tribe suffers want, or together have plenty, one does not feast on the best while others starve, as is the custom under our brand of Christian civilization—the very words leave a bad taste after pronouncing them. A lesson in common sense and brotherhood may be learned from monkeys, for no tribe has yet been found where the mass toil gathering ten cocoanuts, taking nine of them to another monkey—who does nothing but eat—so that they may retain peaceable possession of the remaining one cocoanut for their own use. This is what workers are now doing, and it is compulsory under our unnatural, unjust, wicked standard of all values—souls and bodies no exception—GOLD.

And this standard is upheld by all churches—bankers are usually church buttresses; they understand the game!!!

KINGHORN-JONES.

### AT BYRON HOT SPRINGS

The following registered at Byron Hot Springs last week: From San Francisco: Dr. A. W. Hewlett, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Crux, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. G. X. Wendling, David Rich, R. R. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Wilson, Ernest L. McCormick, Jay W. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Bates. Oakland: Dr. Louis Lohse, Dr. C. C. Shinnick.



The Automobile With the Pole Folded Up

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## Social Prattle

### Attended a Greenway in Her Nightgown

Those who have never got beyond the mere how-de-do-ness of society have no idea how narrowly the smart set skirts the outer trail of boredom. Certain customs have set and crystallized through the seasons until they have acquired almost the sanctity of a biblical injunction. As a result there is a peculiar inflexibility in social entertainment which robs it of the charm of the unexpected. For example there is an unwritten law that one's best bib and tucker must not appear at the Greenway birthday dinner, but must dazzle the eye at the first of the regular Greenway dances. So it really gave me a thrill to hear that a fun loving young woman who frequently stubs her toe against established conventions actually went to THE Greenway ball in a night gown with a sash tied around her waist.

"Impossible!" the majority will shriek and punctuate their protests with "Why, I was there myself and there isn't a word of truth in it!" But I have the story on the word of the young lady herself, corroborated by the young man who lost the wager and the four witnesses to the challenge. Moreover there is a handsome gold bracelet which could be offered as People's Exhibit A. It all came about in this way: They were discussing the arbitrary sartorial laws of society and the young man insisted that a woman's enjoyment of a function was measured by the glitter of her gown—that a girl had the "time of her life" only when she knew that her dress was the envy of every other woman there. "Nonsense!" exclaimed the young woman. "Why, I could have a good time at a ball if I went in a nightgown and a sash!" Whereupon the young man wagered a handsome gold bracelet that she wouldn't dare do such a thing.

The newspaper descriptions of the gowns worn at that particular ball made mention of the "exquisite white empire gown with entre deux of real Valenciennes lace and knots of gold flowered ribbon." Her friends insist that she deserves a medal as well as a bracelet for only those in the secret could possibly imagine that the upper part of that "exquisite white empire gown" was a beautiful robe de nuit and the full, soft skirt with the "entre deux of real Valenciennes" was a handsome petticoat! The young man took exception to the petticoat as not being in the bargain, but his demurrer was ruled out on technicalities by the witnesses to the wager.

### The Progress of a Climber

Once more has a Californian-made fortune opened for its possessor the doors of old-world palaces. But this time it is not a Californian who has gained access to the salons of the European exclusives. The successful climber is none other than that lady of somewhat sensational memory, known to local society as Cornelia Baxter Tevis of Denver, and now Mrs. Hart McKee of Paris. It seems but yesterday that the vivacious young widow of Hugh Tevis was conducting her hopeless campaign in this city for entree to the heterogeneous mob that prides itself on being known as the elect. She was unsophisticated then, for she had only shortly before come out of Denver, and impressed with the affected hauteur of our exclusives, she imagined that

Burlingame was about the finest thing in aristocratic settlements that could be found on this earth. Now, if she is not without a sense of humor, the recollection of the emotions that filled her when she aspired to the recognition of the Queens and queenlets of the Greenway routs, must excite her risibles beyond control. The sensation born of that recollection is doubtless akin to that which the man feels when he muses on the ambition of his boyhood to become one of the kings of the earth in the capacity of engineer on a locomotive. For Cornelia Baxter-Tevis-McKee emerged from the purgatory of provincial obscurity to be borne aloft in easy stages to the terrestrial paradise of fashion and gayety where the smallest things have an aristocratic savor and where the varnish of good society imposes no restraint upon the harmonious good-fellowship for which feminine hearts yearn.

### Her Dizzy Height

Mrs. Hart McKee has not merely reached those heights in the social world of Paris that are occupied by the titled aristocrats and their satellites. She has reached an eminence far more difficult of access, one from which is reflected the splendor of royal courts. In other words she has attained the fullest social development like a lovely plant in rich soil beneath the caresses of a glorious sun shining in a sky whose azure is never marred by a cloud. This news comes to me straight from the paddock, as they say on the turf, brought by a Californian who has just returned from the French capital and who does not deal in idle social gossip for the press. No backstairs tittle-tattle this of the exalted station attained by the Denver girl who inherited some of the millions left by Lloyd Tevis to enrich his several heirs. The American colony in Paris, says my informant, is filled with girls with green eyes, in consequence of the preeminence of the adventurous lady who miserably failed in her effort to break into that chaste set whose genius sparkles in Mumm. Paris, he says, is the favorite skirmishing ground of the climbers of society and at present the city is filled with rich Americans all making the battle of their lives to get into that charmed circle dominated by Mrs. Astor. In Paris one American eventually meets every other American, and therefore Mrs. Gotrox from Oshkosh or Kalamazoo stands a much better chance of getting into New York society via Paris than by building a mansion on Fifth avenue or a cottage at Newport. It is much easier, says my informant, to get a prince to dine with you than one of the Vanderbilt connection, for the nobility of the continent care nothing about American social distinctions. So long as they can find an American hostess of some sprightliness of manner who has a good chef they care for nothing else.

### The Infanta Is Her Chum

Mrs. Hart McKee has a chef who was for years in the service of a Russian Grand Duke, a gentleman whose escapades are known all over the world. With an unlimited fortune behind her and an adoring husband who, according to my informant, seems to be determined that she shall have more diamonds than any woman in Europe, Mrs. McKee is probably the most talked-about woman in Paris. She and the Infanta Eulalie are inseparable. In fact the Infanta cannot be dragged away from Mrs. McKee's side as

The Severn, at 1050 Geary street, is a delightfully appointed restaurant.



more than one socially ambitious American has discovered, for many times has she sent her regrets to some brilliant affair that some American was giving, pleading a previous engagement when the engagement referred to was a quiet dinner en famille at the McKee hotel. The impulsive little Infanta further tortures the American climbers by passionately kissing her "dear Cornelia," as she calls her at all times. And further evidence of her affection for Mrs. McKee is to be found in the circumstance that she has invited the lady and her husband to Madrid for the festivities on the occasion of the baptism of the heir to the Spanish throne that the stork promises to bring before many days. So Cornelia will soon be hobnobbing with royalty near the throne and in a fair way to get close up to King Edward through his niece, the Queen of Spain. The Infanta prefers France to Spain as a place of residence and goes to Madrid only when her presence is demanded there on State occasions. Contrary to current gossip that the McKees were on the verge of separation they seem to be like turtle doves. Mrs. McKee has toned down Denver accent and can hold her own linguistically with any member of the American colony.

#### News of Mrs. Spreckels

From the same Californian who reports the social success of the Tevis widow, I learn that Mrs. Gus Spreckels is now in the midst of the social whirl of Berlin; also, that her daughter Mrs. Spencer Eddy is inclined to be indolent so far as society affairs are concerned, and that Mrs. Spreckels has to prod her to make her keep pace with the leaders of the German capital. The Eddys recently entertained the McCormicks of Paris and the whole party went afterwards to the fancy dress ball given by Mrs. Tower formerly of Oakland. The Crown Prince and Princess were among those present. Mrs. Spreckels, it is said, has become reconciled to her daughter's marriage. Although it was generally styled a most brilliant match, Mrs. Gus Spreckels had higher expectations. "Nothing less than an English Duke will satisfy Orrie," remarked one of her friends shortly before the engagement was announced. Lurline Spreckels Eddy is looking very well again after her recent illness.

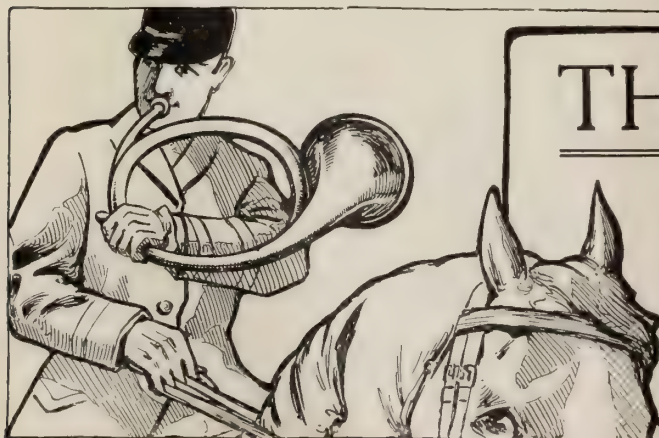
#### The Alexanders

A correspondent writes me from New York that Miss Harriett Alexander, the debutante daughter of Mrs. C. B. Alexander, is one of the most feted of this year's buds. "Mrs. Alexander's house," says my corre-

spondent, "opposite Central Park, is kept ablaze with lights most of the time for she is determined to keep things at a lively pace for this, her daughter's first year out. Musicales are Mrs. Alexander's favorite mode of entertainment and she usually has a Metropolitan Opera singer for one of her guests. Mrs. Alexander's parties more than those of any of the very exclusive set border on the Bohemian. Society at her parties rubs shoulders with more musical artists than are to be found in any other drawing-room in New York. Like her mother, Miss Harriett goes in for intellectual pursuits and is the most brilliant intellectually of any New York debutante in twenty years. She is not a beauty, but is of a frail winsome type that attracts. She is fond of theatricals and recently made a hit in a fairy play given by the Berkeley Lyceum, a swagger club of the younger set of the 400. Mrs. Alexander is in no hurry to make a match for her daughter. She recently said to a friend of mine, 'I want my little daughter with me as long as I can have her,' and there is no doubt that she is sincere."

#### A Brilliant Young Pianiste

Cecil Cowles, now a slim girl of fourteen, is at the most ungrateful period of her artistic career. She has passed the age of the child wonder, while she has not as yet attained to the full maturity of her powers. She has a wonderful technique and fine intelligence combined with a confidence that at times borders on carelessness. There was a preponderance of Chopin in her programme, although with the exception of the brilliantly executed Rondo she was not at her best with this master. Schumann's plaintive "Warum" and the Moszkowski Waltz marked her highest excellence in two widely different directions. Miss Cowles was programmed for a waltz of her own making dedicated to Dr. Arnold Genthe, and a clever and effective bit of composition it proved to be. On the whole, the young performer did not disappoint the expectations of those who have followed her musical career and with the poise and physical strength to be gained in a few more years there is every reason to predict for her exceptional success. Miss Cowles is a pupil of Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt. Among those that attended the concert were: Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Fred Tallant and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. E. O. Jellinek, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Speck, Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Lilienthal, Mrs. Leon Sloss, Mr. Albert Elkins, Misses St. John, Miss Fannie Danforth, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lee, Mr. and Mrs. George Chase, Mrs. Henry Williams, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Simons.



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### Miss Frances Is Back Again

It is just possible that Frances Joliffe will write a brochure entitled "Near-Travels; or, Almost Seen Through a Car Window." Miss Joliffe returned to San Francisco the other day much to the surprise of her family and friends who thought she was going to spend the coming year or two in Europe. She left for a wander-year just before the earthquake and like so many others parted her trip on the side to hurry back to the stricken city. Just as soon as the doctor had counted San Francisco's pulse and announced that she was well able to sit up and make others take notice, Miss Joliffe set forth again. Every week or two we read in "Among the Californians" column that "Miss Frances Joliffe is still in New York, but expects to sail on the next steamer for Europe." But Frances suddenly changed her mind and came home instead. I hear that she will do dramatic criticism and fashions for the Bulletin. The travel germ is evidently not entirely eradicated from the family, for Mary Joliffe leaves in a few days for New York and she will then lose the distinction of being one of the few society girls who have never been East. Mary Joliffe hates to travel and until this recent determination to see a bit of the world nothing could induce her to cross the continent. She will visit Alice Doubleday and other New York friends and is even contemplating crossing the pond in the spring. So it is evident that when travelingitis really sets in it takes more than a little dose of carsickness to cure it.

Among the recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs are Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy King, Rev. T. R. Lynch, Mrs. G. X. Wendling, Miss Florence Wendling, Mrs. C. E. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hewlett, Louis Hammersmith, of San Francisco; J. L. Gould, Alameda; Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Davidson, Fresno.

### A Letter From Miss Winship

In a letter written to a friend here Mrs. Emory Winship says the report that she has Gotham social ambitions is the apogee of absurdity. As a matter of fact the Winships did not find New York to their taste and have left for the South. Lieutenant Winship is a Southerner and is very anxious to renew his boyhood acquaintances. At the time of Miss Dillon's marriage to the young naval officer it was remarked that most of her bridesmaids were members of the old South-

ern families, a set with which Miss Dillon had never particularly affiliated. In fact Miss Collier, who was one of the attendants, had scarcely a speaking acquaintance with the bride two months before the wedding. But Miss Dillon had adopted the precepts of Ruth and with a "thy people shall be my people" determination cultivated old friends of the Winship family. Miss Patricia Cosgrave who has been Miss Winship's companion for many years has been visiting her brother "Jack" Cosgrave, whose brilliant success as the editor of Everybody's Magazine adds another leaf to California's laurel wreath. Miss Cosgrave is now with the Winships in the South.

### Protracted Engagements the Rule

On all sides one hears the cling-clang of the anvil chorus and most of the knocks are directed at Cupid who is held responsible for a season singularly unsuccessful in the matter of engagements. In justice to Dan it must be said that long engagements seem to be the fashion now and so it is really impossible to check up his work for the season as much of the data is held in strictest secrecy. Last year it was considered correct to take all the world into your confidence at once and then have the wedding trip blithely on the heels of the engagement announcement. But this season's engaged girls evidently like suspense—with the exception of Pearl Landers, who became Mrs. Vincent Whitney in a jiffy. Anita Harvey, Charlotte Wilson and Jane Wilshire have all preferred the perquisites of "an engaged girl." Among the "suspects" not yet properly tagged is Maude Bourn in whom a young Englishman, who visited here, seemed to take a deal of interest. Miss Bourn has not taken an active part in the winter festivities as her health has not been very robust. She has recently taken the rest cure and is now able to drive around town but still shows an "interesting" pallor. Miss Bourn is a very independent young woman who singles out few girls for close friendship. Her most intimate friend was Gertrude Eels, now Mrs. "Jack" Babcock, whose husband resigned from the navy to go into business in Milwaukee. Miss Bourn, I hear, gave her chum some shares in her father's mine, which pay handsome dividends. One or two other girls have also been favored by her generosity.

### California Artists at Del Monte

For some time there has been talk of utilizing the wall space of the large ballroom of Del Monte for an exhibition of representative work of California artists.

## THE SEVERN

is a type of the best Old English inns, in decoration and perfect service.

It is a place to which ladies may come without an escort.

Music noon and evening.



A number of the wielders of the brush were invited to spend a few days at the hotel and further discuss the matter. Several meetings were held, a committee of artists now settled near Monterey were selected to superintend changes to be made in the wall decoration and a jury was appointed to pass upon work sent in, so that the exhibit be kept up to a high standard. They were royally entertained throughout their stay, one evening being the guests of Mr. A. D. Shepard at a most elaborate dinner given in one of the private rooms. Those who sat at the beautifully decorated table were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sedgwick Aiken, Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fonda, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bloomer, Mr. and Mrs. Holden Warner, Miss Louisa Breeze, Miss Hoffman, Miss Florence Lundberg, Miss Anna Frances Briggs, Miss Isabel Hunter, Miss Evelyn McCormick, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, Miss Bryan, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Charles Rollo Peters, Xavier Martinez, Eugene Neuhaus, C. Chapel Judson, G. Cadenasso and his son Leone Cadenasso. On Sunday all the party started off in two big tallyhos, and some

### Gossip From Del Monte

My Monterey correspondent writes: There is a social ebb and high tide for those in the swim, and just now a coterie at Del Monte is in the midst of much entertaining. A few weeks ago Miss Morgan gave a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Charles H. Poor, who is visiting her daughter, the wife of Colonel Maus, in command of the Monterey Presidio. One of the charming features of this luncheon was that the good things to eat were served on the historic silver of the Low family. Among the guests were those who, while having lost many of their treasures in the flames of last April, are still the happy possessors of beautiful plate that had been safely stored. In the last week a number of affairs have been given with Mrs. Poor and Mrs. Maus as the guests of honor, and at these functions in private dining-rooms has shone the heirlooms so dear to feminine hearts. \* \* \* Mrs. Harry Gray and Miss M. B. Fairman are at Del Monte, but Mrs. Gray is not accompanied this time by her charming daughter, who was here with Mrs. Hancock during the



Miss Grace St. John.



Miss Geraldine St. John.

on horseback for the Seventeen Mile Drive. The day was a glorious one, the sun striving to make amends for the long storm. The jury for the exhibition is composed of Eugene Neuhaus, C. Chapel Judson, Miss Isabel Hunter, Xavier Martinez, Porter Garnett, Dr. Arnold Genthe and Charles Sedgwick Aiken.

### The Most Picturesque of the Artists

To the guests at Del Monte the popular and amiable Xavier Martinez was the star actor in the company of artists. One lady exclaimed: "He must be a genius to look like that!" Martinez did not wear his corduroys, nor a velvet suit, much to the regret of those who had heard but not seen, but he did have on his red necktie and his flowing locks. To Maynard Dixon he was heard to say that he would have had his hair cut had he realized how sumptuous would be the surroundings. But the question is, how much would he have sacrificed had he permitted a barber to touch those treasured tresses?

holidays—such a pretty girl, young and fresh and all pink and white and gold.\* \* \* Father John McGinty is a guest of the McLaughlins.

### The St. John Musicale

A most delightful afternoon of music was given last Sunday by the Misses Grace and Geraldine St. John at their residence. These attractive young girls are daughters of R. A. St. John, prominently identified with the Hibernia Bank of this city, and are but recently graduated from the College of Notre Dame. Both are talented pianists, and the two hundred or more friends who listened to them on Sunday were quite carried away by the charm of their playing. Miss Grace's numbers were Grieg's Poetic Tone Pictures and Carneval, the latter being given a splendid rendition, graceful and spirited with much brilliancy toward the end. Two novelties by Sjoegren were enjoyable, also the C minor Etude of Chopin and Moskowski's Etincelles. The Moskowski number was taken at a



fine speed and was exceedingly well played. Miss Geraldine's numbers included the Chopin C minor Polonaise, beautifully interpreted, a Poldini Etude, Liszt Heroide Elegioque, Rubinstein F minor Barcarolle, Grieg Auf den Berzen, and closed with the big A flat Polonaise of Chopin, of which the dainty fair-haired girl gave a really fine performance, displaying unexpected power in the difficult octave crescendo. Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, whose pupils they are, expressed himself as highly gratified by their success. The large drawing-room, reception hall and dining-room were tastefully decorated with masses of carnations, violets, lilies of the valley, etc., sent by friends to the gifted sisters, and a bevy of pretty girls acted as reception committee. Dainty refreshments were the final note of the enjoyable occasion.

Miss Eleanor Davenport was the hostess at a very delightful luncheon last Friday at The Severn. Among those who enjoyed Miss Davenport's hospitality were Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Alexander Keyes and Mrs. E. E. Brownell.

#### Gossip From Los Angeles

My Los Angeles correspondent writes: The presence of a large number of interesting visitors from the East has been the motive for much pleasant entertaining during the last few months. Among the visitors who have been recently complimented are Mrs. J. E. Woolwine and Miss Woolwine, who are visiting the W. D. Woolwines. Misses Faith Ingraham and Hilda Peck who are the guests of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Ingraham, and Miss Margaret Benedict of

Chicago who is the guest of the Godfrey Holterhoffs. The days immediately preceding Lent were filled with teas, receptions and luncheons in honor of these visitors while several important weddings, notably those of Louise McFarland and Leo Chandler and Margaret Lee and Roy Koster have engaged the attention of society for the last week. February 12 was the date named for the last of the series of Assembly dances and the conventional costume for the evening was the traditional Mardi Gras fancy dress. Masks were worn during the early part of the evening. \* \* \* In honor of the first little granddaughter Mrs. W. W. Neuer entertained with a novel luncheon last week. Mrs. Ralph Heath of Portland is the mother of the little newcomer whose advent was celebrated by Mrs. Neuer in the company of quite a gathering of women friends. A coverlet of pink silk covered the table and each bit of quilting yarn held a tiny pink rosebud and a small lighted taper. In the center of the table perched a solemn-looking stork bearing a dimpled babe. The menu was served in baby dishes and the ice cream was moulded in the form of basket babies. Rattles and other articles suggestive of the child's world were scattered over the cloth. The Heaths were in Los Angeles a year ago when they were much entertained. \* \* \* The wealthy Bradbury family, whose survivors are Mrs. J. W. Winston, Mrs. I. H. Polk, Misses Louise and Simona Bradbury, John, Joseph and Lewis Bradbury, has donated to the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Monrovia a \$4,000 altar of fine Italian marble which will soon be placed by a Boston contractor. The gift is in remembrance of the donors' parents.

## AMERICAN MERCEDES



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## A Runaway Ring

It was certainly rather rough on the Rev. Reginald Bisgood that by an act of the purest good-nature on his own part he should have been led into so awkward and distressing a complication.

If anything, he should have been rewarded for his kindness; but, in point of fact, he was severely penalized. However, such is not infrequently the case when we go out of our way to be kind to unworthy persons, and the person to whom the Rev. Reginald Bisgood went out of his way to be kind proved to be most unquestionably of that character.

A very small person it was, too. In fact, a little limb of a boy just five years old. And this is how it was.

The Rev. Reginald had just recently accepted the post of curate at St. Matthew's Church, Tootham, under the Rev. Jeremy Priggleswade, Vicar of that parish. Now a thoroughly typical specimen was this vicar of what may be called conventional piety. No man could have lived more strictly up to the smug standard of moral and social rectitude which obtains among the wealthy and respectable middle-classes of a prosperous country town—that standard which finds a royal road to Heaven, in black-coated and top-hatted propriety, a rigid observance of the letter of the ten commandments, and a righteous abhorrence of Bohemianism in any shape.

The Vicar of St. Matthew's expected to get to Heaven by this means. Incidentally, he also expected a more immediate reward—a desirable piece of worldly preferment, on the way. The very desirable living of St. Peter's, Tootham, the mother parish of the town, had just fallen vacant by the resignation of the Rector. The Rector, being a very old man, his reverend brother of St. Matthew's had for some time past taken the lead in ecclesiastical affairs in Tootham. The Vicar of St. Matthew's had, in fact, long looked upon himself as the future rector of Tootham, and when the old Rector resigned he lost no time in forwarding to the patron an application for the vacant living, accompanied by a sheaf of testimonials from several scores of influential parishioners.

That he should obtain his request he felt tolerably confident, since Mr. Jenkins, the patron of the living, although an absentee who never came near the place (being entirely given up to social life in London), had nevertheless always shown a laudable disposition to fall in with the wishes of the parishioners. At the time when his new curate, Mr. Bisgood, arrived Mr. Piggleswade was still awaiting the answer to his application.

And now for the little episode at which I hinted at the outset.

The new Curate was strolling one morning down one of the residential streets in the town when he saw a very small boy making heroic but vain attempts to reach the big brass handle of one of the front-door bells. Our good-natured young parson at once went to the child's assistance.

"Hello, my little fellow! Can't reach it, eh? Well, let me ring the bell for you." And, suiting the action to the word, he gave the handle a mighty tug, which set the bell clanging loudly within.

A smile of huge gratification expanded the chubby face of the graceless urchin.

"Now we must cut and run," he lisped. And he was off, like a rabbit scuttling to earth, leaving the astonished and dismayed Curate alone upon the door-step. The imp had evidently been simply amusing himself with the small boys' favorite pastime of runaway rings.

Before the Curate had time to recover from the shocks, the door was opened by a rather flustered-looking maid-servant.

"I—I—ahem! Does—does—Mrs.—Mrs. Robinson live here?" he stammered, mentioning the first name that came into his head, as the best way out of the embarrassing situation in which that mischievous little joker had landed him. But, alas! this device, so far from proving a way out, had the directly opposite result, for, to his intense amazement and dismay, the maid answered:

"Yes, sir. Will you please walk in, sir?"

The Curate was so taken aback, that he complied, and before he knew where he was, found himself standing in the hall.

"What name shall I say, sir?" inquired the maid.

The Curate stammered out his name; the maid showed him into a well-furnished drawing-room, and then went to fetch her mistress. While she was gone, Mr. Bisgood stood on the hearthrug feeling very embarrassed, and trying to evolve some plausible explanation of his visit.

If the house had been in St. Matthew's parish, he might have carried things off easily and naturally enough by pretending that he had called to see the lady in the ordinary course of his professional ministrations. But the house was not in St. Matthew's parish; it was in the parish of St. Peter's; so he could scarcely put forward that pretext. And yet he must say something—and, well, perhaps, after all, as a new arrival in the town he might not unreasonably plead ignorance of parochial boundaries, and—

At that moment the lady of the house appeared. She was youngish, and decidedly pretty and attractive, though perhaps somewhat over-dressed. She bowed to Mr. Bisgood with entire self-possession. He returned the bow.

"Mrs. Robinson?" he murmured, awkwardly.

She smiled and nodded, then looked at him interrogatively, as though inviting him to state the object of his visit.

"I'm the—the—new curate," he began, "and I thought that, as I was passing——"

"Quite so. Pray be seated," interposed the lady, taking a chair herself, and indicating an adjacent ottoman to her visitor. "Very kind of you to call, I'm sure. Do you know, I've been here three months, and you are the first clergyman who has been to see me?"

At this statement the Rev. Reginald expressed much surprise. He felt it, too. A rather susceptible young man himself, he knew that he should certainly not have neglected to call, with proper frequency, on so fair a parishioner, and he wondered why the other clergy in the town had been so backward.

"I don't know how it is," continued Mrs. Robinson, candidly, "but I'm afraid I can't be exactly persona grata in Tootham. Everybody seems to fight shy of me. I'm not aware of having done anything to offend the worthy denizens of this highly respectable place. But such is the fact. I seem to be regarded as a sort of social leper. However, we won't talk about that. Let's talk about something pleasanter and more interesting."

And she at once led the conversation into impersonal channels. She was a good talker in addition to being a very pretty woman, and the Rev. Reginald found her society so

(Continued on Page 38.)

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# Stage

## Fitch Says He's No Dude

The Theatrical Press agents of New York gave a dinner in honor of Clyde Fitch the other night. Mr. Fitch was called on for a speech.

"Only two or three times since I began to write for the stage eighteen years ago," said Mr. Fitch, "have I attended a public dinner. I never wanted to do so until tonight, and I am very glad to be here among a body of men who do not talk buncombe. [Uncertain applause.] This is the sweetest and happiest honor I have experienced during those eighteen years. There is no class so lovable as the press representatives. Their worst knock is to say, perhaps, 'That damn So-and-So gets more in the papers than I do.' I'm a queer man," continued Mr. Fitch, with growing sincerity of tone. "I'm straight and sincere, and the reason I don't go to public dinners is that I do not want to be with men who will praise me to my face and damn me behind my back. But here I am with real friends. [Hoor-a-ay!] In my work for the theatre I am sincere. I am called a dude, a flippant. I am not a dude, a flippant! and I'll say what I have to say here and never take it back.

During my eighteen years of work I admit I've tried always, always, to make a good play. Among the forty-four plays I've written I've had four flat failures, with all the bands playing. But I am not one of your Mrs. Winslow dramatists, I am not restful. In this world the thing to do is to fight. To die fighting is the game I like. The press agent is the best of all critics, and I always take his word first. He is in touch with the public and the press and he doesn't think he can write your play for you better than you can. I thank you, gentlemen. If I am ever asked who I want to write my epitaph I shall answer, 'A press agent.'" [Distressing applause.]

Wilton Lackaye said when called out on the carpet that Mr. Fitch's "sincere heart talk" made the usual after dinner speech look ridiculous. Next to actors, thought Mr. Lackaye, the press agents are the best ever. The presence of the actor folk and playwrights at a press agent dinner reminded him of a story about a Maine farmer who was exhibiting a moose in a tent. A countryman came to see the show with his family and was about to pay 25 cents a ticket for each of his



Scene from Alice Neilsen's Production of the Delightful Comic Opera, "The Singing Girl," Which Will be Presented at the American Theatre for Two Weeks, Starting Monday, February 18, by the San Francisco Opera Company



children, when the moose exhibitor learned that there were sixteen children altogether.

"You may all go in free," said the show owner promptly.

"Why?" asked the farmer in surprise.



**Isabelle Fletcher.**

The unusually clever work shown by Miss Fletcher, the leading woman of Manager Harry Bishop's Ye Liberty Playhouse stock in Oakland has attracted attention on both sides of the bay. Miss Fletcher is an experienced actress, with decided temperament and power in delineation. An idea of her versatility is shown in the widely dissimilar portrayals demanded by Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons," Roma, in "The Eternal City"; Duleie Larrondie in "The Masqueraders," and Bernice Gordon, in Harry Cottrell's most recent success, "Before the Gringos Came." In all these Miss Fletcher has been tremendously successful. Her tasteful and lavish dressing parts, too, has occasioned comment and proclaimed her as the best dresser the East has contributed to the Western stage.

"Because," answered the showman, "it is quite as important that my moose should see your family as that you should see the moose."

The press agents, conclude Mr. Lackaye, could make their own application.

"The Contrapuntal Differences Between the Fitch Dramas and the Pollock Plays" was responded to by Channing Leon Larkin Pollock. There are two chief differences, he said—quality and quantity. Mr. Pollock told that when the late Roland Reed was operated on in St. Luke's Hospital he was placed upon the operating table in the clinic room, from which the medical students had been excluded for the time being. Just as the ether cone was about to be placed over the actor's nose, he rolled his eyes up and down the long tiers of empty benches around the operating table.

"Doctor," he said, "you may be a good surgeon, but you've got a damn poor press agent."



**Charles E. Evans.**

Of Evans and Hoey Parlor Match Fame Who Will Appear at the Orpheum Next Sunday Matinee

#### **Salome at the Colonial**

Next week the San Francisco public will have an opportunity of witnessing Oscar Wilde's greatest and most artistic triumph, "Salome." This fascinating one-act tragedy will be staged for the first time in this city Monday night, when the Colonial Theatre Stock Company will present it. "Salome" has caused more comment in all parts of the civilized world than any



drama that has ever before been produced. While it is not generally known, Oscar Wilde originally wrote "Salome" in French for Sarah Bernhardt. Since then it has been translated into many languages, the best English version being by Lord Alfred Douglas. No play is as popular or draws more fashionable audiences in Germany than "Salome," where Wilde's works are highly thought of, while Julia Marlowe has scored a most profound sensation in the piece wherever she has presented it. It may truthfully be said that the production of "Salome" will be the dramatic event of the season. Manager Kurtzig states that the play will be put on at the Colonial in the most painstaking manner, no detail whatever being omitted, and that an all-star cast will be utilized in its presentation. He also promises a sensation in the line of scenic effects. "Lend Me Five Shillings," the delightful comedy in which the late Joe Jefferson starred with such success, will precede "Salome." This grand double bill should prove a decided attraction at the cozy Colonial, which has won a place for itself in the hearts of stock devotees by the high-class nature of the productions put on by the management. The original Mother Goose Company will give a special matinee performance of "Mother Goose" at the Colonial theatre on the afternoon of Friday, February 22.

### The Rosenthal Concerts

Musical circles both here and across the bay are anxiously awaiting the appearances of Moritz Rosenthal, in some respects the most marvelous pianist living and one who possesses individuality in the highest degree. In technic this artist has no rival and at the same time his interpretations of the simplest numbers is most charming. Above and over all is a strong mentality. Rosenthal is as great as a musician as he is as a piano virtuoso. So great is the demand for seats that Manager Greenbaum has arranged to give a concert in addition to the two originally announced. The dates will be Thursday evening, February 28 (his only evening concert) and Saturday and Sunday afternoons, March 2 and 3, and the place selected is Christian Science Hall, corner Sacramento and Scott streets. The programmes will be exceptionally interesting and will include Beethoven's sonates Op. 109 and Op. 57, Chopin's sonates, Op. 58 and Op. 35, Schumann's "Carnevale," Brahms' variations on a Paganini theme, groups of Chopin works and "Pappilions," "Humoresque and Fugato" on themes by Johann Strauss and Fantasie on "The Blue Danube" by Rosenthal. The prices will be \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00 and seats will be on sale next Saturday morning, February 23, at Kohler & Chase's, corner Franklin and Sutter, and also at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, on Van Ness just above California, where complete programmes may be obtained. Mail orders addressed to Will L. Greenbaum may be sent to either box office but to receive attention must have money order or check enclosed. On Friday, March 1, Rosenthal will appear as soloist with the University Orchestra at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, on which occasion he will play the Chopin Concerto in E minor and the Liszt Concerto in E flat with orchestral accompaniment. This is the first time in many years that we have had an opportunity of hearing great concertos played in their original form. Seats for the Greek Theatre will be sold at the box offices mentioned and at the same prices.

Mr. and Mrs. Petschnikoff, violinists, will appear here early in April in some novel concerts. Rarely heard

## ROSENTHAL.

"The Devil Incarnate" of the Piano—Hugo Wolf.

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL**  
Sacramento and Scott

Thursday Evening, February 28, at 8:15.  
Saturday Afternoon, March 2, at 2:30.  
Sunday Afternoon, March 3, at 2:30.  
and at

**GREEK THEATRE, Berkeley**

With University Orchestra, Friday Afternoon, March 1.

PRICES: \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00.

Seats ready next Saturday (February 23) at Kohler & Chase's, Sutter and Franklin, one block above Van Ness, and Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Van Ness above California.

Mail orders accompanied by check or money order may be sent to either box office and made payable to Will L. Greenbaum.

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In the Greatest of Modern Dramatic Hits

**"THE VIRGINIAN"**

Owen Wister's Story of the Plains.

Coming: Murray and Mack.

Soon: Creston Clarke in "The Ragged Messenger."

## COLONIAL THEATRE

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Oscar Wilde's Fascinating Drama

**"SALOME"**

Preceded by the Delightful Comedy

**"LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS."**

Friday, February 22, special matinee performance of "Mother Goose."

PRICES: Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1; Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c and 50c; Bargain Matinee Wednesday, all seats reserved, 25c.

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In Alice Nielsen's Comic Opera Success

**"THE SINGING GIRL"**

Book by Harry B. Smith. Libretto by Stanislaus Stange.

PRICES: \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.

Seats now selling at Box Office and Kohler & Chase's, Sutter and Franklin streets.

## IDORA PARK

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Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

Continued Success of Victor Herbert's Comic Opera

**"THE WIZARD OF THE Nile"**

Next Opera: "The Serenade."

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By Request a Revival of

**"OLD HEIDELBERG."**

Commencing Monday, February 18.

In Preparation: "A Gentleman of France."

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ELLIS STREET

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works for two violins will be a special feature, and at the Greek Theatre they will be heard in Mozart's concerto for violin, viola and orchestra, Mrs. Petschnikoff playing the violin part and Mr. Petschnikoff the viola.

### Evans Is Coming

The bill at the Orpheum for next week will be one of the most novel and delightful in the annals of vaudeville. Charles E. Evans, the famous comedian of Evans and Hoey "Parlor Match" fame, who is now making his first vaudeville tour, will appear in a one-act farce by George Arliss entitled "It's Up to You William." Mr. Evans will have the assistance of his own company, which includes Elizabeth Barry, Helena Phillips, Louise Skillman and Charles H. Hopper. The other new artists are: "The Four Rianos," animal actors, grotesque acrobats and pantomimists, who are peerless in their peculiar line; Cameron and Flanagan, in their original act "On and Off," a behind the scenes skit in which the fun is fast and furious; Allan Shaw, the world's greatest palmist and coin and card manipulator; Shields and Rogers, in their exhibition of lassoing, rope throwing and twirling, and Eleanor Falke, the dainty singing comedienne. The marvelous Bedouin Arabs, Nellie Beaumont and company, the Lasky-Rolf Quintette and new Motion Pictures will also participate in the entertainment. The success of the daily matinees is so great that it has been wisely concluded to make them permanent.

### A Playwright's Favorite Theme

As usual the most successful play of the season in New York came from England. It is Henry Arthur Jones' "The Hypocrites." Jones is never so happy as

when dealing with shams and hypocrisy. He has played all the strings of the theme and has made us thoroughly familiar with his method in "Saints and Sinners" and "The Whitewashing of Julia." The Keynote of "The Hypocrites" is sounded by one of the characters in this speech: "My dear Linnell, you aren't a baby; you're an educated man. Open your eyes! Look at the world around you, the world we've got to live in, the world we've got to make our bread and cheese in! Look at society! What is it? An organized hypocrisy everywhere. We all live by taking each other's dirty linen, and pretending to wash it; by cashing each other's dirty little lies and shams, and passing them on. Civilization means rottenness, when you get to the core of it. It's rotten everywhere. And I fancy it's rather more rotten in this dirty little hole than anywhere else."

### American Theatre

The Kirke La Shelle-Julian Edwards romantic comic opera, "The Princess Chic," has proved a most attractive offering at the American Theatre, and the few remaining performances to be given promise to be fully as profitable as the preceding ones. Excellent work is being done by the San Francisco Opera Company in this thoroughly tuneful and brilliant opera. Aida Hemmi has scored one of the greatest hits of her local career in the role of the Princess, while the other principal roles are artistically done. The coming Sunday night will terminate the run of "The Princess Chic," and on Monday night a mammoth production of Alice Neilson's striking comic opera success, "The Singing Girl," will be substituted. The book of "The Singing Girl" is by Harry B. Smith, the libretto by

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Please look all over the city. See if you can find anything that begins to compare with the high-class Furniture we have for you.

Of course, you may find single pieces in some places, pickt up for an advertizement, but it is a complete stock of everything wanted in the house that we ask you now to see.

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EDDY AND LARKIN STREETS

Stanislaus Stange and the music by Victor Herbert. This piece will run for two weeks.

### The Virginian

"The Virginian" has scored a triumph at the Novelty Theatre, where it is being presented by Dustin Farnum and a particularly strong cast. Seats have been in such a demand as to call for an extra performance on Sunday afternoon in addition to the regular Saturday matinee. Mr. Farnum has made a fine personal hit in the role of the Virginian and is even more popular now than when he first essayed the role in this city at the Columbia Theatre. Frank Campeau as

the treacherous cattle-thief, Trampas, gives a star performance and Mabel Wright is exceptionally pleasing in the leading feminine role.

Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" will be seen here shortly.

Raymond Hitchcock will not only appear in "The Galloper" during his engagement at the Novelty Theatre, but will also present a new piece, the initial performance of which is scheduled for this month at Washington.



Scene From the One-Act Farce "It's Up to You William" Which Charles E. Evans of Evans and Hoey "Parlor Match Fame" and His Company Will Present Next Week at the Orpheum



Creston Clarke in his new production, "The Ragged Messenger," is to follow "The Virginian" at the Novelty Theatre. Clarke will be pleasantly remembered by his performance in the title role of "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Dustin Farnum of "The Virginian" company is a great automobile enthusiast and is seen about town in his big car which he carries about the country.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will pay San Francisco a visit in the near future. She was a popular success at the Columbia Theatre two years ago.

Owing to the immense demand for seats there will be an extra matinee of "The Virginian" at the Novelty Theatre on Sunday afternoon as well as on Washington's Birthday and Saturdays.

The famous comedians, Murray and Mack, in their newest success "Around the Town," are to play a special engagement at the Novelty Theatre in the near future. They are supported by a large company of musical comedy people.

Nance O'Neil, the distinguished tragedienne, is the owner of a ring which was formerly worn by the ill-

fated Marie Antoinette. The brilliants are set in a silver mounting on blue enamel, which the jewelers say is a lost art. The gowns which Miss O'Neil wears in "The Sorceress" are wonderful creations by Lucille, of London, the world famous modiste and some incredibly rich specimens of Egyptian embroidery.

The first American actress who ever appeared at the Khedival Grand Theatre in Cairo, Egypt, was Nance O'Neil, who will be seen here in "Magda," the same play which was offered for the opening bill in Cairo. The Khedive himself was present at the opening performance, as was Lord and Lady Cromer. Miss O'Neil spent her vacation near the Pyramids, and has the distinction of being the only American woman who ever ascended the pyramids of Cheops, 240 feet high, and she is proud of the distinction.

Creston Clarke, in "The Ragged Messenger," will soon be seen here. This is the play which the New York critics declared would live long after "The Christian" had been forgotten. Its leading character, John Morton, is a clergyman, whose philanthropic ideas lead to his being dubbed "The mad parson."

—The Playgoer.

## Love

What Love is man may guess,  
But woman knows.  
To him it is the full-bloom rose,  
To her it is the bud  
Which never is complete,  
Yet sweet  
And fresh and fair,  
With promise of new beauties  
Day by day;  
The breath of May  
Is in it always;  
And the years,  
Although sometimes they bring  
The shadows and the tears,  
Are always Spring.

—The Sentimentalist.



Dustin Farnum

In "The Virginian" at the Novelty Theatre All Next Week, Including Sunday Matinee.



The Ladies' Grill Cafe Bristol, Los Angeles,

## A Runaway Ring

(Continued from Page 31.)

agreeable, that he prolonged his visit rather unduly. Indeed, when he took his leave, he was surprised to find that he had been there for more than an hour.

Now, as it happened, his visit to Mrs. Robinson, and the length of time he had remained there, had not escaped the lynx-eyes of a certain highly respectable maiden lady who lived just over the way. This was Miss Letitia Partlett, a veritable dragon of propriety and self-constituted guardian of the morals of Tootham. Before the day was out she put on her best cloak and bonnet—latest examples of the style of the year before last—and flew round to St. Matthew's Vicarage, where she had a long private interview with the Vicar. The result of this interview was, that when the Curate went next morning for his day's instructions, he found himself greeted by his superior in the sternest and most frigid of tones.

"Come in here, if you please, Mr. Bisgood," said the Vicar, leading the way into his study. "I have something very unpleasant to discuss with you."

The Curate, not conscious of any particular delinquency, wondered what on earth was up. He was soon enlightened.

"Be good enough to explain to me," demanded the Vicar, very stern, righteous, and scathing, "how it is that you were seen to go into the house of that bad woman yesterday, and to remain with her for an hour and sixteen minutes?"

"Eh? Bad woman? What on earth do you mean? To whom are you referring?" cried out the Curate, in unaffected astonishment and indignation.

"Don't pretend ignorance, sir. You know very well," retorted the Vicar, witheringly. "Whom should I mean but that abandoned creature who calls herself Mrs. Robinson—a woman whose name is a by-word in the town, and whose house no self-respecting person would be seen to enter—much less a minister of the Gospel, like yourself?"

The Curate looked as he felt, very much taken aback. Mrs. Robinson a bad character? Impossible! That she was a vivacious little woman and prone to flirtation had been obvious enough to him during their one hour's agreeable tete-a-tete. But that there was anything seriously amiss with her he could scarcely believe. She had not struck him as at all that sort of person.

"I did happen to go and see a Mrs. Robinson yesterday, under rather peculiar circumstances—" he answered.

"Very peculiar, I have no doubt," interposed the Vicar, with biting sarcasm.

"My calling upon her, however, was the purest of accidents——"

"Oh! of course," said the Vicar, more and more sarcastic.

"I beg you will do me the justice of hearing me out," rejoined the Curate, his color rising. "The circumstances which resulted in my visiting this Mrs. Robinson were as follows." And he told the Vicar the exact circumstances, not omitting any detail.

The Vicar listened with an air of offensive incredulity, now and then shrugging his shoulders as much as to say, "Do you really think it worth while taking the trouble to tell me all these lies?"

When the Curate had quite done, he retorted, scoffingly:—

"A very pretty and ingenious story, Mr. Bisgood. I really don't know which to commend the more—your ingenuity in

concocting it, or your effrontery in telling it."

"Do you mean to say you don't believe me?" demanded the Curate, beginning to grow heated.

The Vicar laughed a peculiarly nasty laugh,

"I wasn't born yesterday," he said; "and even if I had been, I should still have thought your story rather thin—"

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**Sperry Flour Company**



especially your hitting on the woman's name accidentally, without any previous knowledge of her. That was so exceedingly likely, wasn't it?"

"Robinson is a common enough name. And, likely or not, it is precisely what happened," answered the Curate, now very indignant indeed.

"Oh! So that is all you have to say?" remarked the Vicar, dryly.

"No, it is not quite all," retorted the Curate, "I have also to say that—even assuming Mrs. Robinson's character to be what you imply—I could not possibly have known anything about it; for, until I saw her yesterday, I had never so much as heard of the woman."

Again the Vicar laughed his nasty scoffing laugh—a laugh that made it difficult for the Curate to refrain from kicking him.

"You must have heard of so notorious a person," he said. "A woman who is constantly visited on Sundays by flashy acquaintances—mostly men—in motor-cars, and who entertains them into the small hours with music and feasting and revelling. Why, Sir, the goings on in that Jezebel's house are the talk of the town. And you expect me to believe that you had never heard of her. No! no! Mr. Bisgood. Try that story on somebody a few years younger than I am."

The Curate was by this time—not unnaturally—in a white heat of passion.

"You're the first man who has ever dared to call me a liar; and by Heaven, I've a good mind to thrash you for the insult, you—you—smug Pharisee!" he cried, in a voice that trembled with perhaps excusable rage.

The Vicar, though endeavoring to sustain a calm, dignified, and contemptuous air, slipped rather hastily round to the other side of his study table, so as to interpose that solid piece of furniture between himself and his Curate. He was not a warrior, except linguistically, and he entertained a wholesome regard for his own skin. Thus entrenched behind four foot of mahogany, he said:—

"You are not improving your position by insolence and blasphemy, Mr. Bisgood. Had you been penitent and contrite, I might have given you another chance. But, in view of the outrageous manner in which you have taken my rebuke, the sooner you leave Tootham, the better."

"I'll go today," ejaculated the Curate.

"A wise resolve," rejoined the Vicar. "And—by the way—do not refer to me for a testimonial."

"I would not take a testimonial from you as a gift," answered the Curate.

"You will not have the chance," retorted the Vicar. "And, of course, it will be my duty to report your conduct to the Bishop."

"I hope you will," exclaimed the Curate. "The Bishop, by all accounts, has some Christian charity, and is not altogether destitute of the feelings of a gentleman." And with that Partisan shaft, steeped in venomous implication, he took his departure.

The pious Vicar was so much upset by the outrageous behavior of his curate, that it was some days before he recovered his equanimity. However, an encouraging letter from the patron of the living of St. Peter's, which the Vicar received on the third day after the Curate's departure, did much to soothe his ruffled feelings. The letter ran as follows:

"Dear Sir,—Your application for the living of Tootham has been sent on to me by Mr. Jenkins, the gentleman from whom I purchased the advowson some months ago.

"Will you, if possible, make it convenient to call on me here the day after tomorrow—any time between two and six in the afternoon—and we can then discuss the matter.—I am, yours faithfully,

M. de Bracey."

"1,001, Eaton-square, S. W., Jan. 15, 19—."

You may be sure the Vicar lost no time in writing to say that he would, with pleasure, run up to town next day and see Mr. de Bracey, as requested. He saw himself already rector of Tootham. It seemed tolerably certain that the new patron would not have sent for him, unless he had serious thoughts of presenting him to the benefice.

When he arrived next afternoon at 1,001 Eaton-square, he asked the butler whether Mr. de Bracey was at home.

"Mrs. de Bracey, sir," the butler corrected him. "There is no Mr. de Bracey; my master has been dead some years. Yes, sir, the mistress is at home. She is expecting you, I think. Mr. Priggleswade, is it not? Will you walk in, please?"

The Vicar walked in, and was shown into the library, where the lady of the house, who was writing at her escritoire, rose to receive him.

The Vicar started. He turned pale. In the pretty woman who stood confronting him he recognized that depraved person, Mrs. Robinson.

"I—I—came to see Mrs. de Bracey," he stammered.

"And I am Mrs. de Bracey," she smiled. "You are surprised, eh?—because you have known me in another name. Well, the fact is this: When I purchased the advowson of Tootham with the knowledge that the late rector contemplated resigning at an early date, the idea struck me that I would come down to the place and live there awhile, in an assumed name, so that I might have a good opportunity of studying and sizing up the local clergy, with a view to seeing whether any of them were deserving to be appointed to the benefice, when it fell vacant."

She paused. The Vicar looked rather blank. He wished now that he had not been quite so hasty in his judgment of Mrs. "Robinson's" character. Further, he hoped, with all his heart, that she had not heard of that little row he had had with his Curate in connection with the latter's visit to her house.

The lady went on:—

"My rather Bohemian way of life appears to have shocked all the good people of Tootham immensely; and I won't deny that, when I saw that, I took something of a malicious pleasure in even going out of my way to shock them further. Still, I hardly think that they—least of all you clergy, who are supposed to be especially endowed with the virtue of Christian charity—need have jumped to the conclusion that I was a bad character."

"Oh, I never thought that—" began the Vicar, in obsequious deprecation.

"No?" she ejaculated, with a slight lift of her shapely shoulders. "Then I wonder why you dismissed that nice curate of yours for the iniquity of merely calling to see me."

"Oh, that was a mistake—an unfortunate mistake—"

"A very unfortunate mistake, Mr. Priggleswade, as you are now to learn. Had you behaved differently, and as a minister of the Gospel ought, I should probably have presented you to the benefice. But, as it is, I have decided to present your late curate, the Rev. Reginald Bisgood."

—The Curate.

The Linz Sanborn Auto Company is one of the largest automobile dealers on the coast, and although young in business, is disposing of a great number of St. Louis and Maxwell automobiles, having delivered 44 since November 8, a record of which can be seen at their office. The St. Louis is becoming famous as a touring car, and orders are being booked daily. They will exhibit their lines at the automobile show, to be held February 18 to 25. Space No. 36.



### Diamond Tires

They were on top, of course, at the Madison Square Garden Show. There were one hundred and seventeen per cent more Diamond Tires on cars exhibited than the next highest make and as many as the next four leading American makes. There were one hundred and ninety-six per cent more Diamond Tires than the highest foreign make of tires. At the Palace Show and the Philadelphia Show they more than confirmed the record of last year, when statistics show that for the twelve months ending September 1, 1906, thirty-three per cent of all the tires sold in America were Diamond Tires, two hundred per cent gain being made during the last five months of the year. The Diamond Tires more than ever lead all other makes.

Six thousand miles at a total repair expense of 90 cents (the cost of an oiler ratchet) is the record made the past season by the Winton Model K owned by Mr. J. H. White of Meriden, Conn. "Wonderfully reliable at all times" is Mr. White's comment. The 1907 Winton Type X-I-V is a refined edition of the Model K and retains all the cardinal features of the K with the addition of offset cylinders and cam shaft.



**Knox Truck, Wholesalers' Body.**

One of the most serviceable, durable and practicable of the auto trucks now in the market.

A license to use the Winton multiple disc clutch has been granted by the Winton Company to two American manufacturers of machinery, this being the first automobile invention to be adapted for machinery use. Features of this clutch which particularly commend it are minimized inertia, equalized spring pressure and smooth starting.

The Holley Bros. Co. of Detroit, the oldest carburetor house in America, has closed a contract with Alexander Winton whereby it secures the exclusive right to manufacture for the general trade the new carburetor which made its appearance last fall on the Winton Model M and Type X-I-V. This carburetor has no auxiliary air inlet and has demonstrated itself to be a wonderful power producer.

The famous "Golden Dragon" will be sent to San Francisco for the coming show. A number of the Eastern population of the country have seen this remarkable car and now the Dragon Automobile Company intends to give the West a treat.

The Dragon is made in two models, a 24-26 H. P. runabout and touring car, each having the same chassis.

Much newspaper space has been taken up of late in describing the various different makes of automobiles now before the public. The different advertisements all tend to convince the prospective purchaser that the car under discussion is the best on earth. Technical terms and adjectives galore almost bewilder the reader. Therefore the advertisement of the Lozier automobile, in another column, is worth calling attention to. Their announcement is extremely brief but worthy of considerable consideration. They state that their car is "legitimately high priced," but no repair bills.

Owing to the tremendous strain to which automobiles are subjected in generating their own power and applying it over all manners of road or no road, up hill and down, fast and slow, coming to sudden stops, and the lack of experience on the part of the operator, all these contribute toward and invite breakage. Probably no piece of machinery is subjected to such severe strains and the wonder is, not that so many cars need repairs, but the wonder is that they can be kept in repair at all. The Lozier cars have gained a reputation in the East of running a complete season without the expenditure of a dollar for repairs, and every visitor to the Automobile Show will be amply repaid in carefully looking over the Lozier exhibit.

A. A. Marshall of Fitchburg, Mass., recently drove a Winton Type X-I-V home from Boston through ten inches of snow, with practically no broken track in three and one-quarter hours. The car carried three full-grown passengers and made the trip without a stop or adjustment.

**MURINE**  
*Wins Laurels*

**MURINE**  
EYE  
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Makes  
Weak Eyes Strong  
Sick Eyes Well  
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There will be many Cars at the

# AUTO SHOW

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A splendid opportunity to make comparisons.



We should like to have the opportunity to explain to you the merits of the

# Rambler

Four models to meet all requirements

Model 27 Runabout, 16 H. P. . . \$1100.00

Model 21 Touring Car, 22 H. P. . . \$1500.00

Model 147 4 Cylinder, 35 H. P. . . \$1900.00

Model 25 4 Cylinder, 40 H. P. . . \$2650.00

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## The '07 Rambler

The 1907 Rambler line of Automobiles is very complete. It is composed of four models. Model 27 a Runabout, and Model 21 a Touring Car, are both 2 cylinder cars. The engine which is of the horizontal double opposed type, shows marked improvement on everything attempted by 2 cylinder engine manufacturers. The construction is such that all the working parts of the engine and transmission are accessible from above. The transmission gear is the planetary type, absolutely noiseless, located on an extension of a motor shaft, and is entirely inclosed. The gear case is attached directly to the crank case of the motor and contains not only the change speed gear but the fly wheel and clutch, it is absolutely oil tight and the entire transmission mechanism runs in an oil bath. The motor and change speed gears are thus an integral unit with three points. The support and construction are of such strength and rigidity that no torsion of the motor frame however severe can cause disalignment of the gears or bearings. The connection between motor and transmission gears shows equal advance in design and strength. It is a multiple disclutch with friction service, greatly in excess of ordinary demands. All gears are cut from solid forgings, and carefully hardened. Hitherto in autos of this type combining so many excellent features the only criticism ever offered was the lack of accessibility to motors located under the body. This objection is entirely overcome in Rambler cars.

Not only are all the parts of the motor accessible, but the body of the car is so hinged that by loosening two knurled under nuts on either side of the car, the entire body may be swung over to the opposite side, and held in place by presses provided for the purpose, thus making all parts of the motor and transmission accessible.

The Rambler 4 cylinder car is produced in two models. The Model 24, a 30 horse power, beveled gear drive, with floating type rear axle. The Model 25, a 40 horse power double side chain drive. In these Models a new sliding gear transmission is introduced which is termed the progressive type, differing from all other sliding gear transmissions, on account of its simplicity. All the gears are controlled by one lever, and with the straight line movement of the lever one can pass from the reverse to the high speed gear, without clashing of the gears and without hesitancy. A new caburetter is also provided which is extremely simple, is easily adjusted and very economical. The workmanship and material used in Rambler cars is second to none and the exhibit made by this company at the coming Automobile Show will be well worth careful and critical inspection. The prices of the Models are as follows:

Model 27 Runabout.....	\$1,100.00
" 21 Touring Car .....	1,500.00
" 24 .....	2,150.00
" 25 .....	2,650.00
" 147 .....	1,900.00

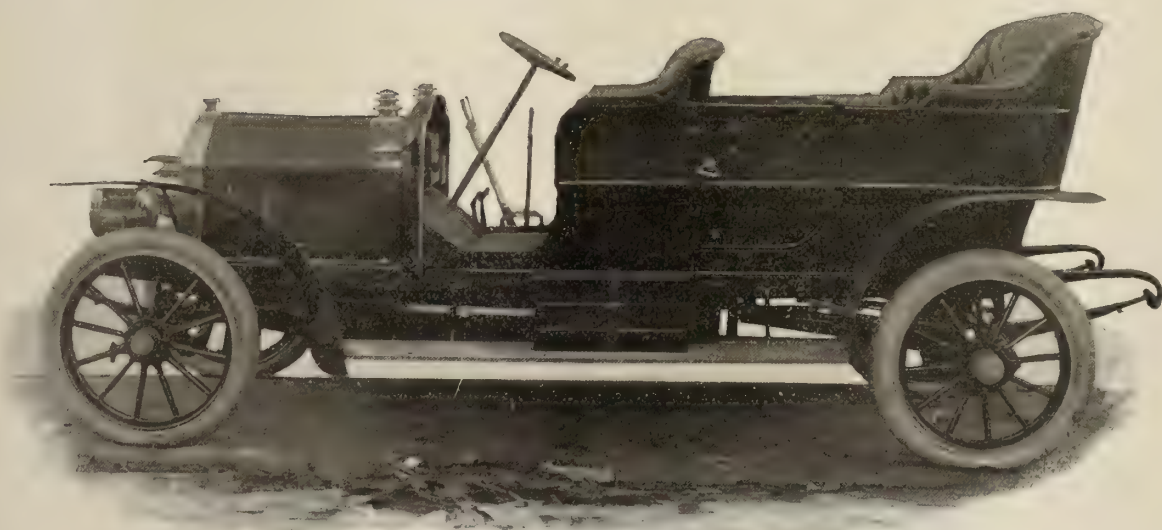


A More Delightful Drive Than to Byron Could Hardly be Conceived, and at Its Conclusion One of the Best Hostelrys in the State Awaits One.



"The car the chauffeur likes to drive"

## HEINE=VELOX



127 inch wheel base  
45-50 Horse Power

*The simplest, fastest and lightest car in the World.  
Challenges any car of its size or weight made.*

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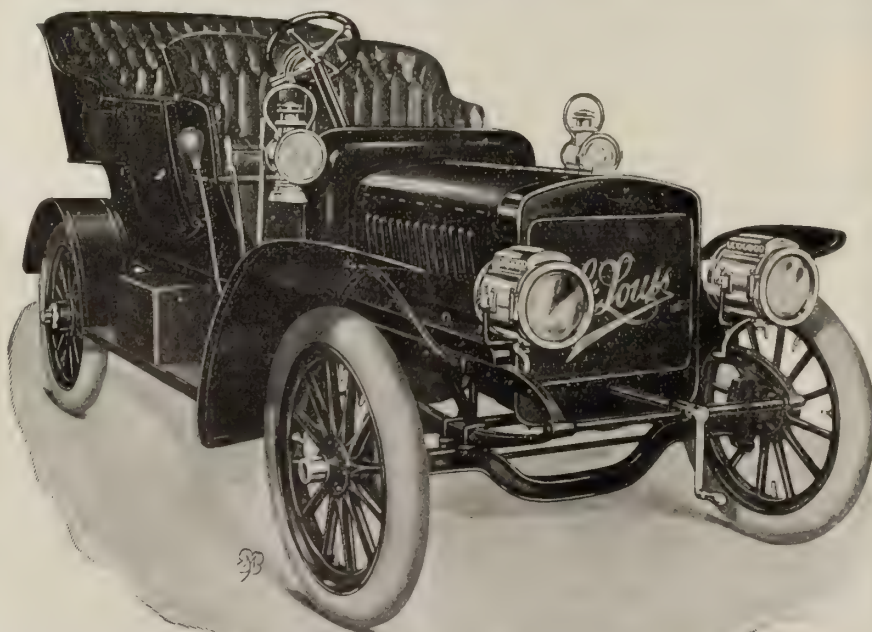
SEE US AT SPACE 32.

## The Automobile Industry

The automobile show is looked forward to by many as an amusement, but that is only one of its casual aspects. The automobile show will convey an eloquent hint of the growing importance of the automobile industry. It has become one of the great industries of the country. A change has taken place in the character of the automobile as an article of commerce. It is no longer simply an expensive luxury appealing to the taste for sport. Its cost has been cheapened and its increased efficiency as a vehicle in all kinds of weather and on all sorts of roads has made it an indispensable utility to people of moderate means. Next to the trolley car the automobile is the most important factor in the great suburban real estate movement now under way. About every railway station it has greatly extended the territory available for residence. Formerly the commuter was practically limited to the suburban town or village in his choice of a dwelling. He can now live in the country proper. A machine representing an investment of a few hundred dollars takes him from the farm to the station in winter as well as in summer.

Generally speaking, the pleasure vehicle has been developed to the neglect of the commercial motor wagon. The demand for the pleasure cars was so great, the problems presented by them so well in hand, and the profit offered so much more, that the majority of the most capable designers and engineers have confined their attention to them, so that one of the greatest

developments of the future is undoubtedly to be the working out, to an economical practicability, of motor wagons and trucks. Then will the original automobile yearning, calling for the abolition of animals for draught purposes, be fulfilled. Even those who were most skeptical a few years ago have now little doubt but what the motor vehicle is to work many transformations in the next two decades. It probably will be seen in forms not even fancied at present. The other things probable of its future are these: It will do the herculean work of keeping city streets clean. It will rush fresh produce and eggs and milk from the farm to market, and in many ways raise the average of health and the standard of comfort. It will be converted into formidable machines of destruction for armies and will make war more remote by making it more dreadful. It will fill an important place in agriculture and develop highways until it becomes a keen rival of the railroads in handling freight, and yet remain an ally to them. It will not only bring the town and country closer together, but will develop suburbs for residence sections, and it is quite likely that it will to some extent follow the history of the bicycle, and after being the rich man's top become the necessity of the workingman. It is not possible for it ever to be as cheaply built as the bicycle, but unquestionably small, cheap forms of it will be developed that will put it within the reach of a salesman's salary, and the cost of operation also will decrease. Where it will end is,



St. Louis Automobile will be exhibited in Space 36,  
Automobile Show, February 18th to 25th.

**LINZ-SANBORN AUTO COMPANY**  
505 GOLDEN GATE AVE., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



after all, much harder to conjecture than it is to get a fair knowledge of where it began.

No industry ever experienced such rapid development as that devoted to the manufacture and sale of automobiles. And great as that industry now is, its future will be far greater. The manufacture and use of pleasure carts, which have demonstrated the practicability of the self-propelled road vehicle, is simply a primary step toward the manufacture of cars destined to do the world's trucking. Thus far American manufacturers have been so extremely busy manufacturing pleasure cars that the wider and richer field of commercial wagons remains to-day practically uninvaded. This condition is certain to be changed. The change may not come rapidly, and preferably it should not come with a rush, for the commercial vehicle proposition, presenting somewhat different aspects from the pleasure car proposition, is one to be handled with deliberation.

The most healthful sign of the times for the automobile manufacturer, and for that matter to the distributor or agent, is the fact that the craziness of the whole game is rapidly passing away. The experienced buyer to-day does not attach the old importance to the magical word model, as applied to the machine made and delivered in one year as against the previous year's output from the same factory. A car that is good to start with in any given year needs only to be kept up to date in the little detail matters that make for the safety, comfort and peace of mind of the owner and driver, and the limit is also being rapidly reached in the absurd and useless additions to simple mechanical parts, which ought to be enough to keep the average layman busy learning his machine and understanding that as long as he has to do with a power plant on the flowing road it is well not to let his mind run away with the dazzlements of extra fixings, double-jointed action, and forty-odd complications, to effect a very simple move which the driver-owner these days is qualified to master without much mental strain.

Great improvement has been made in the general mechanism of the car during the past year as to strength, reliability and convenience of operation and repair, but it is still far from the standard of excellence which must be arrived at before the motor car can become an altogether popular vehicle. When the ordinary automobile can be used with little fear that anything will go wrong except the rubber tires, it will have a great many more advocates than it has at the present time, as well as users.

If the work which is now being carried on toward the perfection of suitable highways for automobile use and other uses carries through, great credit must be given the automobile industry for bringing about a condition which is so much needed, especially in the central, western and southern portions of this country, where good roads in some sections are practically unknown for six months in the year. If the automobile can bring about the molding of public sentiment in this direction, all the time and means that have been expended upon this interesting and acceptable method of transportation will be well placed and prove of great advantage to the country at large.

"The Bigness of Little Things," a Winton booklet dealing with the importance of small matters in automobile manufacturing, has been in such demand that a new edition has been issued.

—Murine Eye Remedy is a Favorite Toilet Accessory. Restores Natural Brilliancy to Tired and Faded Eyes.

# ALWAYS FIRST

# Diamond

# WRAPPED TREAD TIRES.



## IN THE CHICAGO SHOW

- 101 CARS exhibited were equipped with Diamond Tires (and every Diamond Tire bought and paid for), as against  
60 CARS equipped with the highest competing tire.

## MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

- 74 CARS were equipped with Diamond Tires (and every Diamond Tire bought and paid for), as against  
34 CARS equipped with the highest competing tire.

## IN THE GRAND CENTRAL PALACE

## PHILADELPHIA, WASHINGTON

and all other exhibitions, results have been the same. It simply shows that Diamond Tires have distanced all other tires in popularity as they have outclassed all other tires in quality.

# The Diamond Rubber Co.

Akron, Ohio

Pacific Coast Branch, 108-12 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland.

DAILY MARSH RIM DEMONSTRATIONS.

## His Question

It was Tuesday night. If it had been any other night Madge would have had to resort to some form of rebuke quite different from the one which is the motif of this story. She had been sitting on the sofa with Reginald ever since nine o'clock, and it was now approaching twelve. During all that time Reginald held himself in check. Not once did he permit the sentimental element in his nature to assert itself. Yet Madge looked good to him. Indeed her personality on this particular occasion was most alluring. She was in evening dress, and Reginald, being of the artistic temperament, was sensitive to the influence of evening dress. But even had Madge not been in evening dress Reginald would not have been oblivious to her physical charms, for they were manifold and extended to the roots of her fluffy blonde locks. But this story is not to be told in chapters and there is therefore no need of further digression.

"Dear," said Reginald, with something of the tenderness of a Romeo, "I am going to ask you a delicate question. I hope it will not cause a shock."

Madge's face lighted up at the prospect. For she thought that Reginald was about to end the monotony.

"You will notice," he said, exhibiting his watch, "that it is nearly midnight. Your father is out of town and your mother is in bed. We appear to be quite alone. We are sitting in the moonlight. A strange sensation steals over me. Methinks it is the ecstasy of love. Giddy expectation whirls me around. My blood speaks to you in my veins, so sweet is the imaginary relish. So I am constrained to ask, Do you think, considering the circumstances, it would be quite proper for me to kiss you?"

At that moment the cuckoo clock served notice that the hour of midnight had arrived.

And just as the mechanical bird withdrew the beautiful creature at Reginald's side laid a delicate hand on his arm.

"How unfortunate!" she exclaimed.

"What's unfortunate?" he asked.

"That you did not think of asking that question until Ash Wednesday morning," she said. Reginald, I must retire to my cell, for the penitential season is on."

And Reginald went his way.

—The Flirt.

The old Knickerbocker House, Messrs. Roosevelt and Schuyler of New York, the time honored and eminent firm of champagne importers, calls attention to the high grade of **Ruinart Brut** and **Ruinart Cuvee Imperiale Champagnes**, specially selected and now shipped by Messrs. Ruinart Pere & Fils into the American market. The phenomenal success which these Ruinart Champagnes have achieved among the better class of wine consumers in the United States—on the strength of their merit only—is an eloquent endorsement of the superior quality referred to by Messrs. Roosevelt and Schuyler.—Wine Review.

An interesting little booklet has been issued by Giacomo Minkowski announcing the establishment by him of a vocal school in New York. The booklet contains letters of indorsement from such noted artists as Mme. Nordica, Edouard de Reszke and Antonio Scotti. Mr. Minkowski is well known to the musical cult of San Francisco as a composer and critic. His academy will no doubt meet with deserved success.

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#### ON THE GROUNDS AT DEL MONTE

The roads about the hotel and vicinity are oiled, and the new garage, with electric lights and concrete floors, offers every convenience to motor car men.



1907 Six-Cylinder Franklin, Driven by L. L. Whitman and C. S. Carris, as it Appeared Leaving San Francisco on Transcontinental Tour to New York



## The 1907 "White" Steam Car

Among the new models for 1907, the White steam car justly deserves a prominent place. Elegance and beauty of design are instantly apparent. The car is large, commodious, well appointed and of striking appearance. The builders have been exceedingly careful to make all parts of the car of the strength commensurate with the increased size and carrying capacity, and the generator and engine have been very materially increased so as to give almost double the horse power of last year's car. The new engine is an exceedingly substantial and promising piece of machinery and looks as if it would stand an endless amount of work and even abuse. The cranks, bearings, connecting rods, eccentric, links, and in fact all parts have been materially strengthened and enlarged. With this powerful engine and to 2½-to-1 gear with which it is equipped, the car is capable of very high speed.

The White car has always been a very simple car to operate and control, and this year that simplicity is very considerably increased by the addition of a new automatic known as a flow regulator, which regulates the supply of water and the supply of fuel in a most ingenious and effective manner. The White Company expect to have a circular ready for distribution at the Automobile Show, which will describe this completely. This flow regulator is so effective that it maintains a practically uniform steam pressure under all conditions. The fire is not only shut off automatically by the steam temperature, as formerly, but it is also shut off by the steam pressure through the action of the flow regulator when the steam pressure reaches a given point. This obviates all excessive steam pressures and eliminates turning off the fire by hand when descending long grades; in fact, hand control of the fire is no longer necessary under any circumstances, as the supply of gasoline not only shuts off when the steam pressure reaches the cut-off point, but also shuts off whenever the engine is stopped. The care with which the new system of regulation of the WHITE car has been thought out and elaborated is ingenious in the extreme. Better still, every automatic is positive in its action and is not subject to getting out of order easily.

Owing to these changes, which are of very general interest, it is safe to say that the exhibit of The White Company at the Automobile Show will be well patronized by all interested automobilists.

Aside from the standard pullman body, with which the 30-horse power chasses will be equipped, there will also be a landaulet car, with the customary folding back common to that design of car. This will be one of the very few cars of that style which has ever been seen on the Coast. It is a most popular make in the East; in fact, it is becoming as popular there as the Limousine. There will also be a 30 h. p. Limousine, and a 30 h. p. runabout with tiger seat, the body design of the latter being in accordance with the latest Eastern ideas.

The space to be occupied by the exhibit of WHITE cars at the Show will be 28 feet by 42 feet, fronting on three aisles, so there will be ample room for a large exhibit.

The Severn, at 1050 Geary street, is a delightfully appointed restaurant.

**Dr. J. Dennis Arnold**

Has resumed practice at 2295 Franklin Street.

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### GAS FOR FUEL.

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*Automatic Heat Regulation.*

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## NO ODOR

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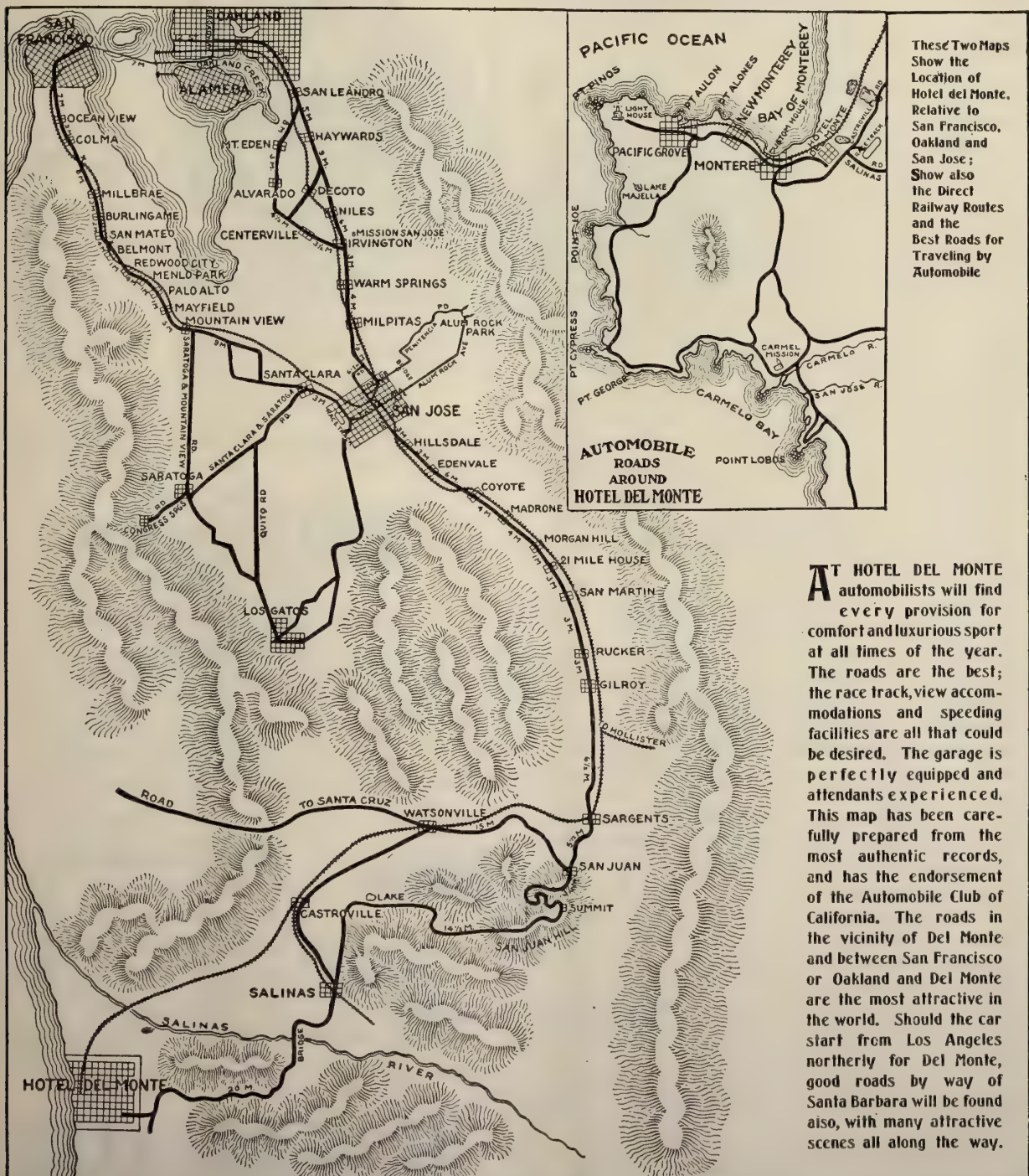


The Winton Company announces that it will shortly open its own branch house in Detroit. From this announcement it is evident that the Winton Company finds the branch house plan profitable, for such establishments have been conducted for several years in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago and London, in addition to which a Winton branch was opened in Pittsburg about a year ago.

E. H. Gato, the wealthy cigar manufacturer of Havana, Tampa, and Key West, has just placed his order for a Winton X-I-V.

The Winton runabout, which enjoyed much popularity at the New York show, varies from conventional design. It does not cater to the semi-racer idea, but rather makes a strong appeal by reason of its graceful lines and comfortable seating arrangements.

Chas. B. Shanks, general sales manager of the Winton Company, will shortly go to Florida to recuperate from the la grippe atmosphere of the show season.



Two maps that point the way for automobilists to Hotel Del Monte, down by the sea near old Monterey.



## The Flats and Hotels of Paris

(Continued from Page 9.)

around—soup, fish, an entree, filet, chicken, salad, fruit and dessert—all small portions, and the meats often sweaty or cold. The dejeuner is about the same, minus the soup, one meat and dessert. The breakfast is coffee and rolls. For this poorly cooked and skimpy medley you are robbed, first at the office, of from \$7 to \$25 per day, and then, all along the line, from concierge to elevator boys.

The Ritz is a made-over stuffy "old-new" device for nouveau-riche Americans who want to get their names in the newspapers, rich provincials and an occasional Englishman who ought to know better.

The Continental is also a fine old robber, but it gives you more for your money, and is generally a fairer place than the Elysee Palace, Ritz, l'Athenee, Vendome, Bristol, Terminus, or the old Grand.

In 1866 I stopped at the Grand a month for about \$4 per day, full board. In 1887 my full board for three persons cost me under \$15 per day. Two years afterward (Exposition of 1889) the same apartments and board cost me not much more. But in 1900 I occupied my old apartments of two years before for a few days, and was charged—for full board for three—\$60 per day! All these hotels are old, and dangerous in case of fire (except the Elysee) and none have bathrooms attached to suites except the Elysee and Regina.

There are 44 (so-called) first-class hotels in Paris, 960 second class, and many others, but only two have bathrooms attached to rooms and more than half of the others have no modern facilities for bathing. But the grasping landlords all charge you as much as they dare, provide you with as little as they can, and you are obliged to fee, at least once a week—or be placed on the servants' blacklist—concierge, cashier, porter, waiter and head waiter, maid and hall-man, elevator boys and generally others. And, worse than all this, the cooking is poor and getting poorer, for the good old cooks of Paris are all dead or have gone to America and England. I do not blame them, for the landlords have become so mercenary that the poor chefs have of late years had no opportunity of exhibiting their culinary skill. Again, Paris has made very little headway in warming its hotels and other houses. Why, in this magnificent city of millions of inhabitants, there are but six hotels heated by steam or hot air, like all the leading hotels in the United States. It is generally the same old method of a hundred years ago—a few fag-gots and a little coal.

Rowland Strong, in his delightful book entitled "Where and How to Dine in Paris," has these things to say of the Paris hotels: "Paris is a city of hotels, most of them bad." \* \* \* "What a pity it was that, instead of burning down the Hotel Ville, they did not burn down most of the other hotels—I mean those that travelers stop at." \* \* \* "As it is, there is hardly a third-rate town in Germany or Italy, to say nothing of Switzerland, which is not better provided with hotel accommodation than Paris." \* \* \* "A friend of mine who stopped at one of the largest hotels could get no room with bath." \* \* \* "During the past two or three years there has been a terrible slump in the hotel business. There may be various explanations of this, but, undoubtedly, and, probably,

—Murine Eye Remedy, a Family Favorite. Soothes Eye Pain. Makes Weak Eyes Strong. An Eye Food.

the principal, is the bad name the Paris hotel has gradually acquired." \* \* \* "They are expensive, their proprietors are thievish and curmudgeonly; and in the event of an outbreak of fire they are positive death-traps." \* \* \* "What a catastrophe will occur here one of these days!"



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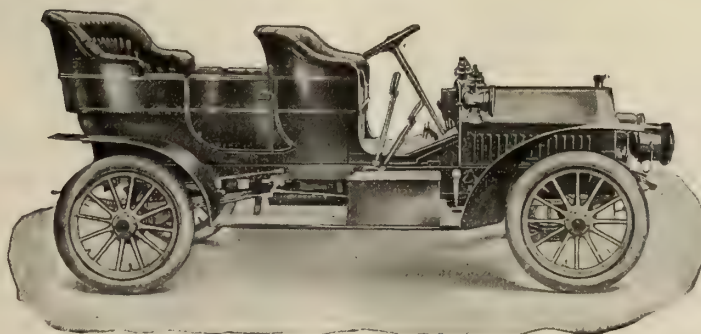
For special trains stopping at the track take the S. P.  
Ferry, foot of Market Street; leave at 12:00, thereafter every  
twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M. No smoking in last two  
cars which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.  
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

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**\$2150****SPECIFICATIONS OF THE DRAGON**

Four cylinder motor, 4x4½-inch cylinders, delivering 24-26 H. P. at rear wheels. Protected shaft drive. Sliding-gear transmission. Three-piece crank-case, permitting removal of oil shell without disturbing bearings. Hammer-forged crank shaft. Engine valves on opposite sides of cylinders. Centrifugal pump, self-regulating and air-proof. Double-acting hub-brakes, external contracting and internal expanding. Marine type steering gear, as used on 10,000 ton battleships. All bronze parts of Wm. Cramp & Sons' bronze, 67,000 pounds tensile strength. Jump spark ignition, storage batteries and dry cells. Full elliptic springs in rear. Large tonneau. Finished, upholstered and appointed in highest class style.

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## Letters

### The Dragon Painter

With the amount of attention which is being lavished on the Japanese question, Mary McNeil Fenollosa (Sidney McCall) can congratulate herself on having had her "Dragon Painter" make its appearance at this time. The plot is quite aside from the usual novel and just as far from the hackneyed "trial marriage" and purple-eyed baby cult. Kano Indara was the last of his race and likewise the last of a race of great painters. His only child was a daughter, not without talent of her own, but, as all the world over, she was not esteemed as a son would have been. However beloved, she would not perpetuate the name. Kano Indar's greatest wish was to discover some young artist with talent so great as to make him worthy of adoption, when, by marriage with Ume-ko both the name and the blood would be continued. He had about despaired of success when there was introduced to his notice Tatsu, almost a wild man, one whose ancestry was unknown or forgotten and whose ability was self-acquired. He lived for art alone, drawing on the rocks, in the sand, on sheets of paper which were occasionally given to him, but preserving nothing. When the picture was completed it was given to the winds, and it was some of this ungarnered store which was gathered up by another, once an artist but now in an engineer corps, and brought to Kano for inspection. Nothing would satisfy the old man but that this artist should be brought to him at Yeddo, but when this was accomplished it was found as difficult to domesticate him as it would have been to tame an eagle. Tatsu called himself the "Dragon Painter." He embodied the dragon in all his work, and had a belief, a superstition, or a dream, as one may please, that somewhere in the world was a maiden who was his, had been designed for him alone since the beginning of time and that they sought each other forever. One of the drawings which fell into Kano's hands represented this "Dragon Maid," and singularly, it bore some resemblance to his own daughter, Ume-ko. In order to chain the wild man, Kano, after plying him with unaccustomed stimulants, sent for the daughter to appear, giving the command to the old servant to summon the "Dragon Maid." Ume-ko made a dramatic entrance, and the tableau was so satisfactorily worked out that one cannot help suspecting collusion or rehearsal. At all events the ruse was a success. Tatsu demanded his treasure and was put off with explanations of the demands of social requirements and etiquette, though Kano would have been only too glad to have dispensed with delay. Tatsu was not more eager to possess the "Dragon Maid" than her father was to secure the adoption of this waif, and the girl was not considered at all. Indeed it would not have been the proper thing for her to have opposed her father's will, even though he had not been so devoted to ART as to have considered any sacrifice unimportant. Ume-ko had a bit of romance in her own nature, and instead of being repelled by this tatterdemalion, she fell in love with him, another breach of propriety, which, of course, she was careful to conceal. In due time the marriage took place. Kano Indara was frantic with impatience. He wanted Tatsu to paint, to paint, and always to paint, while the youth, being in love, scarcely touched his brushes and was oblivious to the snares set for him. Seven days were reluctantly granted for the honeymoon, after which the young couple came home to the parental nest, but speedily discord entered. Kano Indara again begged, entreated, commanded the youth to produce pictures. He refused, sulked, declared that he painted only because he was distracted for the "Dragon Maid," and now, having her, he would paint no more. Indara appears to have had a genuine artistic temperament, for he made no provision for the future, and little by little the treasures of his home were sold to pay living expenses,

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30 Horse-power	\$2650.00
30 Horse-power Limousine	3750.00
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10 Horse-power delivery car	1150.00
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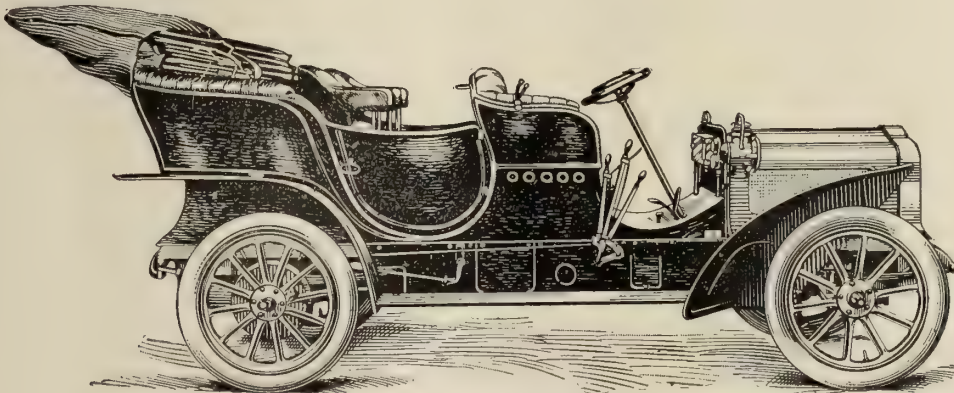
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# THE INCOMPARABLE WHITE

## FOR 1907



Model G, Pullman Body.

An express shipment of these cars has arrived. Call and see them. They are speedy, reliable, handsome cars, having strength and stamina for all requirements.

Aside from the fact that The White Company is now building two separate and distinct models of cars, one of 20 steam horse power and the other of 30 steam horse power, the latter car being far the largest, speediest and most powerful it has ever built, the chief feature of interest is the new system of fuel and water regulation. By an entirely novel application of automatic devices, which are simple in the extreme and positive in action, the steam pressure is not subject to any appreciable fluctuation, but stands steadily at one point, whether the car is running rapidly or slowly, up hill or down hill. By this system, the economy of the car is also regulated, so that the most inexperienced person can get the same satisfactory results as the most expert WHITE operator. This new feature will make the WHITE car more than ever a car for which a chauffeur is not necessary and a car which any lady can drive.

We will exhibit at the San Francisco Show a full line of our cars, including the elegant limousine and landaulet styles.

# White Garage

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but still Tatsu remained idle. He shocked his father by openly making love to Ume-ko, and even she had no influence over him when it came to that point. The tempting array of brushes and pigments did not arouse him, and when she turned to her own work, hoping that the example would prove salutary he but turned her efforts into play. Matters went from bad to worse, until yet another deception was practiced. Once, on one of their rambles together, Ume-ko narrowly escaped drowning through the caving of a bank on which she was resting. The river current was strong at that point, and anything which fell into the water would be speedily carried out to sea. Seeing how affairs were drifting it was arranged between herself and her father that she should pretend suicide, leaving evidences of drowning on the bank, and a farewell letter to her husband regretting that her presence had interfered with his career, yet enjoining him from following her example lest it separate them in the land of spirits, and leave them another age-long quest of each other in the future. Ume-ko retired to a monastery, and Tatsu, after a long illness, returned to the house of Kano Indara. In time everything worked out well, as it might have done anyway but for the impatience of the old painter. The story differs from most of those involving an unequal marriage, since the young people were perfectly satisfied with each other, and the dissatisfaction was entirely with Kano Indara, but perhaps, had they been living by themselves, and Ume-ko trying to carry on a household without an income, her sweetness and patience might have been somewhat ruffled. Perhaps, too, had Tatsu come into the dining hall hungry and found no meal prepared, he might have taken a different view of his obligations, but all's well that ends well, and the insight into religious customs and family conduct is worth while. Illustrations are by Gertrude McDaniel, but they do not seem to have been drawn from Japanese models. Published by Little, Brown & Co.

#### "Two Little Friends in Norway"

Judging by title and illustrations, the unwary might be led to conclude that "Two Little Friends in Norway" is designed for little readers. Though the two tiny maids play their part, they are really thrust into the background by the older members of the party who are making a tour of the north, and there is much of courtship, sharp interchange of what passes for wit and cleverness amongst the half-grown of both sexes, and display of snobbery on the part of the women amongst the tourists which the little girls will resent as interloping. The two little children are almost direct contrasts, one the child of a foolish but wealthy mother who lavishes gifts and dry goods, as well as ill-temper, on her child, until she has nearly ruined the little one's naturally good disposition; the other a Norwegian peasant, obedient, silent and reverential, with a sturdy regard for truth and honor and a determined will, in spite of her seven brief years. Margaret Sidney, the author, is well known through her "Little Peppers," the series having expanded to ten volumes. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

Meredith Nicholson's title, "The House of a Thousand Candles," seems to have caught the public fancy. A railroad company has named one of its routes "The road of a thousand wonders," a summer resort placarded itself as "the house of a thousand delights," and there are at least two candy manufacturers who advertise themselves as "the house of a thousand candies." California was a good bit ahead of the bandwagon, however, for we had our "Legislature of a thousand drinks," and that other one of "a thousand scandals" long before Mr. Nicholson took up the trade of writing. His new novel, now current in "The Reader," and to be published in the spring by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, has an attractive title, "The Port of Missing Men." —The Bookworm.



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**Mission Style Dining and Observation Cars**

Drawing room, state room sleepers to Chicago, Kansas City and  
St. Louis without change



via **SOUTHERN PACIFIC=ROCK ISLAND**



## The Annals of Pickeye.

(Continued from Page 12.)

The Long Tom saloon was ablaze that Christmas eve. Great masses of cedar-boughs and wreaths of wild holly lent it an uncommonly festive appearance, which was accentuated by the lively strains of the string band. A greater concourse than usual thronged the place; the gambling and card tables were crowded, and a buzz of conversation pervaded the entire room.

"How's the claim panning out, Dobie?" inquired one of a group that had ranged itself before the bar.

"Pretty fair; about an ounce a day to the hand," was the reply. "How are you doing?"

"Just ornary at present; I ain't into the true channel yet. But J-B here, who's working next to me, found a ten-ounce nugget yesterday."

"Yes," assented J-B, "and I'll find a chunk bigger than a horse's head in that formation yet."

"I hope so," said Dobie Joe. "I always believed"—

The speech was interrupted, or drowned rather, by someone just outside the door singing in tones as loud and clear as a trumpet:

"Uncle Josiah and his son Sam

They built 'em a ship in the shape of a clam

To sail down to Nantucket P'int."

"Hello, that's Cape Ann!" exclaimed J-B, and he added, as the sturdy vocalist entered, "Here, Cape Ann, won't you join us?"

"It's just what I'm hunting for, boys," was the response, as the speaker fell in alongside.

"What shall it be, gentlemen?" asked the barkeeper.

"A little tarantula-juice for me," replied J-B.

"The same here," remarked his neighbor.

"Some of your forty-yard brandy this way, Cap," said Cape Ann.

"That'll do as well as anything else," observed Dobie Joe. The other choices were expressed in as indefinite a way, but everyone was served without hesitation. As the glasses were being drained the express messenger entered and flung the letter-bag onto the bar.

"Hello, here's Todd's letter-express!" exclaimed J-B.

The exclamation attracted attention throughout the room, and all except the dealers and more interested players crowded around the bar. Cap Ryan opened the pouch, took out a bundle of letters and began calling off the addresses.

"Hornblower, Dillon, Yost, Prendegast, Allen McClatchey, Arkwright, Jellison—Jabez Jellison, that's you, isn't it, J-B?"

"Them's my initials," acknowledged the identified, depositing a dollar on the counter and receiving the letter.

"Penrod, Brown, McKinnon, Allsop, Smith, Henderson, Kirby—William Kirby, that's for you, Cape Ann."

"It couldn't be sweeter by any other name," answered the recipient, depositing the express charge.

"Jenkins, Wells, McCurdy, Selfridge, O'Connor, Ellsworth, Fitch, Allison—Mrs. George Allison, that's the little widow up at Lang's Bar, isn't it?"

A chorus of voices responded in the affirmative.

"I'll ante for that," said Dobie Joe.

"Of course, he will," observed someone significantly, and there was a general laugh, above which rose Cape Ann's clarion voice singing:

"All on the 'Cosme river,

Where the miners dig the dust,

She stole my heart, that fair young widow,

And I'll marry her, or bust."

## A Familiar Question

*"Where Shall We Go to Lunch?"*

*Those who know answer*

**"The Hotel St. Francis  
Grill Room**

On Union Square

It's excellent."

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1050 Geary Street, East of Van Ness

BEST CUISINE BEST SERVICE

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People of Refinement and Wine Intelligence ask  
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**Perrier Jouet Champagne**

Treat yourselves kindly and ask for "Blue Top"

**VARNEY W. GASKILL, Pacific Coast Manager**  
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Guaranteed Capital and Surplus...\$2,578,695.41

Capital actually paid up in Cash... 1,000,000.00

Deposits, December 31, 1906.....38,531,917.28

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Hotel Green is the largest, finest and only absolutely fireproof Resort Hotel in California conducted on both European and American plans. Rates, \$1.50 and up European; \$4.00 and up, American. Finest golf links in California.

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For Health, Rest and Recreation—Natural Soda Baths. Resident Physician. Take Bimini Hot Springs Cars on Broadway direct to the Hotel.



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The most elegantly and luxuriously furnished hotel of its size in the United States. Now under new management. American and European plan.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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Ideal winter home at Reasonable Rates. Golf Club on foothills. Well equipped Garage livery. Fishing and Shooting. Detailed information upon application to

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Hotel Casa Loma, Redlands, Cal.

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Absolutely Fire Proof, and out in the country. Opens January 19, 1907.

M. C. WENTWORTH, Manager.



"You seem to think it nothing but a good joke on me, boys," quietly remarked Dobie Joe, when the laugh and song had died away. "That's all right, as far as I'm concerned. But there isn't one of you, if he knew what a hard row that little woman is hoeing up there and how bravely she is doing it, but would do as much and a great deal more than I've done for her."

A sudden silence came over the boisterous crowd, during which Cap Ryan called out the remaining addresses unheeded.

"Let's give her a benefit," suggested J-B.

"A Christmas gift—this is Christmas eve," seconded Arkansas.

"That's it, a regular old Santa Claus lay-out for the widow and her kids," proclaimed Cape Ann, in a voice whose ring thrilled every one in the room. "There's my toss-in toward it," he added, pitching a buckskin purse onto the bar.

"And mine."

"And mine."

"And mine."

"And mine."

And the repetend continued to go on, as others pressed forward in eager rivalry to lay down their offerings. It was just a touch of nature and the natural response of men keyed up to an emotional pitch. There was not a bit of forethought or benevolence in it.

"Jumping Jingo! what are you going to do with all of this dust?" exclaimed Cap Ryan, as he heaped the contributions in a pile.

"Paint the heavens as they have never been painted since the Nativity," solemnly replied Cape Ann, voicing the spirit of exaltation that animated the crowd.

"Boys, don't you feel that we've gone about as far as we should go in our rough way?" suggested Dobie Joe. "It seems to me there should be someone who could give a kind of graceful and sacred turn to the thing. Hadn't we better call in Elder Beals?"

"Good idea, Dobie; the Elder is just the man. You go and get him," cried Cape Ann; and the sentiment meeting with general approval, Dobie Joe went in search of Elder Beals, that his presence might soften and sanctify the proceedings.

There was a suspension of everything but talk for the next half hour or more, when Dobie returned with the preacher.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Elder Beals, nodding affably in different directions. "I am informed that you have set on foot a mission of goodwill and charity and wish me to join with you. I'm only too glad to do so, and will humbly try to perform my part."

However the early California miners may be regarded with respect to their morals and manners, they had one indisputable merit—they were executive. Whether the proposition were a gigantic labor or a piece of tomfoolery, a lynching or a carouse, they set about it with a zeal and unanimity that were effectual.

Thus it was that Christmas-eve. Whimsical as had been the origin of the idea, it had caught the general fancy, and by the time it was fully developed every person was impressed with his individual responsibility in seeing it properly carried out.

In less time than nowadays it would take the indispensable committee to organize for such a purpose, stores were being ransacked, pack-animals secured, and the execution of the project was fully under way.

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While all this festivity and preparation were going on at Pickeye, a very different scene was passing in the widow's cabin up at Lang's Bar.

The little ones had rushed joyously to their mother to inform her of Dobie Joe's instructions about hanging up their stockings. To their surprise, she did not appear to share their enthusiasm in regard to it. She straightened up, however—leaning her shoulders far backward, to give herself a little rest—and said, wearily:

"Well, you may hang them up as he told you to. Maybe he knows better than I do."

"He wouldn't have said it if he didn't know," asserted Fanny positively.

"No, Dobie Joe wouldn't fool us," was Johnny's as confident endorsement.

"I don't think he would, either. He is too honest and kind to deceive any one. Perhaps the ground-squirrel told him something about Santa Claus that I don't know. But I wouldn't look for very much, if I were you. When you expect but little you can never be greatly disappointed."

"I'd like a doll, though," said Fanny wistfully.

"And I'd like a drum—and—some candy," exclaimed Johnny, vainly trying to limit his desire to a single object.

"Well, that isn't a great deal to wish for, and if Santa Claus has any left he may bring them. But if I had a wish," said the widow, hastily bending over the washtub again, "I should wish he would bring us something to eat, for you will have to go to bed hungry tonight."

When night came, and the scant fare had been very unequally distributed, so far as the mother's share was concerned, and the children querulously asked her for more, she told them they must be patient and wait until the morrow, when she hoped to be able to give them enough.

"But it's always wait, and always tomorrow, mother," complained Fanny fretfully.

"I know it, child," was the meek reply; "but things may change for the better. I shall hear from home very soon now."

"But we may starve before then," retorted Fanny.

"No, the Lord will not let us," replied the widow bravely. "He may try their faith, but He will not finally forsake those who trust in Him. He let His chosen people suffer a long time before He sent the quails and manna to them, and poor Elijah was probably hungrier than we when the ravens came to feed him."

"They might come and feed us too, if they knew how poor we was!" was Johnny's sudden inspiration. "Let's open the door."

"It won't be any use," said incredulous Fanny.

Johnny flung the door wide open, however, and called to the imaginary ravens to come. But there was no response, except the mournful sigh of the wind through the pines.

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"There ain't any here," he announced; "but there's quails up in the woods, I know, and maybe there's manner. I'm going to look for it tomorrow."

"How silly, Johnny!" exclaimed skeptical Fanny.

"No, Fanny," gently rebuked the mother, "faith is never silly. Its visions may not always be realized, but the soul is always better for having cherished it. No ravens will come to feed us, no manna be found; but Johnny's simple faith that God might send them is prettier than your doubt."

"How can I help it, mama, when nothing ever comes?" pleaded Fanny.

"Dobie Joe comes," corrected Johnny.

"But he ain't something to eat."

"Maybe he'll bring it, though."

"Yes, like your ravens," sneered desperate Fanny.

"Come, come, children; it's bad enough without your quarreling," interposed the mother. "Let us trust that help will come, without questioning how or when. There is a sweet hymn that says:

"It may not be my way, it may not be thy way,

Yet in His own way, God will provide."

"And, again:

"It may not be my time, it may not be thy time,

Yet in His own time, God will provide."

In quoting, the widow had recalled unconsciously the touching air of the hymn, and she sang the lines in a low, sweet voice. The children always loved to hear their mother sing. But of late she sang so seldom that the soft strains now had the additional charm of a tender memory. Doubt, disappointment, even hunger, no longer troubled them; their mother's soothing words and tones had brought their hearts into accord with the spirit of the hymn.

"Now, my darlings, say your prayers and go to bed; it is very late," said the mother, when their quietness showed the gentler feeling that possessed them.

"But our stockings, mama; we must hang them up outside the door," said Fanny.

"Yes, so we must," echoed Johnny.

"Well, then, we'll do that first."

So two little stockings were suspended from nails outside; the prayers were said, Johnny appending to the usual formula, "Now, God and Dobie Joe, don't forget our stockings"; and then sweet sleep came and cast its blessed spell upon them.

Under the starry midnight sky, through woods and openings, up hill and down, the procession that was bearing the Christmas gift to the widow and her children held its way along the winding trail up the creek.

There was little talk. Walking in Indian file is not conducive to conversation; and, besides, discussion had expended itself and all were now intent with the execution of their purpose. Points of interest, at times, elicited a few remarks—as where drunken Benson found a pound nugget the day after he recovered from a spree and showed his last dollar to the new moon; or where Paddy McCann killed the sluice-robber and built a cabin over his grave to lay the ghost; but for most part the men so noisy an hour before were now as silent as the night itself.

When the head of the canyon just below Lang's Bar was reached, Dobie Joe called a halt. There was necessity for caution now. The mules were unpacked and tethered, and the work of stealthily conveying the stores to the widow's cabin begun.

"I think we've earned a drink all around, boys," said Cape Ann, producing a bottle. "Hasn't the

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tramp heated you under the collar enough to try a swig, Elder Beals?"

"No, thank you," cheerily replied the preacher; "though, under the circumstances, I'm disposed to look upon it as more of a sacrament than a tippie."

When the goods had been noiselessly deposited, with a big placard saying "From Santa Claus" stuck on them, and Dobie Joe had crept like a mouse onto the porch and stuffed the little stockings hanging by the door, he and Cape Ann began decorating the young pines in front of the cabin after the fashion of Christmas-trees. They climbed up and about like squirrels, and as each article was tossed up it was caught and secured to some branch, while gay ribbons were strung in every direction, and over all was flung a profusion of glittering tinsel.

The labor finished, the whole party moved a little way off to see, as well as they could in the dimness, what the effect would be by daylight.

"The work wasn't so all-fired hard," observed Cape Ann, drawing a sleeve across his face, "but somehow it makes my eyes sweat."

There was hardly an eye in the whole crowd but was similarly affected. Elder Beals, brushing away the moisture that dimmed his own sight, said:

"They are not bitter ones, but it is still true of them that they who sow in tears shall reap in joy."

The party was waiting at the head of the canyon when daylight came. Through the bushes could be seen the cabin and the pile of goods and gayly bedecked pines in front of it. No one there was yet astir. The eastern sky grew brighter, and still there was no sign of life. Just as the sun rose above the rim of the mountains and set the ribbons and tinsel aflame, Elder Beals placed the tin horn to his lips and sent forth a reveille that woke the echoes in the remotest canyons.

There was a sudden unfastening of the cabin door. Two little nightgowned figures ran out upon the porch, and caught sight of the clump of pines in all its gorgeous brilliance. For a moment they stood bewildered and dumb. Then Fanny threw up her hands ecstatically and shouted:

"O mama, mama, look here! Santa Claus has come above Pickeye!"

The widow came to the door, gave a quick, almost frightened, look; then, folding the children in her arms, she knelt upon the sill.

While she was still kneeling, eight mules began wending their way back toward Pickeye, followed by a hundred men, silent and weary but supremely happy.

The affair had been so impromptuous, to quote Cape Ann's descriptive term, that C. Augustus Dinkey, the young Foothill Bard, though deeply inspired by it and beginning at once to thrash out a poem for the occasion, was not able to deliver it along with the other goods. It took him three days to lick it into shape, during which time many sidelights and embellishments accrued. There is little of the force or felicity of his best style in it; but, as his poems are inseparably linked with the annals of Pickeye, it is given here, as a sort of codicil:

#### A CHILD'S FAITH

The night was dark; a tempest swayed

The hut from roof to floor;

Two little children cowered, afraid

A wolf was at the door.

There was! Their mother, kneeling, prayed

For just a crust, no more.

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And then she took the Holy Book  
And from its pages read  
How ravens came to Cherith brook  
And poor Elijah fed,  
When, with a bright inspired look,  
The youngest listener said:

"Why, they might come and feed us too,  
If only they knew where!"  
Then open wide the door he threw  
And called to them in prayer;  
No raven to their succor flew.  
Though raven Night was there.

But perfect faith is never lost,  
God will not let it fail;  
And while the child's faint prayer was tossed  
In mockery by the gale  
God's servants, like an angel host,  
Were coming up the trail.

Yes, messengers of His, for still  
He works in wondrous ways;  
The winged ones who once did His will  
Have vanished from our gaze,  
And they who His behests fulfill  
Just hoof it nowadays.

They brought a bounteous stock of food  
And gifts in ample store,  
For God in his kind fatherhood  
Sends all we ask and more;  
Then said the child, "I knew we should  
Find ravens at the door."

Or rich or poor, or high or low,  
Be great the need or small,  
It matters not, because we know  
One watches over all  
Without whose care—Christ tells us so—  
A sparrow shall not fall.

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VOL. XV. No. 756

San Francisco, February 23, 1907

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## Good Comes Out of Santa Ana

How refreshing it is to learn that our Legislature, now in session in Sacramento, is not wholly bad! Until last week we were in great agony of spirit owing to the apparent unanimity of discreditable sentiment in the halls of State legislation. It seemed to be generally acknowledged that all had been tarred with the same brush, that they were all birds of a feather, hopelessly unregenerate, unrepentant and unashamed. True it is that Senator Wolfe affirmed his claim to public confidence by pointing to himself as one whose heart daily turns Godward and addresses the throne of grace humbly supplicating mercy and deliverance from folly, vanity and vice; but this truly edifying episode, by the untoward, boisterous gayety it provoked among the Senator's cynical constituents and skeptical friends, lamentably failed to enhance the reputation of the Legislature for piety. So effective has been the team work of the newspaper correspondents in smothering the Legislature with opprobrium that even the daily chaplain, the beauty of whose holiness effloresces in his countenance, has been unable by dint of prayer to wash away the least of the stains. It was reserved for Senator Anderson of Santa Ana to persuade us that virtue has not been as effectually excluded as Mr. Livernash from the halls of legislation. Senator Anderson might have blushed unseen to the end of the session if one of his associates had not become involved in a shocking domestic scandal in Bakersfield. That was too much for Anderson of Santa Ana, and he at once disclosed himself in print making us realize how inaccurate was the judgment that mingled all the legislators in one rude heap of iniquity. It appears that Senator Anderson regards the Bakersfield scandal as a reproach to the whole Senate, but he does not stop at reprobation of that affair. He deplores the unchaste atmosphere of the whole Legislature which he attributes to the practice of employing some women of imperfect morals. This is a practice demoralizing in its influence and therefore our sympathies should go out to the decent married men who are thus menaced by vicious contact. It is bad enough for a legislator to be a grafter, impelled by greed and dishonesty, but quite as bad to be constantly confronted by the lamp that is lit in woman's

eye. All honor to Senator Anderson for his timely protest. Senator Anderson is a man with the courage of his rectitude. The old familiar verse of Ecclesiastes, "Be not righteous overmuch; why shouldest thou destroy thyself?" has no terrors for him. He hates sin and is not afraid to pillory it even when it exhibits its abhorrent visage in high places. "It is a shame," said Anderson to the reporter, "that we are compelled to meet objectionable people." This was an allusion to the aforesaid women of imperfect morals that are said to invade the halls of legislation in the guise of attaches. A shame? Indeed it is, and outrageous too that unspotted married men should have to meet such persons. In fancy we see the leer of the cynic and hear him scoff at the suggestion that it is possible to corrupt further the legislators at Sacramento. But it should be remembered that wickedness is infinite in its variety, and that the sinner should not be encouraged to broaden the field of his vices. Senator Anderson might doubtless bring a more sweeping indictment against conditions in Sacramento if Senatorial courtesy did not hold him in check. But his interview was brief. He did not assume to discuss seriatim all the crimes against which the Decalogue thunders. It was the one sin of unchastity that inspired his utterances; and that is perhaps the sin which is most abhorrent to him. Every man has his pet aversions, and every man has imperfections that are the pet aversions of others, but this is a circumstance that none of us ponder; that if we were to ponder we should all be more charitable to one another. If we were all ever mindful of it and all free from hypocrisy then would we follow Burton's advice—flout sin and spare the individual. But all this has nothing to do with the case in hand. When Senator Anderson, who is perhaps not less chaste than the mountain ice congealed to crystal, heard of the Greenwell episode in Bakersfield he was quick to deal out his censure; to quick if, as Greenwell alleges, he is as innocent as Anderson himself, but the immaturity of the latter's judgment must not be considered in derogation of his intentions. Anderson has made it clear that the Legislature is not wholly bad; that it numbers among its members one that fears God and eschews evil. The dispatches from Sacramento tell us that when Lieutenant Governor Porter read the Anderson interview he quoted the words of Christ which forbid censure of sin by those who are not without sin. The Lieutenant Governor would disparage the aggressive righteousness of an Anderson who, by winning for his virtue the admiration of men would lure them into enmity to their own vices. Lieutenant Governor Porter is perhaps possessed of that peculiar charity which disposes men to sympathy with those in affliction, and who while they reprehend in their hearts misdeeds for which they can find no palliation, withhold expression of sentiments that can only add to the misery of the guilty. This attitude may be praiseworthy, but when we find one Anderson in an abandoned body of men, one white, unspotted sheep in a flock of soiled, bespattered ones, we are inclined to expedite the news of our joyful gratification. We think that the innumerable horde of pure, high-minded men who do not live in glass houses will agree that it was a particularly happy consummation that gave us an Anderson at a time when honest statesmen were as rare as felines on a block infested with bull terriers. Anderson looms large among his associates. Anderson is a shining mark. It would not surprise us to learn that when Anderson goes to church in little Santa Ana he rolls aloft the Psalms of David with a livelier, lustier relish than any of his neighbors, and



that he is ever mindful in the midst of his lyrical ecstasy that the words are those of a royal murderer and adulterer beloved of God. We find a thrill in the thought that Anderson the unspotted may diffuse his influence for good with an uplifting, exalting effect.

### To Discourage Jingoism

The growing need of popular understanding of international law is explained by Secretary Root in an introductory article in a new quarterly, "The American Journal of International Law," which has just made its appearance. Briefly stated, the need of popular understanding of this subject is due to the fact that wars are often provoked by a rash public sentiment which the statesmen of the countries involved are powerless to control. Secretary Root has nothing to say of the injudicious talk of the imminence or inevitability of war with Japan, but he might have cited it as an example with which to elucidate his meaning. It now appears that the rumors of the imminence of war with Japan were entirely without foundation. And it also appears that there was some uneasiness both in Washington and Tokio occasioned by those groundless rumors, the statesmen of both countries being apprehensive of an intemperate popular sentiment, which is always to be guarded against when there is much injudicious discussion of differences between nations. The rumors of war were due to a misconception of a statement made by Viscount Hayashi, the Mikado's Foreign Minister, made in the Japanese House of Representatives. He expressed the belief that the right of the Japanese to attend any public schools in this city would be eventually conceded, adding that "in the event of an unfavorable decision the anti-Japanese movement in California would be considered to represent the opinion of the whole United States, which would require diplomatic adjustment." In other words, according to his notion, if the question should be submitted to our Supreme Court and that tribunal should decide that the treaty-making power vested in our President and Senate did not confer the right to exercise or suspend powers which under the Tenth Amendment of our Constitution are "reserved to the States respectively or to the people," then it would be necessary to take up the treaty for amendment. From these innocent remarks it was inferred that the Japanese were seeking a cause of quarrel with the United States, whereas Viscount Hayashi was anticipating efforts to arouse public feeling. He wished it to be understood by the Japanese that even though the decision should be unfavorable differences could be diplomatically adjusted; that there was no likelihood of friction and nothing to be taken seriously. But the emollient influence of his words was in a measure counteracted by the truculent remarks of professional agitators in this country.

### Importance of Diffusing Knowledge

Secretary Root points out in his introductory article in the new magazine that while Governments do not make war nowadays unless assured of general and hearty support on the part of the people that they represent they are sometimes driven into war against their will by the pressure of strong popular feeling. That was the case in 1870, when Napoleon III, cognizant of the inadequacy of his military resources, would if he could have avoided a contest with Germany. It was also the case in 1898 when we went to war with Spain in deference to an aroused public opinion, wrought to

indignation by the blowing up of the Maine. Mr. Root thinks that the diffusion of a knowledge of international rights and duties, by promoting a general habit of reading and thinking about international affairs, will conduce to the preservation of the peace of the world. Unquestionably, as Mr. Root suggests the more clearly the people of a country understand their rights the less likely are they to take extreme and extravagant views of them; and, he might have added, the less likely are they to be influenced by demagogues and combinations of men with self-interests to subserve. Though the causes of war are not as numerous as they were in the days when Pericles vanquished the Samnians to please a woman, or in the days when Wolsey's ambition plunged England into war with France, or when Europe was kept in ferment by the intrigues of a de Maintenon, a Pompadour and a Duchess of Marlborough, still there are examples of the agency of personal considerations to be found in the strife of nations among the causes which have a general and almost constant operation on the collective body of society. England's war with the Boers was brought about by a gang of financial pirates. To one man, William R. Hearst, has been attributed, the high tension of public feeling at the time of the explosion of the Maine, the cause of which this country has been reluctant to investigate. The variety, intricacy and magnitude of our foreign affairs are such that to avoid the embarrassment and injury of strained relations and the calamities of actual war we should strive to be informed at all times and in all emergencies of our international obligations and duties. Our policy so far as consistent with national honor should be conciliatory, characterized by forbearance and free from the cheap braggadocio that appeals to the mob. We should strive to be guided by the principle that firmness in holding a position is best guaranteed by caution in determining the merits of the controversy. Notwithstanding The Hague tribunal men still build their faith upon the holy text of sword and gun preferring the infallible arbitrament of artillery to the sober dictates of the blind goddess. Christian nations affect deference to the principles of justice but they differ radically under the stimulus of self-interest and

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the pressure of popular feeling as to the application of those principles. So widely do they differ that we are justified in doubting the sincerity that professes to be guided by the principles of justice, and in agreeing with Lord Lytton who, when Ambassador to France, argued that the principles of morality have no control in the intercourse of nations; that Governments are neither capable of nor amenable to ethical rules and are guided by considerations of expediency.

### The Mothering of Washington

Gilson Willetts has been writing for a magazine of "The Nations Debt to Mothers," and his article will doubtless be frequently quoted for it is in line with a popular and cherished delusion. The influence of mothers is not always beneficent, and it is mischievous to foster the notion that maternal zeal can never be misdirected. Men have quite often succeeded in spite of their mothers. George Washington was one of that class; yet Mr. Willetts credits George's widowed mother with having made him the father of his country. George Washington tells another story as we may learn by consulting his diaries. Take for example his reference to his father's efforts to teach him to leap his pony. The animal fell with his young rider, and the senior Washington counselled the boy to try it again, whereupon the mother ran out in hysterics, declaring that the boy would be murdered. "But my father was this manner of man; he hated defeat, while my mother was ever desirous of keeping me out of danger, because it made her uncomfortable, and this was strange, for I have never been able to see that she was greatly pleased when I was successful, or much moved by what the Great Master allowed me to attain in later years." In another place he says, after describing the provisions of his father's will: "this might have sufficed her with economy, but that virtue she found difficult to practice, and was never a prudent or a managing woman. She soon felt her children to be a heavy burden upon an estate which was none too large, and complained, as was common for her to do all her life, that she was poor, and this even when I was assured that she was comfortably cared for." Washington assures us, nevertheless, that with all her faults his love for her never abated. He recorded that she possessed many good qualities, but that after the death of his father, wise and strong government was gone and things were ever after at sixes and sevens. He complained that his mother borrowed money from those who were not her relations, that no one controlled his actions; and he impels us to the inference that her mismanagement proved advantageous to him by impressing his brothers with the importance of taking him in charge. Mothers, in truth, are not endowed with supernatural virtues, but it would be well for them to be grounded in those virtues that are universally recognized as advantageous. Blessed is the child that obtains from its mother a little of the useful knowledge that cannot be escaped in the inevitable school of experience in which we all must matriculate but from which none of us graduate. Mothers stamp the coin of character but the impression depends on the die.

### The Effective Big Stick

Mayor Schmitz is probably convinced by this time that he committed a big tactical blunder when he insisted on accompanying the Board of Education to Washington. The event shows that the President's

object in calling the school officials to the White House was not to gain new light on the controversy with a view to a compromise solution, but merely to exert upon them the influence of his compelling personality in order to wring from them that assent to his policy which they were able stubbornly to withhold while separated from him by the width of the continent. The President shrewdly guessed that the San Francisco Board of Education was not made up of the sort of men who would dare to fight him while their reverent feet pressed the White House carpet, and the outcome of the campaign has fully justified his strategy. For they gained absolutely nothing for this city and state which would not have been offered without their interposition. The amendment to the immigration bill which provides a quasi-exclusion of Japanese coolies from Pacific Coast ports as long as the Mikado sees fit to issue no passports direct to the mainland was not the outcome of any conferences between the San Francisco officials and the President; it was framed by Senator Lodge after consultation with the President and Secretary Root, and the Pacific Coast has to accept it whether it is satisfactory or the reverse. As a matter of fact at least one of the California Congressmen criticised it severely. With other objectionable sections of the immigration bill it was jammed down the throats of the Senate with threats of a characteristic Rooseveltian kind that had nothing to do with California and her difficulty. The Senate had to swallow the bill willy-nilly and the President is not likely to have accorded more consideration to the San Francisco Board of Education than to the Senate. So the only conceivable reason for calling the school directors to Washington was to obtain their assent to Japan's wishes in regard to the treatment of her children in our schools as expeditiously as possible. They went, they saw how determined the President was, they yielded.

### Schmitz a Blundering Interloper

Now that the surrender is complete the school directors may come home and resume their ordinary duties with small loss of prestige. Not so the Mayor; he has blundered into more trouble by this trip to Washington than he will speedily get out of. Undertaken with the two-fold purpose of delaying his trial and of winning new honors to replace those that have fallen from

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him during the last year, it has only plunged him further into the slough of political difficulty while at the same time exposing him to the jibes and sneers of the Eastern newspapers. His absurd assumptions of importance and his ignorance of essential features of the problem he professed himself competent to solve have not escaped the Washington correspondents and as a consequence the whole press of the East has earned the undying hatred which Schmitz had already bestowed on the newspapers of this city. The eagle-eyed newspapermen of Washington have not failed to note that our Mayor wears his indictment with the easy air of Al Hayman of the Theatrical Trust who considers that sort of thing "a badge of success;" and they have been careful to tell how he arrogated unto himself powers plenipotentiary in dealing with the President which left the Board of Education naked of the least vestige of authority. These indications were duly reported here and inspired the wavering followers of the indicted administration with an exciting hope that the battle waged so disastrously in San Francisco was to be won in the last ditch at Washington. They recked nothing that Schmitz was an interloper who had thrust himself into the party at the last moment

on the strength of a telegram which none has seen and most suspect of non-existence; it was a daring game and the end justified the means. But when the first flush of anticipated victory had died it was seen that the Mayor was wavering. His reception was not all that he had expected and he began to lose confidence in his ability to fence with the wielder of the big stick. Admonitory telegrams were hurled at his head, chief among which as a masterpiece of logic and a gem of literature must be reckoned Tveitmoe's throbbing missive about Caucasian graveyards. But the wires were crowded in vain. The Mayor went down before the President like the pins before the bowler. Now his face is turned towards the setting sun and his return will be less of a triumph than when last he hurried home. Then it was only to face a few indictments wherewith predatory wealth, the Citizens' Alliance and other malign influences sought to stain his fair name. Now he has to face the few friends whom interest and other considerations held to his side and satisfy their angry upbraidings. "He goes to save the country," sneered Ruef at his departure. He will be exceedingly lucky if he saves his own skin when the Exclusion League and the unions line up to welcome him home.

## Perspective Impressions

Is Mayor Schmitz trying to get a clean bill of moral health from President Roosevelt.—Oakland Herald. What's the use? He can get that from the citizens of San Francisco every time the old one gets smudged.

In prosecuting the bribe takers let us not forget the main object which is to expose and punish the bribe givers no matter how high their station or how guarded with gold they may be.—San Jose Times. In the abstract this sentiment meets with the warm approval of the Hayes brothers.

"I shall wear wear an automobile costume. The automobile is the paramount idea of the show."—Mrs. Ynez Shorb White. To be sure! It is on the same principle that ladies wear bare backs at the horse show, the horses being undraped on those occasions. The art of dress is founded on scientific principles—sometimes.

Rev. John Cudlippe of Wichita, Kan., protests against the suppression of a single line of Thaw case testimony. He demands all the salacious details. If there are any new wrinkles for the promotion of Lesbian thrills he wants to know what they are, and he doesn't care how widely the knowledge of them is diffused. Perhaps he's a man after Stanford White's own heart.

"So it may be doubted," says the New York Sun, "whether the fear that the sixty odd Japanese school children affected by the order of the Board of Education would contaminate the white children of all nationalities in San Francisco has a very deep foundation in the consciousness of the people." Yes, it must be confessed, there is room for doubt. Our solicitude for the dear, tender little ones appears to have been—thanks to Mayor Schmitz—about skin deep.



"Secretary Taft Says He is in the Hands of His Friends"  
—Brinkerhoff in Toledo Blade.



"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?"  
—Morris in Spokesman-Review.

## Fate.

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

In a long corridor of an old Georgian house, lit by a skylight and by a window over the hall door, there hung a piece of needlework in a dark rosewood frame. In silk, some lady of the family had worked a landscape setting forth the district and the house in which the picture hung. It stood four square and looked out on the east across the moss which once had been a sea. On either side of the great strath ran lines of hills, one rough and heather-clad, as when just at their feet the Romans were rolled back, the other smooth and green, and sloping off toward the south. The moss itself was brown and on its face the shadows came and went, chasing each other as the hours pursue eternity, leaving no trace where they had passed.

Trees stood about the house and in the pictured needlework; in one case stiff and formal, looking like ineffectual monuments of grief in cemeteries, and in the other whispering in the wind, laboring and groaning in the storm, and in the sunshine all alive with bees.

The careful needlewoman had displayed each stone and window in the house; coloring those black which had been closed during the operation of the window tax, and had dwelt lovingly on walls and pediments. The range of hills under her magnifying steel had changed to mountains, and a small lake had come into existence supplied with water from the fountains of her brain. Right carefully she had devised the cedars, with the beech avenue, the sycamores, the weeping yew, and the stiff terrace upon which the house was set, whilst every post in all the fences was portrayed both with elaborate stitching and with circumstance.

Just as much inkling of perspective was employed as to make all unnatural, and yet on looking at it, you felt it had been done with tenderness, and the contriver must have put her soul into the task.

Such artless works sometimes more nearly touch the heart than the most airy flights of genius, when the place represented has been dear to the beholder and the artist; for places, unlike men, can never vary, and time itself breeds no satiety of love.

The faint, fresh smell of fir trees in the wet, the scent of dampness rising from the moss and the perfume of bracken, sweet and sharp, must have been present always to the worker as she sat sewing at her window seat, whilst gazing at the rain.

Time does not mellow needlework as it does pictures, yet still it gives it interest, and as the colors fade and ends of silk grow rough, it seems a soul is born in them which speaks to us out of its nothingness bringing us somehow nearer to the dead.

So it hung on, getting a little yellower, more fly-blown, and with the varnish sealing from the rosewood frame and the gold falling off in particles from the interior rim, as winter damp and summer sun succeeded year by year in the long corridor of the old Georgian house. Birds sat upon it now and then, and bats occa-

sionally hid themselves between it and the wall, and darted out again as fearlessly as if the lonely passage had been an alley in a wood. Nothing appeared less likely than that a tragedy should be unrolled with it as background, or as the world, in which after the fashion of the greater world outside its frame, birth, life and death should pass all unperceived.

Life was serene as usual in the corridor, whilst the dust gathered on the picture frames and clung upon the looking-glasses as frost clings on a cabbage leaf in the late autumn after a cold night. The house itself, buried in woods, woods and more woods, stood lonely and in the avenues guttered and channeled by the winter rains, the grass grew rank. The terraces were pitted here and there with holes made by the rabbits in their play, who left a little heap of sand outside them, to which occasionally clung brown silky fur.

The roedeer, venturing from the copses, strayed in the summer nights and belled close to the windows; and the soft flying owls wafted from tree to tree like kites, or hooted litanies from the tall larches, whilst, from the woods and mosses rose the faint noises which at night wake recollections of the time when men and animals perchance all spoke one tongue.

The charm of desolation had descended on the place, and the rare lights and few inhabitants seemed to be lost in nature, which invaded them, swallowing them in her amplitude as the stray vegetation swallows up a church deserted by the Jesuits out on the Chaco or in Paraguay. Gnomons had fallen from sundials, and the stone slabs of terrace steps yawned open; from some of them sprang ferns, whilst on the coping of the walls the moss grew tenderly. The ponds were half grown up with flags and bulrushes. Great banks of sand and mud stretched into them, brought by the burns in winter, and on them feathers stuck, looking like snowflakes and fluttering in the wind. All was so quiet that the mast falling from the beech sounded like raindrops pattering upon ice or on a window-pane.

Nothing disturbed the quiet of the place, which slowly seemed to fall to ruins and to become more beautiful each day. Then, on a summer morning when the swallows darted through the trees, hawking at flies and on the grass the squirrels ventured timidly to play, springing upon the overhanging boughs at the first sudden noise, a bubble seemed to swell below the glass and force it outwards at the corner of the frame. It grew mysterious and white, next turned a rusty brown, then was forgotten as the days slipped past, each one so like the other that the flight of time was imperceptible; darkness succeeding light as stealthily as the owls floated through the wood, lighting like thistle-down on the elastic branches of the trees.

Weeks passed and still the mystery was unsolved, only beneath the envelope a fluttering motion now and then was seen, as if a spirit prisoned in its cell stirred

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# The Annals of Pickeye

(In Seven Chapters)

By the Editor of the Old "Pickeye Trumpet"—J. T. Goodman

V

## LITTLE CROSS, AND THE PASSING OF ELDER BEALS

The confiscation of the estates of Double Cross and Madame Josephine was more than illegal. It was unjust. There was a little flotsam waif of the cohabital wreck whose right of inheritance no one in Pickeye, even with the warped ideas of justice which prevailed there, would have thought of disputing.

Her existence was unknown perhaps to most of those who participated in the escheatment; at any rate, nobody thought of her at the time. But she was to become a very serious consideration to many persons, right soon and in the future.

The little three-year-old was asleep in her parents' apartments at the Pauvre Diable rotisserie the night of the tragedy, as unconscious of her losses as the excited town was of her existence. The first to think of her was Pierre, the proprietor of the restaurant.

"Mon dieu! la pauvre petite! ze leetle one! She ees depreeved!" he exclaimed, approaching a table where two women were taking a late supper.

"That's so," said one of the women; "no one has thought of little Mary. Where is she, Pierre?"

"Up in ze rooms."

"Poor little thing! What'll become of her, Maude?"

"I'm sure I don't know; and I don't care," replied the second woman.

"Oh, don't say that, Maude! You can't help pitying such an innocent, helpless little thing."

"Well, then, I mean that I shan't trouble myself about her. It's as much everybody else's business as mine."

"But who'll feel it to be particularly their business? The Grimshaws won't have her, of course, and they are the only decent women in town. The men wouldn't know what to do with her. And she'll wake and miss her mother—oh, it's bad enough, without there being no one to cuddle or say a kind word to her! Maude, I'm going to take her myself. I'm not a very good sort to try to fill a mother's place, but I'll do the best I can."

"You always was a fool, Dolly, and will be one to the last, so I suppose there's no use trying to talk you out of it."

"Mademoiselle Dollee, you 'ave my most profoun' respec'. Ne doutez pas! It will count—if not now, zen in ze uzzer life."

"Thank you, Pierre; I'll not doubt. Show me, please, where the little one is."

But the adoption was not to be a very lasting one. Not that the kind purpose failed or became enfeebled by the strain of fostering and amusing the child. Her winsomeness and affection repaid all this, and more—they developed what was at first merely a humane impulse into a feeling of motherhood so vivid it seemed real. There was where the trouble began; for there grew with it a yet more powerful sense of unworthiness.

The conflict had been going on in Dolly's breast for nearly a year, growing more and more insupportable, when one day, leading little Mary, she climbed the trail to Elder Beals's cabin. She had set off from town

determinedly, but her purpose had been fading out all along the way. There were but a few more steps to go, when she halted irresolutely. She looked down on the town and river, at the billowy foothill ranges, and to the plains beyond that stretched away until they blended with the sky; and the remaining spark of resolution died out. In so vast a world what was her small personal worry! She returned to go back, but the tiny hand clinging to hers caused her to halt again. It wasn't personal, after all; it was for the sake of that little one, in whose soul were more illimitable possibilities than in all this sweep of vision.

She was still hesitating, thinking of the embarrassing things she must say if she held to her original design, when the door of the cabin opened and Elder Beals stood looking at her.

He was more than surprised, evidently; he seemed to be perplexing himself by an effort to recognize her. But the inspection was too brief to be confusing. With a pleasant smile, he said:

"Good day, madam. May I congratulate myself upon your having come to see me?"

"Yes, Elder Beals, that is what I came for, if you will be so kind as to listen to me a little while."

"With the greatest pleasure, madam. Come in. My abode isn't a very elegant one, but I try to make up for it by greater cordiality. Let me help your little daughter up; the step is rather high."

And without waiting for a reply he took Mary in his arms, pressed her cheek against his own, called her a darling love of a child, and stood holding her against his breast, waiting for the supposed mother to precede him into the house.

"I'm not her mother, Elder Beals. You don't know me, of course," said Dolly, hesitatingly and with great effort; "I'm one of the women that live down on the back street in Pickeye."

"Ah, yes," assented the reverend gentleman, with just a shade of surprise in his tone. "I thought you might be a new arrival. But it makes no difference. Come in; you are very welcome."

"I think I would prefer not to, if you don't mind. It seems to me it will be easier to say what I want to out here."

"Just as you like; I'll not insist against your wishes. Here is a bench under this tree. You must be tired and thirsty after your long climb; let me bring you a glass of water. And the little one may be hungry; I'll fetch some crackers and cheese, as well. There, my pretty, let me put you down beside the lady, just for a minute; I'll take you up again in a little while."

Elder Beals placed Mary on the bench, and, asking to be excused for a moment, went indoors for the refreshments. Dolly's heart, that had beaten so violently at first, was getting quieter. It wasn't going to be so difficult as she had thought it would be. She had expected to encounter austerity, if nothing harsher, on the minister's part, but thus far she had met with kindness only. Even when she had made the dreaded plunge, in announcing who she was, there had been

(Continued on Page 32.)

# The Man-Sphinx and the Woman-Sphinx.

By Edward F. O'Day.

Out of Warsaw, distant, turbulent Warsaw, where the spirit of freedom, warmed at the hot blaze of revolution, is striving to spread its long-pinioned pinions, comes a gentle voice, the voice of a scholar. It is the voice of Dr. Zamenhof and it pleads with us to espouse the cause, not of revolution, but of Esperanto!

Surely a situation not devoid of humor. This champion of a universal language sits in his study and beseeches America to embrace the cult of Esperanto while all about him in the center of Polish revolutionary endeavor other champions are huddling in secret places and issuing appeals to Americans and others to embrace the cult of anarchy. It suggests one sitting on a barrel of gunpowder (the train already lighted) and all unconscious of danger, advocating with easy nonchalance the principles of Parson Wagner's Simple Life!

Esperanto! It is a fascinating plan, this, of teaching all men a tongue in which they may converse understandingly with one another. A consummation devoutly to be wished, that all men should understand one another. Then, as Dr. Zamenhof points out, all men would be brothers and the horrible strife of one nation with another would cease. Nearly all trouble springs from misunderstanding.

And this suggests something that is outside of the purpose that Dr. Zamenhof has in mind. If it is altogether desirable that man and man should understand each other, how much more desirable that man and woman should understand each other.

This is no quibbling, no mere frivolous playing with words. Frenchman and Chinese, Englishman and Greek do not speak languages mutually less intelligible than do man and woman. Frenchman and Chinese, Englishman and Greek use different words to express the same thing and the one not master of the other's word, the two are at odds unless an interpreter lend his services. But man and woman apply the same words to the same objects, the same ideas, the same feelings and yet all is confusion. For the object as it appears to the man, the idea as conceived by the man and the feeling as experienced by the man is different from the object as it appears to the woman, the idea as conceived by the woman and the feeling as experienced by the woman. Things apparently identical are O! how different.

And so it is that man may not understand woman and woman may not understand man and the two sexes go on age after age using the same words, thinking ignorantly or pretending weakly that there is a mutual understanding but all the time groping, groping, groping hopelessly in the dark, each for the other's meaning.

What man means by "love" is one thing and what woman means by "love" is altogether another thing. What man means by "passion" is one thing and what woman means by "passion" is altogether another thing. What man means by "truth" he seldom knows himself, but it is infinitely removed from what woman speaks of as "truth" and imagines "truth" to be. The "honor" and "fidelity" of man are not understood of woman; the "honor" and "fidelity" of woman are not understood of man. What man means by "eternity" and what woman means by that awful word are totally different. For thousands of years man has been worshipping "beauty," selling his soul

for it or saving his soul by it, according to the point of view. For equal thousands of years woman has arrogated to herself the goddesslike privilege of personifying "beauty." She has used her idea of what "beauty" is to hold man in thrall and man has struggled so to shape his idea of "beauty" as to make the thralldom pleasant. But who will say that the one knows what the other means when this mystic word is used? As for "morality"—the word is understood by man in all its terrors; for woman it does not exist—it is a shell inclosing no idea.

Something of this was in the mind of Henri-Frederic Amiel, that gray but beautiful soul, when he wrote in his *Journal Intime*—"If men are always more or less deceived on the subject of woman, it is because they forget that they and women do not speak altogether the same language, and that words have not the same weight or the same meaning for them, especially in questions of feeling. Whether from shyness or precaution or artifice, a woman never speaks out her whole thought, and moreover, what she herself knows of it is but a part of what it really is. Complete frankness seems to be impossible to her, and complete self-knowledge seems to be forbidden her. If she is a sphinx to us, it is because she is a riddle of doubtful meaning even to herself. She has no need of perfidy, for she is mystery itself.

"Monstre incomprehensible" he calls her elsewhere. But he fails to say that as woman is to man, so man is to woman. To the feminine nature the masculine is also "monstre incomprehensible."

Can the veil that divides the sexes be rent asunder? Can some Esperanto or mutual language be devised so that man and woman can converse understandingly? Where is the Dr. Zamenhof who will reply to this question?

Rarely, O so rarely, the veil has been rent asunder. Once in a seeming eternity a man and a woman meet who can speak and understand. For them "truth" and "passion" and "love" and "honor" and "fidelity" and "eternity" and "beauty" have the same meanings. And all the world else (morality included) matters naught to them in this perfect mutuality of intelligence.

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# The Spectator

## Patience In Oakland

Here in San Francisco where the car service has long been execrable we fancy that we are among the most abused mortals of this earth. Yet here the railroad officials abound in excuses some of which are quite plausible, but over across the bay where they are proudly attaining metropolitan proportions they have a street railroad system so badly mismanaged that it makes many a jerk-water village system look like a triumph of intellectual achievement, and one seldom hears a protest. Can it be possible that there is so radical a difference of temperament between the peoples resident on opposite sides of the bay! Is there something in the climate of Alameda county conducive to that heavenly virtue, patience, which is said to make men like gods? It seemeth so. And it is of a more highly virtuous quality than the patience which makes that more tolerable which it is impossible to prevent or eradicate. For the defects of the Oakland traction system are not irremovable. They are not in the nature of a divine penalty inflicted on the people of Oakland for their sins. They are merely the consequence of asinine mismanagement. For example the conductor who halts his car while he runs into a house up the street to obtain his basket of lunch need not be compelled to take so much exercise. Somebody should be able to devise ways and means of enabling the conductor to annex his meals without delaying his passengers. If the people of Oakland protested hard enough they might effect an improvement of the service to the extent of abating the practice of the hungry conductor. Years ago, in the little town of Santa Cruz, it was not unusual for a conductor to halt his car to enable a female passenger to match some dress goods, but in time, impatient summer visitors conceived that there was a limit at which forbearance ceased to be a virtue and thereafter the car service became less precarious. Surely what was done in Santa Cruz can be done in Oakland.

## The Bridge Nuisance

But there are worse and more protracted delays in Oakland than those occasioned by the feeding habit. The cars that run from Fourteenth and Washington streets in Oakland to High Street in Alameda cross the estuary,\* and quite often they encounter an open bridge. The railroad mis-manager is not to be blamed for that. The open bridge is one of the unalienable rights of the shipping industry, which is no small element in the commercial life of our sister port, but there is much that is incidental to the open bridge which I must deplore. For example I deplore the habit of opening the bridge long before it is absolutely necessary. When a boat is moving in a northerly direction and, before reaching the bridge over which the street cars are operated, must pass through the Southern Pacific draw-bridge, which is south of the county bridge, it is obviously unnecessary to open the latter bridge first. Yet that is what is usually done. It is sometimes opened ten minutes before the opening of the Southern Pacific bridge, and the street cars have been delayed at that point from twenty to forty minutes. Nevertheless the people have never mobbed the bridge-tender.

## The Switch-Back Evil

I am sore aggrieved that such things should be and I wish that I could lash the dead level of Oakland thought into a tempest of protest, or, at least, inspire the people with an unwavering determination to introduce systematic railroading along with other metropolitan advantages. The untimely opening of the bridge is not the end of the chapter. Thereafter comes the switch-back evil which San Francisco has experienced in a form so mild as to be merely varioloid in comparison to what is suffered in the county across the bay. Switching back is inevitable after the bridge is opened. The other evening I was going from Oakland to High street Alameda. I was delayed twenty minutes at the bridge. When the car reached Oak street I was given a transfer to continue my journey to High, about ten blocks distant. I mounted the next car and was told to take the next. "We switch back here," said the conductor. I mounted the third. "We switch back here," said the conductor. The fourth car took me to Park street, a distance of about one hundred yards, and switched back. On the fifth car I reached my destination. This experience is not unusual. From the conductor of the fifth car I obtained the explanation of the switching back: the car men are not paid for over time in Alameda county, and when their time is up they scoot to the barn. How long would the people of San Francisco stand that kind of treatment from an opulent corporation?

## Goldsmith Emasculated

Even Goldsmith has become too indelicate for the refined twentieth century ear. Therefore we must take liberties with him. The stage used to call a spade a spade but now modesty forbids. It is not easy to shock us with plays of candid carnality, nor are we too squeamish for episodes of unspeakable perversity so long as the playwright assumes a virtuous air behind the mask of art, but we draw the line at plain English when it is employed in reference to so indelicate a matter as the birth of a child. This is unfortunate. And



when as a consequence we are denied the privilege of hearing the characters in "She Stoops to Conquer" speak as they spoke in Goldsmith's day it is aggravating. In that play Mrs. Harcastle makes the astonishingly brutal confession that her son Tony of whom her first husband, Mr. Lumpkin, was the father, was born. She says that he was born in bed which makes the confession doubly brutal. Nowadays children are not born. They either merely "become," or else they are presented by a stork. So Goldsmith must be toned down. The lady who played Mrs. Harcastle in Oakland last week deftly avoided the highly indelicate illusion to Tony's birth. She settled the question of her age in these words: "I was not yet twenty when I married my first husband, Mr. Lumpkin, and my son Tony has not yet come to years of discretion." Now that is what I call polite language. But it is not the language of Goldsmith, and unfortunately "She Stoops to Conquer" is distinctly a comedy of manners. It is not a dramatic masterpiece. Its merits are in proportion to its fidelity as a mirror of the society whose manner of speech and of action is reflected therein. To mutilate the dialogue of that play is to destroy the spirit of it and that is what Mr. Frohman's mimes do by more than one assault on the text. Yet Mrs. Harcastle's speech is the only one in the play which may by a conception influenced by the most rigorous standards of modesty be deemed indelicate.

#### Rea and the Hayes Brothers

The noblest study of mankind is man, but the study of the politician is delightfully supplementary thereto. If the Hayes brothers of San Jose may not be accepted as generic they are at least worthy of study as a type for such they really are. I have the Hayes brothers in mind because they are once more on the defensive. Jim Rea has put them there, and Jim is no raw hand in the game of politics. The current disturbance in San Jose is peculiarly characteristic of American politics and therefore it may be studied to great advantage. It is the thing that is always happening, and in it are comprised all the salient aspects of the variegated process by which government is achieved in the land of the free and the home of the brave. The disturbance in San Jose is nothing more nor less than a revolt against the municipal political machine at present manned and operated by the millionaire Hayes brothers. The head and front of the assault is "Big" Jim Rea, horticulturist and erstwhile political boss. Rea used to run the San Jose machine himself, and when he was at the wheel he scorned kid gloves and a sanctimonious air. He was a frankly conventional boss, and he detested reformers and purists. His power was often disputed and he was shorn of it by John McKenzie, but by methods that were strictly within the legitimate lines of political endeavor. The methods which now prevail and against which he revolts were imported into this state by the Hayes brothers, one of whom is now a member of Congress and the other an aspirant for gubernatorial honors.

#### The Evolution of Reformers

The Hayes brothers came out of Missouri where they have an iron mine which keeps them supplied with easy money. When they entered San Jose it was to become exponents of the Hearst doctrine: if thou cravest political preferment get thee to a newspaper. They bought a morning and an evening journal and then proceeded to uplift the benighted of the prune belt. From the start they were strong for reform in county politics, and by way of vindicating their sincerity of purpose they built a church and became active in the propagation of religion. Before long they were recognized as the foremost exemplars of true piety in all the county, and when they set themselves the task of cleaning the Augean stables occupied by the public servants every civic patriot for miles around responded to the call of decency. The practical politicians were swept out of office and they were kept out until it seemed expedient to the Hayes brothers in the furtherance of their political ambition to build up a powerful machine out of as many elements as they could contrive to coalesce. For the compassing of their purpose they adopted a most conciliatory policy, repressing with admirable tact every prejudice that, as intensely pious men, they must have felt tugging at their heart strings.

#### The Science of Combinations

Government, said Rousseau, is only a science of combinations. The Hayes brothers are exponents of that science. By a judicious blending of religious zeal with the subtle stratagems peculiar to the science of politics, and with their own newspapers to commend their own virtues and to monopolize the field of publicity, the Hayes brothers acquired all the privileges of Suzerainty over the feudalized county of Santa Clara, and then proceeded to make their huge machine a factor in the politics of state. What could be more significant, what could give greater emphasis to the fallacy that government may be perfected by rules of conduct, direct primaries and such things, than the demonstration given us by the Hayes brothers of the feasibility of making principles of freedom and justice subserve private and selfish ends? Religion is the guide of government; the Hayes brothers made a church the appanage of their political equipment. The press is the palladium of our liberties, mightiest of the mighty means, man's rights to enforce his wrongs to redress; the Hayes brothers assimilated this potent force—a case of hitching the palladium of our liberties to the load-star of government. You can't beat that with a Direct Primary law. The Hayes brothers have been pronounced Tartuffish but one of them is in Congress and the other is in training for the gubernatorial job. Their friends insist that they are great civic patriots and that the end aimed at—control of the politics of the states—will justify the means, because when E. O.

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(Black) is Governor and E. A. (Red) is in the Senate, they will proceed to lead the people of California out of the bondage of Harriman. But the impatient people of Santa Clara County are not to be tranquillized by such a prospect. With the Hayes brothers running their government and the Hayes brothers running the newspapers the only source from which criticism of the government was available, the people felt that it was a case of too much Hayes, and so when Charley Shortridge returned to San Jose and started a rival paper he was welcomed with open arms. The opposition to the Hayes brothers is expressed in the advertising columns of the Times, the Shortridge paper, and Charley is growing affluent once more.

### Politics and Ideals

A reformer has been defined to be a programmer in embryo, and that conception has been verified by the Hayes brothers. From austere and conspicuously pious proponents of purification in politics they have become performers of the most tolerant type. They now play the game of politics with all the bars down and Abe Ruef in the dealer's chair. Notwithstanding their rigid private morality so broad-minded are they that San Jose has been run as a wide-open town under their auspices; and while it may have been without their knowledge, money has been freely used as a persuader at the polls for the safeguarding of the machine. The conversion of these gentle reformers to the ways that are devious of the practical politician is a phenomenon worthy of investigation. It has been said that there is something about private morality which is incompatible with successful cultivation of state craft, and it is quite possible that the Hayes brothers have been convinced of the truth of this dictum. There can be no doubt of the soundness of their private morality. They are unquestionably good men in all their private and commercial relations with their fellow men, but in politics they consort with Abe Ruef and if they do not publicly endorse they at least blink at methods that are not consistent with the religious ideals for which they profess ardent admiration but to which they are not slaves. That is a circumstance, however, of little significance. They may have discovered, as others have, that ideals are burdensome possessions that sometimes rise to the level of serious inconveniences. At any rate they are guiltless of the folly of bringing ideals into politics.

### Ways That Are Dark

While it would be a perversion of diligence to formulate standards of behaviour for politicians, there are certain well established standards by which they are judged, and with those in mind we cannot but reprehend the doings of the Hayes brothers' henchmen. The simplicity of the good people of San Jose had been undermined long before the Hayes brothers took the saddle, but it cannot be pleaded in behalf of the millionaires from Missouri that they regenerated the community. The vote-buying industry flourishes now as it formerly did and the old-time politicians say that the staple of politics is so far beyond their financial capacity owing to the cheapness of money on election days that they have quit the market. The Hayes brothers cannot be held accountable for the ultimate purpose to which money is devoted, but the fact remains that the erstwhile reformers now number among their satellites experienced performers skilled in the tricks that postulate an easy conscience. This

may be accounted for on the theory that their guilelessness is imposed upon, or on the hypothesis that in their physical equipment is a defect which incapacitates them from comprehending the potentialities for evil in the political game. No man is absolutely sound physically and intellectually. Some men have imperfect physical vision, and some imperfect moral vision. The ethical sense is missing in some men, as in some there is missing the sense of humor. There was an editor once who couldn't appreciate a joke even though it appeared in his own paper. So when a reporter describing an egg of abnormal size said that it had all been laid by one hen, the editor summoned him and asked if he really supposed that two hens could lay a single egg between them. Now the Hayes brothers may be able to see a joke between them, but it is quite possible that while therefore, they may appreciate the infinite comedy in the present situation in San Jose with Jim Rea in the role of reformer keeping them busy getting crooked politicians out of jail, still it may be quite impossible for them to comprehend the ethical impropriety of trying to abate the choler of the current political Saint of the county by hiring his son for the defense and at the same time trying to disarm Charley Shortridge by engaging as one of the counsel his boon companion and chief editorial writer, John E. Richards.

### A Call for Gayley

Professor Gayley of Berkeley has been scheduled for a course of lectures on the drama and I fervently hope that he will take up the subject of Wilde's "Salome" and tell us what he thinks about it. I have an opinion about "Salome," but it may not coincide with Professor Gayley's, and I doubt whether, if Professor Gayley dissented from my opinion, he would cause me to distrust the soundness of my views. But if Professor Gayley were to agree with me then would I gladly welcome him to the fold; for the Professor carries some weight—in Berkeley, and by his dictum he can silence small-fry critics. And there are critics that are badly in need of being silenced if not squelched. And I indulge the notion that if there are critics of literature who should be given their quietus the hired intellectuals of the State University should religiously attend to that business. When there are pests bothering the farmers of the state the agricultural experts of Berkeley respond to the call for pest eradicators. When pestiferous critics are burrowing under the foundations of the Temple of Art, why should the Gayley's of Berkeley sulk in their tents? Why shouldn't they come forth panoplied for intellectual combat and with the burnished weapons of their wit put the enemy to flight?

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### Aspects of Art

Notwithstanding my convictions respecting "Salome" I am not unconscious of the fact that the play presents a fine academic question which may be argued with great force from the standpoint of those who believe that art of this brand is unwholesome. But this question is one that touches the very fundamentals of art. Those fundamentals have been the subject of controversy for many years and from difference of opinion respecting them several schools of art have sprung. The object of art, as Professor Gayley knows, is beauty, but respecting the constituents of beauty all critics do not agree. Oscar Wilde belonged to what is known as the Decadent School of Art, the school of Baudelaire and Verlaine and Pater and Wagner and Nietzsche and Maeterlinck and Liszt and Richard Strauss. Yet his "Salome" is being adjudged according to the standards of Goethe of Schiller of Hugo of Dickens of Beethoven of Raphael of da Vinci and Michaelangelo. In other words "Salome" is being adjudged by the standards which recognize as true art only such art as satisfies the religious consciousness of the times. The art of Oscar Wilde claimed for its domain the whole heart and nature and soul and passions of men. This art may be unwholesome since it substitutes esthetical ideals for the ideals of Christianity, but it is not more vicious than the philosophy of Christian ministers who deny the essentials of Christian dogma. There is no protest against their unwholesome philosophy but there is protest against one of its logical consequences—the art of such men as Wilde and Baudelaire and Verlaine. Moreover there is no protest against the music of Wagner or the poetry and painting of the Decadents, yet they are the products of the same school of art of which Oscar Wilde was an exponent.

### Its Unwholesomeness

Some critics approach "Salome" with certain preconceived notions of Wilde's purpose as a playwright influenced by their knowledge of his unfortunate career, and being in a receptive mood for an impression they receive it felicitously. For them the play reeks with the lust of the daughter of Herodias. The impregnable piety of the saint who walked boldly to his death heaping anathema on the heads of sinners escapes them altogether. The glorification of renunciation holds naught of interest to them. But all this, it may be said, only goes to show that the play is unwholesome. If it does then the nude in art is unwholesome for it affects some persons just as "Salome" affects some critics. Morality is largely a matter of discipline. It consists for some in the facts of a situation or the words of a speech; but for others, only in the spirit of the work.

### "The Song of Songs"

From the theatrical reporter of a morning daily, Mr. Colgate Baker, I learn with amazement that "Salome" is a play that deals with perverted sexual instincts and that it was a bestial passion that was conceived for

John the Baptist. I wish Professor Gayley would attend to Baker and warn him against the impropriety of developing an instinct for finding things that don't exist. Perhaps Professor Gayley will be so kind as to inform Mr. Baker that the daughter of Herodias merely typifies the ultra passionate females of her day. Perhaps, also he will kindly suggest that when Oscar Wilde was putting into the mouth of Salome her remarkable and perfervid apostrophes to the prophet he had the Bible before him and merely paraphrased the language of "The Song of Songs" which has been pronounced the gospel of love. This, however, is purely a notion of mine, and I express it in the hope that our eminent literary authority, Professor Gayley, will compare "The Song of Songs" with the dialogue in Wilde's plays and tell us what he thinks about the similarity of imagery, of expressions and the reproduction of spirit. Moreover I desire to recommend the perusal of "The Song of Songs" to our virtuous young daily newspaper critics who are shocked by the language of Salome. To them also I would recommend the perusal of Renan's "Life of Christ" so that they may familiarize themselves with St. John the Baptist and reflect whether it is not quite probable that the playwright's motive was to exploit the martyrdom of the hermit and to impress us pictorially with the profound depravity into which the world had fallen when Christ came to preach the religion of renunciation. Why think only of the sexual fever of Salome by which Wilde exemplifies the law of contrast? That law is essential to good drama. Why lose sight of the passion of revenge? Does that not animate Salome as much as anything else? "It is of my mother he is speaking," says Salome when she first hears the prophet. It was not pleasant for her to hear her mother called hard names. Nor was it pleasant to be bitterly repulsed. When Salome kissed the lips of the severed head she does not articulate as one of the Stanford White type of females, but as a tigress triumphant in the fall of her enemy. "Thy tongue," she says, "that scarlet viper that spat its venom on me: it moves no more. Thou didst speak evil words of me as to a harlot. Well I still live but thou art dead and thy head belongs to me. I can do with it what I will. I can throw it to the dogs and the birds of the air." This is not the language of perverted love. It is the language of hatred, the language of the woman scorned who lived two thousand years ago. The language of love which Wilde gives us is the language of Solomon of the Odalisques and the Shulamite.

### His Purpose

Much has been said of Wilde's purpose. Primarily his purpose was artistic perfection; that and nothing more. Read Wilde's works and you will find that he was above all things an artist, actuated by the artist's joy in the triumphs of his genius, and mindful never

Professor L. D. Ventura has been awarded the set of Charles Dickens offered as a prize in the letter writing contest instituted by James D. Blake to determine which name was best adapted for a business heading

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of the feelings of the mob but only of those who have the same reverence for art that he had. Wilde thought there was nothing finer in the world than imagination. He worshiped Christ not because he believed him to be the son of God but because he was convinced that Christ had more imagination than any man that ever lived. Writing in anguish in his cell he tells us that it was not Christ's aim to turn an interesting thief into a tedious honest man. And what he conceived to be the attitude of Christ toward an interesting thief was due in his opinion solely to imagination. One of the principal objections to "Salome" is that it is not a faithful dramatization of a Biblical story. I mention this because it indicates the general character of the adverse criticism that has been evoked by the play. It is an objection that bears out what George Bernard Shaw says of us: that the play is beyond our intelligence; for surely if the very element which makes for the triumph of poetic genius is objectionable to us, the imagination that soared beyond the domain of fact to give us a plausible story of passion and make the tragedy of art more tragic than reality, then indeed are we guilty as charged. This sort of criticism reminds me of the cant that greeted "The Pilgrims Progress." "Loose atheistical wits," said the learned critics of the day, "might write such stuff to divert the painted Jezebels of the Court, but it must not be put before us." In time the people were educated up to Bunyan. Perhaps in time we shall be educated up to Wilde. So far we have not finished jeering at the name of Wilde. In nearly every other civilized country profound is the reverence in which is held the memory of the man who in his day bulked larger in the public eye than any of his contemporaries. That poor wretch who was condemned to hell before his time they now liken unto a star which, fascinated by its own reflection in some stagnant marsh fell down, was besmirched and became extinct ere it could soar aloft again.

#### Refugees on Exhibition

Ingleside Camp is rapidly becoming the Sunday show place of the city for those who are interested in the way the human relics of the big fire are being handled by the Relief Committee. Last Sunday several thousand visitors from the bay towns and numbers of Eastern tourists thronged the grounds and asked questions. The refugees, the camp itself and the way it is managed, constitute something unique. Probably its like will never be seen again, for contingencies arising from such unusual distress as that brought about by the great quake are fortunately of rare occurrence. The big stables of the Ingleside track have been transformed into clean, warm and comfortable sleeping quarters for the inmates. There are certainly no public

grounds and very, very few private grounds that are kept as clean, spic and span and as orderly. Hygeia herself must be at the head of the assistants, for everything is sterilized and disinfected from the water that is drunk to the ocean breezes that blow through the ventilators in the dormitories. No microbe could ever hope to run the picket line of anti-germicides that surrounds the place. It's the hardest refugee camp in the city to handle because the inmates are all old, the average being 65, the oldest 98 years old, and yet by reason of care, sharp discipline and attention to details there have been no deaths.

#### Some of the Features

The camp was started under military discipline, as far as the handling of camps in a hygienic way is concerned, and the system has prevailed. But the gray haired inmates have a comfortable and an entertaining time of it: the women have their sewing bees where they are given one of every two garments they make, the materials being furnished them free. The men have their big reading-room and small jobs parcelled out to the most active, such as vegetable gardening, teaming, dormitory work, brushing up the grounds and the like. In this way they contribute to a slight degree in keeping down the expense. Sanitary conditions are only one of many problems when six hundred and twenty destitute old people are to be handled physically, mentally and morally on public contributions. But the camp has friends that help out in the work most needed, mentally and spiritually. There are a number of society girls who run out there during the week and render assistance in interesting cases. The Trinity Church Club does a deal in lightening the sorrows of the distressed. The Catholic Church mothers those of its faith most tenderly, The League of the Cross band plays regularly in the big Social Hall to the great delight of the old folks. And once a week the home talent takes possession of the stage and turns loose its best stunts.



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### Madame Melba and Her Son in the Del Monte Coach

There is a story going the rounds of the Sunday Supps that on her last visit to this Coast Madame Melba heard that her son, George Armstrong, whom she deserted when he was a baby, was working on a farm in Oregon and that she sent for him and they were united in this city. It is true that Armstrong was on an Oregon farm and that he came to this city to meet his mother but it is not true that she deserted him in his babyhood, or that their meeting in this city was the first since their separation in Australia. A friend of Madame Melba's, who knew her in Australia, informs me that she educated her son. She did not desert him but she divorced his father, her marriage having been a most unhappy one. Melba, or Nellie Mitchell, as

### Thrift Nipped In the Bud

Twice a week a big phonograph is turned on by the inmate who saved it from the fire. It's the one big amusement feature of the camp and the old folks never tire listening to it. The other day the owner, after reading in the morning paper about the everlasting money making of the trusts, came to the conclusion after a great deal of deliberation that if properly worked he had a cinch on the phonograph trust business of the camp. Accordingly he officially announced to the surprised management that he thought his services were worth seventy-five cents an hour and that a three-hour concert thereafter would be just two dollars and twenty-five cents. "Quite right," was the answer. "Your show is popular and you're entitled to every cent you can get out of it." The refugee impresario of the phonograph began to smile and softly rub his hands when he was suddenly shocked with a—"But, hereafter your bed and board in this camp will cost you just two dollars and twenty-five cents a day when the phonograph doesn't spiel according to past programmes. No phonograph: no meals. That's the ultimatum." The concerts are going on as usual and it is needless to say without special pay. The aged impresario now scans the files of all the old papers he can find in the vain endeavor to discover what a trust does when shocked with such an ultimatum.

### McPike As a Fighter

Attorney H. C. McPike is a man quick as a flash to resent anything he considers in the way of a slight.

The Severn, at 1050 Geary street, is a delightfully appointed restaurant.

He has an exceptionally fine talent for getting legal business and he gave a notable exhibition of it when he west East and succeeded in paving the way for Delmas's entrance into the Thaw case, a case that is becoming as notable for the jealousies of counsel as for its sensational evidence. Having added the Thaw case to his laurels McPike was not the man to quietly sit by under the contemptuous glances of Attorneys Hartridge, O'Reilly, Gleason and Peabody. The sentiment that snapped the tension was voiced by Hartridge when he said: "McPike never was retained in any capacity in this case and has no more to do with the defense than any other spectator. To date his chief activity has been confined to filling a chair at the counsel table and doing errands for Delmas."

### Hot Shot In Reply

Fancy any one who knew McPike firing a shot like that at him. Hartridge has not recovered from the return volley yet. The California attorney at once put himself on record in a red hot interview with a Herald reporter in which he expressed in forceful language his opinion of the extravagantly petty jealousies of the New York counsel and the evil effect their bickerings were having on the defense. A characteristic of McPike is that when he turns loose, as he did in this instance, he strives to cancel all his resentment in full. He lashed out in a way that those who were struck will never forget. If there are any

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George Armstrong, Son of Madame Melba

Arnold Photo. Del Monte.

she was known in Australia, was the daughter of a wealthy Melbourne contractor, and she had considerable vocal training before she went to Europe. But she was a natural singer who acquired even the knack for coloratura without instruction. As a child she used to trill and her girl companions were always begging her to make "those noises in her throat." After her trouble with her husband she gave concerts in Australia where she had long been known as a church choir singer. Then she went to Paris, where, after receiving a few lessons from Madame Marehesi, she was introduced to the public and was pronounced the greatest of prima donnas. The photographs reproduced above were taken at Monterey. Young Armstrong was married in London last December and his mother gave him a castle in Ireland and an annuity of \$7,500 a year.

stubborn fighters among the Gleason-Hartridge combination the end is not yet, for certainly McPike will not be the first to quit. Hartridge made an effort to get Delmas to throw McPike overboard but the latter emphatically refused.

#### Dunne on the Situation

I should like to have seen the smile gradually illuminating the features of Attorney Peter Dunne as he read deeper and deeper into the newspaper report of McPike's answer to Hartridge and his mates. I'll wager it ended in a chuckle of delight. Dunne knows McPike thoroughly and appreciates the stubborn fighting streak in his make-up. The two were partners here a decade ago. In the run of time Dunne was given the overflow damage cases from the S. P. law office to help out the elder Barnes. He made such a fine record in holding down judgments that the railroad one day added him to its staff. He has advanced in the office till now he is among the leading counsel. Dunne and McPike severed their partnership when the former cast his fortunes with the railroad.

#### The Troublesome Brigham

"I hear," writes my Hawaiian correspondent, "that there has been some very warm correspondence of late between Charles R. Bishop, formerly of Honolulu, but now of San Francisco, and the trustees of the Bishop

Museum of Polynesian Antiquities in Honolulu. The museum was founded by the late Princess Bernice Pauahi, wife of Charles R. Bishop, and the latter has very generously enlarged the endowment. The museum is under the management of a board of trustees, and the Director of it is Mr. W. T. Brigham, a boyhood friend of Mr. Bishop's. Brigham is neither a scientist nor a scholar. But he has a most prodigious amount of information on a wonderfully wide variety of subjects. He has also the knack and mechanical resourcefulness of the Yankee jack-of-all-trades. These two qualities made him a very valuable man in the early days of the museum. Before either its collections or its endowment were as large as they are now he used to collect ethnological or natural history specimens, mount them, classify them and label them. He could set the type and print the catalogues of the institution. He could do carpentry on occasion. He was the entire staff of the museum in those days, and a fairly efficient one too. But Brigham is inclined to be pragmatical and unfortunately he has some very strong prejudices which, by reason of the rein that he gives them lead him into difficulties from which he is always extricated by Mr. Bishop, whose loyalty is inexhaustible. The Hawaiian character is not held by Mr. Brigham in high esteem, and the memory of Father Damien is to him a fit subject of reprobation. As he sometimes gives expression to his feelings on these subjects he excites the aversion not only of those whose cherished sentiments are violated but also of those that are intolerant of the intolerance that takes the hue of bigotry. There is a portrait of Father Damien in the museum and when visitors ask about the man whose noble character

**Dr. J. Dennis Arnold**

Has resumed practice at 2295 Franklin Street.



inspired the pen of Robert Louis Stevenson in one of its loftiest flights, Director Brigham turns loose with great zest. Complaint has been frequent of Brigham's animadversions but when the trustees take notice Mr. Bishop comes to the rescue."

### Brigham Versus Bryan

"The latest complaint against Director Brigham was made by William Alanson Bryan who has been curator of the department of ornithology in the museum for several years and as such has done an immense amount of field work in the Pacific. Some time ago it occurred to him that because of the rapid changes now going on in the Pacific, a complete ethnological and natural history survey of the islands of the Pacific just at this time would be of the highest value. Material could be secured now that is perishing rapidly. He decided to solicit assistance for the founding of a great scientific institution here in Honolulu having for its primary purpose many important surveys and the establishment of laboratories for scientific research and discovery; an institution that would be at once a comprehensive school for training in field work and in original research. Having matured his plans, he resigned from the museum and traveled through the East and England interesting scientists and men of means in the proposed institution. If not altogether successful the encouragement he received was of the most flattering kind. But not everywhere was he received cordially, for letters from Brigham preceded him and they were not filled with encomiums. So Bryan hastened home and demanded an explanation. The trustees waxed indig-

nant. Bryan's friends said that Brigham was jealous; that he thought his old subordinate would win too much glory. The trustees were asked to suppress Brigham. Then the correspondence with Bishop was opened, and Bishop pleaded again for the friend of his boyhood. The trustees finally adopted a few more rules designed to keep Brigham from breaking out, and then to affirm their confidence in Bryan they appointed him curator of ornithology once more and gave him leave to push along his pet enterprise.

### Fairbank's Hospitality

I observe from the dispatches that the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash entertained our Mayor at dinner last Sunday. But this is not to be wondered at, for the hospitality of the Vice-President is becoming almost notorious nowadays. Since the Bee has been buzzing around and about the Fairbanksian bonnet the extreme sociability of the V. P. has become one of the wonders of Washington. No one who may control a handful of votes is found unworthy of the hospitality of the mansion now secondary in prestige only to the White House. So the crafty V. P. knows what he is about when he beams upon our Mayor with the strained for warmth of his near-geniality, for has not Samuel Gompers seen fit to tend 'Gene a reception in the name of the Union Labor of the District of Columbia. But here is a secret that may only be whispered—Sam is accused by Labor Leader Tveitmoe of being decidedly weak-kneed on the subject of Jap exclusion. However this fact will not harm the Tall Sycamore, who through his dinner may thus ingratiate himself both with Labor and with Boss Ruef.



### BRIGHT THINGS THAT COME WITH SPRING

Spring '07 finds the western world enjoying prosperity without precedent. Nor was there ever a time in history when there was so much democracy, so much human equality.

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Broadly speaking, all are rich today. All can afford to enjoy the good things of life—the liberal table, the stylish dress, the best in art and literature and the period of leisure.

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### The Reasons Why

Nervous Prostrationists whose peace has been invaded by the trolley may be interested to learn that the recurrent jar made by the heavy cars is a source of great uneasiness likewise to the United Railroads. The rhythmical thump-thump means the wrecking of the expensive cars so hastily substituted for the cable. Cars afflicted with the thumps have what is known among carmen as "flat wheels." It is thus explained. The descent of heavy grades on sanded rails causes the wheels, which are locked by air brakes, to wear away a portion of their surface at certain points. Thereafter the jar of contact between the flat places and the rails causes the slipping brakes to catch, so that more is worn away. The uneven wheels then proceed to shake the running gear of the cars to pieces as well as to affect the integrity of the coach itself. Another source of annoyance to company and passengers is the "grounding" of cars in cases where dry dust, being a non-conductor, prevents the current from being fed from the wheels to the rails. In every instance the current jumps to the car's iron work so that a passenger standing upon earth that may be damp and therefore a conducting material receives a sharp shock from the iron stanchions in attempting to mount the car. The United Railroads, incidentally, has removed many outside seats, not to give more standing room but because they have not a sufficient number of mechanics to keep broken seats in repair.

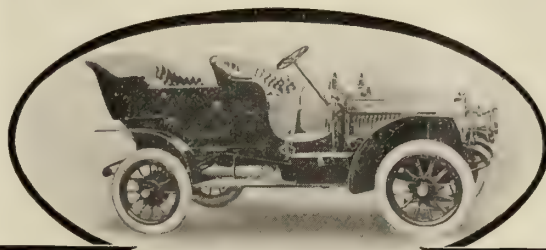
### A Cruel Thrust

What does John Partridge mean by aspersing the characters of literary men? As a candidate for mayor Partridge was the author of divers epigrams and axioms having to do with economics and municipal ethics that argued him a man of no mean literary ability himself, so it is hard to understand how he came to cast the slur upon the ancient and honorable guild of authors that left Judge Mogan aghast and roused the chivalrous soul of Carl Lindsay. It was in a divorce hearing and the plaintiff sought release from her marital ties because of her husband's attentions to other men's wives. Now the husband offered to his spouse an ingenious if not entirely convincing explanation of his tarrying until eleven o'clock at night in the home of another woman—he was engaged in literary work and hired a room away from home in order that he might burn a scholar's candle there in the company of his muse. With the intention of eliciting this explanation (in itself not unworthy the imagination of a novelist) Carl Lindsay asked the wife: "Your husband is a man of literary attainments, is he not?" And then John Partridge—"Is that offered as an excuse for adultery or as a reason for it?" It was an unkind thrust at the brethren of the pen and Carl Lindsay who boasts a diction not incomparable with that which enrolled Edmund Burke among the greatest of lettered men, was quick to vindicate the profession. "Oh no," he said, "literary men are not the only ones who indulge in that pastime." Stern moralists may question the propriety of characterizing adultery as a pastime, but otherwise it was a noble defense and all men of literary attainments are indebted to Lindsay for his championship.

### Artists to Go East

Evidently the fever of ambition which breaks out at intervals among the newspaper artists of this city is epidemic again, for four have turned their thoughts

towards New York and as a consequence two of our newspapers have suffered a serious loss. "Rube" Goldberg, the clever sporting cartoonist who took Tad's place on the Bulletin when the latter was tempted eastward by the lure of the Hearst papers has resigned his position and is already in New York looking around for an opening. The Bulletin showed



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its appreciation of Goldberg's work by offering him a flattering advance of salary, but Goldberg wants a larger field and persisted in his intention of seeking his fortune in New York. Bert Igoe is to be the next to cast his lines in the metropolis. He has had the fever for some time and has finally decided that he can stay on this edge of the continent no longer. I understand that Hearst has offered him a big salary if he will join Tad on the New York Journal, but Igoe has not yet made up his mind to accept. New York is a big field and he may find an opening more to his liking. The other two artists who are to abandon the local field are Miss Laura Foster and Miss Donna Fulton. These two clever women left the Bulletin when the Sunday Supp was dropped recently and immediately began laying plans for an advance on the artistic center of America. They will leave on the first of April with a sheaf of letters calculated to open the mystic sancta of the big magazine editors. Judging by the success of Tad, Harry Raleigh and others from this city, not to mention Davenport, Edgren, Swinnerton and the rest of the earlier exiles, the last four to go will never regret that ambition spurred them out of the West.

The Merchant Tailors' Association has resolved that the Tuxedo must not be worn when ladies are present. What tyrants these tailors are becoming!

The press dispatches tell us that Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, is firm for peace. But this news is not half so important as would be positive information respecting the temperament of our Japanese and Korean Exclusion League. Whenever the roar of resounding tongues is wafted from the headquarters of that organization there is panic in the Bourse and consternation in Wall street.

The sapient gentleman sitting up aloft in the office of the Sacramento Union vouchsafes a suggestion for the benefit of the arbitrators of the issue between the United Railroads Company and the carmen: "The sensible thing is for all hands to be sensible and then the entanglement will unravel all right." Now let us hear from Ella Wheeler Wilcox on How to be Sensible When to Be Otherwise is Foolish.

"If I were a Thaw juror," says the Rev. Thomas Gregory, a contemporary of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "I would vote to let the defendant go free. And this I would do in obedience to a higher command than any mere human ordinance." Will somebody please ask this ordained ass to quote for us the higher command by which he is directed to find Stanford White guilty on the testimony of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw.



A Corner in the Hobart Mansion—City of Paris Dry Goods Company.



# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## Culturing Up the Crockers

Mrs. Will Crocker is determined that her children shall be cultured, and the extent to which they will absorb culture depends entirely on their capacity. Of opportunity and means they are to have a plentitude. Last summer Mrs. Crocker engaged an Oxford tutor to spend several months with her boys at a chateau which she rented for the season in France. And now I hear she is negotiating with Miss Wynne Matthieson to spend the summer months with her children so that they may have the benefit of her diction and broad-English accent. But I can hardly credit the report that Miss Matthieson will condescend to act as a governess, for she is an actress of considerable ability. She was Ben Greet's leading woman when that distinguished purveyor of dramatic culturine presented "Everyman" in New York. When he took to the provinces Constance Crawley succeeded Miss Matthieson in the leading roles of the sceneless drama. Mrs. Crocker's daughter, who is now sixteen years of age, is studying the vocal art with Jean de Reszke, but not for a stage career, her friends say, which probably means that she has not the musical temperament very highly developed.

## The Borels are Coming

The Borel family will all be back in town within a year, I hear. They have a severe case of homesickness that not even the beautiful scenery around their chateau can assuage. Miss Lupita is to make her long heralded debut, Alice and Sophy are to be married with éclat, and society therefore has something worth while to look forward to, for the Borels are the most sumptuous entertainers in local society. First they decided to have a double wedding but upon second thought the argument in favor of separate ceremonies prevailed. By no means unmixed are the feelings with which society is looking forward to these nuptials, for while they will doubtless be great spectacular events they will entail considerable expense, and our exclusives have not yet abandoned those economical habits acquired immediately after the fire. Rent rolls have not yet been re-established. The Borels have long been the most generous givers of wedding presents, and the days of reckoning are now coming with a vengeance.

## An Attractive Bachelor

The Borels came out of the April disaster almost unscathed financially, and consequently their social importance will be greater than ever. In the circumstances Miss Lupita should be an object of great interest. What a time the bavardes will have rummaging their vocabulary for adjectives to emphasize their flattery! And how strenuous will be the efforts of match making mammas to prevail upon Antone Borel Jr. to take an interest in their daughters! So far Antone has proved most adroit in evading the matrimonial drag net. He promises to be as elusive as Dr. Harry Tevis. I am told that he already controls a large fortune, and of course he will inherit another, so he is therefore one of the most desirable of eligible

society men. But he has a distaste for the boredom of the elect with its interminable artificialities. It was with the greatest difficulty that his sisters persuaded him to go to dances. He is a very interesting and affable young man, and in appearance bears no resemblance to his sisters who are so much alike in form and feature that for years it was difficult to distinguish them. Society used to have a hard time differentiating them. Walter Hobart was one of the unfortunates who always mixed his Borels.

## Merely a Rumor

According to rumor the engagement of Margaret Newhall and Frank Houghtelling which was declared broken has been sent to one of Cupid's expert menders and is "just as good as new." I have tried to verify this report but those who should know declare that there is no foundation for it. Shortly after the crack was discovered in their engagement cup Mr. Houghtelling went to Europe, where Miss Newhall was traveling with her mother, and it was thought then that the trouble might be patched up. But the young man returned here some time ago without a renewed promise and now comes this report that the engagement is once more on.

## The Cast for the Wedding

Invitations are out for the marriage of Charlotte Wilson and George Cadwalader. They will be married on Saturday, the second of March, at the Wilson home on California street. The details of the wedding are under lock and key but a little burglar bird who loves to pick the lock on such secrets whispered to me that the maid of honor will be Emily Wilson and the bridesmaids Jennie Crocker, Lucy King, Linda Cadwalader and Mary Keeney. Gertrude Josselyn was asked to serve as an attendant but had to refuse on account of the trip to Europe which the Josselyns are taking en famille. It is to be a pink wedding, the bridesmaids voting for that shade in preference to blue, which Miss Wilson affects a great deal.

## Miss Crocker's Comical Stunt

Society is still talking about the wonderful imitation of a monkey which Jennie Crocker gave at the Mardi Gras ball at Burlingame. The costume was as cunningly contrived as any of the conceits in the "Wizard of Oz." Miss Crocker is small and very agile and the stunts she did were bewilderingly like the real thing. When unmasking time came she slipped out and reappeared pink-coated in a hunting costume the duplicate of Mrs. Walter Martin's. Most of the guests thought that someone had held up a zoo for a real monkey and Walter Martin was generally accused of importing an exponent of the Darwinian theory. Only Miss Crocker's very intimates know the dash of dare devilry in her make-up, so few suspected that she had the temerity to enact the simian role.

The Severn, at 1050 Geary street, is a delightfully appointed restaurant.

Olga, of the Paris Millinery, 1703 California street, has just returned from the East with a full line of handsome spring millinery. Her opening will be announced shortly.



### Some of the Costumes

Mrs. Lansing Kellogg, who as Ethyl Hager had become a sort of professional thriller at these affairs, did not appear and the only costume that approached her standard was Miss Crocker's. Mrs. Fred McNear, who can give society a neat little thrill when she chooses, was a conventional blue and white Folly. Her sister, Mrs. Gus Taylor, who abhors fancy dress, is living up to her vow never to do the short skirt, fluffy act. She has a handsome brocade in sixteenth century style which she wears to every en masque affair and which she declares will have to do service through all the seasons that come and go. It is sort of a stage "prop" like Mrs. Carolan's "Sorceress" gown which she had designed after Mrs. Patrick Campbell's creation. Mrs. Carolan seldom appears at any function in a gown which she has worn before, but she is so enamored of this Sorceress costume that she has appeared at three fancy dress balls in it.

There are several girls in society who profit by Mrs. Carolan's aversion to encoring a full dress gown. After she has appeared once or twice in a frock it is passed on to a favorite. Mrs. Gus Spreckels is another very wealthy woman who does not use her wardrobe until it is frayed at the edges and then try to sell it. She frequently sends frocks all the way from Paris to friends out here whose purse strings do not permit sartorial extravagances. A matron whose beautiful gowns—one pearl gray velvet in particular with the Paquin touch written all over it—have been much admired this season is said to be under obligations to Mrs. Gus Spreckels' generosity.

### Miss Morgan, Architect

Berkeley is very proud of Miss Julia Morgan, the woman architect, to whom the Law brothers turned over the Fairmont Hotel last May. The work on the structure has been completed under her supervision and has tried out woman's worth as an architect. Miss Morgan is perhaps the only California woman who has adopted a supposedly masculine profession and has succeeded by a man's standard. Her work has from the first been recognized by the fraternity but so quietly and unostentatiously has it been done that the general public has scarcely heard of her. Fancy what an opportunity for frenzied newspaper boosting when the Fairmont was turned over to a woman. I confess that it was only the other day that I heard of the fact myself. Miss Morgan is a Berkeley girl who studied in Paris and was considered one of the most promising architects ever graduated from the great Beaux Arts.

### The Genius of White

Apropos of architects I heard a number of the craft discussing the proposed fund for the restitution of Stanford White's good name. The general opinion among the local architects is that it is a mistaken movement, as the work of Stanford White the artist can never be impaired by the reputation of Stanford White the man. The great French, German, English and even the Russian architectural reviews have

brought out whole numbers devoted to the work of Stanford White and he is generally conceded to be one of the commanding geniuses of this century. In none of the reviews that I have read in foreign papers is any mention made of the manner of his death and his connection with the present case, but in every one America is commiserated on losing the artist who brought about the architectural uplift of New York City.

### The Mills Girls

The Misses Ardella and Bessie Mills are studying vocal music in New York with all the strenuousness characteristic of those clever girls. Bessie has stopped working on her book, "The Primitive Man," and now gives vent to her literary energies in song writing. Her great ambition, I hear, is to write a comic opera.

### Nearly All

A friend writes me from Munich that a General in the German army who had met Isadora Duncan in Berlin some weeks later made the acquaintance of Miss Llewelyn Atherton in Munich. "What!" he exclaimed, when he heard where they hailed from, "do all the clever women in America come from San Francisco."

Among the recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs are Clyde P. McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kinkand, W. H. Davenport, Dr. N. S. Chase and wife, Miss Eleanor Davenport and D. Davenport, from San Francisco; Dr. T. A. Williams from Oakland; M. B. Rankin and Miss Rankin, from Portland; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wilson, from Berkeley.

Miss Grace Freeman, a pupil of Giulio Minetti, will give three violin recitals during March.

### Gossip From Monterey

My Monterey correspondent writes: Dr. and Mrs. Walter Renwick Hughes, who spent a part of their honeymoon in the South, are at Del Monte. Their wedding a fortnight ago was one of the prettiest affairs of the winter. The bride was Miss Lily Hohfield, a graduate of the University of California, and the gold medalist of her class. She afterwards took a post-graduate course at Stanford and received the degree of A. M. Dr. Hughes is a prominent dentist of Alameda, where he has taken a leading part in the affairs of the smart set. The marriage was the culmination of a romantic courtship begun last summer, when both young people were with the Sierra Club in the King's River canyon. When they return to Alameda they will make their home at 2135 Santa Clara avenue. \* \* \* Mr. and Mrs. W. Rafel of Chicago are another young couple who, after spending the first weeks of their married life in the South, are now at Del Monte, where they will remain some time. Both are very fond of horseback riding and are planning a forty-mile ride. One of their jaunts will be to the Rancho Del Monte. \* \* \* Mrs. Peter Musto of Stockton is at Del Monte with her three charming daughters, Miss Elvera, Miss Lenore and Miss Florence. \* \* \* A number of guests from Carmel and from Pacific Grove came over to spend the night of the Assembly Ball. A good many others from the Grove dined here and many were the gay little parties of beautifully gowned women and

## Louis H. Eaton

*Organist and Director Trinity Church Choir  
Teacher of Voice, Piano and Organ*

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handsome men in full dress uniform. The ball was given under the auspices of the Monterey Civic Club, of which Mrs. David Rodrick is president. The patronesses were Mrs. Marion P. Maus, Mrs. H. Garrard, Mrs. James A. Murray, Mrs. B. V. Sargent Sr., Mrs. David Jacks, Mrs. J. P. Pryor, Mrs. H. B. Chase and Mrs. T. J. Field. James Hopper and Ross Hoffman came over from Carmel for the ball. C. B. Stafford and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stevens also spent the night here. \* \* \* Mrs. George Howard of San Mateo came down the early part of the week to see her mother, Mrs. H. Schmeidel. She was joined a few days later by her son, George H. Howard Jr. \* \* \* Miss Laura Hamilton of San Francisco is a guest of Miss Louisa Breeze at Del Monte. \* \* \* At Pacific Grove Mrs. Emily T. Loud of San Francisco, who has recently returned from Mexico, is the guest of Mrs. Grace Hibbard in her cosy bungalow. Mrs. Loud resided for several years in Tahiti and is the author of the pretty South Sea Island romance entitled "Taurua." \* \* \* Mrs. M. S. Weston entertained a number of her friends on Monday afternoon. Mrs. Weston, by the way, in her younger days knew the poet Longfellow well and was present at his wedding. Many and interesting are her bright reminiscences of years gone by.

#### The Cadenasso Exhibit

The Cadenasso Exhibit in the gallery of the Hobart Mansion, now used as a furniture annex to the City of Paris, is a most creditable display of paintings in oil. There are about forty pictures in the exhibit. Among them are the "Legend of the Tamal," "End of a Day," "Golden Gate Park," "After the Storm," "Tamalpais at Mid-day," "Haying Time," "A Gray Day" and "Misty Morning." Cadenasso is a child of nature, extremely sensitive to its voices and its forms and quick to catch the spirit of atmosphere. Many of his weird effects are heightened by a cunning diffusion of high lights and clever manipulation of the softer grays that gives to his work the touch of impressionism. This exhibition will continue for two weeks and the public is invited through the courtesy of the City of Paris Dry Goods Company.

#### Musical Service at Trinity

Sunday evening, February 24, Part I of Gounod's "Redemption" will be sung at Trinity Church, corner Gough and Bush streets, at 8 o'clock. The soloists are: Mrs. Gish, Miss Arden, Mr. Trowbridge, Mr. Soldwedel, Mr. Saunders and Mr. Glen. Mr. Louis H. Eaton is the organist and director.

#### Lambardi's in Two Farewell Appearances

The Lambardi Italian Grand Opera Company will give two farewell performances at the Novelty Theatre next Sunday, matinee and night. The singers will appear at the matinee in a great quartette of acts selected from their most prominent successes. The programme on that occasion will include acts from "Chopin," "Rigoletto," "Lucia" and "Favorita." The cast will include all the leading members of the company. The bill for Sunday night will be "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." The double bill will be sung by Giorgi, Millon, Franceschini, D'Ottavi, Martinez-Patti, Antola, Pacini and Seifoni. The prices are to be 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

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There were more Diamond tires on cars shown than the next three highest makes combined—117 per cent more Diamond tires than of the nearest competing make, and all the local exhibitions have shown the same great Diamond lead.

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# Stage

## Wilde's Great Tragedy

The Colonial Stock Company has achieved a notable triumph in "Salome," and the management is deserving of the highest credit for the artistry of the production, which makes a very strong appeal to our esthetic sense and considerably enhances the prestige of this stock theatre. There is not a discordant note in the whole performance, and though some of the acting is not above the commonplace, there is some that glows with a white light. Miss Jewell's performance is most felicitous. This actress invests the role of Salome with

tillating wit, his mondaine elegance and frivolous conceits. "Salome" is a play no less distinguished for its dramatic than its literary fibre. Wilde handled this slow and simple form of tragedy with the same dexterity with which he handled the quick and complex form of modern comedy. For simplicity of technic there is nothing in the whole range of the drama comparable with it unless we except the works of Sophocles, and yet it holds one in thrall through every line, from the moment of the sounding of the note of terror in the very beginning down to the foreknown catastrophe. In this little play the trick of suspense is raised to the nth degree of perfection, and if it had nothing more to recommend it than this exquisite triumph of technical skill it would deserve to live as an example of the power of one of the chief elements of the dramatic art.



**Moriz Rosenthal.**

The world's greatest master of piano technic.

the true spirit of Wilde's wonderful creation and is most successful in the preservation of cadence. Perhaps at times she should arouse herself to more passionate outbursts, but she was by no means lacking in abandon and she is at all times sweetly seductive. Her dance of the seven veils is idealistic and alluring and replete with the suggestion of Oriental imagery that quite transports one out of the prosaic moods. Norval McGregor plays the prophet excellently, but his voice is not sufficiently sonorous for the role. He is, however, a graceful and convincing figure. The Herod of Mr. Rogers is in the main satisfactory. Mr. Pollard is realistic as the young Syrian and his death scene is splendidly dramatic. The atmosphere of the piece is well contrived and after yielding to the emotions sought to be conveyed one cannot but marvel at the wonderful genius of Oscar Wilde, especially if one reflects that this powerful, sombre tragedy was the work of the man who, in "A Woman of No Importance" and other comedies, delights us with his scin-



**Lee Harrison**

Late Principal Comedian of Roger Bros.' Co. in Characteristic Smart Songs and Stories from Life,  
Who Will Appear at the Orpheum Next  
Sunday Matinee





**Elza Szamosy**

As "Mme. Butterfly" with the Savage Opera Co. at  
the Van Ness Theatre

### The Coming San Carlo Company

Grand Opera at the Chutes! Seems odd but the opera will be all right, for it is the San Carlo Company of which Alice Nielsen and Nordica are members and which includes a tenor who is said to be in the Caruso class. Moreover it is an organization as adequately equipped as the Conried road company and with all the essential accessories. There is a chorus of fifty, an orchestra of forty-five, a ballet of twenty-four and a triple cast of principals. Will Greenbaum selected the Chutes Theatre because of its capacity. At any of the down-town houses with their limited capacity it would be necessary to fix the minimum prices at \$2 and the maximum at \$5. At the Chutes the schedule will range from \$1 to \$3. Messrs. Harry Bishop and Will Greenbaum, I hear, are to be important factors in both the dramatic and musical field this year.

### The Great Rosenthal

Rosenthal, the world's greatest master of piano technic, will appear at Christian Science Hall, corner Scott and Sacramento streets, next Thursday evening and that will be the only evening performance that he will give in this city. The great artist's offerings at this concert will be Beethoven's Sonata "Apassionata," Chopin's Sonata Op. 58, Berceuse, Scherzo in B flat minor, Valse by Chopin (the latter arranged by Rosenthal as a contrapuntal study in thirds) Nocturne by Henselt, "Papillons" and Humoresque and Fugato on themes by Johann Strauss, the latter works being compositions of the artist himself. The second performance will be given Saturday afternoon at 2:30 and the third on Sunday afternoon.

On Friday afternoon, March 1, Rosenthal will have the distinction of being the first soloist engaged by the University of California for the symphony concerts at the Greek Theatre. On this occasion the master will play Chopin's E minor concerto and Liszt's E flat concerto with the accompaniment of the University Orchestra of seventy men. Seats for all of the above are now on sale at both Kohler & Chase's, corner Sutter and Franklin, and Sherman, Clay and Co.'s, on Van Ness avenue above California. Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00.

### At the American

"The Singing Girl," that dainty little opera written for Alice Nielsen and in which she spread her fame as a comic opera prima donna, has proved a source of such delightful entertainment at the American Theatre that it will be continued as the attraction during the coming week. Ada Hemmi has some fine opportunities in this opera and she makes the most of them with her excellent art. But this company abounds in good voices and vocally the performance is superior to that which was given in the original production. As for the comedy business, it is handled by Webb and Kunkel in a way that keeps the audience in a spasm of laughter.

### Orpheum Vaudeville

Lee Harrison heads the list of artists who will appear at the Orpheum next week. He will be remembered as the principal comedian of the Rogers Brothers' Company. His specialty consists of smart songs and stories with which he has made a great hit in vaudeville. An engagement of considerable interest is that of the two male stars of the Lambardi Opera Company,

## ROSENTHAL

PIANIST

Seats now on sale at Kohler & Chase's, Franklin and Sutter, and Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Van Ness above California.

Concerts next Thursday evening, February 23, and Saturday and Sunday afternoons, March 2 and 3, at

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL**  
Sacramento and Scott

Friday, March 1—Soloist with Symphony Orchestra. Greek Theatre, Berkeley.

PRICES: \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00.

WEIBER PIANO USED

## NOVELTY THEATRE

Corner O'Farrell & Steiner

Sunday Afternoon and Night, February 24.

**Farewell Performance of Lambardi Opera Company**  
Beginning Next Monday, February 25

**JULES MURRY OFFERS**

**CRESTON CLARKE**

In the New Modern Emotional Drama

**"THE RAGGED MESSENGER"**

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

March 4: Nance O'Neil.

## COLONIAL THEATRE

McAllister Street, near Market. Phone Market 920  
Martin F. Kurtzig, President and Manager.

SECOND WEEK

Beginning Monday, February 25

**THE DRAMATIC SENSATION OF THE SEASON**

Oscar Wilde's Fascinating Tragedy

**"SALOME"**

Preceded by the Delightful Comedy

**"MY TURN NEXT"**

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Western States Amusement Company, Proprietors.

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In Alice Nielsen's Grand Opera Success

**"THE SINGING GIRL"**

Book by Harry B. Smith. Libretto by Stanislaus Stange.

PRICES: \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.

Seats now selling at Box Office and Kohler & Chase's, Sutter and Franklin streets.

## IDORA PARK

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Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

Commencing Monday, February 25, Victor Herbert's Opera

**"THE SERENADE"**

## Ye Liberty Playhouse

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Direction H. W. Bishop.

The Romantic Drama

**"A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE"**

Next: Sherlock Holmes.

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Absolutely Class "A" Theatre Building.

Week Beginning Next Sunday Afternoon, February 24.

MATINEE EVERY DAY

**THE FLOWERS OF VAUDEVILLE.**

Lee Harrison, for one week only, the two male stars of the Lambardi Opera Co., Olinto Lombardi and Guido Ceccotti,

Claire Beasy's Performing Cats, Dorothy Kenton,

Three Mitchells, Four Rianos, Cameron and

Flanagan, Allan Shaw, Orpheum Motion

Pictures and Last Week and

Merry Success of Chas. E.

Evans and Co.

PRICES: Evenings, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c; box seats, \$1.00. Matinees (except Sunday), 10c, 25c and 50c.

PHONE WEST 6000.



Olinto Lombardi and Guido Ceceotti. It is limited to one week. A diverting novelty will be Claire Beasy's Performing Cats, the greatest feline actors in the world, who have been specially imported from Europe by the Orpheum Circuit Company. Dorothy Kenton, "the girl with the banjo," who has won international reputation, will be another great attraction, the three dancing Mitchells, exceedingly clever colored performers, will be a popular feature of the bill, which will also include the Four Rianos, Cameron and Flanagan in "On and Off," Allan Shaw and New Orpheum Motion Pictures. It will be the last week of Chas E. Evans and his capable company in their merry farce, "It's Up to You William."

### The Savage Opera Company

There is a treat in store for musical San Francisco. Henry W. Savage is scheduled to open the Van Ness Theatre in March with his English Grand Opera Company in Puccini's beautiful Japanese opera, "Madam Butterfly." This masterpiece by the greatest of modern Italian composers, with its quaint and effective settings and its cast of foreign and native artists, assisted by an orchestra of sixty musicians, will be the most impressive operatic event of the year. The prima donnas, each of whom sings the title role, are women with the European hall-mark. One of them is Florence Easton, who has sung at Covent Garden, London. Madam Elza Szamosy is from the Royal Opera at Budapest. Rena Vivienne, an American artist, has been singing in Milan. Harriet Behnee, a New York girl, has been singing leading contralto roles at the German Opera Comique at Berlin. Miss Estelle Bloomfield, another New York girl, has been singing in Dresden. Miss Ethel Dufre Houston, the contralto, has a large repertoire both in French and in English. The opera of "Madam Butterfly" is in three acts, the libretto being taken from the familiar and fascinating little story by John Luther Long. It scored a remarkable success in Europe and then broke all world's records for grand operas when it was produced in New York. Mr. Savage is sending to this city his complete organization. The opera will be heard at the opening of the new Van Ness Theatre on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 11, 12 and 13, and at the Wednesday matinee. Mail orders, accompanied by check, addressed to Gottlob, Marx and Company, both from San Francisco and outside cities, will be filled in the order of their receipt as near as possible to the location desired, on next Monday, February 25. The regular seat sale will commence at Kohler & Chase's music house, Monday, March 4, the prices being \$3.00, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00.

### Creston Clarke Coming

"The Ragged Messenger," with Creston Clarke in the leading role of John Morton, the clergyman, will be the attraction at the Novelty Theatre commencing next Monday. This new play, which is a purely modern emotional drama, has aroused considerable enthusiasm among theatregoers. It is heralded as a play that deals with live, vital questions at issue between the sexes in their relations to each other, and it dares

— "Those Lustrous Eyes are Murine Eyes." Murine Eye Remedy Makes Dull Eyes Bright. Sick Eyes Well. Soothes and Quickly Cures Ailing Eyes. An Eye Tonic.

to take an astoundingly new view of an old subject. It does not preach, yet its moral is unmistakable. A splendid company supports Mr. Clarke. There will be matinees Saturday and Sunday.

### "The Serenade" at Idora

Next Monday night "The Serenade" will be put on at Idora Park with the full strength of the company. This is an opera in which Ferris Hartman, who is enjoying a new lease of comic life, achieved one of his big successes. Hartman, by the way, is as great a favorite at Idora as he was in apogee of his fame at the Tivoli. On Thursday evening, February 28, there will be a masquerade carnival at the big skating rink in the Park.

—The Playgoer.

### SPRING

How sweet it is in joyous Spring  
To see the lambkin gamboling!  
But sweeter far to have supplied  
The same, with mint sauce on the side.

—The Gourmet.

The week has been a busy one at the local branch of The Diamond Rubber Company, where demonstrations of Quick Detachable tires and the Marsh Rim, the sale of which is controlled by The Diamond Rubber Company, are being conducted. The Diamond Quick Detachable tire is made expressly for use on this rim but is also guaranteed on two other makes of special rims. The Marsh Rim has attracted considerable attention and the present rate of shipments indicates that it will be used on upward of 8,500 new cars this year.

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JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager



## Another Volume of Irwin Verse

Wallace Irwin has already voiced his protest against being called every name but his own, so, in deference to his objection, we shall refrain from further comparisons. His knack of ready rhyming and the humorous turn of his fancy have opened the columns of magazines and newspapers to his knock, and there is scarcely a timely topic on which he has not had something to say. The woman's club, the Mission style of furnishing, the automobile, the amateur Socialist, the Monroe doctrine, the immigration problem, spelling reform, the Panama canal, the spiritualist materializings, hero worship, modern education,—nothing escapes him. Ever since the advent of the "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum" the reading public has been made aware of the catchiness of Mr. Irwin's work. Despite the excellence of his nonsense verse, there is left a certain conviction that he is only playing and that some day he will give us something so unexpectedly good that he will be placed in the front rank of serious poets. The poems included in the last section of his new volume, "What Fools These Mortals Be" have all appeared in the special literary magazines where they have enjoyed the appreciation of the literati. "Random Rhymes and Odd Numbers" is the first collection of Mr. Irwin's fugitives, though it has been preceded by his "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," "Omar Khayyam Jr.," "Nautical Lays of a Landsman" and quite recently, "Chinatown Ballads." This new volume is from the Macmillan press, and is quite a sizable one for a book of verse, over three hundred pages, all more or less good, very little indifferent and none bad.

## NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY ADMINISTRATOR AT PRIVATE SALE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF SAN MATEO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Estate of }  
BRIDGET McDERMOTT, } No. 913.  
Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California, given and made and filed in said court and matter on the 20th day of February, 1907, in the matter of the estate of said Bridget McDermott, deceased, the undersigned, as administrator of the estate of said Bridget McDermott, deceased, will sell in ten (10) separate parcels, at private sale, on or after the 14th day of March, 1907, to the highest and best bidder or bidders for cash in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, all of the right, title, interest and estate of said Bridget McDermott, deceased, at the time of her death, and also all of the right, title, interest and estate that said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Bridget McDermott at the time of her death, in and to all those certain pieces or parcels of land, described as follows, to wit:

1. One parcel of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning on the westerly line of Mission street one hundred and ninety (190) feet southerly from Twenty-sixth street, running thence southerly on Mission street three (3) feet seven (7) inches; thence southwesterly on Mission street sixty-two (62) feet six (6) inches; thence westerly ninety-five (95) feet; thence northerly forty-five (45) feet six (6) inches, and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

2. Ten (10) parcels of land, situated, lying and being in the County of San Mateo, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Parcel 1. The southwest quarter of the northwest quarter (S. W. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4) and lot number two (2) of section thirty-six (36) in Township number six (6) south, range four (4) west, M. D. M.; containing eighty (80) acres.

Parcel 2. The northwest quarter of section number fifteen (15) in Township five (5) south, range five (5) west, M. D. M. containing one hundred and sixty (160) acres.

Parcel 3. Beginning at a stake at the southeasterly corner of block "B," as shown on map of survey of lands at the place known as Amesport, thence on and along the easterly line of said block "B" to the northeasterly corner of the same; thence westerly along the northerly line of said block, lot No. two (2) of said block "B"; thence in a southerly direction to the southerly line of said block "B"; thence on and along said line in an easterly direction fifty (50) feet to the point of beginning; being lots No. one (1), two (2), fifteen (15) and sixteen (16) of said block "B," as shown on the before mentioned map of survey.

Parcel 4. Bounded on the east by San Gregorio street; on the west by the Pescadero creek; on the north by lot of Taft and Garrison, and on the south by the land of Herman Foster, and being the northerly half of lot number sixteen (16) in the town of Pescadero.

Parcel 5. Being a portion of lot number six (6) in block eighteen (18) on a certain map or plat of the Town of San Mateo, laid out by C. B. Polhemus and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the County of San Mateo, January 24th, 1863,

in book two (2) of Miscellaneous Records, page 95, and particularly described as follows:

Beginning at the southwesterly corner of said lot and running easterly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles northerly sixty-three (63) feet four (4) inches; thence at right angles westerly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles southerly sixty-three (63) feet four (4) inches to the point of beginning.

Parcel 6. All that certain parcel of land bounded on the north by land of John Donald, Senior; on the west by land of John Donald, Senior; on the south by lands of Mrs. Fabbre Muller, and on the east by the road leading to residence of Peter Casey and others, said tract of land containing one (1) acre, and being a portion of a tract of land containing three (3) acres, conveyed by deed dated November 29th, 1861, from David S. Cook, to Joshua Pomeroy, recorded in book 3 of deeds, page 135, Records of San Mateo County.

Parcel 7. Beginning at a point on the westerly line of E street, distant thereon fifty (50) feet from the northerly line of Fourth avenue; thence running along said westerly line of E street northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning; being a part of block twenty-six (26) of the Town of San Mateo.

Parcel 8. Lot number two (2) in block number six (6) in the Town of San Mateo, according to a map of said town of San Mateo made by C. B. Polhemus in 1862, and recorded in book 2 of Miscellaneous Records, page 95, Records of San Mateo County, on the 24th day of January, 1863.

Parcel 9. Lots seven (7) and eight (8) in block number twenty-three (23) in the Town of San Mateo, according to a map of said Town of San Mateo made by C. B. Polhemus in 1862 and recorded in book 2 of Miscellaneous Records, page 95, records of said County of San Mateo, on the 24th day of January, 1863.

Parcel 10. Bounded on the north by the lands of R. G. Sneath; on the south by the lands of R. G. Sneath; on the east by the lands of R. G. Sneath; and on the west by the lands of George Sharp, and being a portion of the San Pedro Rancho, and containing eighty-three (83) acres.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in gold coin of the United States: Ten (10) per cent of the purchase money to be paid on notice of acceptance of bid, and balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. All bids or offers must be in writing, and will be received at the law office of John J. Barrett, rooms 1257-9 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, or at the law office of Ross & Ross, First National Bank Building, Redwood City, California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said court at Redwood City, California, or may be delivered to said administrator personally, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale. Instruments of sale to be at expense of purchaser.

Dated this 20th day of February, 1907.

JAMES MAGUIRE,  
Administrator of the Estate of Bridget McDermott, Deceased.  
JOHN J. BARRETT,  
Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal., and  
ROSS & ROSS,  
First National Bank Building, Redwood City, Cal.,  
Attorneys for Said Administrator.

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## Fate.

(Continued from Page 8.)

faintly, struggling to free itself from matter and to escape into the sky. But no one marked it much, for tragedies may be enacted at one's elbow, and none the wiser; for indeed, most tragedies seem comic to the looker-on, who does not comprehend the motive, and takes the sufferer for a mere ill-bred person, who might have lived and died, just like the rest of us, had he had common sense.

So the bees hung about the lime trees, making their music in the flowers, the cedars' branches swayed like windmills' sails, and in the thickest of the woods the capercailzie crowed, flapping their wings with a strange hollow sound which echoed through the trees, like negro tomtoms by night up some mosquito-haunted river on the coast, or like the mournful drum which Bernal Diaz heard during the siege of the great temple of Tenochtitlan.

Then, on a morning in late June, when the soft air just curled the rising mist from off the moss into tall pillars such as rise in a simoon, one who had looked by chance at the old needlework in passing saw that the tragedy had taken place.

The temple's veil was rent, and fallen asunder, and underneath the glass a brown and fluffy moth had come into the world, been born, had stirred, just fluttered and had died, seeing the air it could not fly in, feeling the life within it, which fate that laughs at all things, moths and men alike, said it should never taste.

To wish it peace, it who had not known trouble, were in vain, and for repose, its wings had never fluttered in the air. Care, sorrow, love, hate, pain, revenge, and still less avarice, or ambition by which the fool and not the noble fall, it shall know none of, and probably would not have felt in its brief joyous life.

But to be cabined in a cage of glass, to suffer the "peine forte et dure" of death by pressing, for no committed crime, poor, fluttering fairy round the lamp of life, 'twas hard. How brief your pleasures and how innocently, merely to play about the corridors of the old melancholy house to prove your wings, and then to soar into some fir tree on the lawn, equipped at once with all the lore inherited from those your ancestors in Eden, who flitted through the cypresses of that fair garden on the Tigris, and then after a day or two, at most a month, to love, to rove at night amongst the trees, to fall at the first frost or heavy shower, and lie amongst the needles of the pines without a single crime upon your conscience, tender as your wings.

Alas, poor fellow, would-be flutterer in the realms of a hard world, perhaps the fate presiding at your birth who with her unkind shears cut off your destiny, was kind. Who knows? You might have come to ruin or mishap, e'en you who surely had no unkind thought in your minute and microscopic brain.

Circling about at night, thinking no evil, after the fashion of your clan, a candle light which to your complex eyes might have appeared a sun, vast, round and vivifying, might have attracted you and left you writhing agonised and maimed, a prey to children who in their rage for self-improvement, or from the cruelty which we who have no wings bear in our blood as the true sign of the great curse our common Maker set upon us at the Fall, transfixed you with a pin.

Perils we know not of and which have never entered our dull brains, so ill attuned to all the mysteries of



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your world, may have awaited you. Some pestilence which no physician of our kind has diagnosed might have attacked and struck you blind, crippling your flight or rendering you unsightly to the companions of your merry little world. This might have been, or the fell spider with his web of fated filaments entangled your soft wings and drawn you struggling to his den, cut off your life and fed upon your flesh, for these are dangers even we who know so little of your lives can comprehend. From these your fate has freed you, making you equal to great Caesar, Hannibal, to Alexander, both to the greatest and the least of all mankind, by the mere fact that you have lived.

Rail not at fate, poor iridescent moth, although the hues upon your wings were meant to shine at twilight as you flickered through the trees with just as fair a lustre as the most gorgeous butterfly who hovers in the sun on the Tijuca's slopes can ever boast. Do not repine although no snowflake would have floated from the sky more delicately than the unfollowable pulsations of your wings would have conveyed you through the twilight air in your brief honeymoon with life. You will not know the joy of liberty, tender and innocent in its conception, as moths alone conceive it, out of created things. Let no cursed man of science with his dog Latin and apocalyptic Greek dispel my ignorance, telling me that the family of moths is as rapacious as the vulture or the crow. I'll not believe it, but will mourn thy fate, condemned to see for a brief moment all the beauties of the light, never to flit at evening in the dark recesses of the trees. Poor pilgrim to a world unworthy of your innocence, who lived and died so quickly, surely you solved at once the mysteries which we live for a lifetime and still never grasp. My fellow-sufferer by fate, you, who left instantly the world in which we tarry longer instants, with as scant comprehension of our lives perhaps as you, do not forget us prisoned in our glass; but in the limbo where you flutter now, think that a fellow-moth remembers you, just as you lived and died, with your soft body, iridescent wings, and sharp antennae.

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## The Annals of Pickeye.

(Continued from Page 9.)

no abatement of courtesy and respect in his manner. There was nothing worse to come. He was making it easy for her.

"It is very little to offer, but it will refresh you, at least," said Elder Beals, returning with a pitcher of water and a plate of crackers and cheese. And, pouring out a glassful and presenting it, "It is very cool and excellent spring-water, I assure you, madam—or it would seem less formal if you would kindly let me know your name."

"You're very kind, thanks," said the woman, taking the proffered glass. "My name is—that is, I'm known as Dolly Jewett."

"Thank you, Miss Jewett; I am pleased to have made your acquaintance. And now, little one, do you wish to sit on my knee? May I inquire your name also?"

The child bent toward Elder Beals's outstretched arms, but didn't answer. So her protectress replied for her:

"Mary."

"Mary? The sweetest of names," commented the minister. "Mary—you said she was not your daughter, Miss Jewett?"

"No, she is Josephine's child—the woman who was killed in the Long Tom saloon."

"Oh, I remember hearing there was a child. And you are the kind lady who adopted her?"

"I thought no one else would care about here, and it was pitiful to think of the little lone thing."

"A truly Christian spirit, Miss Jewett."

"No, it wasn't that; it was just that I couldn't bear to think of her having no mother, or no one to try to fill her mother's place. I meant to be a mother to her."

"And I'm sure you have been, Miss Jewett. Her health and neatness betoken motherly care, and her evident fondness for you could come only from motherly kindness."

"If it was only that, Elder Beals. I would never part with Mary. No one can help loving her. You can't think by how many little endearments she finds her way into your heart. But there is where the trouble lies. The fonder I grow of mothering her the more I feel that I am not fit to be her mother."

The speaker's voice and features betrayed strong emotion. Elder Beals looked thoughtfully at her for a space, then turned his gaze toward the distant prospect.

"The feeling is as fine and true as was the other," he said at last. "But you have something to add, I infer?"

"Yes. The little one has reached an age when she begins to observe. Every innocent look is becoming a reproach to me, and presently every observation will be an evil influence to her. She must go somewhere else."

"I agree with you, Miss Jewett; it is proper she should. Do you know any one—have you thought of any one who would take her?"

"Only of you, Elder Beals. That is why I came."

The minister gave a start that nearly unbalanced little Mary, who had fallen asleep on his knee.

"Me!" he exclaimed; "why, I am the last person you should have thought of."

"There is no one else," insisted Dolly, in a tone of settled conviction. "Just think a moment for yourself. There are no relatives, no friends, no asylums,

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The only family—the Grimshaws—wouldn't touch her with a pair of tongs on account of her father and mother. To be with any of the other women would be as bad for her as to be with me. There remains only a choice among the men, and that is you. Oh, Elder Beals, I have studied it over and over and over, with only the thought of what was best for Mary, and I have made the only possible choice."

The minister looked very grave. He was weighing Dolly's earnest words, and trying to see if the course they marked out for him was the true line of duty.

"You have stated the case very clearly and very forcibly, Miss Jewett. There isn't a point in your argument that I can question until it comes to the selection of myself as the fittest guardian."

"That is the most indisputable one of all," insisted Dolly.

"Admitting the question of propriety to be settled by circumstances, still I am so little qualified, so unsuited for the trust."

"You will learn all that is necessary very quickly. She isn't much trouble. Indeed she is far more self-helpful than you would suppose from her age."

"But I know nothing at all about the care of children."

"Mrs. Grimshaw could tell you anything you wished to know, or—or, if not, I would be glad to help you in any way I could."

"Thank you very much, Miss Jewett. You persuade me against my own judgment; or, rather, you have shown me my duty more clearly than I could have seen it myself. I will take little Mary, and care for her to the best of my ability."

"Oh, I knew you would! Thank you, sir, thank you very much!"

"What do you call her besides Mary?"

"Cross—her father's name. But I would change that now, if I were you."

"No, she shall keep it; and let us trust she will have to bear no heavier one."

"Shall I leave her here now?"

"It would be as well, and it will save you trouble. You can send her things."

"Yes, I'll send them as soon as I get back to town," said Dolly, rising. "No, don't get up; it is better that I go while she is sleeping. Thank you again, sir, and good-bye."

"Good-bye, Miss Jewett. I shall always remember you as Mary's rightful mother."

Dolly bowed in acknowledgment of the kind tone and words, and, turning, went swiftly down the trail. Elder Beals followed her absently with his eyes for a little while; then he looked down at the sweet face of the sleeping child; then at the town and the river and the distance, till the outward vision changed to an inner one in which he saw his whole life transformed by the little stranger who had so unexpectedly come into it, and caught glimpses of a far-off time when an ardent first love had inspired him with illusive dreams of a better lot and happier fatherhood.

Fortunately Mary was still at the age when novelty has a greater charm than recollection. It was the era of discovery with her—that marvel-period in all children's lives when within their little spheres more wonders are revealed to them than older explorers will ever find in unknown seas and continents. And she was at the age, too, of universal paternal adoption, when every man is a papa. So, what with the trees and squirrels and birds in the open and the surprising revelations within the cabin—every fresh discovery being heralded by "Look! papa, look!"—she had



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little time to realize the change in her surroundings or to miss her foster-mother.

When Elder Beals had improvised a cot and was putting her to bed, there was a querulous little wail for her mama; but he quieted it by a dimly remembered lullaby, and before the sense of loneliness could come again she was asleep. That was Mary's last reaching-out to the past. Before the succeeding day's long, long series of wonderful discoveries was over, the old order of things had receded to an infinite distance and the new one was as if it had always been.

But Elder Beals could not adjust himself to the altered conditions as quickly. At first the child's incessant activity and prattle, disturbing as they did the accustomed quiet of his life, annoyed him; but that sensation soon changed to one of fondness for her ways, and in a little while he grew to be as playful and noisy as she.

The management of her person and dress was a more difficult thing to overcome. It was like learning a new science. But by earnest effort he at length became as expert as any hair-dresser or tire-woman, and the little one was always the pink of neatness.

Then the most serious problem of all presented itself—what was to be done with Mary when he went forth on his preaching missions? The question was a matter of much study, but at last an inspired idea flashed upon him. He had seen the squaws packing their papooses, strapped to a frame, upon their backs. Mary was too big to be lashed up like that, but what was the matter with putting her into a basket and carrying her like a papoose?

In accordance with this inspiration Elder Beals procured a large Indian basket, padded and gaily decorated it, and then rigged straps to fasten over his shoulders, so that he could carry it on his back like a knapsack. The delight of little Mary over this new conveyance exceeded all the other joys of her life. No princess in the most splendid of howdahs was ever as proud as she when first seated in her wicker car and mounted on Elder Beals's back.

The first appearance of the clergyman with this happy contrivance on the streets of Pickeye provoked symptoms of levity; but when the seriousness of the preacher and the happiness of the child were noted, the mirth was suppressed, and people vied with each other in testifying their respect and approval.

It was the same in all the camps. If Elder Beals had been welcome before, he was doubly welcome now with his fairy burden, which the rudest miner felt to be a self-imposed and sacred charge. The offerings, which had been meagre enough to the poor itinerant preacher himself, poured in upon little Mary. Every imaginable curiosity and trinket was stored up for her coming, so that she nearly always returned home wedged tight in her tiny car with presents. And not merely unconsidered trifles to please her. There was many and many a goodly nugget among the contributions. The preacher's cabin was not only fast becoming a curiosity-shop but a treasure-house as well.

Thus things went on for a whole happy summer and autumn. Elder Beals and Mary constantly becoming more endeared to each other and more popular with the miners. But a sad ending—one that should cast a gloom over every camp and cabin—was at hand.

The Indians had been evincing an ugly disposition for some months, committing many depredations, and of late they had shown themselves decidedly hostile. Most of the tribe had retired to the mountain fastnesses, which was considered a bad sign. The few who

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still prowled about the settlements were thought to be spies.

The alarm occasioned by this state of affairs had led to the organization of a military force in nearly every camp, and to the withdrawal to more central points of those living in remote or exposed places. Pickeye had drawn itself into its shell like a snail, its outskirts being practically deserted.

But Elder Beals had persistently refused to abandon his cabin, though it was the most exposed of all, being away up in the edge of the woods a full half mile from the center of the town. He said he didn't apprehend any trouble, and that, even should there be, he had always been very friendly with the Indians and they wouldn't molest him.

So the weeks went along, until one dark night in November the inhabitants of Pickeye were startled by the sound of Elder Beals's horn. It was a call such as they had never heard before. The blasts at first rang high and clear, as if to sound an alarm; then came an appealing note, as if for help; and finally the summons died away in a long wailing, despairing strain. It was such a call as Roland must have sounded on his horn at Roncevalles.

At the first note the men of Pickeye had seized their arms and gone rushing up the hill; but they were too late. When they reached the minister's cabin everything was quiet, except a little sobbing cry out of the darkness within. A bonfire was speedily made that lighted up the whole scene, and then the sad sight stood revealed.

Across the threshold lay Elder Beals, his head split open by an axe or tomahawk. In his right hand was still grasped his tin horn, battered and blood-stained, as if he had used it for a weapon, and in his left was tightly clutched a mass of coarse black hair. The wicker basket was strapped upon his back, he evidently having intended to escape with Mary. It was a sorry spectacle, but it told a heroic story—the lofty purpose to save his little charge if he saved himself, and the noble fact of his bravely battling and dying in her defense.

Mary was found safe and unharmed, though much frightened, in her little crib. The alarm sounded by Elder Beals on his tin horn and the responsive shouts of the men as they rushed to the rescue, together with the preacher's stout defense, must have caused the savages to retreat without looking for her, even if they were aware of her presence. She told all she knew about the affair. There had been at first some soft taps on the door, and then, when her papa wouldn't open it, a great pounding. Then her papa went to the window and blew his horn until the door was broken in, when there was a great struggle for a little while, and then everything was still. She hadn't made any noise all the while till then, for she knew her papa wouldn't let anyone hurt her, but when it became quiet and her papa wouldn't answer her, she grew afraid and cried.

They did not let her know that Elder Beals was dead, but, after his body had been borne away, they told her it would be better for her to go with them to town, where her papa had gone, for the bad men might come again. So she dried her eyes and snuggled closely to the breast of Arkansaw, who took her in his arms, only too glad to follow her papa.

The funeral of Elder Beals was the most touching event in the annals of Pickeye, for an intensely emotional populace showed its deepest respect, and expended its tenderest sympathies on that occasion. It was felt that his had been the solitary influence for

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good in all the turmoil of their wild life. His forbearance, his gentleness, his patience, his unwearying endeavor to inspire them with higher ideals, were now discussed and seen in their true light for the first time. But a practical bent directed their memories rather to his temporal than to his spiritual doings. His loyal fatherhood and self-sacrificing devotion to little Mary brought a lump into even the roughest throat whenever that episode was recalled. And, above all, it was conceded that the faithful alarum from his tin horn and his heroic defense had saved the town from surprise and possible massacre.

Not only was every place of business in Pickeye closed that day—even the Long Tom and other saloons—but there was no clang of pick or shovel in any of the surrounding camps. The hush that fell upon the scene is comparable to nothing but the silence that crept over the awed world at the death of Pan. There seemed to be only one surviving purpose in all of the communities—that of showing their love and reverence for Elder Beals. So the streets of Pickeye were crowded as never before. But there was no hilarity. The very resorts of frolic were themselves draped in mourning.

In view of the immensity of the gathering it was decided to hold the services at the grave, as no building in town could accommodate the concourse. Accordingly the procession formed and moved silently toward the graveyard, it being thought best to dispense with the brass band, as the occasion was neither a festive nor triumphal one.

At the head of the cortege were six strong men, bearing the remains. The plain coffin was draped with a flag, on which were placed a wreath of late wildflowers and the dead preacher's battered tin horn. Immediately behind the pallbearers walked Dobie Joe, carrying little Mary on his back in her wicker basket, as Elder Beals had carried her. But there was no gladness in the child's face now, though she knew that Dobie Joe was going to be a new papa to her. The disconsolate little one only looked fixedly through her tears down at the big box that contained the dear papa who was gone. Mrs. Grimshaw and her daughter Cosy were next to the chief mourner, and after them came a line of townsmen and miners that appeared interminable, sad, silent and bareheaded; and at the very end of the procession walked Dolly Jewett, perhaps the most sorrowful and reverent of all.

General Houston had been selected to read the burial service and pronounce an eulogy. Of all the surprising transformations of that day the change in him was perhaps the most marked. His reading of the service was a revelation of repressed but moving elocution, while his subdued tone and manner during the delivery of the eulogium gave no intimation of the furious orator that he was. It seemed as if the memory of Elder Beals's gentle spirit had chastened every one.

"In different human beings are many different desires," said General Houston, "but there is one that is common to all mankind—the wish to be kindly remembered after we are gone. It is born of the soul's instinctive craving for affection and horror of oblivion. Some have sought to gain the coveted end by living a blameless and beneficent life, some by courting a glorious and heroic death; but it has seldom happened that any one has been so fortunate as to attain to both of these prerequisites. The beloved friend whose ashes we are about to commit to earth was one of the favored few. His life was so beautiful, so useful, so self-denying and given up to others, that it alone would have caused us to cherish and venerate his memory;

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but the heroism of his death has kindled our veneration into a fervor that never could have been inspired by any course of living, however exemplary. Men have been made saints and demigods for doing less than Elder Beals has done. But he desired neither beatification nor glory. He found the only reward he wished in the consciousness of having done his duty; and if his gentle spirit be looking down upon us now, it feels more joy at this simple tribute of his humble neighbors than it would in a canonization or an apotheosis. For one who did so much with so little flourish no testimonial could be so befitting as an imitation of his own candor and simplicity. So, let us consign his dust to earth tenderly as he would have buried ours, saying only: Beloved comrade, true friend, hail and farewell!"

The threnody recited by C. Augustus Dinkey, the young Foothill Bard, was not up to his usual high-water mark, but this was overlooked in view of the deep emotion under which he evidently was laboring.

#### ELDER BEALS

The heart with woe for words too deep  
In silent tears its grief reveals,  
And we should only stand and weep  
Beside the grave of Elder Beals.

What words can speak our grief, or tell  
How gentle, kind and true he's been,  
Or how so great a soul could dwell  
In one of such a humble mien?

We hark for his tin horn in vain:  
Ah, we would rather hear it going  
Than listen to earth's sweetest strain  
Or hear the horns of Elfland blowing!

We have his homely basket still:  
Madonnas would seem ordinary  
If someone with a Raphael's skill  
Had painted him and little Mary!

But it requires no words of mine  
To paint his virtues or upbuild them,  
Those virtues were so bright and fine  
That there is nothing which can gild them.

So lay him gently in these sands,  
'Neath purple heath and golden-rods,  
The last poor service of our hands,  
And trustfully leave him in God's.

With the simple words of the poet yet floating in the air like an invocation, the coffin, with the battered tin horn still resting upon it, was lowered into the grave, and while a thousand heads bowed sorrowfully and reverently the earth was heaped over all that was mortal of the beloved little minister.

But his lowly resting-place was not to be forgotten or neglected. Before Spring came to spread her bloom and greenery over it, a monument, purchased by general subscription, had been erected on the hallowed spot, bearing this inscription:

#### ELDER BEALS.

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"Others he saved, himself he could not save."

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## A Tragedy in Journalism

Once more has that familiar tragedy been enacted—the failure of a worthy ambition. With a Jovian front and a Wagnerian overture of crashing brasses the Ridgway Weekly thundered into the world to revolutionize things journalistic. It has stolen unboisterously out to the accompaniment of a funeral dirge on a soft pedal. The militant weekly for God and country is now a defunct weekly for no reason in particular unless it be that its expenses exceeded its income, a distressing thing predicted by many sane journalists after they had inspected the first number. The untoward adventure cost considerably more than a quarter of a million dollars, but the experience may be worth the price. Mr. Erman J. Ridgway of Everybody's Magazine, to whom belongs the distinction of having conceived the idea of imparting thirteen different shades of color to one magazine, tells us in his valedictory that he is defeated but not crushed. He assumes the jaunty air of one upon whom fortune has cast so mild a frown that it has occasioned him not the slightest anxiety. We suspect Mr. Ridgway of posing. But this is a diversion that he should not be begrudged. It would be cruel to deny him the gratification to be derived from such innocent, harmless dissembling as may contribute to his reputation as a good loser. Far be it from us to envy Mr. Ridgway the pleasure of making the best of a temporary embarrassment. And if we do not offer him condolences it is because we know he is still a successful journalist and is not looking for sympathy. But the Ridgway valedictory impels us to reflect on the Ridgway personality which Mr. Ridgway reveals to us for the first time and which has all the merit of the unexpected. He tells us that he is a "purposeful man" whose "faith in the ideas" for which he made his fight and "belief in the fundamental principles" stood out so clear and strong that he knew they had "the divine spark of immortality." He started his weekly not because he wanted to but because he had to. The ideas dominated him and compelled him to lift his voice in the wilderness. One of these ideas was, he

tells us, that the local weeklies in the several cities were of an inferior quality. But the paramount idea was the idea of a crusade "not for profit but for the common good." He intended to be found fighting "wherever the strong are opposing the weak, wherever the thoughtless are grinding the helpless, wherever selfishness seeks that which is not its own, wherever power strikes ruthlessly, wherever money flaunts defiantly, wherever wrong seeks to triumph and wherever wrong cries out for a champion." Obviously Mr. Ridgway is in the nature of a reincarnation of our valorous friend Don Quixote de la Mancha, for that distinguished knight was inspired with similar laudable conceits. What that great hero undertook to achieve with his sword, Mr. Ridgway started out to accomplish with an intrepid weekly paper. There was no benefit to be procured for mankind that Don Quixote did not conceive it to be his mission to win by the strength of arms and the hazard of his life, but he was not more chivalrous than the founder of the lamented militant weekly. And as Don Quixote was not discouraged after repeated disasters neither is Mr. Ridgway faint hearted after the rebuff which he has suffered. From what he says it is to be inferred that he may be expected to mount his Rozinante again and take once more to the inviting field of adventure. But as he is a shrewd business man he should profit from his experience. Don Quixote was not able to differentiate wineskins from giants after his sad experience with the windmills, but it is to be hoped that henceforth Mr. Ridgway will suffer from no misapprehension; that the money from which he has been separated will prove of educational value. While we have no faith in the multiple weekly scheme we see nothing essentially fatal in the Ridgway fundamentals so far as inspiration for a militant weekly for God and country is concerned. With proper nourishment the divine spark of immortality should wax and never wane. But it is doubtful whether an hebdomadal yellow journal would flourish without an infusion of large ideas and renewed draughts of inspiration such as are accessible in so broad a field as that which Mr. Ridgway sought to cover. With innumerable big dailies screeching in headlines as long as your arm three hundred and sixty-five days in the year it is no small achievement to command attention with a long primer howl pitched to the same key and uttered only once a week.

"When the tired glutton labors through a treat  
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat."

Even the humble boarding-house guest revolts at hash three times a day. The weekly newspaper reader is a fastidious individual. He expects a change of fare. Mr. Ridgway gave him the yellow journal in magazine form; a deception not more subtle than Belgian hare disguised as frogs' legs. But we do confess, despite an instinctive resentment of the assumption that there are local weeklies inferior to Ridgway's, that we experienced a pang at the thought that so noble an ambition as Mr. Ridgway's was humbled by the ingratitude of the objects of his chivalry. We hope that into his possession will fall Mambrino's enchanted hel-



met, and that inspired with fresh resolution of national exaltation and armed for virtue he will resume the task of branding the bold front of shameless men. Indeed we are animated by something more than hope, by something akin to conviction that Mr. Ridgway will not be discouraged by overwhelming indifference. And therefore we offer him the suggestion that upon resuming publication it will be well to reflect that it bores a man to be talked at through a speaking trumpet. Remember the dailies, is our advice to Mr. Ridgway, and keep them like Satan in the background. They can't be improved upon once a week. It does not pay to become the weekly purveyor of the kind of sensationalism that has become trite from constant repetition. Muckraking has been overdone, and when people want to know what is going on in that industry they read the monthly magazines with the probable stupidity of which they are willing to take a chance being assured that there will at least be some pictures worth looking at. People read the weeklies that are distinctive, either to be soothed or to get a new viewpoint, not because they crave the thrill that is superinduced by elaborate emphasis on the commonplace. Making a specialty of attacking the predatory rich in a weekly is like starting a campaign against the climate or organizing an Independence Theatre Society to exploit a batrachian chorus. To make sensationalism go in a weekly one would have to strike a new keynote four times a month. This Mr. Ridgway failed to do and we can account for the failure only upon the supposition that he was preoccupied with Everybody's Magazine, which is one of the best of the monthly journals and which owes its success to his genius. We regret the failure of Ridgway's because it stood for a righteous cause and was devoted to the welfare of the nation.

### Mending the Government

Mr. Brisbane, the smart young philosopher of the Hearst Syndicate, is again advocating the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people. He tells us that the theory of the men who framed our Constitution that Senators chosen by the State Legislatures would be wiser and better than if they were elected directly by the people has been proved erroneous by experience. Too many of our Senators owe their election to money and corporate influence: therefore we should change our system of government. We have been told that government is an art above the attainment of ordinary genius, but we know that it is easily accessible to the genius of Mr. Brisbane. This young man has an eye trained for the discernment of defects in government and a talent for mending. If given a free hand he would set all things right, put an end to all abuses, supply a remedy for every wrong and accelerate the coming of the Millennium. But as he has not been authorized to take hold of things he utters himself merely as one who is taking but a superficial interest, and not as one charged with the responsibility of guiding the Ship of State. In these purely academic discussions he does not mind clouding issues with false hypotheses and misleading arguments. So it should not be inferred that he is under the delusion that the framers of our Constitution provided for the election of Senators by the State Legislatures solely with a view to getting wiser and better men than it would be likely for us to get by direct vote of the people. He knows that other and equally important considerations moved the framers of the Constitution, one of them

being the division of the legislative power; another, the safeguarding of that power from the influence of public clamor. This latter consideration, the framers of the Constitution were ever mindful of, a fact that is signally vindicated in the novel and striking jurisdiction with which the Supreme Court is vested. The jurisdiction of that Court is something unprecedented in the history of government. In that tribunal the rights of the people find their last and best security. It is an institution above all popular assembly, furthest of all other institutions beyond the popular reach, entirely independent of public feeling and invulnerable to the attacks of majorities. Like the Senate it has its origin in the sovereignty of the people, but it goes further than the Senate in bulwarking the people against their own unadvised action, their own uninstructed will. The framers of the Constitution did not worship the people. They knew something of the history of the machinations of demagogues, and while they were willing to have this a government of and by the people, they were sensible of the importance of saving the people not only from their enemies but from themselves. So they gave us a Constitution that conforms to sound principles and finds support in reason and the deductions of experience. They were as conscious as Mr. Brisbane certainly is that injustice will follow the preponderance of one class over another, and though the plutocracy has had considerable influence in our government of late it is by no means certain that conditions are to be improved by the tyranny of the mob. The object of the framers of the Constitution was to perpetuate the sovereignty of the people, and to that end they took from the people certain powers which they deemed it dangerous for the people to retain. We believe their wisdom has long been manifest. They guarded against everything including corruption, but they could not guaranty a perfect system of government, one in which Utopian ideals would be realized. And though they did not anticipate the pernicious activity of the predatory plutocracy the probability is that even had they possessed the gift of prescience they would not have changed the legislative system. To them it would seem, perhaps, as it does to us, that morality must operate to some extent in the affairs of government, and that the ends of government are to be compassed by the cultivation of a healthy public conscience more easily than by ingenious devices wherewith to constrain people to righteous conduct. Rather than abandon the fundamental principles of the science of government to abate an evil we should have recourse to the instruments provided by a government regularly and wisely constituted.

### A Greater Navy

In time we shall probably learn that the controversy over the Oriental school was not fruitless. It occurred at a time when the President was very anxious for the success of his plans respecting the enlargement of our navy, and it served his purpose admirably of impressing the country with the importance of being prepared for war. Many Congressmen were more eager to obtain appropriations for their respective districts than to appropriate money for the building of war ships, and it was necessary to get up a war scare in order to bring them to a realization of their paramount duty to the nation. So now we are in a fair way to get a greater navy and to keep pace with England and Japan in the building of big ships, the prototype of which—the Dreadnought—like the Monitor of



old, has furnished the language with a new common noun. President Roosevelt is an ardent champion of the Dreadnought. His theory is that one battleship carrying ten large calibre, high power guns is better than five battleships carrying among them the same number of the same guns. His argument is that these ten guns concentrated on one vessel will prevail over ten guns of similar quality distributed among five smaller vessels. To this postulate some naval experts demur. They suggest that there may be too many eggs in one basket and that whereas a 12-inch shell if properly delivered from a big battleship may sink a smaller battleship, the same 12-inch shell launched from one of the smaller ships may sink the big one quite as probably. Captain Mahan is one of the most eminent of the experts that are prejudiced against the dreadnought type, and he is recognized the world over as one of the greatest living authorities on matters pertaining to naval warfare. Notwithstanding the views of Captain Mahan, President Roosevelt and his advisers are persuaded that the big battleship is the ship of the future, and they point to the significant circumstance that the pioneers in the construction of dreadnoughts are England and Japan; the one the victor of Tsushima and the other her ally in whom she has undoubtedly confided. Captain Mahan contends that since the creation of the modern battleship there has been no single instance of a conflict which furnished any satisfactory basis for an enlightened conclusion. On no occasion have two hostile fleets at all equal in armament, personnel and general equipment come into collision and fought out to the point of illustration. Tsushima to the contrary notwithstanding Captain Mahan insists that England and Japan are fighting out the battles of the future on paper by the aid of higher mathematics. But oned as the battle at Tsushima was, Japanese and British experts in possession of all the details, about which they are very reticent, are convinced that the most desirable ship is the one that carries as many 12-inch guns as possible and is capable of delivering the heaviest broadside fire.

### State Capital Agitation

Considering the frequency of similar attempts in the past and their invariable result, the agitation to remove the capital from Sacramento and fix it within sight of the Golden Gate in cultured Berkeley is exciting a wonderful amount of interest throughout the state. The campaign planned by the wise politicians across the bay differs widely from that in which San Jose and other ambitious towns went down to defeat. In the first place it was worked out in secret before the general public was let into the project, thereby lending it, when finally announced, a good deal the air of a spontaneous movement. Another unusual feature is the careful reticence of the Berkeley boomers on all points connected with the unsuitability of Sacramento as a state center. The plan is to advance the cause of Berkeley without disparaging the present capital and that it is an eminently judicious method of proceeding is proved by the easy nonchalance with which Sacramentans and Sacramento newspapers treat the whole matter—a condition which would not exist if there were any violent attack on the qualifications of the river city to retain the legislature and the state offices. At this writing the prospect of a victory for the Berkeleyans in the legislature seems exceedingly rosy, the solons of both houses of our impressive law-

making body showing every disposition to favor the movement coastward. Some of them are tired of Sacramento, having exhausted its joys and fascinations many sessions since and looking with approbation on the opportunity of getting closer to the metropolis during the sixty fat days of legislating. Others withdrew all strenuous opposition as soon as they ascertained that the contemplated site is outside the mile limit that marks the difference between legal and illegal potatoes in the university town.

### Where Los Angeles Comes In

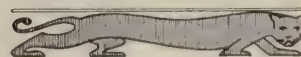
But back of these reasons and others less frivolous lurks a consideration which gives comfort to the Berkeleyans and seems destined to have a mighty influence on the result. That is, the increasing determination of the southern counties of this state to secede from California and to organize a separate state of their own. Influenced largely by Los Angeles this idea has spread rapidly until now it is firmly rooted and cannot much longer be ignored. Los Angeles and the south are willing to help San Francisco and Alameda counties to move the state capital, first, because the increasing conviction that they are soon to have a capital of their own makes them indifferent in the matter and second, because in return for their support they will expect aid of a substantial kind when their pet project is broached. Sentiment in the north on the subject of dividing California into two states is practically nonexistent for the simple reason that the question is not yet regarded as a living one, but if San Francisco is to enter actively into Berkeley's fight for the state capital it behooves her to appreciate rightly the terms on which she may enlist the support of Los Angeles and the rest of the South. State division is a measure sure to excite violent conflict of opinion from its very first agitation; it is also a measure involving many serious problems that cannot be solved while the insistent college townsmen are putting legislative bombs under the capitol building to blow it to tidewater. But when the support of the southrons is extended to this attempt, let it be understood that they have not suddenly realized how much it would mean for San Francisco and



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Oakland to have the governor within shouting distance. Instead of feeling an altruistic impulse the south is glimpsing the day when it will need northern assistance in its fight to obtain a governor of its own. That day will bring a great shock to Californians who

have never dreamed that the integrity of the state is imperiled, but to a great body of citizens in the country below Tehachapi no sentimental attachment will prevent a stubborn canvass of the scheme, none existing strong enough to outweigh practical considerations.

## Old Age.

By Helen Huntington.

I have finished the rose-days of love,  
And the white days of youth.  
I have come, by the road of Desire,  
To the grey land of Truth.

And the laughter and anguish are one  
In the shadow of sleep,  
And I murmur of love—"Did I blush?"  
And of pain—"Did I weep?"

## Perspective Impressions

Let us first ascertain if Grove Johnson and the capitol are inseparable.

San Jose wants the capitol. But San Jose already has the Hayes brothers, and Charley Shortridge and the prune belt. It's vulgar to be hoggish.

The Fifty-ninth Congress is going to adjourn on March 4th and up to date only six amendments to the Constitution have been proposed. And yet this is said to be a progressive country.

The New Theology Union of London has organized a League for the Encouragement of Progressive Religious Thought. Does it need encouragement? Or is the thought of the higher critics retrogressive?

Editor Isfoney of the Daily Nippon is urging the Japanese Chamber of Commerce to give Mayor Schmitz a reception on his return. It cannot be truthfully said that the Japanese are entirely ungrateful.

While Abe Ruef is on trial he will attend the city business only during the recess of the court. People having pressing business with the supervisors and the several commissions will please refrain from bothering Mr. Ruef in open court.

It is a singular paradox that absolute freedom from a sense of humor is in itself a tremendous joke. Take for example the Portland Woman's Club which has contributed to the gayety of the nation by censuring District Attorney Jerome for performing a public service.



What the President Proposes to Do to the Railroads.  
—Donahey in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Boo!  
—Macaulay in the New York World.



# Gribble on Longfellow.

By Theodore Bonnet

The hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Longfellow has inspired the pen of a Mr. Francis Gribble, and in Putnam's Magazine this learned critic instructs us on the subject of the poet's limitations. Mr. Gribble apprehends that we have not an accurate conception of the standing of Longfellow among the world's bards and he is evidently very sorry for the benighted admirers of the author of *Hiawatha* who betray their illiteracy and simple-mindedness by their enthusiasm. It pains him to think that educated persons should waste time on so feeble a versifier. Longfellow, he tells us, belongs to the nursery and should be admired only as one admires a pretty child. While it is generally understood that Longfellow fell short of what is called genius, his shortcomings have not been attributed to the cause to which they have been traced by Mr. Gribble. This magazine critic informs us that Longfellow's weakness was religion; he was too pious, spent too much time in church, wrote sermons in verse, and is distinctly the poet of the obvious and the humdrum. One wonders how much of this sort of stuff a man can write without becoming conscious of the fact that he is scribbling or gribbling priggish nonsense. Mr. Gribble writes like one of the higher critics of literature who believe with Verlaine that there must always be enigma in poetry. To these critics the obvious is unpardonable. Their enthusiasm is to be evoked only by those poets that keep safely beyond the verge of the empire of unutterable common sense. It is their proud boast that they belong to the aristocracy of literature which disdains contact with the bourgeoisie. They even pick flaws in Wordsworth who, like Longfellow, is at times a mere declaimer on moral and social topics and who preached the religion of nature. These critics have a very narrow horizon. They can see beauty only when it is presented in the vague and unsubstantial images fashioned by the decadents whose abnormality of vision is their chief charm. They are the bigots of literature. It is not to be denied that among these so-called decadents much fine literature has been produced, but it is not so fine as to justify us in dumping all other kinds of literature into the ocean. Yet that appears to be the consummation devoutly wished by certain critics who have become impatient of the popular ignorance that is moved by simplicity in verse. Not content to revel in their own esthetic delights, which are beyond the intellectual reach of the common herd, they seek to cover with shame and reduce to humiliation all that prefer the less complex appeals to human emotions. This is the attitude of the intellectual snob and in the case of these ultra refined critics it is entirely without justification. For after all the essence of art is its universality, and when it partakes of the nature of an inscrutable mysticism it abandons the object of its existence. It is a familiar proverb that there is no disputing about taste, every man's taste being to himself an ultimate standard without appeal. But we have a sense of conviction of a common nature in our species and this common nature has long been a model or standard for each individual. It is no credit to a man to deviate from the common nature of the species. A man that prefers the odor of onions to the fragrance of violets can find in that circumstance no reason for self felicitation. On the contrary he may justly re-

gard himself as a freak; and we do not admire freaks. Every radical deviation from the standard of taste creates an impression of imperfection, and this standard which is used for enabling us to discriminate in the fine arts has its seat in the universality of our nature. Applying that standard to the works of Verlaine and the other super-sensitive artists who can hear the sweet cry of the stirring grass and who love to see the moon live and die in a copper sky, we find that they are somewhat abnormal. It is not singular that they should abominate a Longfellow, but obviously they are not qualified to pass judgment on the merits of that poet if they can see no poetry in verse that does not present an enigma. And that is the gospel of the school of critics in which Longfellow is abominated. That gospel is fully as ridiculous as that other gospel which asserts that nothing is good poetry which cannot be translated into good prose. The Gribbles exalt obscurity to a dogma, holding that they need not be understood by the vulgar masses so long as they excite the feelings of the best educated people. Verlaine in his *Art Poétique* informs us that there is nothing more precious than the grey song where the indistinct and the distinct are joined, and according to a French critic who detests the obvious, the charm of verse consists in guessing its meaning; there should always be a riddle in poetry. He tells us that to name an object is to suppress three-quarters of the poet's pleasure which comes from the happiness of divining little by little: to suggest it is the ideal. We should have no quarrel with these exquisites of literature who express themselves in inverted phrases. Let them enjoy themselves designing metrical puzzles to fillip the mentality of the illuminati. There is much that is intelligible in their art despite its recondite symbolism; there is fancy and fluency of thought, there is music in their words; in short, the output of their genius is genuine poetry. But it is not the poetry of Tennyson or of Keats or of Wordsworth or of Longfellow, in which music and meaning usually flow together. In other words it is

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## Announcement

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## The Doctor's Dilemma.

By Dr. Albert Abrams.

That rabid paradoxist, vegetarian, anti-vaccinationist and anti everything else Bernard Shaw, has written a play entitled as above. The poet Shelley was a dietetic revolutionist, and with the same method of reasoning wanted us to become vegetarians and marry our sisters. The dramatist who seeks inspiration from vegetable food selects the worst-natured muse. Doctors have been travestied by Moliere, the prince of comic dramatists, but Jean Baptiste's caricatures were logical and directed against abuses which really existed. A paradedgin of the average physician in Moliere's time is evident in the "Malade Imaginaire," when Beralde says to Argan, the imaginary invalid: You have but to speak with a gown and cap and any gibberish becomes learning, and any nonsense sense. Remember that Moliere painted the physician of the XVII century, who charmed ache with air and agony with words. Shaw, on the contrary, makes an enervated and futile effort to burlesque a scientific twentieth century physician and heaps ridicule on a medical discovery the import of which is almost unbelievable but of the latter more anon. The plot of Shaw's play concerns a pathologist who has discovered a vaccine for tuberculosis which if used with special regard to the **opsonic index**, will cure the disease. He has only enough vaccine for ten patients for the treatment is still in the experimental stage. There is a lady in the plot and of course a beautiful and rich one, who is married to Dubedat an artist. She does not know however that Dubedat, although a man of genius, is an arrant rascal, for she adores him as a man and worships him as an artist. Dubedat is dying of tuberculosis and she makes a frantic appeal to the pathologist to save her husband. The pathologist knowing the true nature of the rascally Dubedat, is in doubt whether he should save him or permit him to die before his wife's illusions are destroyed. During this state of doubt a fellow-practitioner, a good man although one of no special distinction comes to him to be cured of tuberculosis. To further complicate the plot, the pathologist finds that he has fallen in love with Mrs. Dubedat and secretly entertains the hope of marrying her in the event of the artist's death. With the object of consummating his ambition he salves his dilemma by curing his fellow-practitioner with his limited stock of vaccine and transferring Dubedat to a fashionable and bungling physician. Dubedat of course dies but prior to his demise he exacts from his wife a promise that she will marry at once, inasmuch as widows have always shocked his esthetic sense. The psychologic moment having arrived, the pathologist requests the widow to marry him, confessing at the same time that when he entrusted the artist to the fashionable physician, it was in expectation of an early demise and he proclaims himself a murderer. The lady expresses surprise that so senile a specimen as the pathologist should have dreamed that she would marry him but to dispel all possibility in that direction, she announces that she has already remarried. In this play which is only conspicuous by its puerility, one of the latest medical discoveries, the **opsonic index**, is immured in senseless verbiage. To present this notable discovery in a delectable form for assimilation by the lay mind is a difficult matter but I will try. The name of Wright

is associated with the opsonic index and his achievements are destined to rank with the discovery of vaccination by Jenner. The discovery of Edward Jenner was a matter of observation, the discovery of Wright, a matter of observation plus unremitting scientific investigations. Jenner, the English surgeon of the eighteenth century, first introduced the practice of vaccination as a protective measure against smallpox. Let us for a moment contrast the period before and the period after the introduction of vaccination. In the period before, smallpox was a permanent disease and in epidemic years (in every three to five years) one-half of all mortality was caused by the disease and in non-epidemic years, one-tenth of all mortality. At that time very few escaped smallpox and many of those who escaped death were maimed by loss of sight. The contrasting picture may be epitomized in a simple sentence: "Whenever vaccination and revaccination are maintained, mortality from smallpox is at an end." The human body contains the most deadly poisons made innocuous by the resistance to them of our healthy tissues. We have phosphorus in the blood and bones, hydrochloric acid in the stomach, potassium sulpho-cyanide in the saliva and even arsenic is found as a normal ingredient. The saliva of some men is nearly as poisonous as the venom of a serpent. Why do some contract and others escape infection? For the evident reason that in our blood "**antiseptics**" have been discovered which protect the organism against infection and, if the action of such antiseptics is but feebly expressed, infection occurs. Among these antiseptics are substances known as **opsonins**. In my last letter I spoke of Metchnikoff's theory of phagocytosis and told how the living cells ate the invading army of germs and destroyed them. These cells however could not eat the germs if it were not for the presence of opsonins. Now it is possible to determine the opsonic power of a given specimen of blood taken from a patient by considering three things: First. The white blood corpuscles, which may be compared to animals we are about to feed; second, some bacteria which is the food; third, the blood containing the opsonins, which as its name implies is compared to a sauce which makes the food (germs) palatable. The physician now mixed a definite quantity of the corpuscles, germs and blood (serum) and then under the microscope notes the

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# The Annals of Pickeye

(In Seven Chapters)

By the Editor of the Old "Pickeye Trumpet"—J. T. Goodman

## VI

### THE CROWNING ANNAL OF PICKEYE

The Long Tom saloon was in its glory the evening of Saturday, December 19, 1852. Cap Ryan and two assistants were ajump behind the bar, men jostled each other for a chance at the faro table (there was only one now, presided over by a new-comer, Doc Greer), and the air was vibrant with the hum of conversation and the strains of a couple of violins and a clarinet.

"Hello, Dobie Joe," exclaimed Pap Grimshaw, slapping the big miner on the back, "I haven't seen you in a dog's age. Will you join me?"

"I'd join the church for a square drink," said Dobie, leaning an elbow on the bar. "Glad to see you, Pap. How's the wife and Cosey?"

"Right smart, thank you."

"That daughter of yours is the cleanest-chawed rosin ever fashioned in feminine shape," went on Dobie, in a tone of admiration and respect. "A girl who can ride like a vaquero, shoot like a backwoodsman, swim like an otter, and yet be modest and gentle as a kid, is the richest specimen that will ever come out of these diggings."

"I think myself that she's a pretty good girl," assented the flattered parent.

"Good isn't the word," protested Dobie; "she's perfect, divine. We're all in love with her. That's why we call you 'Pap.' Everybody wants to be your son-in-law. I've no chance in the lottery, but I'd give a mountain of gold, if I had it, to have the winning one."

"I thought you were gone on Widow Allison," said Pap Grimshaw.

"So I am. My affection is versatile, universal, and she's the only star on the horizon besides Cosey," explained Dobie Joe unblushingly. But he evidently was glad of the interruption caused by the entrance of the express-rider, for he turned quickly and exclaimed: "Hello, here's Brackett with the letter-express!"

Cap Ryan opened the bag which the messenger had thrown on the counter, took out the letters and called off the names. There were only the ordinary responses until he said:

"Grayson—Forey Grayson; didn't I see him here just now?"

A young man, with his overcoat closely buttoned and a gaudy scarf about his neck, came forward, received the letter and retired to the opposite side of the room to read it.

"Carter, Lafarge, Smith—here's something for myself," continued Cap Ryan; "Cohen, Fitch, McCarthy, Penrod. That's all, gentlemen."

"My sweetheart forgot to write, I guess," sighed Dobie Joe.

"Too thin, Dobie; don't try to play any sweetheart but the widow on us," said a bystander.

"Call it off, then; no sweetheart goes," laughed Dobie. "But there's no harm in a poor devil who never got a letter making believe there might be somebody in the world to write him one."

"See here, boys; this is a reward for a murderer," said Cap Ryan. "Tack it up over there, Dobie."

Dobie Joe fastened the placard to the wall, just

behind Grayson. A crowd gathered about, most of whom were unable to get near enough to decipher it.

"Read it for us, Forey," called out someone at the rear of the throng.

Grayson thrust his letter into a pocket and, turning around, read aloud:

"\$1,000 REWARD!

"For the arrest of Charles Dascomb, who is supposed to have murdered Justin Harrison, near Marysville, the 23d of August, 1852. Said Dascomb is about 22 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches high, well built, with regular features, brown hair, blue eyes and good teeth. The above reward will be paid by the undersigned upon his delivery at the county jail in Marysville.

"CHAS. H. JOHNSON,  
"Sheriff of Yuba County."

"That's a pretty good description of yourself, Grayson," observed a tall man at the edge of the crowd.

"Do you mean that, Doc Greer?" asked Grayson sharply.

"I only said it in fun, of course," replied the other, turning away.

"I guess I won't take any stock in the hunt," remarked Dobie Joe. "That description will fit half the men on the Slope, excepting the hair."

"What, brown hair?" queried a bystander. "That's the commonest of all."

"No, not brown, nor black, nor red, but no hair at all—that's the commonest in these diggings."

"You're touchy on that point, Dobie."

"Well, perhaps my cocoanut does lay over the average a stack or two now, but you'll all size up to it before long. You may not believe it, but when I came here my head was shaggy as a buffalo's, and now it's bald as old Elijah's—see!" and to demonstrate the fact Dobie removed his vicuna and revealed a scalp white and smooth as an unripe buckeye. "It's the climate," he continued, "and it will curry all of you just the same. In less than five years a man with hair on his head in California can travel as a sideshow to a circus, and make it pay too. I wouldn't bet on Arkansaw's Indian there not getting bald."

The concluding remark was suggested by the sight of a Digger Indian who had just entered, and stood leaning against the wall near the door. He was a retainer of Arkansaw, and his presence excited no other remark than Dobie Joe's reference to his abundance of coarse black hair.

Just then there was a buzz of excitement at the faro table which attracted everybody thither. All eyes were centered on one of the players who was stacking up a lot of blue chips won on the last turn.

"How much is in the till, Doc?" he inquired of the dealer.

"About six thousand," was the reply.

"May I tap it, whatever it is?"

"If you like."

(Continued on Page 30.)

## Salome.

By Mabel Porter Pitts.

The storm has past when you at length kneel down,  
With pleading eyes where tears of sadness shine,  
To place the jewel in your sorrow's crown  
As one might lay a flower upon a shrine.

Within your breast but tenderness and grief;  
No tumult now; the waves that swept the shore  
To break your craft upon the waiting reef  
Fall back to one vast monotone—"No more!"

And it is not, Salome, you alone  
That hear these words! But souls in bitter pain  
Where many a queen upon a fireside throne  
Hides in her heart a John the Baptist slain.

## The Spectator

### Wheeler's Objection

There is only one man in Berkeley who has exhibited no enthusiasm over the proposed removal of the capital from Sacramento to the university town, and that unemotional gentleman is Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler. Not only has the project failed to arouse his enthusiasm; it has evoked his frown. But I am not surprised that President Wheeler should deprecate the project. I am amazed, however, at the puerility of his objection to the transplanting of the seat of government. It is entirely based on his passion for trees—not the trees of Berkeley but some that are flourishing on the capitol grounds. There is nothing discreditable in this passion. It is the fine, mystical sentiment of the classic scholar who revels fancifully in the old Greek life of the vineyards, who has a little of that feeling that the religion of Dionysus imparts, the primitive religion of tree-worship founded upon the belief that trees are the habitations of living spirits. But as the beautiful trees on the capitol grounds are not to be disturbed it is difficult to account for President Wheeler's objection. Indeed, the objection is somewhat unreasonable, for surely the hamadryads that gambol in the grove of Dodona at Sacramento, should hail with delight the departure of the satyrs that taint the atmosphere with the odors of graft during the sessions of the Legislature.

### Sentiment Versus Business

One might appreciate the stand taken by President Wheeler if he had suggested the danger of contamination. Berkeley is now a highly moral town and it has a distinctive character the loss of which would be a calamity of incalculable proportions. The name of Berkeley is now a synonym of culture. As the state capital it would be known as the abiding place of vulgarity. Who knows but that the Greek Theatre would become a Temple of Graft, with Colonel Mazuma desecrating its sacred precincts with all the effrontery of a Goddess of Reason usurping the altar of Notre Dame. There are many sentimental reasons that might be

urged by President Wheeler against the transplanting of the capital, but the probability is purely material considerations will prevail. Material considerations invariably outweigh the sentimental in these piping times of commercial progress. Berkeley is on the boom, town lots are jumping like villa sites in Los Angeles, and the majority of the inhabitants are new comers who are not obsessed with university tradition and who don't care a tinker's imprecation whether President Wheeler's prestige as grand cockalorum of the roost is threatened or not. Indeed there are many among them who would rejoice to see President Wheeler forced into a back seat, and they rejoice at the prospect of his being overshadowed in his own bailiwick by the Governor of the State. They voice the notion that in objecting to the removal of the capital he is less concerned for the trees in Sacramento than for the pre-eminence of the President of the University. "These university fellows," said a corner-lot owner to me the other day, "have been running the town long enough. Why do you know, you can't get a decent thing at a fruit store or a vegetable store or butcher shop? The frat houses have first pick. There's too much high caste over here to suit me. I'm in favor of making it more democratic." So great has been the growth of Berkeley that the people are talking of compelling the Key Route Company and the Southern Pacific Company to build an elevated road in Shattuck avenue. There are now eighty real estate agents in the town.

### A Greater San Francisco

Sentiment in this city is unquestionably in favor of moving the state capital to Berkeley, and the people of Sacramento have good reason to be worried over the prospect. Aside from the geographical objections to Sacramento as the capital city, it has many prejudices to combat not the least of which is that which grew out of its hostility to Governor Gillett. Sentiment in this city is based upon the theory that it would advantage us in many respects to have the capi-



tal within easier reach. And whenever the matter is discussed one hears many expressions of sentiment in favor of a Greater San Francisco taking in the towns on the other side of the bay. It would not surprise me to see this sentiment crystallize in the near future. It is argued that by a Greater San Francisco we could solve the problem of purifying the city government. A wealthy citizen, who has given the matter much thought, said during the course of a discussion the other day, that many thousands of the residents of Alameda county have most of their financial interests in San Francisco and that if they were permitted to vote in this city would be able to change the complexion of our government. He thinks the coalition would be satisfactory to the people of Alameda county if the tax rates were segregated for each borough and it were agreed that they should be united only in the matter of a central government. "I am sure the project will carry," he said, "if put before the people of both counties."

### Throttled By Japan

That the people of this state have good reason to worry over the influx of the Japanese is the opinion of Thomas Lawrence Browne of Liverpool who recently arrived in this city from the Orient. According to Mr. Browne the Japanese are addicted to the swarming habit and he says that wherever they settle they aim for supremacy and have an insidious way of getting the upper hand. He is full of interesting information on the subject of the absorption of Korea by the Japanese, and he says that Korea is now regarded as a dying nation. The history of the Japanese movement in Korea is quite interesting. In 1876 the independence of Korea was explicitly asserted in a treaty between that country and Japan. It was re-asserted in every subsequent treaty between Korea and Western nations, and although ignored by China, whom Korea had for many years recognized and treated as her suzerain, the Chinese Government finally renounced her somewhat shadowy claim to paternal control at the conclusion of the Chino-Japanese war in 1894. It was by Japan that this renunciation was forced on China, and it was Japan who encouraged the King of Korea to proclaim himself emperor. But in October, 1904, that weak-kneed sovereign was coerced by Count Ito into putting his signature to a document in which he requested Japan to assume a protectorate over his kingdom.

### Roosevelt Complaisant

Mr. Browne says that it is well known in Korea and also in Tokio that the King was terrorized by Count Ito. Indeed it is also known that so reluctant was he to place himself under the tutelage of Japan that when the subject was first mooted the King sent a special messenger to the United States to protest against the action of the Japanese Government and to invoke the interference of President Roosevelt. This message was presented to the President by Mr. Homer Hulbert acting as the representative of the Korean monarch, but it was ignored. Mr. Hulbert, who is a citizen of this country, was very indignant over the President's indifference to the welfare of the people of Korea, and he recently published a book in London censuring Mr. Roosevelt and insisting upon the right of Korea to maintain her integrity and individuality. In this book, says Mr. Browne, the author sheds considerable light

on the Japanese character, showing it to be quite different from what it has been pictured by the amiable Mr. Roosevelt. He describes the harsh and brutal treatment of Korean officials and people under Japanese rule. The country is being overrun by low-class Japanese settlers with whom might is the only law; the rights of property and ancient custom are rudely ignored and there is scant justice to be obtained by appeal to the Japanese courts. Life and property were insecure enough under the old regime, but it may be safely said there is not a single Korean, official, merchant or peasant who would not gladly exchange the veneer of Japanese improvement for a good wallow in the old mire of Korean corruption.

### Japan the Terrier

Mr. Browne thinks it would be a good thing for California if Mr. Hulbert's book, which, by the way, is entitled "The Passing of Korea," were to become a best-seller in this country, for he paints a most repellant picture of Japanese character. He contends that there is no short cut to civilization as we understand the term. He maintains that Japan has emerged from the chrysalis state of feudalism into a butterfly condition of flashy brilliancy, and although he does not say it in so many words, he evidently believes that the future existence of Japan as compared with that of China and Korea will be brief as the butterfly's. But Mr. Browne says that whatever may be the future of China, it is morally certain that there is no long life for Korea with clipped wings. She is being absorbed. In his opinion one might rather liken Japan to a terrier than to a butterfly, to a sporting terrier which never lets go his hold once he has got a grip of his victim.

### Some Hot Shot From Tokio

Perhaps it would be advisable for the Japanese and Korean League to get hold of Mr. Hulbert's book, and use it to offset the output of the Japanese bureau of publicity which is now working overtime. One of the press-agents of the Tokio government has been supplying the Boston papers with chatty letters descriptive of life in San Francisco. He writes from Tokio. This is an excerpt from a recent letter in the Boston Tran-

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script which was reprinted by the New York Sun: "I cannot forget my first impression at the landing in San Francisco, some fifteen years ago, when I was spit at by a boy after being frightened by 'Hello, Jappy!'" My illusion that America would be kind to a poor Japanese was sadly destroyed then. And I observed two or three times in the streets of San Francisco a certain Dr. O'Donnell, who ran for Mayor without success, pulling a huge wagon with the red letters of 'Japs must go.'" This evoked from the Sun the following comments: "Same old San Francisco. Hasn't been changed a bit, not even by earthquake and fire. The Japanese and Korean Exclusion League is now on deck and Mayor Schmitz is warned by its honorable secretary that it will be better for him not to come back if he has made any agreement with the President 'by which Japanese children are to be allowed to attend the same schools as American children.'"

### A Broadside Against Dogs

Long ago some truthful, simple poet wrote:

"Dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so."

Lieutenant-Colonel Adam Slaker, U. S. Artillery, stationed at Fort Baker, has taken it upon himself to correct the decree of the Almighty regarding dogs, and to discredit the poet. He has made the barking dogs of Fort Baker—the innocent collies that joy in yelping as they run after sticks thrown by the fair ladies of the post—subjects of a military order that should live in history. It might have mouldered forgotten in the archives of war and never have received the publicity to which it is entitled but for a fortunate circumstance that placed it in my hands. Here it is—an order that shall make famous the dogs of Fort Baker and the officer in charge:

"The barking of dogs having been reported as a nuisance, it is hereby directed that dogs when let out for exercise or other purposes must be kept quiet. The encouraging of this barking by throwing stones or sticks or in any other way must stop. Dogs must be kept indoors between 9 p. m. and 7 a. m., and must be kept quiet at all times. Any further complaint will result in having the offending dogs removed from the post."

What say the dogs of war to that? And what say the ladies who own these dear collies that delight to run, barking joyously, after the sticks thrown by the said ladies? What could be said—for who dare disobey a military order emanating from a lieutenant-colonel? Of course, there are obstacles in the way of obeying the order. The ladies when taking their dogs out for exercise may refrain from throwing the alluring stick or the tempting stone, and in this way do their best to keep "Sweetheart," "Fido," "Blanche" and "Tray" from disturbing Fort Baker by unseemly noise. But suppose the beloved pet sees a cat, and with deep-mouthed growl pursues pussy to the nearest fence or tree, what can the owners do? Would the

powers behind the army banish a dog just for that? And a lady might meet the garrison cow, which might shake her head and moo. Plainly it would be the duty of the dog to raise a terrific racket and scare the offending cow out of a week's milk. For such a thing as that would the army remove a dog from the post—a dog that had but done its duty in the only way within its power? Teddy forbid! I don't believe our beloved Theodore would sanction any such order as this. The man to whose ears the baying of the hounds that chase the bears and wildeats of Colorado is sweet music is not likely to sanction the banishing of the collies of Fort Baker simply because they bark. The order has but recently been issued, and I do not know what the effect has been. If the lieutenant-colonel is as stern as are his words the result should be chloroform and tears; for half the ladies at Fort Baker own collies, and all of them like to throw sticks and stones. But even if they forbear that amusement the cow and cat remain as tempters, not to speak of the burglar who burgles between 9 p. m. and 7 a. m., and at which any good collie would bark. I'm afraid it's chloroform.

### Did She Lift It

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has long been known as the author of the verses that have for their opening line, "Laugh and the world laughs with you." In her book of pomes these verses are entitled "Solitude." Ask any of Ella's admirers what she ever wrote that is worth remembering, and you will invariably be reminded of the familiar platitudes that have been arranged in metrical sequence by way of lyrical logic in support of the thesis that if you laugh the world will laugh with you and that if you weep you will be permitted to perform the stunt alone. To these verses Ella's admirers proudly point on the theory that they are conclusive proof of her poetic genius. A claim to immortality, they think, may be safely based on this beautiful effusion. In the circumstances what could be more tragic than to deny the dithyrambic bard the credit for that composition; to kick from under her fame its only prop! That is what some heartless individual has done. He does not accuse Ella Wheeler Wilcox of plagiarism, but intimates that she lifted the thing bodily, as they say in the vernacular. The facts as he presents them are these: in December, 1862, at the Galt House, Louisville, Kentucky, Colonel John A. Joyce, at the request of George D. Prentice, wrote a poem entitled "So the World Goes," which was published shortly after in the Louisville Courier-Journal as follows:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you;

Weep, and you weep alone;

For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,  
It has troubles enough of its own,

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Sing, and the hills will answer;  
Sigh! It is lost on the air;  
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;  
Grieve, and they turn and go;  
They want full measure of all your pleasure,  
But they do not want your woe,  
Be glad, and your friends are many;  
Be sad, and you lose them all:  
There are none to decline your nectared wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;  
Fast, and the world goes by;  
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,  
But no man can help you die.  
There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a long and lordly train,  
But one by one we must all file on  
Through the narrow aisles of pain."

### The Scotch Verdict

The literary archaeologist does more than spring the invidious parallel on a lady. He has the ungallant effrontery to inquire into the date of her birth and he asserts that the tremendous event occurred in the year 1855. Then with a vulgar snort of glee he brings the science of mathematics to bear in proof of the proposition that Ella Wheeler Wilcox could not have written the lyric gem which, in her book, is entitled "Solitude" and which differs from the Joyce effusion in only two or three words. Manifestly the proof is not conclusive. Ella Wheeler Wilcox was seven years old when Colonel Joyce scribbled his lines in the Galt House. Is it not likely that she wrote the pome long before the Colonel was called upon to prosodize? Bards, as we know, are born not made. They lisp in numbers. It is not unreasonable to assume that Ella came into the world a full-fledged odesmith equipped with the divine afflatus, and that one of the first of the salient facts of existence to which her muse called her attention is that when you laugh there is a broad grin on the face of the world. I am prepared to believe that Ella smote the lyre upon her entrance to this vale of verse and that most of her pomes were written before she reached the age of discretion.

### Burgess Says He Did It

Who pulled down the Cogswell statue on lower Market street? As far as I remember the conspirators in that plot to discredit the sort of sculpture by which this city used to be exclusively adorned never made open confession and were never publicly found out. However it was generally understood that the old metal scarecrow was toppled from its pedestal by stu-

dents of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art as a protest against philistinism and a notice to their fellow-citizens that a higher artistic ideal had been cultivated since the ton of junk in the semblance of a man was put in place. But now comes Gelllett Burgess and confesses that he pulled down the statue. Burgess has won a great deal of attention in the East since he published his ingenious theory of the bromides and the sulphites—as much, if not more, than followed his discovery of the purple cow. One of the writers for the New York Times interviewed him a few days ago and the first question the creator of goopology was called upon to answer was—"What is the most sulphitic thing you ever did?" Burgess replied—"Pulling down the Cogswell statue in San Francisco." Then he explained that the incident occurred when he was a member of the faculty of the University of California. Of course it is not to be supposed that Burgess accomplished this piece of iconoclasm single handed and it would be interesting to know who were his confederates. It would also be interesting to know when he was elected a member of the Berkeley faculty.

### Archibald Clavering Gunter

A piece of news of considerable interest to many residents of this city was the death in New York of Archibald Clavering Gunter, but it was given space and brief space at that in only one of our dailies. "Archie" Gunter was one of the pioneers of the California literary colony of New York, and from the pecuniary standpoint he was the most successful writer that ever came out of this State. He was not a graduate of the University of California as reported in one of the dailies, but received his education in the old City College conducted by the Rev. Dr. Burress. Among his schoolmates was Charles G. Yale and they afterward studied chemistry together in Thomas Price's laboratory. Four years ago when Gunter visited his old home he entertained Yale and a few more of his old schoolmates at luncheon in the Bohemian Club, and at the time he said that for many years the royalties from his books and plays aggregated one thousand dollars a week. Gunter never made any pretension to skill as a literary craftsman. He found after putting "Mr. Barnes of New York" on the market that novel-writing paid and that his name was worth money and he turned out books with wonderful facility. His experience in New York immediately after his advent to the metropolis was much the same as that of the proverbial unknown author. He packed the manuscript of "Mr. Barnes of New York" around town for weeks trying to find a publisher, and polite rebuffs were given him everywhere he went. But he had faith in his story and unlike the average struggling author he had money in his purse, for he inherited a fortune, and so he paid for the printing of his book. It became a best seller not only in this country but in England and it was translated into French and had a big sale in Paris.

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### An Atherton Paragraph

Some years ago Gertrude Atherton wrote of Gunter in the *Cosmopolitan*: "Although Mr. Gunter makes no claim to literary elegance few accomplished writers have written such a rattling good story as 'Mr. Barnes of New York' or achieved a more remarkable success. His books have been on every stand in three continents where our language is read, and by a large proportion of the reading public abroad he is regarded as the representative American author." The period of which Mrs. Atherton wrote was that in which Mr. Barnes and Mr. Potter were all the rage. The first successful work of a literary nature with which Gunter was connected was a drama entitled "Two Nights in Rome." It was produced in this city and the critics compared it with "Forget Me Not" and "Diplomacy." They hailed Gunter as a rising Sardou. He soon wrote another play, "The Soul of an Actress" which caught the fancy of Clara Morris who produced it in this city. Gunter's most successful play is "Prince Karl" which he wrote for Mansfield.

### Our Neglected University

The University of California is receiving very shabby treatment from the legislature, and no effort is being made to create a sentiment in favor of persuading our representatives at Sacramento to deal more generously with that great educational institution. This matter of the neglect of the State University, in my opinion, is worthy of the attention of public spirited citizens especially of those interested in the development of this section of the state. We may derive as much material advantage from the University as from the improvement of the physical aspects of this city. The University should be the centre of all the intellectual activity of the state. We should be taught to appreciate the University in its elemental idea as a source of civilization as was beautiful Athens of old whose schools drew to her bosom and then sent back to the business of life for a thousand years the youth of the Western world. Our University may not realize our ideals at present: it does not supply the true principles to popular enthusiasm; instead of striving to raise the intellectual tone of society it is busy turning out economists, merchants and engineers. But some day it will have an awakening, and when that day comes it should be adequately equipped for the work in hand. Therefore if the alumni are not to be moved by pride in their Alma Mater to get together and persuade the legislators, I will commend the University to the concern of the California Promotion Committee. The University asked the Legislature for \$250,000 for a new library building. The request was denied. Yet the library, which has grown during President Wheeler's regime from 80,000 to 200,000 volumes, is housed in a small wooden building. A request was made for \$250,000 for the erection of an agricultural building which is needed as much, if not more, than the library building. The members of the agricultural faculty are

rendering service of the very greatest importance to the people of this state. It is safe to say that they are saving the farmers and agriculturists thousands upon thousands of dollars yearly, and yet they are crowded into such close quarters that they are able to carry on their work efficiently only with the very greatest difficulty. The department of entomology, whose service to the state has been boundless, is obliged to carry on its important work in an old discarded wing of the gymnasium. The department of veterinary surgery and the state hygienic laboratory are crowded together in a small building which hardly deserves the name of a shed. The departments of viticulture, animal industry and horticulture are compelled to do their work and keep their stores in the main agricultural building, which is only a plain wooden structure ill-equipped for the work which the department is in duty bound to do. Yet the request for a sum which was certainly none too great for the erection of a building worthy to house the department of agriculture was cut down from \$250,000 to \$150,000.

### Greek Theatre Events

The Greek Theatre at the University of California is to become during the present semester more completely than ever the home of music and the drama. Every Thursday afternoon from March to the end of the university year in May there will be music in the theatre, either by the University Orchestra, the Minetti String Quartette, or by the University Chorus. An opera, a Greek play, and a Sanskrit play will be the dramatic events of the term. The University Orchestra, now consisting of sixty professional musicians, and conducted by Professor Wolle, has won for itself a warm place in the hearts of all music-lovers in this vicinity and to a certain extent throughout the state. It will inaugurate its second year of symphony concerts at three o'clock Friday afternoon, March 1, when it will furnish accompaniment for a recital by Rosenthal, one of the greatest living pianists. On Thursday afternoons not taken up with Symphony Concerts, programmes will be rendered at 3 o'clock by the Minetti String Quartette. They will furnish music in the Greek Theatre on March 7, 21 and April 4. The members of the quartette are: Mr. Giulio Minetti, concert-master of the University Orchestra; Mr. Anton Koenig and Mr. Andre Verdier, violinist in the orchestra, and Mr. Arthur Weiss, its first cellist. On the evening of Charter Day, that is, March 23, after the address of President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, there will be presented the Verdi opera of "Aida" with Lillian Nordica among the principals, chorus, and full orchestra. These very interesting events will be

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supplemented by the presentation of two plays by the students of the University; the "Eumenides" of Aeschylus and the Sanskrit comedy called "The Little Clay Cart." "Eumenides," a play full of tragic beauty, could be given in no more felicitous environment than that of the Greek Theatre, itself a tradition of an earlier time. This will be the third Greek play given by the students, the two former being "The Birds" of Aristophanes which came as a part of the festival with which the theatre was dedicated, and the "Ajax" of Sophocles. The date set for "Eumenides" is April 18. The Sanskrit comedy will be given a week or two earlier on April 6. "The Little Clay Cart" has been translated and adapted for the occasion by Dr. Arthur W. Ryder, instructor in Sanskrit in the University. The comedy will be of surpassing interest, coming as it does from so remote a land as India, a representation of a civilization so different from our own, and yet retaining the eternal humor of essential human nature.

### The Great New York Drama

In the Thaw case are combined all the important energies of a great drama, but it is so complex of plot that it is difficult to take a comprehensive view of all its aspects. Of course the central theme is quite obvious. Interest converges upon the outcome of the trial, but the defendant is only one of many figures whose emotions affect the audience. It is a drama that abounds in conflicts and problems and contradictory sentiments and the threads of intrigue are woven with all the deftness of perfect craftsmanship. It is as though the sequence of effects were governed by a code of fixed technical rules and the suspense is maintained as much by the characters behind the scenes as those in the full glare of the calcium. Mrs. Thaw's mother has not appeared in the courtroom but surely her presence has been felt, and there is as much curiosity respecting her as there is in respect of the protagonists that appear in every scene to occupy the stage centre. No small fraction of the element of suspense has been due to the part which she has played in the grim drama though she has remained ensconced in the wings. What could be more poignantly dramatic than this conflict in real life between mother and daughter? And who will say that he thoroughly appreciates the sentiments of each toward the other? We see the daughter alternately repudiating her mother for the sake of a husband and shielding that mother in a measure from blame and shame partly, perhaps, because of her sense of the shame of having such a mother and partly through fear of provoking the mother to bitter hostility. We see a brother antagonistic to his unfortunate sister, and we feel that howsoever vicious the latter may be she is at least entitled to commiseration on having sprung from such a family.

### Some of the Features

And almost dominating every scene of this stirring drama of real life is the ghost of the whited sepulchre of the mirrored Tower famous for its velvet swing and other alluring devices for the promotion of lust. And through the morbid exhalations from the putrescent past stalk the figures of morally maimed females and

The Severn, at 1050 Geary street, is a delightfully appointed restaurant.

tenderloin rouses to revive recollections of the paphian revels that constituted the prologue of this highly salacious dramatic masterpiece. Not the least of the vital elements of the drama is that which springs from the rivalries among the lawyers. In these are comprised a subplot as thrilling as that which involves the main issue. And it is through this element that the comic relief is supplied. For what could be funnier than the jealousies provoked by the ex-Napoleon of the California bar and the ebullitions of his faithful squire McPike. These are matters that are not given the space they deserve in the dispatches. One has to read the New York dailies to learn of the soreness of Delmas's associates and of Jerome's resentment of the spectacular effects achieved by the unknown barrister from the Wild and Woolly. The District Attorney has been most querulous from the beginning, and he never loses an opportunity to remind Delmas that he is trying the case on the Atlantic and not on the Pacific Coast. Though Delmas is not at his best in rapid-fire exchanges of smart repartee, being a very dignified practitioner, nevertheless he has more than held his own, frequently sending home some sharp thrusts but always in the most polite language, as for instance when reminded one day of an Atlantic Coast custom he retorted: "It is one that by the learned District Attorney is more honored in the breach than in the observance."

### McPike on Their Nerves

The grievances of Delmas's associates were explained to a New York Sun reporter the other day as follows: "The attitude of Mr. Delmas and Mr. McPike has not pleased the New York lawyers. Whenever there was a mistake in handling Thaw's case Mr. Delmas has blamed his colleagues, excepting Mr. McPike, of course. Mr. Delmas is not over familiar with the laws of this state and when he was tripped up by District Attorney Jerome he has blamed the New York lawyers for not keeping him properly posted. He has also had some criticism to make of the way the case has been prepared. On the other hand, whenever a point was made for the defense Mr. Delmas and Mr. McPike have taken the whole credit. This has not been pleasing to Messrs. Hartridge, Gleason, Peabody and Dan O'Reilly. They think that they are at least entitled to some of the limelight. When Mr. McPike, in an interview, severely criticized the manner in which District Attorney

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Jerome has been conducting the case it was a good opportunity for the four lawyers who are opposed to Mr. Delmas and Mr. McPike to put in their kick. As a result Mrs. William Thaw issued a statement in which she excluded Mr. McPike from the case, naming the five other lawyers as having been retained to defend her son." Mr. McPike was not slow in getting back. He was interviewed the next day. "Mr. Delmas will show before this case is over," said Mr. McPike, "that he is the master of District Attorney Jerome. Mr. Delmas did not come from the West to learn law, but to show persons here a thing or two about the manner in which a case should be conducted. He scored heavily on Mr. Jerome yesterday when he showed him the law in New York State on the admission of oral statements by a defendant. The error made by the District Attorney was the worst I ever saw. We would not have cared a snap for a conviction if this testimony had not been admitted. This talk about the District Attorney asking for the appointment of a commission is his last desperate gasp. He knows that he has been beaten."

### The Hearst Way

A new and characteristic story of William R. Hearst's generosity is being told. It was shortly after the fire that he came into the Examiner office one day about noon and said to "Blinker" Murphy: "Murphy, I have an appointment here at one o'clock with a German and his wife, who were burned out and want to go to Germany. They were in to see me yesterday, and I promised to consider getting them transportation. I can't be here at one, but you get them tickets to New York, and write to Tom Williams about arranging their passage across the Atlantic." "What are their names?" asked Murphy. "Why, I don't know their names—didn't ask them," said Hearst. "You ask them and fix up the tickets." "But," said Murphy, "how am I to know the family? There might be a whole flock of Germans up here that you had promised to send to the Fatherland." "No," said Hearst, "they are the only ones—that is, the only Germans."

### Mrs. Shawhan Writes of Pages

To Ada Romer-Shawhan Town Talk is indebted for a timely appreciation of Jules Pages, the most distinguished of Californian artists. "It will be interesting," writes Mrs. Shawhan, "for San Franciscans to know that they have amongst them at present the

celebrated Californian painter, Jules Pages. The gallery of Vickery, Atkins & Torrey on California street where an exhibition of his paintings has been opened should prove for the next week or two the



Peasant Hut—Coast of Brittany

Mecca of all lovers of art and students of painting. Jules Pages has a personality no less interesting than his pictures; simplicity, breadth, strength and honesty of purpose are bodied forth in his character as well as in his drawings. In spite of the ten years of hard study which preceded his achievement of the first rank of modern painters he still retains a boyish enthusiasm for his life work that is infectious and encouraging to the young student intent on perfecting himself in the beautiful but difficult art of painting. On a recent visit to the atelier of his father, who, during the days of Virgil Williams, Tavernier, Rix, Brooks, Narjot Nahl and Robinson was the organizer of the Palatte Club, and is now with Robinson one of the sole survivors of the old regime of artists, I found Jules Pages surrounded by his family and busily at work on the preliminary sketches made about the city since the fire. These sketches are reconstruction studies which he has made for canvases which he hopes to show to the people of France on his return to Paris to resume his duties as one of the instructors of the Julian Academy. It was but natural, brought up in the artistic atmosphere of his father's studio, that Pages should have decided to become a painter. In 1890, after studying a short period at the San Francisco School of Design, he became one of the staff of the San Francisco Examiner, worked hard, saved his money, a trip to Paris to study under the masters being the object in view. After two years spent in hard study,—his first picture sent to the Salon having been accepted, receiving honorable mention, he returned to San Francisco to assume the management of the Art Department of the Examiner, at the time when Davenport, Swinnerton, Fisher and others combined to make that paper the best illustrated daily in the United States. Having earned sufficient money he again resumed his studies in Paris, and after three years of unremitting endeavor he won in 1899 the Medaille d'Or du Salon, the first ever awarded a Californian. The picture that brought this triumph was afterwards purchased by popular subscription here and presented to the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. It is called 'In the Studio.' It is among the paintings that were saved from the



A Study of the Nude



fire. Above the gold medal is still another prize, the final crown to an artist's achievement, the 'Hors Concours' (beyond competition) which entitles the holder to exhibit his work at the Salon without its being judged by the Jury. This crowning honor was bestowed upon Pages in 1905. So jealously is this honor guarded by the French Government that despite constant striving for many years, upon only five of the innumerable Americans that have exhibited in Paris, has it been bestowed. The five are Sargent, Seymour, Thomas, Miller and Pages. No doubt, some day, if all goes well, the crimson of the Legion d' Honneur will blossom on the lapel of the coat of Jules Pages, who will then have received the final consecration. It is his intention from now on to keep in touch with his native city and state by spending his vacations here, the Julian Academy allowing him six months every other year. Would it not be a graceful thing on the part of the San Francisco Art Association and School of Design, so soon to rise again and rebuild in a modest way, on the property formerly occupied by the Hop-



Sea Shore—Coast of Brittany

kins mansion, to extend an invitation to Mr. Pages to criticize the work of the students at the school during the time he spends his vacations amongst us? Would it not be most advantageous to the students to feel something of the broadening influence of a painter on whom the French Government has seen fit to bestow its highest honors?"

#### Hitch in the Sullivan Settlement

The settlement of the Sullivan Trust Company failure in Goldfield is not going along as smoothly as was expected. The big influence wielded by the reorganization committee in Nevada has brought all the creditors in that section into line, but most of the creditors in San Francisco are chaps of another calibre and they don't propose to answer the roll call till they have a satisfactory guarantee that they will get the money due them. They were caught in sums ranging from \$3,000 to \$20,000, trading in stocks for Sullivan, and they insist on getting every penny the assets will allow. They have discussed the matter among themselves and have a plan of campaign for self-protection mapped out.

#### Rickey Ready for Business

T. B. Rickey, president of the reorganized Sullivan Company, is generally recognized as a man of ability and sound financial standing. After a half dozen delays, some on account of sickness, he finally arrived in town at the close of last week and gave out that he was willing to discuss the situation with the local creditors. The local creditors did not fall over each other in trying to get an offer from him. In fact they took the matter rather indifferently. They realize that the men behind the Sullivan reorganization have got to come to them. The fact of the matter is that certain Nevada money interests that lost heavily in the failure are the back bone of the organization committee. Some of the local creditors strongly suspect that this clique is looking after its own welfare first in the settlement and that after it has paid itself in full whatever remains of the assets will be distributed among the rest of the creditors. These local creditors will demand a guarantee that they will receive as much as the clique before they will sign any agreement. Rickey has been flatly asked to give this guarantee but so far he has tactfully avoided committing himself in any shape.

#### Sharp Slump in Sullivan Stocks

Matters are now reaching a crisis where something must be done. The Sullivan mines, the back bone of the assets, are reported in a fairly good condition, but the prices of their shares have slumped badly since it became suspected that there was a hitch in the settlement. Except when an account is flung on the market scarcely anything is done in their issues. Traders seem to be afraid of them at any price. If any clique has a line on coming events and artfully contemplates gathering them in at low figures they certainly have a chance. Apparently Sullivan himself is completely out of the present storm center. He was at Byron Springs last week and dropped into town on a flyer, but his coming and going were most unostentatious for a man who cut such a figure as a promoter and then failed for a quarter million. The men who are handling the reorganization are confident they can get the assets into shape to pay dollar for dollar—that is if the local creditors will do as they are told. But the local brokers won't unless they get the required guarantee.

#### Joy in a Great Triumph

Down in the engineering department of the Southern Pacific Company the boys and the graybeards are bragging a great deal over the recent success of that department in at last forcing the Colorado River out of the Salton Sea basin. The problem has been one of the biggest the S. P. corps ever tackled. So great was the problem and such vast interests hinged on the success of its solution that President Roosevelt stepped in a few months ago and proposed sending the crack U. S. engineers to the assistance of the railroad men. The matter was finally settled by the government setting aside \$2,000,000 to be applied to restraining the inflowing river. The actual work was left to the S. P. engineers as they were admitted to be most familiar with the points to be combatted. Their success is a great feather in the cap of the department as several Eastern engineers of high standing have gone on record as declaring that the Colorado would never again be turned back into its old channel. The

S. P. office will now have the satisfaction of making out its bill to the government for Uncle Sam has promised to stand his share of the expense out of the \$2,000,000 appropriation. And that is why the members of the engineering department are now going around with broad smiles of elation on their faces.

#### Fought the Flood for Two Years

It cost the railroad company over half a million dollars before it began to get a line on the intricacies of the problem of restraining the big river. Time and again the river was checked only to break out in some new place and with its rising flood destroy tracks, stations, freight sheds and telegraph lines. Back went the indomitable engineers to attack the problem at new points. For over two years they have been struggling with the impetuous flood. Now they are convinced they have it under full control.

#### Cause of the Trouble

The damage done has been incalculable; it easily reaches two millions. The cause of all the trouble was one of the irrigation companies that sprang up when Imperial valley was put on the market for settlement. The soil was a rich silt that with a little irrigating water, under a southern sun, would yield prodigious crops. Imperial valley lies several hundred feet below the sea level and a still greater number of feet below the bed of the Colorado river. The engineers of the company tapped the river bank to obtain the necessary water. They got it all right. When more ranchers flocked into the valley they made more taps in the bank. Things ran along till there were over twelve thousand settlers, towns and villages had sprung up and the values on the improved farms had reached a handsome figure. One day the engineers were making a new tap to meet the immensely growing irrigating business when along came a freshet in the river. The impetuous flood gouged a great channel through the bank and swept like a Niagara on the villages, farms, railroad tracks and other property in the valley far below.

#### Greatest Lake in the West

Month in and month out it poured an incessant foaming flood except when occasionally checked by the S. P. engineers. Experts from all over the country offered suggestions but do what they might the great inland sea kept growing. At one time it formed a sheet of inland water as large as Lake Tahoe. Had it gone on unchecked it would eventually have become as large as Lake Ontario. Even now it is half as big as the state of Rhode Island and almost a hundred feet deep in spots. There are sail boats on it and launches, and if the evaporation does not eat it up too quickly small steamers will be added. This new lake naturally has had a marked effect upon the climate of that section. The settlers who were flooded out are in a bad way, for it will probably be many years before they again set eyes on their water-covered property. Suits have been filed against the irrigation company that started the trouble but the chance of reimbursement from that source is practically nil.

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# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## A Wine Shower at Blingum

The polo players from Southern California did not win out against Blingum in the finals but they were treated so royally that even the most loyal southerner did not have a twinge in his temper over defeat. A rash Blingumite had promised the Southern teams that the only dry thing about their visit would be the weather, so the first night when the plash of rain drops beat on the club roof careless remarks were passed. "Put up your umbrellas, boys," commanded the Prince of Good Fellows, "and I'll show you the kind of stuff we wet them with here." Up went the umbrellas, in spite of bad luck adages, and splash went a couple of quarts of extra dry over their silken tops! And thus was a new standard in wine spilling established. Not since the last big polo tournament has there been such a mad merry round of frolicking in Blingum.

## Open House at Blingum

All the smart hostesses had their homes done up in curl papers a week beforehand, preparatory to keeping "open house" during the tournament. The Charley Clarks entertained the largest house party. Mrs. Clark's sister, Mrs. Raoul du Val, is visiting her, and her brother Dick is also with the Clarks pending the completion of his own residence. Then they have some English guests and several people who motored down from town for the races stayed over Sunday with them. The bracelet which Mrs. Clark offered as a prize to the lady who should pick the winner in the "Ladies' Plate Race" was not hotly contested. Somehow the word was sent over the Wireless Thought transmitters that it was "bad form" for any but the wives or relatives of the owners of the horses to place a guess, so only four or five women tried to name the winner. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels won the bracelet on one of the ponies belonging to her husband.

## Mrs. Martin Will Take a Rest

In spite of the fact that Lenten restrictions have been found elastic enough to stretch over bridge whist, skating and pony racing, an unusual number of society people are going to spend a week in the "Retreat" which will shortly be held at Sacred Heart convent. Mrs. Eleanor Martin has decided to enter the "Retreat" and so will her granddaughter, Miss Genevieve Harvey. Mrs. Martin does society much more strenuously than Genevieve, so she doubtless feels the need of a respite for religious reflection. Almost all the young girls in society who are Catholics

will go into the "Retreat" but as yet Mrs. Martin is the only society dowager who has announced her intention of parting the giddy year with a bit of convent quiet.

## She's Going Awai

Frances Joliffe confessed over the informal tea cup the other day that her reason for returning to San Francisco was not to lend the distinction of her stub pen to the columns of an evening paper but on a mission that will take her to Tonopah! More than that Frances would not divulge and even baiting ones interrogations with such choice persiflage as "a little atmosphere for a mining drama" does not make her rise to the defensive, so the errand that takes this adventurous young woman to Tonopah while her sisters flit through the smart drawing-rooms of San Francisco and Burlingame is still wrapped in mystery.

## The Henry-Riggs Engagement

I understand that the day before Dr. Riggs sailed for the Orient a few intimates were taken into the secret of his engagement to Mrs. Malcolm Henry. The secret sprang a public leak when Mrs. Henry instituted divorce proceedings but the interested parties hastily attempted to plug up the hole. It is now generally believed that the affair is of more substantial stuff than dreams are made of and covert congratulations are being passed to the lady, who, like another fair woman, doth protest too much. The marriages of the Voorhies girls only goes to prove that Mother proposes but man disposes. Mrs. Voorhies has always been opposed to her daughters marrying into brass-button service and yet two of her daughters have married into the service and a third is said to have given her promise. Leila, the youngest daughter, married Lieutenant Guy Scott, a son of the Senator from West Virginia. Then Marie, the eldest, married Captain Young, and now the navy gets an inning. The only other daughter is Mrs. Thomas Bishop Jr.

## The Latest Report

The latest report from Helen Dean is that she will spend the coming summer in San Rafael with her mother. As I was the first to give publicity to the rumor of her engagement with a New Yorker, I am reluctant to throw a doubt on it, especially as my information came from a source that seemed authoritative, but one of her friends insists that the report was premature and assures me that Miss Helen is still heart whole and fancy free. As she has been reported engaged almost as many times as was her close friend Mrs. Spencer Eddy confirmation of the latest denial would cause no astonishment in society.

## Lady Hesketh May Visit Us

Lady Hesketh, I hear, is contemplating a visit to San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon remained abroad.

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for so long that they had forgotten how delightful California was, and their glowing descriptions have almost persuaded Lady Hesketh to return on a visit. Lady Hesketh was recently quite ill and was obliged to remain in London to be treated which was a great hardship to her as she is devoted to the country. She is one of the most famous cross-country riders in England, and her horses are among the finest. After the fire in this city she put up her hunters at auction and closed her country house in Ireland. So interested has she become in horses and out of door sports that society in London sees very little of her. She still dresses smartly I hear and is a friend of Mrs. Hwfa (pronounced Hooper) Williams who says she can only stand smartly dressed people about her.

#### News From Miss Bowie

Bessie Bowie, I hear, will do drawing-room singing in London during the coming season there. Her teacher, Jean de Reszke, says she is ready for Grand Opera, but Miss Bowie feels that her health is not strong enough to warrant her taking up so strenuous a career. After her season in London she will probably concertize in the United States. She is at present working with Jean de Reske in Paris.

Mrs. Albert Gerberding is in New York and will probably remain there until summer. She contemplates going to Europe for several years. She is busy at work on a play of Western life which she expects to place before going to Europe.

#### The Sutton Sisters

Miss May Sutton, formerly woman lawn tennis champion of Great Britain and the United States, and her sister, Miss Florence, were the stars of the recent annual tennis tournament at Coronado Beach. Miss May Sutton won the 1907 championship of the Coronado Country Club in ladies' singles after defeating her sister, Miss Florence, in the final round, 6-0, 6-0. Miss Florence played an excellent game and many of her brilliant returns drew applause from the spectators. Unless we watched the score carefully, there did not seem to be much difference between the play of the two famous sisters, yet Miss May nearly always made the point. A peculiarity of Miss May's game, which no doubt largely accounts for her invincibility, is that she never plays slackly or carelessly, no matter how certain she may be of beating her opponent. Nor does any consideration of mercy to a gallant but weaker opponent enter into her play. She plays to win every stroke and has no qualms about crushing her adversary, even when she is one of her own sisters, unmercifully. With an equal determination Miss Florence, though defeat stares her in the face from the moment she begins a game, plays with grim earnestness, as though she might really beat her formidable sister. Smiling and gentle as Miss May Sutton looks under ordinary circumstances, when she takes up her position on a tennis court her face assumes a keen and almost hard look. This is the second time that Miss May Sutton has won the ladies' singles at Coronado, so that her name now appears as the 1906 and 1907 winner on the big hammered silver pitcher that forms



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the championship trophy. She has received two replicas of the trophy, of smaller but substantial size. Her sister, Miss Florence, a runner-up in 1906 and 1907, has won two gold medals of the Coronado Country Club. A third victory will make Miss May Sutton the owner of the championship trophy.

### The Tournament

On account of the absence of Mrs. Bruce and Miss Gabrielle Dobbins of Pasadena, whose play is inferior only to that of Miss May and Miss Florence Sutton, the ladies' events lacked something of the interest they had last year. Miss May Sutton and her partner A. E. Bell won the mixed doubles, beating Miss Florence Sutton and S. M. Sinsabaugh 6-1, 6-0 in the final round. In the men's singles Grant Smith of San Francisco and Percy Murdock of Alameda, champion and runner-up in singles and winners of the men's doubles last year, being absent, the way was left clear for the Los Angeles players, A. E. Bell and T. C. Bundy. In the singles Bundy beat Bell 7-5, 3-6, 6-3, and won the men's championship. In the men's doubles Bell and Bundy beat Sinsabaugh and Browne 2-6, 6-1, 3-6, 6-3, 6-3. The men's consolation event was won by Sydney Morgan, who beat A. H. Keeney in the final round. The tournament lasted four days, being somewhat interrupted by rain on the third day.

### Some National Characteristics

The appearance of Miss May Sutton in public always raises the question of her nationality. No one who is familiar with her sturdy, stocky figure, full of grit and determination, and who has had the pleasure of hear-

ing her soft, gentle voice, could entertain much doubt of her being an English girl, as in fact she is. Her father was an officer in the British Navy and she was born in Plymouth, one of the most important English naval stations. The fact that in California lawn tennis may be played almost all the year round has enabled her to get the constant practice that is essential to the making of a champion. But the lack of high-class players of her own sex, with whom to do battle, is a drawback that more than counterbalances the advantages offered by the Californian climate for all-the-year-round play. Were it not for her own sisters, Miss May Sutton would have no adversaries worthy of her skill and would never have won the British championship. In almost every English county she could find girls who would make her play to beat them.

From Cairo I hear of the great popularity of Mrs. C. O. Alexander, who is chaperoning pretty Miss Bergen on an indefinite jaunt to all the show places of the old world. Mrs. Alexander it seems has been taken to the heart of the British colony there which is quite a social triumph for the English have always held rather aloof from Americans sojourning in Cairo. An English baronet is particularly interested in Mrs. Alexander and I hear the hotel guests are wondering whether she will accept his suit or that of a wealthy American who is also a devotee at her shrine. Mrs. Alexander went armed with letters from Mrs. Gus Spreeckels and some of our San Francisco granddames, and they seem to have stood her in excellent stead. After Cairo Mrs. Alexander and Miss Bergen leave for Europe and will be in London during the season.



Mme. Lillian Nordica

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Signor Giuseppe Campanari

Baritone With the San Carlo Opera Company

### At Del Monte

Among recent visitors to Del Monte were Leonard and Mrs. Chenery, Miss E. M. Warren, the Tom Eastlands, Miss May Joliffe, W. H. Carson, Dr. and Mrs. Kasper Pischel, Miss Inez Pischel, Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, Oscar T. Sewell, Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Schwabacher, Irving A. Stearns, Mrs. Eugene Moffatt, Miss Ida Moffatt, Mrs. William J. Landers, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Landers, Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Hines, Mrs. B. Mish, G. Mish, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Holliday, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Julien Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Osgood, Mr. and Mrs. William Fawcett Perkins, John G. Little, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Kendall, F. Harold Spring, C. Byron Russell, Edward Robbins, W. L. Miller, W. F. Mann, L. B. Dullon and L. Schilling.

A most delightful dinner in honor of Miss Margaret Stowe and Miss Blanche Hollister, both of Santa Barbara, was given by Mr. William H. Smith last week at "The Severn." Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bassett chaperoned.

Recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs are: From San Francisco, Judge Al J. Fritz, Amos Burr, John Hammersmith, Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Godfrey Jr. and Maxwell McNutt. From Alameda, Miss Sadler.

### The Rosenthal Concerts

Rosenthal will give matinee performances at Christian Science Hall this Saturday and Sunday afternoon. The special features for the Saturday concert are the Weber Sonata in A flat, the Chopin one with the grand funeral march and the virtuoso's own fantasie on the Blue Danube Waltzes and the special features for Sunday are Beethoven's Sonata op. 109, Schumann's "Carnevale" and Liszt's "Don Juan" fantasie. The box office will be open at the hall Sunday morning after 11 o'clock. Manager Greenbaum has arranged to have the great artist return from Los Angeles for a grand "farewell," which will be given next Sunday, March 10. The seats for this affair will be on sale next Thursday, March 7, at both Kohler & Chase's and Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

### Roller Polo

The third and fourth games of the five game series between the Auditorium of San Francisco and the Vallejo roller polo team were played at the Auditorium rink on Saturday night and Sunday afternoon, February 23d and 25th, resulting in a tie on Saturday night and a victory for the home team, score 1 to 0, in the Sunday afternoon game. These two games were the most exciting yet played as could very easily be seen by the enthusiasm of the large audience present at the two games. Both games were very evenly contested, consisting of three ten minute periods. The afternoon game exceeded the previous one in interest, four innings being played before a goal could be made. The line up of the home team is as follows: A. C. Smith, manager, captain, first rush; O. Langdon, second rush; J. C. Knight, half back; T. F. Meaney, goal tender; A. Long, center; C. Harris, substitute; E. J. Bennett, referee. The line up of the Vallejo team is as follows: A. Wood, first rush; C. O'Donnell, second rush and captain; B. McCaffery, center; W. Demmon, half back; F. Moore, goal tender; C. Pope, substitute.

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# Stage

## "Salome" and the Criticasters

So great is the interest in the Colonial Theatre's artistic production of "Salome" that the great masterpiece will not be withdrawn at the close of this week. It has plenty of drawing power for another week. Indeed it is one of the immortals that in the years to come will prove a profitable gap-filler for many a stock house. Though Professor Gayley of Berkeley has not yet responded to Town Talk's invitation to discuss the qualities of the tragedy from the standpoints of drama and literature, academic light is not inaccessible. Dr. Nathan I. Rubinkam of the Chicago University has been discussing "Salome," and his views are somewhat the same as those expressed in Town Talk last week. I earnestly commend them to the perusal of the two local criticasters that adapted their perceptive faculties for the discernment of evidences of perversion in the play. "Everything illustrated by the drama," says Rubinkam, "is in the every day world about us. We cover ourselves with the veil of culture, and then are horrified that art should reveal the beauty of the human form. The New York critics wrote in a singularly indecent manner about the opera and sniffed for garbage and found it where others saw nothing."

## Nance As the Sorceress

One of the big theatrical events scheduled for the coming week is a production of Sardou's "The Sorceress" with Nance O'Neil as the star. In this play the Californian tragedienne appears as the beautiful Moorish heroine Zoraya, who all unconsciously enmeshed her lover in the toils of the Inquisition, and to save him, even when he proved false, joyfully accepted shame and torture and death. This sorceress, who is a paragon of chastity, who culls herbs by moonlight, who mesmerizes at will, and administers prussic acid in capsules; who is a devoted Mohammedan, but so well versed in the principles of Christianity that she is able to take her stand at the altar and confound the Cardinal of the Inquisition. "The Sorceress" is most sumptuously mounted scenically, and the company of forty players in support of Miss O'Neil is said to be an admirable one. The play is an English adaptation of the piece written by Sardou for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and is designedly well filled with emotional crises.

## Butterfly Teas and Dinners

In New York the coming of Puccini's opera "Madam Butterfly" brought in its train an added taste for things Japanese, affording the exclusive society circles an excuse for numerous charming functions. Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt, Mrs. George Gould and others gave Japanese parties that were elaborately described in the society columns. Mrs. Mackay, who is a musical enthusiast herself and who had three box parties during the first week at the Garden Theatre, gave a "Butterfly" party that attracted wide attention on account of the elaborate decorations. It was called an iris-wistaria dinner, for which covers for ten were laid. The whole affair was described as a symphony in purple. From walls and ceiling lights were hung amid clusters of drooping wistaria. There was no contrasting scheme, even the

lamps were screened in the mute color. The cloth, a delicate creation in heliotrope with a wide insertion of Japanese filigree in gold thread, was laid over a demicloth of pure white. The table's garnishings were Florida iris—those deep expressive purple flowers—more orchid than lily. Even the ices were mauve colored. The table favors were miniature water color copies of the Madam Butterfly poster designed by Hoenstein of Milan.

## Our Big New Playhouse

The opening of the new and magnificent Van Ness Theatre at the corner of Van Ness avenue and Grove street will be the great social and theatrical event of the month and already the mail orders for seats for the opening night run up into thousands of dollars. The playhouse will be the finest San Francisco has ever had. Wide aisles, comfortable opera chairs, immense exits and every convenience known to the modern builder of theatres have been placed in the playhouse. The opening performance of "Madam Butterfly" is to take place on Monday night, March 11. Gottlob, Marx & Co. have secured this immense attraction and it will prove a fitting bill for the inaugural of the new house. "Madam Butterfly" will be seen for four times only: Monday evening, March 11; Tuesday evening, March 12; Wednesday matinee, March 13; Wednesday evening, March 13. The advance sale of seats opens Monday morning at the music store of Kohler and Chase. The prices are to be \$3.00, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00.

## A Houston Family Vocalist

One of the most talented actresses as well as singing artists in Henry W. Savage's "Madam Butterfly" company is the contralto, Ethel Dufre Houston, who has

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**Beautiful Louise Mink**

Who in Conjunction With Ned Wayburn's Dancin,  
Daisies Will Delight the Orpheum Audiences  
Next Week.

been engaged to play the role of Suzuki, the Japanese maid. Miss Houston is a pupil of Bouhy, of Paris where she studied and sang for several years before coming to America. She was one of the singers Mr. Savage signed three years ago for his English Grand Opera company and sang with great success throughout the season, taking such roles as Ortrude, Amneris and Venus. Later she returned to Paris for further study and has been re-engaged as one of the six prima donnas who are now winning success in Puccini's fascinating masterpiece. Miss Houston comes from the well-known Southern family of Houstons and is a grandniece of the celebrated Sam Houston. Her home is in Birmingham, Alabama.

#### **An Independent House**

Messrs. Will Greenbaum and Harry Bishop have leased the big theatre at the "Chutes" for a long term of years. At the conclusion of the season of grand opera a first-class melodramatic stock company will

be installed and the best melodramas produced at popular prices. This house is well suited to big spectacular effects and at the same time the acoustic properties are such that the most refined comedy may be successfully presented. We may expect to witness at this house some very fine productions. Greenbaum & Bishop are independent of booking syndicates and will play any first-class organization that wishes to visit the city.

#### **Mr. Carl Haydn**

Who will make his first appearance here in "The Wild Rose" at the American Theatre, March 4, is an Austrian and a descendant of the famous composer of the same name. He began life in an atmosphere of music. A sister is now singing in the famous La Scala Theatre of Milan, and a second in the past won a reputation as a soloist in Hamburg and other European cities. The young Haydn developed a pleasing boy soprano voice at an early age and was soon singing in public. When his parents died the young singer took up the study of music more seriously than before, visiting Vienna, Milan, Florence, Berlin and London in search of higher education in vocal art. Among his many teachers was the well-known Ulanowski, to whom he says he owes most of what training was beneficial. He became acquainted with Leon-



**Carl Haydn**

The New Leading Tenor Who Will be Heard in "The Wild Rose" at the American Theatre Next Week



cavelli, composer of "Il Pagliacci," and appeared in several of his operas. He sang in concert with Johann Strauss and traveled with Patti one season on a tour through the British Isles. Carl Haydn is one of the very few tenors who can act as well as sing. His manner is as graceful and easy as his tones are pure and sweet. He has studied and fitted himself for either dramatic or lyric roles and says that he finds himself complaining as other tenors have done that he must always play the lover and seldom is given a chance to sing dramatic numbers. One of his commendable characteristics is a desire to continue his study and go higher in his art. Reginald De Koven himself secured the young tenor last year for "Happyland," De Wolf Hopper's success. Mr. De Koven wrote "The Student King" especially for Mr. Haydn.

Messrs. Will Greenbaum and H. W. Bishop announce a season of two weeks of grand opera by the San Carlo Company of about 175 artists the first three days of which will be devoted to Oakland and the balance to San Francisco. The opening will be at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Manager Bishop's fine Oakland theatre, Monday evening March 18th, with "La Gioconda" and the cast will include Nordica, Montibaldini, Conti-Borlinetti, Fornai, de Sogurolo and the wonderful Spanish tenor Constantino. Tuesday even-



**Norval McGregor**

As Jokanaan in "Salome" at the Colonial

ing "La Boheme" will be given with Alice Nielsen, Deyrene, Constantine, Campanari. On Wednesday afternoon "Faust" will be given with Nordica as Marguerite, and in the evening we shall see a new Carmen. Miss Fely Deyrene, a French artiste who has created a sensation in the role.

The seats for the Oakland performance will be on sale Monday March 11 at the box office of "Ye Liberty Playhouse." The San Francisco engagement opens Thursday evening March 21 with "La Gioconda" with the same cast, Friday evening "La Boheme," Saturday matinee "Faust," Saturday evening "Carmen" and on Sunday evening a great double bill, "The Barber of Seville" and "I Pagliacci." Tarquini will be seen as Nedda and she also will sing Michaela in

**The Beautiful Butterflies**

(All European Prima Donnas)

To be Heard at the Opening of the New Van Ness Theatre Monday Evening, March 11.



A PAGE FROM THE BURR MINTOSH MURRAY

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"MADAM BUTTERFLY"

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Advance sale of seats opens next Monday at Kohler and Chase's music store.

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Directors: First, Armando Conti; second, Sign Angellini.

## YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE, OAKLAND

Three Nights, One Matinee.

Monday evening, March 18. "La Gioconda"; Tuesday, March 19, "La Boheme"; Wednesday matinee, "Faust"; Wednesday evening, "Carmen."

San Francisco Engagement at

## CHUTES THEATRE

Commencing Thursday evening, March 21, with "La Gioconda," Friday evening, "La Boheme"; Saturday matinee, "Faust"; Saturday evening, "Carmen," and Sunday evening, Grand Double Bill, "Barber of Seville" and "Pagliacci."

Second week: "Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Traviata," "Huguenots," "Daughter of the Regiment" and others.

PRICES: \$3.00, \$2.00, \$1.00. Box seats, \$4.00.

Seats for Oakland performances ready Monday, March 11, at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Seats for San Francisco at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Van Ness above California, Thursday, March 14.

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"Carmen." The following week will be devoted to "Il Trovatore" with Nordica, "Rigoletto" with Nielsen and Campanari in the title role, the new opera "Adrienne Lecouvreur" with Tarquini as Adrienne, "La Traviata" with Nordica and an all star cast of "Les Huguenots." Seats for the first week's performances will be on sale Thursday March 14 at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, on Van Ness avenue, just above California, and the prices will be less than half charged by the other big companies. This it is possible to do on account of the enormous seating capacity of the Chutes Theatre. The prices will be \$3 and \$2 down stairs and \$2, \$1.50 and \$1 upstairs, there being but one balcony, a fact that will be greatly appreciated by those who purchase the lower priced seats. The United Railways promise special service during this engagement and special cars will be run at the conclusion of the performances.

### Orpheum Vaudeville

The only way to increase the prosperity of the Orpheum would be to enlarge the building. The high standard of excellence attained by the attractions at this theatre have imparted a new and artistic significance to the word vaudeville. The programme for the week beginning next Sunday matinee, in the words of the press agent, "like good wine, needs no bush." He is very enthusiastic over Ned Wayburn's Dancing Daisies accompanying Louise Mink. The "Daisies" are beautiful young girl who dance like fairies and sing like larks and Miss Mink is a very handsome, talented and versatile artist who never fails to conquest her audiences. Frank Byron and Louise Langdon will make a strong bid for popular favor in a skit called "The Dude Detective, which Eastern critics pronounce the most absurdly funny act in vaudeville. Says ye press agent: "It is a twenty-minute joke with a laugh every time the watch ticks." Quigg, Mackey and Nickerson call their performance "Comedy and Harmony." All three artists have a large number of musical instruments at their command and are also witty and original comedians. The Flood brothers, also three in number, comedy acrobats, are among the new comers. It will be the last week of Claire Beasy's performing cats and also of Dorothy Kenton, the Three Dancing Mitchells and Lee Harrison and his humorous stories. New Motion Pictures will be an interesting feature of the entertainment.

### Oakland Attractions

Alfred Cellier's masterpiece, "Dorothy," is the musical gem now in preparation for a setting at Idora Park. Meanwhile Victor Herbert's "The Serenade" is delighting the patrons of this popular resort, at which, by the way, many residents of this city find entertainment both in the skating rink and in the theatre. The Oakland Orchestral Concerts under the direction of Paul Steindorff are contributing in no small measure to the pleasure of music lovers across the bay. Popular programmes will be rendered Wednesday afternoons at Ye Liberty Playhouse. The first on March 13 will be for the benefit of Fabiola Hospital.

### A BOHEMIAN

I'm like that solemn bird, the Owl,  
My sleep by day I take,  
That I may through the hours of night  
Keep very wide awake.

I like the mystery of dark,  
Yet feel that strange delight  
That comes with pulling down the shades  
And turning up the light.

Yea, I have something of the Owl!  
But this I must confess:  
The wisdom of the feathered One  
Crowns not my owlishness.

—Town Topics.

### THE SUNDAY CALL'S QUEST OF CALIFORNIA BEAUTY.

The "Beauty Editor" of the Sunday Call is laboring in a commendable cause. He is undertaking the task of proving to the world that a Chicago stenographer is not the most beautiful woman in America, and only because there are several women in California who can "give her cards and spades" and win.

In this way the controversy arose: A New York millionaire showed the picture of his sister, an admitted New York beauty, to a young Chicagoan, jealous of the reputation of his townswomen. The pork-packing gamester wagered \$50,000 that Chicago could produce a more lovely creature of the fair sex. Then he spent \$25,000 in advertising to find the girl who would fill the ideal. The Chicago Tribune footed the bill for the privilege of printing the story and the pictures. When the beauty was found she proved to be a stenographer, earning \$12 a week and the Tribune, in its joy and haste, proclaimed her as the most beautiful woman in America.

The Sunday Call had no objections to the Chicago stenographer wearing her crown as queen of beauty over some 6,000 contestants in the lake region, but when her jurisdiction was extended over all of America California had a right to be heard, and the Call sounded the challenge. The Tribune was chivalrous enough in the defense of its particular beauty to accept the defy and is now waiting for the Call to prove that California has a more beautiful woman. Everybody seems bent upon helping the Call. The beauty editor is being swamped with pictures of feminine loveliness. A few of the best of them are going to be published from week to week and the collection ought to make a rare gallery for a bachelor's apartment, or an artistic maiden's boudoir. It seems certain that the call for beauty will be responded to from one end of the state to the other, and if that response does not produce some rare type of feature, or character, the prognostications of beauty experts will all go awry. Artists, literary men and women, and ordinary globe trotters who gave pause by the Golden Gate, have commented upon the number of our beautiful women. The Sunday Call will probably see the pictures of most of these bewitching creatures, and will then pass them on to the jury of experts. When the judgment is rendered, there will be one to wear the laurel of fame, and doubtless a hundred more pressing close for the honor. The Call has provided prizes for those that stand highest in the jury's estimation. The first will receive \$150 in gold; the second \$50; the third \$25 and the next twenty-five \$10 each.

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## Gribble on Longfellow.

(Continued from Page 7.)

poetry that does not deal with the obvious or appeal to moods that are common to the human species. It lacks the universality of old-fashioned art. But one may cultivate a taste for it without incapacitating oneself from enjoyment of the simple rhymes of Longfellow which sometimes sound the keynote that makes the heart throb in unison. We should not lose sight of the fact that there are two kinds of poets—the distinctive who is enjoyed only by those that can claim temperamental kinship, and the popular poet who appeals to no abnormality of taste but charms by his music or by his noble or ethical sentiments. To complain of Longfellow on the score of his religious tendencies is to indicate a very narrow conception of the province of poetry. There was a time when the spirit of all poetry and the spirit of religion reciprocally warmed each other. To express sentiments of religion was one of the first objects of poetry. And because Longfellow's verse is deficient in elaborate thought it does not follow that it is not poetry. It is a mistake to think that a poet never deals in commonplace sentiments. It requires true poetic genius to etherealize the commonplace. It is none the less poetry because it leads us through the familiar fields of asphodel, refreshes us with the cooling breezes or delicious fruits and soothes us with the murmur of waters or the melody of birds. That poetry gives us the greatest pleasure which affects us most and we are most affected by that which deals with matters in which we have the deepest concern. That is not necessarily the highest quality of poetry which deals with the abstruse or the unusual. As some one has said it is not a poet but a brain specialist who tries to uncover new emotions.

## The Doctor's Dilemma.

(Continued from Page 8.)

number of germs that have been eaten by the white blood corpuscles. Let us suppose that the microscope shows that each white corpuscle of the patient has eaten about 8.5 germs per cell. Then a like examination is made with the blood from a healthy person and the count shows that in this instance 9.5 germs are eaten by each cell. Comparing the results which would be as follows, gives what is known as the **opsonic index**:

Normal blood (serum).....	9.5
Patient's serum .....	8.5
Patient's opsonic index .....	8.5—0.89
	—
	9.5

Let us briefly determine the practical value of the opsonic index. While the Jennerian discovery is strictly limited to smallpox, the opsonic index is universally applicable in all infectious diseases. Many infections are local and do not become systematic because germs find it difficult to live in blood owing to the presence in the latter of the normal blood antiseptics. Now we can increase the **opsonic power** of the blood if we artificially inoculate a person with a definite dose of dead germs which is absolutely innocuous and which is called a vaccine. Take an affection like a common boil: how would we treat it according to the principle of the opsonic index? After having prepared a vaccine from its germs, we next examine the patient's

blood and find the index to be 0.8 as compared with the normal 1. The patient is deficient in opsonins and if we inoculate him with his own vaccine, we give the necessary fillip to his production of protective substances in the blood and the local condition will improve. If we found however that his index was 1.2 in comparison with the normal 1, we would know that he had a sufficiency of protective substances in his blood and that the disease would effect its own cure. Take a systemic infection like tuberculosis where the progress of the disease is interrupted by fever and other disturbances: here the patient inoculates himself with his own virus and instead of his opsonic index being constant, it shows considerable oscillations. The treatment then of this disease is to maintain the constancy of the opsonic index and to increase it if possible as a means of antagonizing the disease. From the foregoing we learn that the body is constantly doing battle with the germs of disease; that our normal secretions destroy them, our glands filter them and our cells eat them. That when nature is not abused, the healthy body is capable of resisting disease for the further a physician and the patient drift from nature the more difficult it is to cure. Everything that promotes the general health promotes recovery from the particular disease. The basis of pathology is physiology and treatment is only founded on the simple laws of hygiene.

Paris, February 1, 1907.



Nance O'Neil at the Novelty Theatre



## Letters

### Professor Spinney's Philosophy

New Thought literature grows apace, though in truth there is nothing especially new, nor over thoughtful in much of the philosophy. "Health through Self-Control in Thinking, Breathing, Eating," the lectures delivered by William Anthony Spinney, is one of the latest additions to this field. Diaphragmatic breathing is the particular fad which Professor Spinney affects, the same which Ella Wheeler Wilcox is so anxious to see added to the educational endless chain. Correct, diaphragmatic, breathing is the cure of all the ills of flesh and spirit. If one had nothing else to do, it would be interesting to test some of the theories, but, unfortunately, most of us are obliged to follow some occupation in order to provide ourselves with the wherewithal to maintain existence. For example, there is the story of the ex-soldier who became a peddler or agent, and whose life was made miserable by the barking of dogs, not to mention their threats of biting. He studied and mastered the theory of mental and physical poise through correct breathing, and thereafter the dogs were his delighted friends. His eyesight improved, his hair resumed its natural color and he became in every way younger. There was a boy of good family who developed a tendency to be impertinent to his mother. His ambition was to lead in athletics, and as soon as he learned that by acting more thoughtfully towards his mother he could compass all he desired, the modest wish to become strong, a good football player, baseball, tennis, golf player, a fine swimmer, rapid runner, to be at the head of his high school class, to study and practice law and live a long and happy life with comfortable surroundings,—he began the style of breathing recommended and speedily accomplished all the rest. The chapter on "Inhibition" is decidedly far-fetched, for it is assumed that the very words sad, sorrow, grief, trouble, sick, failure, and others of their kind induce the conditions which they describe. We all admit the uselessness of dwelling on gloomy thoughts and crying over spilled milk, but, on the other hand, we know perfectly well that Mrs. General's injunction to Little Dorrit not to speak of things did not eliminate the facts. Providence is assumed to be an earthly paradise because the name of the town is backed up by the names of its streets, Tombstone, Eden, Plenty, Joy, etc., and it is assumed that Lombstone, Cripple Creek, Ashville, Waterloo, must exert a depressing influence, and yet, Tombstone received its name for anything but funereal reasons. The story goes that when Ed. Schiffelein started on his desert prospecting trip in which he discovered the famous mines, some of his friends did their best to dissuade him, the parting words of one being, "You won't find anything but your tombstone." The instances of extreme sensitiveness which are held up for the warning and admonition of wickedly heartless teachers and parents who tell children that they should be ashamed of their actions, and thus cause them to breathe less than half enough oxygen are rather amusing. Such extremely delicate blossoms hardly belong to this wicked world, and the noted architect who could never in all his life look upon a finished building without tearful eyes because his father, having tripped over one of his block structures in his childhood, reprimanded him for his ill-chosen building site, must have been quite a lion of ladies' clubdom. The lady who attributed her indigestion to her having witnessed a performance of "Everyman" probably forgot her after-theatre supper. Perhaps we do all eat too much and too often, but the fact remains that the average man wants meat, and people who have labor to perform need breakfast. The man who begins to shovel sand or pile bricks at seven o'clock in the morning and keeps it up till five at night needs a different diet from the club man or the society

woman who awakens at eleven, and is spared the exertion of making a toilet, who takes but little exercise, and retires late. It is possible to reduce the amount of food to a very small minimum, if one emulates the hibernating bear. In fact, making theories is a different matter from living up to them. Most people have to make the best of things as they find them. There are some who are never happy unless they are enjoying misery, and worrying the lives out of everyone around them. It needs more than a system of breathing to cure them. Nothing short of being born again can change them, and if they happen to be our parents or employers, it is not always such a simple matter to change our atmosphere. Moreover, all this meddling with our "educational system" in the interests of the children has just the opposite effect on them from what is desired. What children want today more than anything else is judicious letting alone. They ought to be permitted to forget themselves, and decidedly the adult population deserves a rest. It is one thing to neglect children, but it is quite another to keep up this fussy guardianship over every act, voluntary and involuntary. Professor Spinney has some excellent common sense ideas but, as a famous judge once took occasion to remind an over-officious attorney, "The court may be presumed to know something." Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

### London's Short Stories

The eight short stories comprised in Jack London's volume entitled "Moon Face" after the initial one of the octette, are in somewhat different vein from those formerly put forth. Most of these have appeared from time to time in various periodicals, and are therefore more or less familiar to readers. The amount of discussion which has gone on over "Moon Face" would prove sufficient of an advertisement to introduce a new writer to a large clientele, the arguments extending from a question as to whether Mr. London or Frank Norris or somebody else first hit on the unusual plot, to the explosive force of a stick of dynamite, while one astute British critic, missing the mark entirely, wonder why any one should feel prejudiced against the name Claverhouse, even admitting him to be so ignorant as to pronounce it as spelled. "Local Color" and "Amateur Night" are newspaper stories which may claim to be of universal interest in these days when everyone aspires to become a newspaper attache of some sort. "The Minions of Midas" has a socialistic touch, while "All Gold Canon" will please most readers of the type who think an author should adopt the course of conduct in his work which is embodied in the injunction to shoemakers to "stick to the last." It is the only one which concerns itself with mining, and relates the adventure of a solitary man who, having found and proved a claim of unusual richness, was attacked by someone who followed him on his quest and struck him down just at the culmination of his efforts. Two of the other stories are what the author himself terms "Tales of Terror," and they are creepy enough to satisfy the most exacting. For so prolific a writer, Mr. London is remarkably successful in keeping up the quality of his work. "Moon Face" is the fifteenth volume, and he has now current in Everybody's another story, besides the work which he has contracted for in connection with his coming voyage. "Moon Face," like most of his other books, is published by the Macmillan Company.

—The Bookworm.

Dr. J. Dennis Arnold  
Has resumed practice at 2295 Franklin Street.

## The Annals of Pickeye.

(Continued from Page 9.)

"Then here goes, straight up on the ace."

Card after card was drawn from the box without an ace appearing. The prolonged suspense was beginning to try the nerves of even the veterans when at last a card came out and the ace of spades "lay in the door."

"Arkansaw wins!" came in a general breath.

The dealer handed over several purses of gold dust and some coin, locked up his outfit in the empty drawer, and announced:

"The bank's broke, boys. No more game tonight."

Arkansaw proceeded to stow away his winnings in his pockets. Seeing the Indian, he ordered him to go home and make up a roaring fire. Then he approached the bar, calling out:

"Come up, boys, all of you. I've got to be off to the range at daylight, and must turn in early; but I'll set 'em up for you. Some whisky for me, Cap; and remember that everything is to go, as often and as long as the boys want it. Here's to you all. No hard feelings, I hope, Doc—why, where's Doc Greer?"

"He went out as soon as he locked up," replied someone.

"Well, here's to the rest of you, then. So long." And he emptied his glass, buttoned his blanket-overcoat and left the saloon.

All purpose seemed to fade out with the closing of the faro game and the departure of Arkansaw. Card playing was abandoned, conversation flagged, the crowd appeared indisposed even to avail itself of the freedom of the bar.

At length someone proposed that Cap Ryan should give a ball. The suggestion took like wildfire. Ryan assented, the musicians volunteered their services, and then came the question of ladies.

It was a more difficult one than might be inferred from their limited number. If all the women in Pickeye could have been invited the men would have outnumbered them ten to one; but it was impossible to arrange matters even on this disproportionate basis, for most of them were outside the pale of social recognition. The Grimshaw family alone was strictly irreproachable, but unfortunately it was not numerous in proportion to its respectability. The female part of it consisted of Mrs. Grimshaw, her daughter Cosey, and Clara Dascomb, a young lady who had recently come to reside with them. Another lady would be required to make up even a single set, and who that other should be was the perplexing problem.

"Bring in almost any of them," said J-B. "It'll be only one to three, and everything goes on the Slope, anyhow."

"No, that won't do," objected Cape Ann; "we've got to discriminate. Now, there's Dolly Jewett; she's the decentest of the lot. Barring her general reputation, she'd be all right!"

"That's no better than J-B's plan," interposed Dobie Joe. "Let's send up to the rancheria and invite one of the squaws. They may not be immaculate, but they are in good standing with their tribe, and that's the final test of a woman's character. Do you think your folks will stand in on a lay-out of that kind, Pap?"

"I reckon so," replied Grimshaw. "They're spoiling for almost anything that promises variety."

The plan was adopted. Dobie Joe was sent to the rancheria for the squaw, and Forey Grayson, who had just re-entered the room, and Tom Thorpe were



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detailed to aid Pap Grimshaw in securing the attendance of the other ladies.

By the time the room was put in order and the men had furbished up as they could to improve their appearance, Dobie Joe reappeared, accompanied by a pretty Indian girl, an old tar-faced squaw and two bucks. The maiden was unkempt and barefooted, but in her gay calico gown, with her bright eyes and perfect teeth, she would not have been a wallflower in a selecter company.

"Gentlemen," said Dobie Joe, "this is Miss Susan, a lady under my special protection. For the occasion you owe it to her and to yourselves to treat her with as much courtesy as if she were a princess—which she may be, for aught I know."

There was a general bowing and uncovering to Susan, which might have become embarrassing to her had not the Grimshaw party arrived just then. It was a comely group for a frontier settlement—Mrs. Grimshaw, pleasant and matronly; Cosey, pretty and piquant; Clara Dascomb, stately and demure.

So many acquaintances pressed forward to pay their respects that the affair was settling into a mere reception when Dobie Joe called out, "Choose partners for a cotillion," and led Susan to the center of the floor. Thorpe and Clara, Grayson and Cosey, followed. Grimshaw offered his arm to his wife, but, looking at the crowd of men without partners, she said, "It doesn't seem fair, Pap," and declined it to accept the proffer of Cape Ann.

At the same time "stag" sets were formed. Big bewhiskered men had handkerchiefs bound around their arms to denote that they represented the gentler sex. Then the music struck up, and the beauty and manhood of Piekeye joined in the revelry of its first grand ball.

How long the festivity might have lasted in the ordi-

nary course of events will never be known, for it had scarce begun before it came to an abrupt end. The street door was suddenly thrown open and half a dozen men rushed in, led by Brackett, the express-rider, who demanded:

"Is Forey Grayson here?"

"What do you want of me?" asked Grayson, stepping forward.

"You've murdered and robbed Arkansaw. I arrest you."

"It's a lie, whoever says it!" exclaimed Cosey, rushing to Grayson's side. "Why don't you say so, Forey? Why don't you fight?"

"Be quiet, Cosey," was Grayson's only remark, as he submitted to being disarmed and led away.

The next day was the Sabbath, but no one in Piekeye thought of keeping it holy. It had been decided to try Grayson by Lynch law. There were regularly constituted courts in the town, but the people scorned their slow and doubtful processes. By early afternoon all the arrangements were complete. They could have been made sooner, but it was felt that haste would be unseemly in so grave an affair.

The court was the customary popular tribunal of Piekeye—Chancellor Kent, judge; General Houston, prosecuting attorney, and Cape Ann, clerk. An exception was that Doc Greer, the gambler, had managed to get himself appointed as sheriff for the people. It convened in the Long Tom saloon, as usual. The prisoner was brought in, a jury impaneled, and the trial begun.

The first witness was Brackett, the express-rider. He testified that after taking care of his horse the previous evening he started for his home, which was between Arkansaw's and Grimshaw's. When some distance from the former he heard a pistol shot, and, upon approaching the spot, saw a man dodge into the



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brush. He hid himself and waited for the man to come out. Presently he saw him emerge, look cautiously about and hurry toward town. The man was Forey Grayson. Witness proceeded home. In about an hour Indian Jim came running to his cabin and told him that Arkansaw had been killed. Witness went with Jim and found the body lying at the very spot where he had seen Grayson acting so strangely. Satisfied that he was the murderer, witness had summoned help and arrested him.

Asked if he had examined the locality by daylight, witness said he had, and that tracks corresponding with those made by Grayson's boots were plainly to be seen, and that hanging to a clump of bluebrush, but three feet from where the body lay, was a scarf which belonged to the prisoner.

The scarf was produced. Its exhibition created a sensation, for everyone recognized the gaudy thing.

Witness further stated that when he arrested Grayson he had taken a revolver from him, one chamber of which was empty, and that from the freshness of the powder-stain it was evident it had been discharged but recently.

Tom Thorpe, who represented Grayson, said he had no questions to ask.

Indian Jim was called next. Asked if he understood the nature of an oath, his response was:

"Eat um? Drink um?"

"No; swear um," said General Houston, holding up his hand as if taking an oath.

"Oh, me savee. Injun heap savee Goddlemighty. No lie, good; heap lie, devil catch um."

"Essentially correct," assented General Houston. "Now tell all you know about kill um Arkansaw."

"Me go cabin. Make big fire. Wait um. Arkansaw no come. Somebody shoot. Mebbe Arkansaw pretty drunk; mebbe somebody shoot coyote—me dun know. Wait um more; heap wait um. Arkansaw heap no come. Bymeby me go look see. Find um Arkansaw heap killed. Shoot um dead. Me dun know who. Mebbe him (pointing to Grayson); me think no."

The only question on cross-examination was why the witness did not think the prisoner guilty, to which he answered:

"He Arkansaw's heap good friend."

Nothing additional was brought out by the succeeding witnesses for the prosecution, their testimony merely corroborating that of Brackett as to the footprints and the finding of the scarf.

For the defense, Grayson himself was called first. Asked what he knew about the killing of Arkansaw, he said he knew nothing except what he had heard.

"Please explain to the court and jury your presence and actions near the scene of the tragedy," said Thorpe.

"Just after the express arrived I strolled up the trail in that direction. While returning, when near Mr. Grimshaw's, I heard a shot fired. Proceeding cautiously along, I saw a man ahead of me, and thinking he might be some lawless character, I stepped into the chaparral to let him pass. After waiting a while, not hearing his footsteps any longer, I regained the trail and walked rapidly to town."

"When was the chamber of your revolver discharged?"

"I fired it yesterday, at a ground-squirrel."

Under cross-examination, Grayson said he did not go very far from town the previous evening.

"Were you walking all the while you were absent?"

"Not all the while."

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"I don't see any bearing that can have on the case."

"It might have a very material one, if you were lying in wait for your victim. I repeat the question, what were you doing when not walking?"

"I decline to tell."

"Very well, sir," said General Houston, glancing significantly at the jury; "I am satisfied with the answer, if you are."

Pap Grimshaw was next called. He identified a bullet he had assisted in extracting from the body of Arkansaw. Asked if he could demonstrate that the exhibit had an important bearing on the case, he replied that he could.

"I have here a pair of gold-scales," he continued, taking from a case a delicate balance and some weights. "I have also a new and perfect 44-caliber ball, which fits what is called the dragoon-size Colt's revolver. It weighs, as you all can see, five pennyweights and twenty grains. The bullet I now substitute in its place is the one extracted from Arkansaw's body. It weighs exactly the same, you see, and consequently must belong to a dragoon-size bore. Now, the pistol taken from the prisoner, and in evidence here, is the navy size. It is a 38-caliber, and the balls weigh, as you will see by this test, but three pennyweights and ten grains—more than a third less than the dragoon size. It is impossible, therefore, that the bullet which killed Arkansaw could have been fired from the defendant's pistol."

The demonstration was conclusive. A sense of relief was manifested by the audience, which was shared by the judge and jury and even the prosecuting attorney apparently.

"Let me see the exhibit," said General Houston.

He took the bullet and looked at it with simple curiosity at first. But as he turned it in his fingers he suddenly became interested and scrutinized it closely, his placid expression giving place to one of professional triumph.

"This piece of lead is of a peculiar shape," he said gravely. "I doubt if it was ever a ball. I think it was what is called a slug, and that the battering it has undergone has transformed it into something like a bullet. Has anyone a slug for a navy revolver?"

"There are plenty of them behind the bar," said Cap Ryan.

"Will you please get one and let the witness ascertain its weight?"

Cap Ryan procured a slug and handed it to Grimshaw, who placed it in the scales. As he adjusted the weights his face grew pale.

"It weighs five pennyweights and twenty grains, exactly the same as a dragoon-size ball."

The announcement came like a shock. No one spoke. The battered piece of lead was passed to the jurymen, who examined it one after another. By the expression of their faces it was evident they coincided with General Houston's opinion.

"They are going to convict him; I can see it in their looks," whispered Clara Dascomb to Thorpe.

"I fear so; but what can be done?"

"The defense will go on with its case," said the judge.

"We have no more witnesses," announced Thorpe.

"Then, if ready, counsel will proceed with their arguments."

"May it please the court," said General Houston, to the astonishment of everybody, "I feel that it will be

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no dereliction of duty on my part to let the case go to the jury without argument."

"And I, your Honor," said Thorpe, "can say nothing that could add to the strength of the defendant's straightforward statement or weight to the proof of the bullet; for, though there may be a doubt respecting the bullet, that very doubt must be construed in the defendant's favor."

"Then, gentlemen of the jury,"—

"Your Honor," interrupted Clara.

"Miss Dascomb!"

"If I may speak, I can throw light upon this sad affair, at least so far as the prisoner is concerned."

"Clara!" admonished Grayson, sternly.

"I will speak; don't try to prevent me."

"We are trying to get at the truth," said the judge. "If you can assist us, Miss Dascomb, by all means do so."

"The prisoner's refusal to account for his whereabouts is prompted solely by a fear of compromising me. He shall not go to certain death when a word from me can save him."

"Do you know where he was?" asked Thorpe eagerly.

"Yes, he was with me in my bedroom at Mr. Grimshaw's."

"My God, Clara, don't say it!" groaned Thorpe.

"I swear it! He was just leaving me when the shot was fired. We heard it distinctly. I urged him to remain, but he insisted on going, and this is the unhappy consequence."

"I submit to the court and jury," said General Houston, "that predisposed as we may be to respect this young lady and her sex generally, her confession is too shameless to be entitled to credence."

"There is no shame, gentlemen," cried Clara, goaded to desperation. "This man is my brother, Charles Dascomb."

"Charles Dascomb!" exclaimed General Houston; "the suspect wanted by the Yuba county authorities for murder!"

"The charge is false!" asserted Clara, proudly. Then the ardor which had sustained her gave way, and throwing herself in the prisoner's arms she sobbed, "Oh, Charlie, Charlie, what have I done? Forgive me!"

Grayson tried to soothe the excited girl, while the crowd craned forward to get a sight of them. When the confusion had subsided a little, General Houston said:

"I beg to withdraw the remark I made just now respecting this unfortunate young lady. But, your Honor, from either point of view her bias is too self-evident for her statement to be received as valid testimony."

"As Miss Dascomb was not under oath," said the judge, "her statement is not properly before the jury, and they will not consider it in arriving at a verdict."

"I ask, your Honor, that Miss Dascomb be sworn," said Thorpe.

"I forbid it!" came savagely from Grayson. "She has undergone too much already."

"Very well," said the judge. Then turning to the jurors, "Gentlemen of the jury, I shall make no charge to you. You will retire and agree upon a verdict."

The jury filed off into a back room and the pent-up feelings of the spectators broke out into earnest discussion, unchecked by the court. As the minutes passed, however, the talk gradually ceased, and at the

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end of a half-hour there was a profound stillness. Then the door of the back room opened and the jurymen returned to their places.

"Have you agreed upon a verdict?" asked the judge.

"We have, your Honor," replied the foreman, handing him a folded paper.

"The clerk will read it," said the judge.

"Guilty, as charged," read Cape Ann.

Clara uttered a scream and fell to the floor insensible. Mrs. Grimshaw tried to revive her, but Grayson said:

"Don't restore her yet. Wait till it is all over."

The jury was polled. After the last affirmative response had been made Chancellor Kent hesitated a long while. At last, with a death-like face and a hollow voice, he said:

"The prisoner will please stand up."

Grayson arose.

"Forey Grayson, a jury of your countrymen has rendered against you a verdict of guilty of the crime of murder, which carries with it capital punishment. Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

"Nothing, except that I am innocent of the crime," replied Grayson calmly.

"That point has been decided by the jury, to pass sentence is the painful duty that devolves upon me. Forey Grayson, in accordance with the verdict of the jury and the invariable usage of tribunals of this kind, it is the sentence of the court that at the expiration of one hour from now you be taken hence and hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may God have mercy on your soul."

The condemned was removed to a back room. The allotted hour was devoted by him to solacing his sister. Mrs. Grimshaw remained with them, but to the surprise of everybody after one violent burst of indignation at the court and jury and one passionate embrace of Clara, Cosey deserted them.

While the sad little party and two deputies of Doc Greer were waiting, Indian Jim came shuffling into the room and approached Grayson, saying:

"You kill um Arkansaw, no?"

"No, Jim."

"Who kill um?"

"I don't know, Jim; but you watch Doc Greer; maybe you find out."

"Me heap savee. Me watch um."

And Indian Jim turned and walked slouchingly away.

Grayson was to be hanged from the limb of an oak at the outskirt of the town. He was to be made to

stand on the back of a horse until the noose had been adjusted, when the animal was to be led from under him. A rope was secured to a limb, the noose dangling at what was thought to be the requisite height, then a saddled horse was brought to the spot, and the preparations were complete.

A great deal of talk went on among the crowd meanwhile. There were many expressions of sympathy but no one questioned the justness of the verdict or sentence. The average feeling was voiced by Dobie Joe.

"I never thought Forey a bad sort of fellow," said he. "In fact, I always liked him. But that's the worst of it in this cussed country, you can't tell whether a man is a saint or a cutthroat until his hand is shown down. Poor devil, I'm sorry for him!"

When the hour was up, Grayson, with his arms bound behind him, was brought out by Doc Greer and his deputies. The trace of tears he could not wipe away after parting with his sister were on his cheeks, but his bearing was erect and fearless. The procession



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moved forward in silence to the place of execution. Grayson was lifted into the saddle, but before he could be ordered to stand upright somebody shouted:

"The rope's too short; it'll have to be let down."

The fact was too obvious to be questioned. The noose was at least six feet above Grayson's head.

"You lubber!" exclaimed Doc Greer to a man outstretched on a lower branch, ready to adjust the noose; "I told you to make it longer. Stay where you are; I'll let it down myself," and he swung himself into the tree and climbed toward the limb to which the rope was fastened.

Just then there was a parting of the crowd as Cosey forced her way through it.

"I wish to speak to him—just one word," she panted as she reached Grayson's side.

In deference to her request the guards moved a few steps away. A look of surprise and pleasure lighted up Grayson's features as he bent down to meet Cosey's uplifted face. What she said to him in a rapid whisper was inaudible to everybody else, but he smiled and nodded, and then, quick as thought, she freed his hands by one slash of a knife and the next instant drove the point of it into the horse's flank, crying:

"Ride for your life, Forey; don't think about me!"

Grayson gathered the reins with the first spring of the frantic horse, and before the crowd could realize what had happened he had cloven through it and was speeding up the mountain trail.

Doc Greer came sliding down from the tree and fiercely upbraided Cosey, who stood defiant and unflinching in the center of the excited crowd.

"You little devil!" stormed he, brandishing a pistol about her head, "I've a notion to gibbet you in his place!"

"Just try it, and there'll be a villain less in the world," was Cosey's quiet reply.

"Don't ruffle a hair of her head, Doc Greer, unless you're aching to see a lot of us turn loose," said Dobie Joe, springing to Cosey's side. "I guess she's done only what's right. Anyhow, I'll back her. For if ever I stand with my neck in a noose it's a gal just like her I shall wish for. Them's my sentiments."

And they appeared to be the sentiments of the majority of the crowd also, for so many rallied around Cosey with assurances of approval and support that her return to town was in the nature of a triumph.

The day drew to an end, but Pickeye's discussion of its events promised to be endless. Only one person came to a definite conclusion. That was Clara Dascumb. She resolved not to stay another night in Pick-eye. She would go, and go afoot and alone. Her insistence convinced her friends that she expected to meet her brother somewhere, so they assented—but Pap Grimshaw and Cosey were to follow her secretly.

Her purpose became so generally known that nearly everybody drifted, as if by chance, to the lower end of the main street, whence a foot bridge, suspended from two hawsers, spanned the river. Just at sunset Clara came down the street, accompanied by Mrs. Grimshaw and Cosey. She bade the former good-bye at the river edge, but Cosey insisted on going to the other side with her.

The foot bridge swayed so that they had to grasp one of the hawsers to steady themselves. They had reached the middle of the stream when the rope to which they were clinging suddenly gave way, letting the walk drop and throwing them into the river. Luckily they retained their hold on the rope, and by grasping it with both hands were able to resist the force of the current.

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The terrified spectators saw only the imperiled girls at first, but when they turned their eyes to the big oak from which the hawsers were stretched, they beheld Doc Greer in the act of cutting the remaining cable.

A cry of horror and rage burst from the onlookers as they rushed toward the spot. Their interposition would have come too late, but a quicker one was at hand. Before Greer had cut a single strand Indian Jim sprang upon him and plunged a huge knife its full length into his neck. Greer turned savagely, but the blow had been too sure. His uplifted hand dropped, and he reeled and fell.

As the people looked again toward the endangered girls they saw them still clinging to the rope, but they now saw something more. Tom Thorpe was advancing rapidly to their rescue from the town side and from the opposite bank was coming Forey Grayson.

When those who had rushed to intercept Doc Greer reached him he was almost at his last gasp.

"Are you much hurt, Doc?" inquired Cap Ryan.

"I'm done for. That d——d Injun's got even on me for Arkansaw."

"Did you kill Arkansaw?"

"Yes, and Jut Harrison too. I don't care who knows it now. In five minutes I shall be a dead man."

Meanwhile the rescuers had reached Clara and Cosey and assisted them to gain a foothold on the hanging walk and support themselves by the taut hawser. A great cheer went up from the assemblage on the shore. Grayson stood next to Cosey and Thorpe to Clara. It was evident to the onlookers that they were engaged in earnest debate. Divining that Grayson and Clara refused to return to Pickeye, a remarkable demonstration ensued. Some shouted assurances of welcome, some knelt and lifted their hands in supplication, until Dobie Joe having improvised a white flag and raised it, the whole shore presently became a fluttering mass of white.

This manifestation of truce turned the scale. The little party began to make its way toward the town shore, and ere long all four of them stood safely on the bank.

The demonstration that night was the crowning event in the annals of Pickeye. Cap Ryan inaugurated it.

"Boys," said he, "the deal has come out square all around except for poor old Arkansaw. Let's honor his memory. The Long Tom is wide open and free to everybody to-night."

Couriers were sent out to the adjacent camps, and presently a stream of enthusiastic men came pouring in to swell the crowd. All through the night bonfires blazed, anvils boomed and processions marched and countermarched, with streaming banners and martial music.

At sunrise, when the line for the fiftieth or so time filed past the Grimshaw residence, cheering, and Cosey smiled a merry acknowledgment, Dobie Joe, tottering under a big American flag he had carried all night, waved his hat rapturously and exclaimed:

"You never did a better thing, Cosey, than when you set Forey Grayson free!"

"Except when I brought Charley Dascomb back captive," replied Cosey roughly.

An inspired propheticess could not have spoken truer words. To this day the generations of most of the families in that region run back to Charles and Cosey Dascomb in the one case, and to Thomas and Clara Thorpe in the other.

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VOL. XV. No. 758

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## State Division

The note of elation is so distinct in the noise being made by the promoters of state division sentiment that one might imagine them to be within sight of their goal. But they have hardly got away from the scratch. The process of dividing a state is not one upon which we have any empirical knowledge, and even though all the people of the state should be in favor of acquiring some it is doubtful that the privilege would be accorded. The third section of Article IV of the Constitution provides: "No new state shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other state; nor any state be formed by the junction of two or more states or parts of states, without the consent of the legislatures of the states concerned as well as of the Congress." A proposition to divide a state would excite considerable interest, and in all probability it would meet with stern opposition. No section of this country is in favor of augmenting the political strength of any other section, for in proportion to the increase of power in one section there is decrease of power in every other section. It is hardly probable that New England with its twelve Senators would view with favor a proposition to give the Pacific Coast two more Senators and also to increase our vote in the Electoral College. There is even now a sentiment in New England that considering our benighted state we have too much political power, and that it would be well to subject us to a little drastic discipline, in the interest of our trade with the Orient. But Los Angeles may be able to convert New England to citrus belt sentiment by pointing out that the temperament of the people south of Tehachapi is akin to that of the people of Massachusetts and arguing that whatever power is given to them will naturally be used to render negligible the influence of the vulgar progeny of the hardy but dissolute pioneers. Easily susceptible of proof is the difference in sentiment between the people of Los Angeles and vicinity and those of Northern California, and the circumstance is one that should appeal to the people of New England. This difference is becoming more pronounced every year and as a consequence there is now in this section less aversion than formerly to the proposed division of the state. In the minds of many there is a strong prejudice against yielding up a

slice of the state to comparative strangers, but there are others that conceive it to be the part of wisdom to split the state as an expedient for the preservation of Californian individuality. While no old Californian or ardent native son would confess that he had any fear of being assimilated by the Yankees from New England or the new-rich retired country merchants from the Middle West, still it is fatuous to ignore the growing influence in state affairs of the rapidly swelling southern community. It is a community full of aggressive, long-haired individuals who are never happy while there is joy in the world which they might strive to abate, and those of its members who are not afflicted with idiosyncrasies are nevertheless not of the temperament of the people of the north. All are a unit in state affairs affecting the interests of the south, and they are for the south first and the rest of the state afterward. If they do not succeed in dividing the state they will at least come pretty near compelling the acceptance of their ideals. In the contemplation of this prospect many Californians will be inclined to acquiesce in the wishes of the division propagandists.

## Our Great Financial Genius

On close inspection Mr. Harriman does not present so forbidding an aspect as at long range. If candor entitles a man to respect then Mr. Harriman is, at least, undeserving of execration. His practices are those peculiar to the American captain of industry in his highest stage of development, and though they are not consistent with the ideals of Christian morality, neither are they at variance with the principles of competition that are sanctified by the best usage in this golden era of the apotheosis of commercial success. Mr. Harriman has done nothing more than improve upon the methods of his contemporaries in the field of frenzied finance, and in doing so it is not improbable that he was convinced of the rectitude of his course. In sound morals the end does not justify the means, but it does in the railroad business, a fact that we learned from Mr. Paul Morton who admitted that he criminally granted rebates in order to save his road from bankruptcy. Mr. Roosevelt was not shocked by that admission. It did not lower Mr. Morton in Mr. Roosevelt's esteem. Of this we were assured when Mr. Roosevelt recommended Mr. Morton for the important position which that gentleman now holds in New York. Mr. Harriman is fully as candid as was Mr. Morton, but so far there has been no testimony to show that he was as contemptuous of the laws of his country as was the President's confidential friend. We do not admire Mr. Harriman despite his great financial genius. Nor yet are we prejudiced against him on account of his methods, for we realize that as laws and their application always savor of their times so does the conduct of men. In estimating the character of men the conscientious historian considers their environment and the temperament of the period in which they lived. Mr. Harriman's views as one of the great figures in the current commercial drama is typical of his time, but he does not inspire to panegyric those of us that have a plenitude of ethical ideals and are barren of the ideas that are essential to commercial success. Quicker than most of us to recognize the elusive symptoms of golden opportunity, Mr. Harriman nevertheless is not blessed with our lively appreciation of the responsibilities of wealth. And this unfortunately appears to be characteristic of the species; the man of wealth is unconscious of the obligations to society that wealth entails, the poor man knows all about them.



### The Old Familiar Question

Though we are supposed to be in the midst of an irreligious age there is a vast deal of metaphysical discussion occupying the attention of men. In nearly every newspaper space is occasionally given to bright and entertaining speculation respecting either the essentials of Christianity or the nature of man and his probable destination. The negation philosopher is coming to the front once more and his dialectic prestidigitations have as usual all the charm which attaches to the unfathomable. As in all ages he is in doubt whether to deem himself a god or beast, and with characteristic vehemence devotes himself to reasoning but to err. He belongs to that school of philosophers that analyze and dissect but never build except on negatives. They create doubts not convictions. It is amusing to follow them since they appear to be as proud of negation as though they invented it. Some of them appear to be of the opinion that their reason will finally lead them to truth, and that besides being able to prove that the soul is not indestructible they will be able to determine whether it is round or oblong. The question of the immortality of the soul is one of the great historic battlefields of metaphysics. Disputes over this question have occupied attention in every age from Socrates to Howison, between whom there is a shade of difference; for the Attic philosopher being haunted by the conviction of the unreliability of his senses, maintained that the only thing he knew was that he knew nothing, whereas the sage of Berkeley is fully as cocksure of his syllogisms as was Hegel, whose philosophy, Schopenhauer tells us, was "sufficient to cause an atrophy of the intellect." In the current luxuriance of thought on the subject of the nature of the soul and the destination of man, it is easy to see that there is a revolt at the supernatural, but we have no intention of setting for ourselves that vain task of stemming the shallow stream of scepticism. We recognize it as one of the inevitable phenomena. We have schooled ourselves against the weariness that is superinduced by abstractions. We have read so much of the philosophy that argues the universe a foundling and disputes over its parentage that we have come to regard with the indulgence that is vouchsafed a child all those that look upon life as a nightmare and the world as a phantasm. We only beg leave to inform some of them that they are wasting their time appealing to the Bible as the court of last resort to support their diverse positions. The Bible is not the final authority in spiritual matters. Our knowledge of God does not depend on those perishable things which Moses dashed to the ground nor on things of which the originals were lost, or on anything which came to us mis-written by copyists and tampered with by doctors and susceptible of various interpretations. As Spinoza has said it is incredible that God would commit the treasure of the true record of himself to any substance less enduring than the human heart. The sages of the church have not depended on biblical texts to support the theory of the immortality of the soul. So far as the Bible is concerned they take it as a whole, and argue that a soul merely resultant from the forces of the body as harmony is won from the strings of the lyre is entirely inconsistent with the story of the Redemption. They also argue that immortality is implied by the very fact that morality is the basis of society; for if man were a mere mass of matter there would be neither vice nor virtue; morality would be a sham. Our laws which are ever relative and variable

cannot serve as the basis of morals which are absolute and unalterable. They must therefore rest on something more permanent than the present life and have better guarantees than uncertain rewards or transient punishments. We do not present these arguments as conclusive but merely to let some of the learned philosophers of the day know that they are in error in assuming that stray texts from the Scriptures are all that are depended upon to support the theory of the immortality of the soul. It may be well for them to know also, that in assuming that religion was invented to support morals they are taking the effect for the cause. It is the idea of God that suggests morals. And as for their assumption that religion is dying they should reflect that religion was a thing of the past before Christ came. It received the outward semblance of respect which is due to all that is venerable, but faith had faded. Its restoration was undertaken later as a governmental necessity, and the Senate proclaimed the divinity of Augustus. In Diocletian's time deities were denied even the immortality of mummies, and a pantomime was performed entitled "The Last Will and Testament of Defunct Jupiter." Religion is always dying—somewhere.

### Nobility News

That habits of thought are totally inconsistent with the systematic reading of newspapers has often been asserted, and in the case of those who read a daily paper, not to learn what is going on but to satisfy the craving for some sort of mental food which exists in all literate people, it is undoubtedly true. But there is one section of the American daily for which no reason of any satisfactory description can be given and to say of those who spend time that might be wisely employed, in the empty business of perusing this part of the paper, that they are worse than uselessly busied is to make an exceedingly mild statement of the case. We refer to the so-called "cable pages" of the Sunday papers wherein the doings of kings and nobles from Copenhagen to Belgrade and from Tunis to Kashmir are set forth by special correspondents with a painstaking attention to intimate detail worthy a better cause. The "cable page" is a growth of recent years, invented by the yellow journalists at a time when they seemed determined that no sort of catering to vulgarity was beyond them. Just what influence has been wrought upon circulation by the knowledge of the fact that not the moneyed nobility of this country only but also the titled nobility of Europe is to be found exhibited for the meanest of the proletariat to feast his mind upon every Sunday morning, is beyond conjecture. Certainly it must have been considerable, otherwise two or three pages would not be devoted week after week to this sort of "news." The value of this "cable news" may be estimated by a casual examination of any Sunday newspaper. Take a paper of last Sunday for instance; note some of its cable features: From London comes the weighty intelligence that the Princess Christian has a bad temper and displayed it recently at a school exhibition; that Lord Roseberry's son is squandering his money at Monte Carlo; that the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury are quarreling over an allowance arrangement; that Mrs. Harold Baring has some ready money and will try to make a showing in society with it; that Waldorf Astor is not popular with his tenants; that an American woman has taken up the fad of politics. From Paris what news? Why,



Gladys Vanderbilt is actually taking singing lessons; there is to be no tax on French titles; Paris is to have a cheap opera house; the king of Servia's brother has been sued by a dressmaker. From Madrid comes the epoch making news that chauffeurs must submit to examinations of their fitness. Athens is wrought up because Queen Olga's chambermaid has stolen her diamonds, while from faraway Simla comes the tremendous news that the Amir of Afghanistan gives formal notice before he stoops to crack a joke. These are not extreme examples of the Sunday cable story; they are chosen at random and are quite typical. Not one single item of news in the whole budget, with the exception of the notice of the new opera house at Paris, is of the smallest consequence to any private person in this country. Yet thousands must be devouring these items, otherwise they would not be published. No better proof of the deterioration of public taste in reading or of the actively debasing influence of the yellow newspapers could be adduced. This sort of reading stifles thought and afflicts the reader with a fatty degeneration of the mind from which recovery is extremely difficult.

### The Literature Of The Young

An Eastern magazine exults over the quantity and quality of the season's crop of juveniles. It is inconceivable that the writer who thinks there is cause for exultation ever hears an expression of opinion from any of the youngsters into whose hands the books are thrust. Unfortunately the books are reviewed by adults who either have forgotten their childhood and their resentment of platitudes and homilies, or have become obsessed with the delusion that children nowadays are not what they used to be. Educational faddists abominate the Optics, the Algiers and Kelloggs of a past generation, authors whose works were exhausted by boys and girls before their fifteenth year preparatory to the taking up of Scott, Dumas and Elliot, and in these advanced days there are simplified editions of Robinson Crusoe and Treasure Island. Think of its being necessary to move the last mile post forward to induce a boy to read such works! The probability is that the father and mother of the coddled youngster thus coaxed were torn between anxiety to know the end and fear lest the last page should be turned all too soon. Children's books were once few and far between. In the old days children as young as eight or nine habitually read Dickens and Scott and Shakespeare. Of course they did not "understand" everything they read, but parents had sense enough to know there was no danger of innocent minds being tainted with impurities. The long words were not eliminated, nor were plots and incidents juggled, relationships reconstructed and general havoc wrought for the safeguarding of the young person from contamination. Today the young person is guarded every foot of the route and imagines he has read books when he has only read what somebody else has written about them. And he grows up and becomes, perhaps, a twentieth century college student with more vices and, judging of the scandals being ventilated in some part of the country every day, surely not with more honor than was to be found in college life a generation or two ago. Children's books today are beautiful from the manufacturers' point of view. The paper is excellent and so are the illustrations as a rule, while the typographical features and the bindings are such as kings could not have com-

manded a century ago, but right there the merits come to an end. There is more educational value in smooth blocks of wood. In the matter of books, children are mightily abused. The fussy supervision which is lavished on them is quite as deleterious as the eternal vigilance of the child-studyist in other matters.

### An Attack on Morality.

If our newspapers took any interest in studying the trend of public opinion in those of its manifestations which are not entirely concrete and obvious or if they were concerned with those more delicate shades of wrongdoing which do not lend themselves to the purposes of heavy "display type," they would have something to say, editorially at least, of an assault on morality as bold as it was unprovoked which was made in the State Senate last week. But the newspapermen at Sacramento are too busily engaged tracking the footprints of the Southern Pacific Railroad across the hundreds on hundreds of bills and resolutions that are receiving the hurried consideration of the state solons in the closing days of the session to bother about a mere matter of ethics, especially as the bold assault on morals was unsuccessful. Nevertheless it ought to be recorded, for the benefit of those who are more interested in ethics than politics and who see graver dangers for the state in the loosening of moral ties than in the concession of valuable franchises to favored corporations, that a serious effort was made in the Legislature to blot out the provisions in our law that postpone the granting of a final decree of divorce for one year after the interlocutory decree has been entered.

### The Laws Objectionable Features.

Particular significance attaches to this attempt because it was made by none other than the chairman of the committee on public morals! This worthy who was entrusted at the beginning of the session with the responsible care of all measures affecting public and private decency in so far as moral conduct is concerned, is Senator Irish of Downieville and San Francisco. That he has zealously discharged the duties of his position in all other matters excepting this of divorce may be doubted. But let Senator Irish of Downieville be judged solely in his capacity of watchdog over public morality, by his distinguished advocacy of a return to the old system by which the superior judges of this state were empowered to part the chafing matrimonial band at one stroke and were enabled to dismiss the mismatched couple with the cheering injunction—"Go and try once more without loss of precious time." Exactly what popular demand or private consideration prompted the chairman of the committee on public morals to ask the Senate to undo the work of several years and of innumerable strenuous endeavors, particularly at a time when some of the most concentrated thinkers in the fields of ethics and theology are exerting themselves to their utmost to correct the evil of this country's disgracefully lax and hopelessly contradictory divorce laws by strict and uniform enactments, it is utterly impossible to say. It is conceivable that some unworthy members of the legal profession may have fault to find with a law which probably in many instances postpones the collection of their fees for one year after their valuable services are given and as the Downieville senator is an attorney in addition to being the custodian of the state's morals, their complaints may have found a sym-

pathetic hearing. It is also conceivable that Irish is appalled at the tremendous cruelty and hardship sponsored by the state law which compels a divorced person to wait twelve interminable months before treading again the pathway of lawful alliance. In fact it was this latter argument which Senator Irish advanced when he arose to explain and defend his bill against the assaults of legislators whose old-fashioned notions of the sanctity of marriage led them, some of them, to make the revolutionary statement that they do not believe in divorce at all. The conditions following the granting of interlocutory decrees of divorce, according to Senator Irish, are a fruitful cause of scandal and the whole system is unnecessarily Draconian in its severity. This tender regard for the morals of a state exposed to the scandalizing influence

of men and women who violate the interlocutory decree places Irish almost on the exalted plane of Johnsonian morality, but consideration of the remedy proposed for this shocking condition dashes the incipient idol from its shrine and leads to the conviction that its feet are of the veriest clay. Irish, by what devious mental process none may know, has reached the conclusion in which is summed up all the most fallacious part of Oscar Wilde's philosophy—"The best way to overcome temptation is to yield to it." That a majority in the Senate refused to so change the law as to make a trip to Reno unnecessary is certainly to their credit, but the student of present tendencies in morals will be grieved to learn that sixteen votes were cast in favor of Irish's bill while only twenty senators registered their protest against it.

## Perspective Impressions

Is the confiscation of the Spring Valley Water property a scheme to saddle upon the city the responsibility of paying exorbitantly for what it took unlawfully?

The riot started by some proud Celts in a local playhouse the other night was not an expression of resentment as the reporters imagined. It was a contribution to the humor of an otherwise deadly dull performance.

A member of the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce, who is obviously a taxpayer, objects to the removal of the capital to Berkeley because as Berkeley faces the Golden Gate it will always be a tempting target to hostile war vessels. This is an objection that will carry considerable weight—in Sacramento.

The Bar Association of San Francisco, whose members are zealous for the preservation of the honor and dignity of the legal profession, should begin proceedings for the disbarment of Francis J. Heney for saying that one of our judges has frequently been drunk on duty. By this statement Mr. Heney implies that the Bar Association would tolerate a drunken judge.

What a lot of fun Abe Ruef is having with the poor, misguided individuals intent upon the preposterous achievement of vindicating justice in San Francisco!

"The community is closely watching the tactics of the Board of Supervisors," says the Chronicle. Quite true, but what good does it do to watch. When the community makes up its mind to ride the supervisors on a rail then there will be something worth talking about.

If this capital removal proposal ever gets to the people the writer hereof is no prophet. It will stop justly short of that eventuality. Governor Gillett will veto the bill and it will not pass over the Governor's veto in the assembly. Make a note of this.—Sacramento Union. We did.

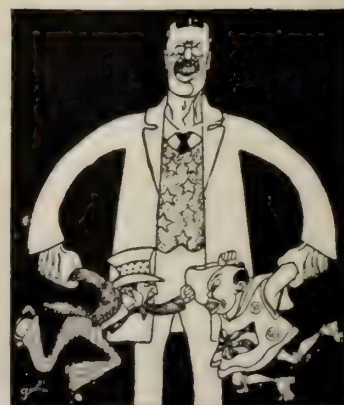
The Wall street bosses are reported to have precipitated a panic to show their indignation at the President's interference with their frenzied financiering and "to teach the public a lesson." It is more likely that their purpose is to achieve a great coup at the expense of the fools that play the stock market.



In Perishing Russia  
"Ah, this moment the people are dying of cold!"  
"Thanks be to heaven for that. The winter is an excellent ally of the autocracy." —Fischietto (Turin).



Uncle Sam—"This is getting serious."  
—Nebelspalter (Zurich).



Roosevelt (to American and Japanese antagonists)—"Here, you fellows, don't you remember that I got the Nobel Peace prize?"  
—Pasquino (Turin).



# The Annals of Pickeye

(In Seven Chapters)

By the Editor of the Old "Pickeye Trumpet"—J. T. Goodman

VII

## AN ECHO OF PICKEYE.

Long before 1873 the glory of Pickeye had departed. Only shapeless mounds—the debris of ruined walls and fallen chimneys—marked its site. All was silent and desolate. Even its famous graveyard was a waste.

But it had been discovered that the waters of some springs just across the river possessed remarkable medicinal properties. A hotel was built there, and by 1873 the Sequoia Springs had become a favorite summer-resort.

During the twenty years that witnessed the decay of Pickeye and the rise of the fashionable watering-place the life of little Mary Cross had been a checkered one moving mostly on the dark squares. Dobie Joe had been a kind papa to her, almost as good a one as Elder Beals, and when he married the Widow Allison his little charge was taken into the family. But as time went on and prosperity was gaining them a better social standing, Fanny went on the warpath, with her mother as an ally; so that Dobie Joe, whose jovial and manly spirit had become crushed in the domestic mill, was forced at last to send Mary away.

While yet too young for any but the lightest tasks she went to be the drudge of a family newly come to Pickeye; and after that to another and another, meeting everywhere with the harsh and unloving treatment which is so commonly the share of orphanage. But there was a divine spark in the little one which neither the obloquy of parentage nor the hardship of her lot could extinguish. She was pretty; she had gentle ways and self-respect and modest pride; and, though she was never sent to school, she managed somehow to make the acquaintance of the alphabet and became quite a scholar, in a small way.

But this story has nothing to do with her girlhood. She only appears upon the scene as a waitress at the Sequoia Springs hotel when the influences and experiences of twenty-three years have wrought their effect upon her person and character.

She is tall and beautifully developed, with a wealth of rich brown hair, eyes irresistible in their softness and candor, and a skin as smooth as velvet and as roseate as the dawn. In the discharge of her humble duties, nicely clad and aproned and neatly booted, with only a bud tucked in her hair for ornament, she treads the floor like a nymph fresh from the woods. Many an admiring look is cast at her by the men, many an envious one by the women; but heedless of both she bestows the dishes on the just and unjust as impartially as Providence its rain.

Early in the season there arrived the families of two millionaires, each consisting of a plain mother and a winsome daughter. The names were Kirby and Jellison, and some old-timers who yet lingered in the vicinity avowed they were respectively the wife and daughter of Cape Ann and J-B, who had struck it rich there in the early days and were now wallowing in wealth down at the Bay.

About the same time a journalist, prematurely aged and stooped, registered as C. A. Dinkey, who was none other the same ancient authorities averred than their

former townsman C. Augustus Dinkey, the young Foot-hill Bard.

Now, it is one of the phenomena for which scientists have found no satisfactory explanation as yet that the offspring of fortuitous millionaires are disposed to be loud, while journalists are inclined to be quiet. It has been advanced as a possible reason that the former, conscious of their riches, feel that they are a million times better and should be a million times more conspicuous and admired than ordinary mortals, while the latter, sensible of their poverty, are only too glad to enjoy the blessedness of being little. Others assume that the former parade at horse and dog shows through vanity, while the latter seek the stable and kennel only from necessity. All this is mere philosophy, but it has a bearing on the story.

The millionaire families were no sooner established at the hotel than the daughters began exhibiting the peculiar quality just mentioned. But as this is not a treatise on manners their conduct will be ignored save as it related to Mary, as will also the behavior of the journalist except in the same respect.

The first look of the daughters at Mary excited admiration, the succeeding ones only envy and spite. This may be the key to their subsequent treatment of her. She was bidden to do this or that as uncivilly as if she were a slave. She was made to fetch and carry outside her line of duties with no other object than to impress upon her a sense of her servitude. She was scolded and taunted and ridiculed as if she had been created solely as a butt for the sweet millionairesses. Their victim bore it all without a murmur. If she felt any resentment it was hidden under a calm and respectful demeanor. Nothing appeared on the surface but the humble servitor.

Whether to compensate her for the cruelty he could not help observing, or for some other reason, the journalist became very particular in his attention to Mary. It was not merely the repeated thanks that acknowledged the deposition of dishes before him, nor the polite salutations at chance meetings in the hallways or on the stairs (and it was strange how chance favored him in this regard), that showed his interest in the fair waitress. He never failed of a morning to compliment her upon her fresh and blooming appearance and tell her how agreeable it was to behold such a wholesome sight. Mary never replied with more than a thankful expression, but that was enough. In her lone childhood she had found the amulet of silence, and she wore it now so skillfully interwoven with her speech that every word she spoke possessed a charm.

All this attentiveness is positively known, but that the journalist's attention went even further is only an inference. The facts are these: every reader is entitled to his own conclusion. One afternoon Mr. Dinkey and Mary strolled together over the hills and along the bank of the creek that ran close by the hotel. Upon their return it was observed that both were very silent and pensive, Miss Jellison even averring she was cer-

(Continued on page 34)

## When Stokes Killed Fisk.

By George Fittock.

Save the Fisk-Stokes tragedy, it is said, by no other case of similar character was such widespread and intense interest aroused as that which followed the killing of Stanford White by Harry Thaw. Great, indeed, was the interest aroused by the assassination of Jim Fisk, the Prince of Erie and power behind the Tammany throne in the days of Tweed; greater even than the interest which has been taken in the Thaw case, for the figures involved in the Fisk-Stokes tragedy were much larger than those of the later sensational drama. Jim Fisk's fame as a financier was world-wide, and there was a romantic element in his meteoric career that caused his personality to be an object of unusual interest. Ed Stokes was a man of great prominence in financial and social circles, a cultured man of the world, as popular in London as he was in New York, and the woman in the case, Helen Josephine Mansfield, was a noted beauty, a female of the type that has figured in all the world's great tragedies from the days of Cleopatra down to the days of Lady Hamilton.

It may be worth while reviewing recollections of the Fisk-Stokes tragedy if for no other purpose than to indicate that it is wrong to infer from the disgusting details of the Thaw case that the morals of the country's metropolis are growing worse. By harking back to the days of Jim Fisk we learn that then as now the lives wrecked upon the rock of sensuality were strewn in every direction; that the candle of today around which the human moths lie in myriads of disgusting deaths, is precisely the same one before whose baleful fire in the days of Prince Erie the sanctity of womanhood faded away.

And after the death of Jim Fisk the preachers were inspired by the lesson of his ill-spent life and they delivered homilies of precisely the same character as those that have been suggested by the fate of Stanford White. It is interesting to read over at this time the sermon delivered by Henry Ward Beecher, who was later involved in a little scandal of a most painful character. He spoke of Fisk as a man "as absolutely devoid of shame as the desert of Sahara is of grass, vicious, criminal, abominable in his lusts and flagrant in the violation of public decency. And yet I say to every young man who has looked upon this glaring meteor, and seen his course of prosperity, and thought that perhaps integrity was not so necessary, 'Mark the end of the wicked man' and turn back again to the ways of integrity.'"

There were some moralists who, at the time of the Fisk tragedy, attributed the licentiousness of the day to the baleful activity of the woman's rights advocates who were "holding conventions to assault the established usages of good society." One distinguished moralist charged that whining about woman's wrongs was conducive to the practice of free love. He pointed out that both Fisk and Stokes, who were married men, were free lovers. At that period the doctrine of Free Love and Equal Suffrage were advocated by one body of women and it was feared by some of the alarmists that society was on the verge of disruption. So if we familiarize ourselves with the conditions of thirty years ago we shall be inclined to take a more complacent view of present conditions. As a matter of fact in Fisk's day vice made not the slightest effort to pay

homage to public decency. Rich men conducted their amours with brazen indifference to public sentiment. All New York knew of the relations existing between Josie Mansfield, Jim Fisk and Ed Stokes long before the homicide. Fisk was then the most conspicuous figure in the metropolis. He was the great railroad magnate of the day, he dominated the political affairs of the state, he exercised great influence at Washington, and Wall street was under his thumb. His path was strewn with luxuries for himself and largess for his friends. He lived a right royal life and the power worshiping multitude and the vulgar seekers for place hung around him with an abject and obsequious fawning. Fisk made the acquaintance of Josie Mansfield in 1866. She was then twenty-six years old. She had shortly before arrived in New York from this city, where she had spent many years. Josie Mansfield was a woman of most beautiful physique and utterly devoid



**Helen Josephine Mansfield**

(Reproduced from an old woodcut)

of principle. She had accumulated something of a past in this state before going to New York. In her girlhood she lived in Stockton where her father Joseph Mansfield conducted the San Joaquin Republican. He was a warm friend of John Bigler, and in the gubernatorial contest in 1854 espoused Bigler's cause so ar-



dently as to excite the anger of John Tabor, editor of the Stockton Journal. The latter challenged him to a duel and they met in mortal combat near the State Insane Asylum. Mansfield was killed. In the following year the widow came to this city with her daughter, who was then nearly fifteen years of age. They lived on Bryant street where they became acquainted with James Carter, a drayman, who fell in love with little Josie. He proposed marriage, and it was agreed that he should send the girl to the Notre Dame convent at San Jose until she attained her majority, after which the wedding should take place. Just before reaching her eighteenth year Josie Mansfield ran away from the convent and eloped with Frank Lawlor an actor belonging to the stock company at Maguire's Opera House. They came to this city and lived until one day a scandal broke out over Mrs. Lawlor's flirtation with D. W. Perley, Judge Terry's law partner. Both Lawlor and his wife were involved in a public disgrace and they left town. After traveling through the East for awhile Mrs. Lawlor grew tired of her husband, obtained a divorce, resumed her maiden name and went on the stage. It was a little later that she met Jim Fisk who provided her with a home.

Fisk became so deeply involved with this woman that he not only supported her in grand style but made a confidant of her; made her the custodian of business secrets, wrote frank, foolish letters to her, took his friends and associates to her house to dine and to spend the evening at cards and thus placing himself almost wholly in her power. The truth is he loved Josephine Mansfield. He told her so—and, alas! he wrote her so. She kept his letters, and afterwards when they quarreled, she threatened to publish them. Fisk tried to "buy her off," then invoked the power of the court, obtaining an injunction, which was dissolved by his death after which the letters were published.

In her wanderings previous to her meeting with Fisk, Miss Mansfield met Ed Stokes in Philadelphia. He was younger than Fisk by about six years, and not more than three years the senior of Josie Mansfield. He had an interest in a large oil refinery in Brooklyn in which Fisk became part owner. Fisk and Stokes became close friends. Jealousy made them bitter enemies. When Stokes became Fisk's rival in Josie Mansfield's affections the great financier pleaded with the woman to exclude his friend from her house. Instead she excluded him from the home he had bought for her. He resolved to be revenged. Business quarrels followed and Fisk had Stokes arrested for embezzlement. Fisk was threatened with the publication of his letters, and he was told he could buy them for \$200,000. The letters were characteristic of the man, and were of such a nature that he would have given a good deal of money to suppress them. The letters show how completely the man was in the power of the woman, and they tell the whole story of their disgraceful amours. They show that even after he found that the woman was unfaithful to him and after she revealed her true character to him she was able to win him back again. In a letter written to her in October 1870 he said:

"What must I think of a woman who would veil my eyes, first by a gentle kiss, and afterward, night and day, for weeks, months and years, by deceit and fraud, lead me through the dark valley of trouble, when she could have made my path one of roses, committing crimes which a devil incarnate would shrink from, while all this time I showed her nothing but kindness, both in words and actions, laying at your feet a soul,

a heart, a fortune and a reputation which had cost by night and day twenty-five years of perpetual struggle, and which, but for the black blot of having in an evil hour linked itself with you, would stand out today brighter than any other ever seen upon earth. But the mist has fallen and you appear in your true light. I



James Fisk Jr.

(Reproduced from an old wood cut.)

borrow your own words to describe you, 'a snake in the grass,' and verily I have found thee out. How I worship the night I said 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' The four weeks that have elapsed since that blessed hour, how I bless them for the peace of mind they have brought me. Again the world looks bright and I have a being."

Notwithstanding the bitter sentiments of that letter we find Fisk a month later writing to his "darling" in terms of endearment. They had become lovers again. But only for a short period. One day Fisk caused the publication of an affidavit made by one of Josie Mansfield's servants in which the affiant related that he had heard the woman and Stokes plotting to extort money by blackmail. Then Josie Mansfield sued Fisk for libel and Fisk retaliated by having Stokes and the woman indicted for perjury and conspiracy. The day of the filing of the indictments Stokes went gunning for Fisk. On the afternoon of January 6, 1872, Edward Stokes stood on the first floor of the Grand Central Hotel, near the stairway, waiting for Fisk. He knew that Fisk had an appointment at the hotel. He had not to wait long. Presently Fisk put in an appearance and walked up the stairway. Stokes standing



above him, resting his revolver on the rail, fired two shots, one of which struck Fisk in the abdomen. That was the fatal shot. Fisk died the following day. The news of the assassination was flashed to every part of the country and was commented on by the press of Europe. "Not since the assassination of Lincoln," said one paper, "has the death of any one man seemed to so excite public attention and comment in every quarter of the globe. Despite the iniquities of Jim Fisk's life there was general sorrow at his death for he was a man noted for his kindly nature and his great charities. Fisk has furnished the material for many tales illustrative of the proverbial Yankee pluck and energy. He was a man of prodigious executive capacity, indomitable pluck and a clearness of perception in forecasting results which was truly remarkable. He entered New York a young man and a stranger. He grappled in Wall street with men who had during many years ruled the money market of the nation and he overmatched the greatest and all of them. But with all his force of character he succumbed to the witcheries of a woman and died an ignoble death at

the hands of a weak wretch who had outmaneuvered him in the game of love.

The trial of Stokes was watched with intense interest. The murderer made a great battle for his life and he had tremendous social influence behind him. His defense was that Fisk had robbed him of all his money; that he had \$200,000 when he entered into partnership with the great financier and that the latter absorbed it all. This defense was pooh-poohed by the prosecution and abundant evidence was introduced to show that the men had quarreled over the woman and that there had been a conspiracy to extort money from Fisk. The jury found the defendant guilty and he was sentenced to be hanged. He obtained a new trial and was sentenced to life imprisonment. Again he appealed and was finally sentenced to fourteen years imprisonment. He was pardoned after serving about five years and emerged from prison broken in health and spirits. But he inherited a fortune a little later, bought the Hoffman House and conducted it until his death a few years ago. It was reported that he never regained his nerve and that he always slept in a lighted room.

## The Great Rosenthal.

By the Rhapsodist

It was "Rosenthal Week" among the musicians and musical amateurs last week, and an exciting four days they had of it. Most of the enthusiasts who attended the Thursday night and Saturday and Sunday matinees here made the pilgrimage over to Berkeley on Friday afternoon to hear Rosenthal play the Chopin and Liszt concertos with the University Orchestra. Let it be said at once that Rosenthal is an extraordinary pianist, absolutely in a class by himself. Whether he is the greatest of pianists is likely to be contested always, but it is universally conceded that his technic is more nearly perfect than that of any other artist of his instrument, and there are many,—very many—who believe him to be the most important personality among living pianists. In the matter of interpretation there is so little of a fixed standard that the discussions one overhears at the close of all the concerts given by visiting artists are usually in the nature of arguments, and the professional musicians themselves are no nearer a unit in their estimates of the artistic worth of their confreres than are the dilettanti. On one point at least we can all agree—that Rosenthal's power to arouse and excite his audiences is unsurpassed. At the close of each of the recitals there was a scene of wildest enthusiasm that had its climax at the Sunday matinee after the Don Juan Fantasia. A perfect torrent of noise broke forth then, clapping, shouting, stamping, until after twelve or fifteen minutes Rosenthal finally seated himself at the piano once more. This ability to produce a fever heat of excitement in his audiences testifies strongly to the dominant power of the artist's personality, a power which even the least musical of his listeners is unable to resist. The first programme, Thursday night, included the Chopin B minor Sonata, one of the things Rosenthal received most praise for during his former visit here. The marvelous beauty of the first movement, the exquisite lightness and fleetness of the Scherzo, the soulful Largo, all bore the stamp of supremest degree of artistic interpretation, while the

Finale with its sinister theme and chaotic treatment was played with a virility and tempestuous abandon that was simply overwhelming. No other pianist portrays so impressively the diabolical grimness of this Finale. It is one of Rosenthal's chef d'oeuvres. Another number was the Chopin-Liszt "Meine Freuden," the arrangement that Liszt himself played and differing somewhat from the published transcription. Rosenthal's rendition of it was poetic in the extreme. His own contrapuntal study in thirds on the Chopin "Minute Waltz" is beautiful as well as clever, and was insistently redemanded. The "Papillons" by Rosenthal is immensely captivating; a graceful melody interwoven in a mesh of shimmering, gossamer harmonies that might be the fluttering of the wings of myriads of butterflies. It was entrancingly played, with a feathery lightness of touch and an endless variety of nuances. Rosenthal's Humoresque and Fugue on Strauss themes closed the programme in an electrifying manner. It is a magnificent arrangement of the lovely waltzes and the dazzling brilliance with which Rosenthal plays it is probably unattainable to any other pianist.

Of the Saturday programme, some of the best things were the Weber A flat Sonata, Chopin B minor Sonata, and the tremendous Paganini variations of Brahms. The Weber Sonata was read with delightful freshness and was as great a contrast as could be imagined to the melancholy sentiment of the Schumann Aria which succeeded it. In spontaneity of feeling and diversity of moods it seemed to me that Rosenthal was roused to the highest degree on Saturday, and played more temperamentally than at the other recitals. The enormously difficult Brahms variations were played with translucent clarity, exquisite taste, and a superb bravura that may only be indulged in by the possessor of a Rosenthalian infallibility of technic. The closing number was a "Blue Danube Fantasia" by Strauss-Rosenthal. While less elaborate and complicated than the Humoresque of Saturday's programme it is per-



haps of more intrinsic musical beauty and is a delightful substitute for the accustomed Liszt Rhapsodies that are oftenest used to end piano recitals.

The Sunday programme was full of good things, among which was an authoritative reading of the Beethoven Sonata Op. 109 in which much sentiment predominated. To Rosenthal's rendition of the Schumann Carnival I must give precedence over that of every other pianist. It is charged with an iridescent charm, a piquancy of rhythm and an exhilaration that I have never heard equaled. A Chopin group followed this that included the dreamy Berceuse, Barearolle and C sharp minor Waltz, which latter was played in a particularly soulful manner. Davidoff's "At the Fountain" is a composition for the violincello of which Rosenthal has made a piano transcription that is a gem, and he could not proceed with his programme until he had repeated it. The Don Juan Fantasie was the crowning event of these three great recitals. It is impossible to describe the vastness of effects Rosenthal produces with this Mozart-Liszt composition. It is a feat sui generis in piano playing. Climax is piled upon climax until it becomes unrealizable that one man is producing all of the gorgeous tone color. The pulse of the entire audience was beating abnormally by the time Rosenthal finished Don Juan, and the tumult that ensued was unforgettable. If Rosenthal is not the greatest pianist of his time he is quite surely one of the greatest apparitions in the realm of modern music.

The sixteenth Symphony Concert of the University Orchestra took place on the afternoon of March first and was in fact more of a vehicle to display the pianistic necromancy of Moriz Rosenthal than anything else. The programme consisted of the Leonora Overture No. 3 of Beethoven and the Indian Suite of MacDowell, interspersed by the piano Concerto in E

minor of Chopin, and the Liszt E flat major Concerto. Harmon Gymnasium was packed to suffocation by worshippers of the muse from both sides of the bay, and Dr. Wolle was given a very cordial reception at his entrance. Of the orchestra numbers, interest attaches particularly to the MacDowell Suite on account of the pitiful situation of its author at the present moment, but just for this reason it seems unwise to enter into critical discussion of its merits, for the proper classification of MacDowell's works will come about only after his death.

Probably all of the representative pianists of California were assembled to listen to Rosenthal's version of the Chopin Concerto with orchestra, the work having had but two prior hearings in California, by Joseffy and Mansfeldt, both events being more than twenty years past. Some uncertainty was felt regarding the adequacy of the accompaniment the orchestra might furnish owing to the insufficiency of rehearsals, but Dr. Wolle played his orchestra efficiently in both concertos and is entitled to very much praise for this result under adverse circumstances. The wonderfully dramatic first movement of the Chopin Concerto was delivered with splendid breadth and fervor by Rosenthal so that it almost overshadowed the sweetness and tenderness of the Romanze. But the Rondo, piquant and mellifluous at the hands of this master pianist, completely captivated the connoisseurs. The Liszt Concerto came later, and a more successful exploitation of its beauties than that furnished by Rosenthal cannot be conceived. From the majestic grandeur of the opening octaves, through the lovely Adagio, to the delightful verve of the Allegro Marziale the audience was fascinated and spellbound, and a storm of applause greeted its conclusion. It was a gala day in musical circles, and it is to be hoped frequent opportunities will be afforded by the University to hear the visiting artists with orchestra.

## The Sea-Tryst.

By Mabel Porter Pitts

When the tide is at ebb and the rocks lie bare  
In the stretch of a crag-strewn run,  
Then the sea-children hide in their mossy lair  
From the blaze of the midday sun.

'Neath a niche where the phosphoret incense curls  
At the end of a gem-lit hall  
Rests the mermaiden queen on a couch of pearls  
That is backed by a trophied wall.

And with coral the spoil of the chase is hung,  
And with lichen the broken bark,  
All aglint is the spar where a white hand clung  
Ere it sunk in the storm-swept dark.

Here to think of the frolic of hunts long made,  
Here to dream of the sport undone,  
Here to rest in the hush of the cooling shade  
Till the time of the setting sun,

Then away where the emerald waves break white  
On the breast of a shoal marked track,  
Swift to ride in the pale of a moonlit night  
On the curve of a dolphin's back.

And her lover who waits in the cliff afar  
Marks the course in the surging green  
Of the steed as it comes like a shooting star  
With the beautiful mermaid queen.

And O what to the lips as they meet and thrill  
And O what to the arms that cling  
Is the ship that must yield to the ocean's will  
Like a gull with a broken wing?

And O what to the maid if a throne be won  
If the wealth of her youth's unsown?  
Though her hand be the troth of the sea-king's son  
Yet the blood of her heart's her own.

# The Spectator

## A Corporation Conspiracy

A few months ago it was supposed that Mayor Schmitz was getting ready to receive the viaticum for his journey into the valley of the shadow of the penitentiary, and we were preparing to hum a requiem over his political corpse. We fondly imagined that the reign of this sceptred acrobat over an eclipse of the common sense of the community was at an end, and there seemed to hover over the ruins of the city a prescience of fairer things. But now comes the report that his spring-board is being carefully mended and that he is about to take another leap into popular favor. The news comes by way of New York. In the Sun of that city was printed last week a story to the effect that "his friends among heads of big San Francisco corporations having headquarters in New York" had agreed to get behind him for a fourth term. "The programme of these corporations," says the Sun, "is to re-elect Schmitz as Mayor and he will name candidates for supervisors on the labor ticket so objectionable that they can be easily defeated by men selected by the corporations. This programme has no place for Abe Ruef, who will be driven out of politics. The corporation interests, who hope to control the city, with the Mayor and Supervisors willing to grant all their demands, will pay their debt to Schmitz by using their influence to prevent his conviction."

## The Gompers Banquet

This story is not so improbable as it may seem at first blush. The supposition is that Schmitz alienated Union Labor sentiment by his acquiescence in the Roosevelt Japanese policy and that therefore he will no longer be able to control the labor vote. But his friends say it will soon appear that he really achieved a great strategic triumph at Washington, and they remind those with whom they discuss the matter that while at the capital and after his conference with the President he was banqueted by Samuel Gompers. There was great significance, by the way, in that Gompers banquet. This I learn from one of the esoteric council of Union Labor, who reminded me that when Gompers visited this city he eschewed the society of Mayor Schmitz and of all that political labor faction whose principles are embodied in Schmitzism. It was the hospitality of Schmitz's bitter enemies that Gompers accepted, and the great prophet of unionism was liberally quoted in reprobation of Schmitz and all his works and pomps. "Now," said my esoteric informant, winking in rounded periods of facial eloquence, "perhaps you can understand why President Roosevelt was so eager for Mayor Schmitz to journey to Washington."

## A Secret Dispatch

Intent upon eliciting more copious details I suggested that these utterances were somewhat vague. "It's as plain as a pike-staff," said my informant. "Gompers is the man that persuaded Schmitz to fall down. Roosevelt has Gompers hypnotized. Gompers agreed to go to the front for Schmitz if Schmitz would make things easy for the President, and it was a secret dispatch from Gompers that lured the Mayor to Wash-

ington. So don't make the mistake of imagining that Eugene lost his head. He will come out of this thing with flying colors and be stronger with union labor than ever." That's the story in a nutshell and it is far from implausible. There is no doubt that Gompers snubbed Schmitz in this city. He spent most of his time while here with the Franklin K. Lane push, and was greatly shocked to find that union labor was identified with a corrupt city government. But in Washington he extended the gladhand to the indicted Mayor and ostentatiously bestowed on him the mark of his exalted approval. So perhaps it is wrong to assume that our prize mountebank is eligible to admission to the Down and Out Club. He is a man of wonderful recuperative powers. What a great joke it would be if instead of alienating union labor sentiment it turned out that he was more strongly intrenched than ever!

## The Irremovable Incubus

If Mayor Schmitz is not a man of destiny he is at least the antithesis of the humdrum. The fires of his charlantry frequently wane but there is always a fresh supply of fuel accessible. He is like the prize-fighter who always has a punch left and never takes the count. He is an incubus that degenerates but never sloughs entirely off. He is as persistent as the boll weevil or that other entomological devil, the pin borer, which has challenged the bugologists at Washington to a struggle of peculiar bitterness. While he remains at large he must be reckoned with; at least until prosperity has run its course, for while union labor is under no delusions respecting the disingenuousness of him it is believed that while he occupies the position of Mayor the employers of labor will be constrained to submit to union discipline.

## The Staff Colonels

There is a look of glad expectancy on the face of the moon. For the Queen of night knows that California has a new Governor and that one of the first duties of



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his Excellency after getting the legislature off his hands is to round up his kaleidoscopic staff of officers. There is nothing more important in the affairs of state than the selection of the Colonels for the Governor's staff. The Colonels are the glittering ornaments of the gubernatorial office. More than that; they are symbols of the rights reserved by the state. By the Governor's staff we are reminded that the state has its own military force and that the Governor is charged with the solemn duty of maintaining the peace and dignity of the commonwealth. So great is the martial spirit prevalent in this state that there is never a dearth of candidates for staff positions. Every county in the state abounds in men ready and eager to serve the Governor in brass buttons and gold braid. Indeed there is keen competition for the privilege of wearing the resplendent staff uniform on state occasions. Remarkable is the abundance of that peculiar temperament which revels in tinsel and conspicuous dress. So infrequent are war alarms and so remote the probability of a Governor's being called upon to command the state troops, that the duties of a staff colonel are purely ornamental, and it is the principal business of the members of the staff to justify the exhibition of themselves in full regalia. They are the uniformed, bedizened, magnificent, beautiful heroes of peace. They have been invidiously designated the royalists of Lobsteria, and I have heard it suggested that the staff should be pronounced an anachronism and sacrificed on the altar of democracy in token of our emancipation from the monarchical fripperies and mummeries of the Old World, but to me these silly prejudices are abominable. The Colonels symbolize the strong arm of the state and they are as useful as the great seal. Besides they beautify the landscape whenever the opportunity offers. No sensible man has the envious and impotent wish to tumble these pillars of the temple of Mars. Fanatical peace propagandists object to them on account of the principle for which they stand, but this objection is absurd. They are not really and truly standing for anything that savors of combat. As often as otherwise the apparel belies the man. Whenever I meet a panoplied officer of the Governor's staff, I know that way down in his heart he has great contempt for the arbitrament of arms, and I respect him for his Hague sentiments. Let us drink to the health of the heroes of the staff.

#### A Revolt Against Puritanism

Over in the reposeful village of Alameda, separated from Oakland by the river Lethe, the artificial island where grow the poppies from whose juices Night distills slumbers, the drowsy inhabitants are unaware of the excitement in the northern end of the county over the prospective transplanting of the state capital. The people of Alameda township take no interest in foreign affairs. They have troubles enough of their own. Besides all the emotion of which they are capable is stirred by a political contest. They adopted a charter recently and decided to have a mayor in order to raise the village to the dignity of a metropolis, and now there are two distinguished citizens running for the coveted job. One of them is a Mr. Forderer, a merchant, and the other is Colonel E. K. Taylor, a lawyer. I am awaiting the result of this inspiring contest with breathless interest, for by this contest will be determined, it is said, the character of the community. Alameda, be it known, has long prided itself on being a

highly moral village. Its moral tone is indicated by several circumstances: it keeps very holy the Sabbath, it goes to bed with the chickens and it forbids absolutely the sale of cigarettes. But of late there has grown up in the village an element conspicuous for its heterodox sentiments. It revolts against anti-cigarette legislation as a mark of puritanical prejudice. It is in favor of lifting the lid not because it wishes to engage in a cigarette debauch but because it believes that anything that savors of Puritanism is discreditable. The issue is clearly defined, but the question that puzzles me is, Which candidate embodies the Puritanical sentiment and which is in favor of lifting the lid. It looks easy but it isn't.

#### Perplexed by a Clergyman

One day I was told by a lid-lifter that Colonel Taylor is the man that should be elected because he is broad-minded, liberal, honest and in favor of prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to minors but not to adults. My informant told me that Mr. Forderer teaches a Sunday school and is aggressively virtuous; and when he added that Colonel Taylor belonged to the Elks, it seemed obvious that the candidates clearly typified the conflicting sentiment of the community. But a few days later I met the Rev. McFarland and he filled me with perplexity.

"I'm very busy," he said.

"Preparing a new sermon?" I asked.

"No," he said, "but I'm up to my ears in this may-oralty contest.

"You're out for Forderer!" I suggested.

The clergyman gave me a look of ineffable scorn. "No, indeed!" he said; "I'm for Colonel Taylor."

As the Rev. Dr. McFarland is the most aggressive reformer in Alameda, being the man that prosecuted cigar dealers for selling cigarettes and that suppressed other immoral pursuits, I tried to figure out how it was that he had espoused the cause of a jolly Elk to the prejudice of a Sunday school teacher.

#### A Singular Prejudice

The next gentleman with whom I discussed the may-oralty contest is one of the literati of journalism. He



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told me that he knew absolutely nothing of the qualifications of the candidates or of the sentiment or difference of sentiment in the community. He did not even know that Colonel Taylor was running for Mayor. The only thing about which he had any reliable information was his own sentiment respecting Forderer. He had made up his mind to vote for the other fellow. He doesn't know Mr. Forderer but he does know that Mr. Forderer maintains in his front garden a huge metallic effigy of the goddess of wisdom and skill who sprang full-armed from the brain of Jupiter. This statue is not quite so large as the one on the Acropolis that could be seen twenty miles at sea, but it can be seen from the railroad train, and it offends the critical eye of the young journalist and shocks him beyond expression. This Minerva is almost tall enough to look into the second-story window and presents rather a grotesque appearance in her environment, but this circumstance argues nothing against Mr. Forderer's qualification for the office he seeks to adorn. It may be said of him that he at least shows a commendable public spirit in introducing to the people of Alameda the patroness of all the liberal arts and sciences. It seems most unjust that for this he should lose a vote.

### The Conflict of Sentiment

The capital removal proposition has already caused much rage and rhetoric, but the troublous waters distilled from the clash of interests have as yet but faintly premonished the roar that will soon resound o'er hill and dale. There is gathering a mighty torrent of words to deluge the state. During the coming spring months typewriters will be multiplied in two bureaus of publicity on a scale of geometrical progression, and no effort will be spared to exhaust the flexible topic of the proposed decapitalization of Sacramento. Let us squat in ecstatic expectation of large wads of remonstrances and appeals from the town up the river and of glad strophes on its transcendent charms from the cultured village across the bay. In Sacramento facts and figures are already being marshaled. Over in Berkeley a melody of big bargains in town lots on easy installments is being industriously churned. Berkeley is large with confidence and has all the outward seeming of a sure winner. Banzai! is wafted on the breezes that blow off shore. The hysteria prevalent in Sacramento warrants the suspicion that the people are conscious of being at odds with the inevitable.

### The Tragic Feature

This capital removal proposition has its tragic as well as its comic aspect. At first Sacramento looked upon it as a joke, but when it was learned that the legislature was in deadly earnest the spirits of the community were congealed. The blow was especially severe for the reason that Sacramento has been having its first experience with a boom. For over a quarter of a century and up to a few months ago the old town was suffering from a torpid liver. It was never more

than half awake. But suddenly it realized that the Western Pacific was coming in, and about that time some foreign capitalists ran across it on the map. Engineers began laying out lines for suburban electric roads, a lot of French capital was invested in a scheme for the reclamation of 85,000 acres of land a short distance above the city, and several other big industrial enterprises were getting ready to make Sacramento their headquarters. Suddenly the town stretched itself, sat up and came to realization of the potentialities. One of the first symptoms of threatened prosperity was an upward tendency in the real estate market, and just before the removal scheme was broached realty values were jumping in a way that bewildered the oldest inhabitant. Los Angeles in its boomiest boom time never saw suburban lots soar as they have been soaring at the capital. But as soon as it was learned that the town was in danger of losing its prestige and its pride a halt was called. Not only did the real estate market sink into repose, but capitalists with money to back new enterprises abated their energies. Of course Sacramento is not to be seriously crippled by the loss of the capital. It is the principal city of a great and growing industrial centre and is bound to make rapid progress in the coming decade, but it would be much better off if the removal proposition could be decided in a day. It is the uncertainty of its status which makes the situation embarrassing and hurtful.

### Some Grievances

The people of the capital are of the opinion that they are being punished for their sins against the Republican machine. In this opinion they are not entirely correct, though it is probable that if they had not been so aggressively querulous and so willing to sympathize with the unlamented Pardee in his violent attack of soreheadedness the Berkeley boomers might not have been able to triumph in the Legislature. The politicians of Sacramento are a snappy lot and take themselves quite seriously. Their favorite diversion is jumping the traces. Besides Editor McClatchy of the Bee is a rather censorious journalist who is ever mindful of his tremendous responsibilities as a moulder of public opinion, and visiting statesmen object to McClatchy criticism on the ground that they are the guests of the city and should receive hospitable treatment at the hands of its citizens. I am told that some of the legislators would like to have it understood that they were glad of the opportunity to resent McClatchyisms, but I believe the editor of the Bee would be highly pleased if told that he had been converted into a pretext for the removal of the capital. McClatchy is a product of the climate of Sacramento. He is indigenous to the soil. He bulks big in the Sacramento eye. He publishes a paper in the interest of the pee-pul

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and he is ever on the alert to battle for their rights. A man of sovereign parts is McClatchy, a scourge of politicians' iniquities, a refiner of the state, one of the most distinguished of the militant representatives of the rural press. Editor McClatchy doesn't care whether the capital stays at Sacramento or not. One thing sure: conscious of duties well performed, if the capital is to be moved on his account he can afford to thump his brisket and exclaim: Well done thou good and faithful servant—of the pee-pul.

### An Unpleasant Topic

Many of the people of Sacramento affirm their absolute indifference to the proposed shifting of the capital. Their only concern is the reputation of the city for climate. It has been said that the capital should be removed because it's a disagreeable place to make laws in. This the people of Sacramento resent and they have proved the futility of statistics by producing some to show that their climate is superior to Berkeley's. It is unfortunate that this question should be involved. We should be eager to have it generally understood that there is no bad climate in California, but one must needs be a paradoxist to affirm that the climate of Sacramento is an aid to the promotion of virtue or that it is a tonic that exalts the spirit like wine. For as a matter of fact the climate of Sacramento is below par. Yet the weather records show that Sacramento has more clear days than Berkeley has. This cannot be gainsaid. But the clearness of many of the days at Sacramento is entirely due to the fact that the sun leaves his orbit to become neighborly and forgets to take his warmth away with him at night. But I regret that Sacramento's climate has been dragged into this controversy. Sacramento's climate is one of those things that cannot be discussed without being smudged.

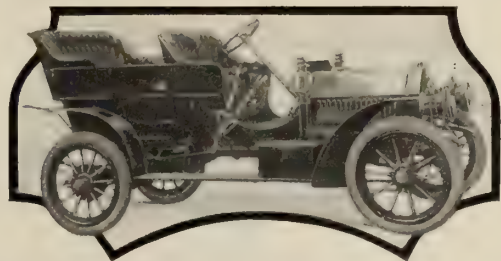
### The Executive Mansion

If the people decide to remove the capital the state will have a fine mansion on its hands, the one that was purchased by Governor Pardee for \$48,000. This mansion is one of the historic homes of Sacramento. It was built by Albert Gallatin, father of Mrs. Frank Powers, in the heyday of his career. From an humble position in the store of Huntington, Hopkins & Co. Gallatin rose to membership in the firm from which he retired with about \$800,000. While a member of the firm it advanced large sums of money to the Folsom Water Power Company which drifted into financial straits. As a consequence Huntington, Hopkins & Co. had to pay several big notes and Gallatin's share of the loss was about \$100,000. Later his fortune dwindled and he was obliged to sell his home. It was purchased by Joseph Steffens, father of Lincoln Steffens, the muck-raker, and by him it was sold to the state. It is now occupied as a residence by Governor Gillett.

### Tenacious Chauncey

Down around the Custom House Chauncey M. St. John is looked upon as a political wizard. He is pointed out as the man who coolly disregarded a request—you might say command—of the Treasury

Department to resign his position as Special Deputy Surveyor of the Port, a position that carries prestige and a salary of \$3,600 a year. When it became known that St. John had been asked to resign there was great surprise, as he is looked upon as one of the most efficient and faithful Federal officials in San Francisco. "But his head drops now," mourned his friends. St. John was not so easily vanquished as all that. Although he refused to give out a word for publication, he employed his nine days' grace with good effect. The daily papers have been scrambling for information as to what influence he brought to bear to counteract the desire of the Treasury Department for his resignation. A Washington friend writes me that St. John has more influence in the national capitol than either his friends or his enemies here suspect. He says that Loeb took a personal interest in the contemplated ousting of the Deputy Surveyor, and that much influence was brought to bear on the President by men who were mutual friends of both St. John and Roosevelt. They pointed out that the whole affair was inspired by politics and spite, and that practical dismissal was not a fitting fate for a faithful government servant. Events at this end of the line indicate that my informant was right. When the day came for St. John to resign he simply did not do so. It was predicted even by his friends, few of whom knew what had been going on in his behalf at Washington, that the following day would bring a curt dismissal. It did not come, nor on the next day, nor the next. In fact, up to the present writing, St. John still holds his posi-



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tion. A dismissal may be on the way by letter. My Washington informant thinks not. At any rate, St. John is looked upon as having downed his enemies. They contemplated his retirement in disgrace and were chagrined that he called their bluff.

#### An Indignant Husband In the Case

Though it is well known that with the exception of Colonel John P. Irish St. John is cordially disliked by the heads of the Federal departments in this city they disclaim having conspired for his dismissal. From the midst of this antagonistic circle comes the hint that it was an influential citizen of Denver that prevailed upon the authorities at Washington to lift the St. John scalp. Some years ago the wife of this Denverite had a bad quarter of an hour with the Deputy Surveyor of Port. She owned some goods which she had forgotten to mention and as a consequence she was held up. Among the goods were dainty articles of wearing apparel of which photographs were taken for reproduction in one of the daily papers. The husband of the lady was furious at the flaunting of his wife's personal effects in the public prints, and it is said that somebody informed him that the reporters gained access to them through St. John, and that he went away vowing vengeance. This story is discredited by St. John's friends.

#### Reynolds is Suspected

These friends are inclined to the opinion that the undoing of St. John was managed with the assistance

of Assistant Secretary J. B. Reynolds who was out here not long ago, and who was entertained by Collector F. S. Stratton. While Mr. Stratton has never exhibited any hostility to St. John, some of the civil service men in the office have not concealed their prejudices. It is said that Mr. "Billy" Hamilton met Mr. Reynolds when he was out here, but Hamilton's friends say that he loves leisure too much to muster up sufficient energy to put in a knock. And as for the intimation that the achievements of St. John in the role of detector of smugglers contrast significantly with the record of his successor, that is a matter hardly worth discussing. St. John gave the smugglers such a scare that they quit smuggling. That's all there is to it. He simply made it impossible for his successor to win any glory but that would hardly justify the sending on of a complaint to Washington. But from the potpourri of views resultant from the explosion of the official bomb 'neath St. John's chair it is quite evident that there is friction in the service and that Chauncey has been at odds with the machine. Which is quite unfortunate since he is undoubtedly a zealous, conscientious official.

#### Dare's Story

Appraiser John T. Dare, who too has been requested to resign, and who in his well-known emphatic manner swears—actually swears—that he will not resign, tells a story that fits the Custom House situation. "I was in Washington some years ago," he says, "and was talking to Senator Duboce and some one whose name I have forgotten. This third party was not a politician,



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but he was interested in the ways of the tribe. Said he to Duboice, 'I suppose, Senator, that filling vacancies is quite a problem,' 'Not a bit of it,' was the reply; 'the problem is to create them.'"

### The Prince Booms Harriman

Will Crocker's brother-in-law, Prince Poniatowski, who failed ignominiously in his efforts to make a frenzied financier out of Mr. Crocker, but who made things hum and Mr. Crocker dizzy for awhile, has turned press agent for Mr. Harriman in Paris. Mr. Harriman occasionally finds use for French capital, and Prince Poniatowski is now capitalizing in Paris his knowledge of American industrial affairs. In the Paris Temps one night recently there appeared an article from the pen of the Prince which amounted to an apotheosis of Mr. Harriman. The writer took pains to say before any one had an opportunity to challenge him that his article was not called forth by any exigency of the moment. On the contrary, it was merely the result of his fortunate relations during the last ten years with the principal people concerned in the railroad manoeuvres which gave rise to President Roosevelt's inquiry through the Interstate Commerce Commission into the operations which Mr. Harriman instigated in his endeavor to make the Union Pacific Railroad both a profitable property and a great artery of commerce. Perhaps Prince Poniatowski's position is beyond suspicion of interestedness, but it will provoke a broad smile in the Pacific-Union Club, where it is known that the distinguished brother-in-law of the Crocker's had no experience in railroading except such as he obtained from his connection with the little Sierra road and the spur track connecting the Ingleside race track with the main artery of the Southern Pacific between San Francisco and San Jose. Shortly before leaving this city where he met with several financial mishaps, among them that of the collapse of a race-track enterprise for which Mayor Phelan was responsible, he tried to interest Eastern capital in a transcontinental scheme but failed. Nobody ever heard of his association with Mr. Harriman, but from the article in the Temps I should judge that he is close up at this moment.

### Some Inside Facts

The Prince informed the readers of the Temps that when other railroad men believed that the limit of railroad development in the United States had been reached Mr. Harriman alone foresaw the possibilities of this wonderful country. He allied himself with Messrs. Stillman, Rockefeller and Frick and bought the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, taking pains to guard his management to such an extent that he in his wisdom could order the company's affairs, though nominally not controlling them. Mr. Harriman, while preserving the best will for Kuhn, Loeb & Co., obtained the support of Messrs. Stillman, Rockefeller and Frick as a counterpoise. In an apology for the cruel attacks

on Mr. Harriman the Prince says: "Mr. Harriman has been reproached for being insufficiently diplomatic toward his enemies. Perhaps all his diplomacy was required for his immediate entourage. Certainly with consummate diplomacy he placed the Union Pacific in a position of financial independence unknown in United States railroading before his day." Prince Poniatowski says it was the publication of the remarkable financial condition of the Union Pacific, due to Mr. Harriman's foresight, which led to President Roosevelt's inquiry through the commission. The Temps headed the article: "Financial Policy in the United States," and says that nobody is better equipped than the Prince to speak on the subject. It is evident that the Prince has been keeping in close touch with the affairs of the New York financial magnates since he took up his residence in Paris. He evidently knows more about them now than he did when in this city. While on the subject of Harriman's enemies, however, he neglected to discuss the misrepresentation that followed the ousting of Stuyvesant Fish from the presidency of the Illinois Central. Mr. Harriman's enemies made much of that episode, charging him with ingratitude to the friend of his youth. He submitted to the abuse probably expecting that Fish would be man enough to vindicate him. But Fish remained silent. Now we know that Fish was removed because of his frenzied financiering; that on two occasions he loaned the funds of the railroad to a trust company in which he was financially interested and which was not financially sound. But since these revelations we have heard no criticism of the immaculate Wall street financier.

### The Revels at Steve's

If any of the old timers think that "the joy of living" is not getting back into the old quarters that existed here before the big quake let him go down to Steve Sanguinetti's any Sunday afternoon. Steve is back at his rebuilt stand, stouter, more genial and more contented than ever, and his unique rotisserie



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feed shop is still the potent magnet that draws the hilarious picnicker, the drifting Bohemian and the kid gloved diletante "seeing life." No one visiting his place last Sunday would have guessed that San Francisco was emerging from the greatest fire in history. There was the same careless, noisy, exuberant crowd gathered about the loaded tables as there was on the Sunday before the quake. The songs were as spontaneous, the choruses as mad and the impatient crowd waiting for seats were as tired, hungry and anxious as in the blithe days of yore. Bon homme Sanguinetti shepherded them as easily, adroitly and confidently as of old and every one of the several hundred who had the price left the place gorged and happy.

### A Dexterous Diplomat

Mine host Kirkpatrick of the Palace has a world-wide reputation for his tactful, graceful way in handling the fretful tourists of all nations, but Monsieur Kirkpatrick with all his Chesterfield-Talleyrand accomplishments would take to the woods or wildly call the police patrol if he assumed Sanguinetti's job for a brief ten minutes. Years of experience alone have fitted Steve for the place. Under his unruffled rule the mixed mob of longshoremen, bohemians, teamsters, bank clerks, carpenters, University students, pugilists, ribbon counter ladies, shop girls, cannery flossies, roving tourists, house maids and fitting butterflies from the avenues eat and chat and drink the red wine that somebody makes somewhere. Under the broad aegis of his dominant sway they stuff in peace and have a glorious fifty-cent time. War is constantly in the air—that is one of the spices that add zest to the entertainment, as witness the following:

### Feeding As a Peaceful Art

Last Sunday a teamster entered with his Flossie and was started well down the line that leads from soup to black coffee when a natty middleweight clerk and his buxom lassie dropped into seats opposite. It was the rush hour and very soon the place was packed and the active waiters were working the speed limit. It so happened that the clerk was anxious to cut out a quick meal and make an early run with his lady friend to the Orpheum. With his knowledge of Sanguinetti's he saw that he must somehow get quicker action out of the waiter. Accordingly he followed him to the kitchen door, slipped him a half dollar and told him to bring the service of the man ahead of him. The waiter said he would, but this service happened to be that of the teamster. It wasn't long before the latter realized that somehow he had been tricked out of his place in the procession. He expressed his feelings by making several sarcastic remarks to Flossie which were completely lost on the clerk, who knew that a rumpus meant the missing of the show. Ignored in this fashion the teamster began to draw several heavy dishes within easier reach while his remarks became more pointed. The clerk's partner began to bristle so the clerk began

to glower. When the waiter came along with the roast for the clerk the teamster opened up his batteries of abuse and carefully fingered a platter under the strict rules of prepared defense. Sparks were in the air and an explosion imminent when the alert Sanguinetti sensed the situation and was instantly in the storm center. "What's the matter?" he asked. The teamster told him that he had been crowded out of his place in the service. Meanwhile Steve was eyeing all hands. The teamster was a good customer and a better fighter. "Oh, that's all right. I'll fix you up," the diplomatic host concluded. Bill, there, is in a hurry to get away and he's lost his couteau a la Garibaldi by his rush. I'll get you a special dish of it." Steve went to the kitchen, dug the remains of a hare stew out of Saturday's pots, garnished the platter with lots of toast, olives and parsley and set the ornate dish before the appeased teamster and his beaming lady friend. "That's the star special dish of the day. Nobody loses anything by dining here. Do they, Bill?" and he slapped the clerk on the shoulder. Bill grinned, tickled at this mark of condescension, and content that he had not been disturbed in his act. The mollified teamster believed he had won the fight and as the clerk and his lady arose to leave the teamster could not forego the Parthian shot. "Some hogs didn't get any cooty Garibaldi anyhow: did they Maggie?" Not much," snapped Maggie, glowering at the other woman calmly putting on her feather boa.

Sanguinetti smiled and Peace still perched.

### Interest in San Francisco

Some months ago Town Talk received a letter from a friend in London expressing the opinion that in time it would be learned that the April catastrophe had given "greater stimulus to the growth of San Francisco than anything that had ever happened." He formed this opinion, he said, because of the great interest that had been aroused in the city throughout Europe. After the earthquake the magazines published in all the large European cities devoted space to articles dealing with the unique character of San Francisco and the wonderful resources of California, and the state thus received a vast amount of advertising that could not have been bought or procured in any other circumstances. Now comes vindication of the judg-

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ment of our correspondent from the California Promotion Committee. "Probably never before in the history of California," says the latest circular issued by that Committee, "has there been such widespread interest in the state, except possibly during the great gold excitement of '49, as is now shown in all parts of the world. The California Promotion Committee has never had such tremendous demand for literature on California and its industries as at present, nor has it ever had such a quantity of inquiries as are constantly coming in from all parts of the world. This demand for information means that during the coming year there will be a great increase of population because these people are making preparations to come to the state to make their homes. Their inquiries have the effect of keeping the counters of the Committee both at its home office in San Francisco and its Eastern Bureau in New York depleted of literature, and it is to the interest of all local organizations to see to it that the Committee is kept well supplied in San Francisco, so that it can always send out literature in response to requests.

### The Centers of Population

The California Promotion Committee has been gathering some interesting data respecting population. It reports that on January 1, 1907, California had a population of 2,217,897. Of this number 1,217,064 reside within fifty miles of San Francisco and Los Angeles. Within fifty miles of this city is a population of 875,687 and within the same radius from Los Angeles is a population of 341,378. The business done near the two centers as shown by the bank records is remarkably significant. The bank deposits of the San Francisco fifty-mile radius amount to \$378,234,742, and those in the same area adjacent to Los Angeles amount to \$106,613,908. The bank clearings for 1906 amount to \$2,134,254,146 in the San Francisco area, and \$576,689,367 in the Los Angeles area. There are 2,857 factories doing business within fifty miles of San Francisco and 1,631 within fifty miles of Los Angeles.

William Jennings Bryan and Senator Beveridge are having a magazine debate "on Federal control of the affairs of the nation." It is exciting the interest of those that are curious to know which of these famous jawbonesters will have the last word.

"The members of the Legislature appear to have conceived very strong prejudices against newspapermen," says a contemporary. Well the newspapermen have been treating the legislators very unfairly—hitting 'em below the intellect.

### AT BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs for the past week are: Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Milton, Mrs. Ritchie L. Dunn of San Francisco; Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Adams, Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Sill, Captain and Mrs. J. Z. Thayer of Oakland; Mr. B. F. Brooks, accompanied by the Misses Brooks and the Misses Richards of Berkeley, and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Mann of San Jose.

— "Those Lustrous Eyes are Murine Eyes." Murine Eye Remedy Makes Dull Eyes Bright. Sick Eyes Well. Soothes and Quickly Cures Ailing Eyes.

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## Social Prattle

By Tantalus

### A British Beauty at Burlingame

Although the bavardes of the press have given entertaining descriptions of the faultless manner in which Mrs. Charles Clark received the guests who assembled at her husband's private racing track for the polo meet, as a matter of fact Mrs. Clark was not in evidence at any of the festivities which sparkled through polo week. Mrs. Clark has temporarily retired from the social whirl. Her sister, Mrs. Raoul Duval, received the guests. Mrs. Belleville, whose husband is a famous English polo player, has been a house guest of the Clarks and has created quite a sensation by her beauty. She has more vivacity than Englishwomen are generally credited with and her bon mots have helped put a polish on the dreary dinner conversation which usually obtains at Burlingame, "where everyone knows everyone else too well to make an effort at repartee." The Bellevilles are now in Santa Barbara with Charley Clark.

### She Has Had Experience

Maud Younger, who is out here on business connected with the Younger estate, helped hand out coffee and rolls on Spotless Town day. The professional dexterity with which she ladled out things to eat differentiated her from the willing but awkward pseudo-waitresses. However, Miss Younger has had the advantage of a variegated experience in New York restaurants, so her professional curves have been acquired at the counter of experience. "The Diary of An Amateur Waitress," which began in the March number of McClure's, is a sprightly account of Miss Younger's experiments. She has been interested in settlement work in New York for some time and has spent the past year wrestling with industrial problems from the workers' point of view.

### A Co-ed's Adventure

It has become almost commonplace for a girl suffering from the blight of gilt edge dividends to divert herself of the trappings of affluence and to seek work among the unmanicured. Their experiences, when the local color is scraped off, all show about the same light and shade. I know a Berkeley graduate who recently thought she would like to see the world through the eyes of the kitchen-minded. She managed to get a position as waitress in a Burlingame menage. The butler engaged her in the morning and the Madame discharged her after dinner "because she caught the glint of a gold bracelet under my sleeve she informed me that she did not allow her servants to wear any jewelry." Rather than take off the bracelet which had a sentimental value to her she left. But that one day taught her that there are just as many sets and cliques below stairs as in the drawing-room and the latest recruit to the smart household brigade is made as uncomfortable by her peers as is the social climber by her betters.

### Entertained Their Friends at Dinner

A very enjoyable function was the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michaels at Tait's last Saturday

evening. It was an elaborate dinner enlivened with merry quip and banter and White Seal. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Roos, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rotchild, Mr. and Mrs. William Haas, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Heller, Mr. and Mrs. Sig Stern and Mr. and Mrs. Ackerman.

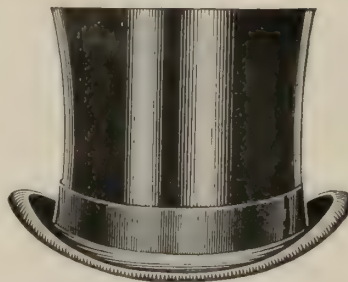
### Their Courage Returning

Society is still talking of the costliness of the wedding presents which Charlotte Wilson received. The Smart Set has evidently recovered from the attack of "poor-mouth" which set in last April and caused multi-millionaires who were reduced to a mere million to practice closest economy. The Wilson-Cadwalader wedding is the first distinctly fashionable wedding since the "late unpleasantness" and the handsome collection of gold and silver with which the bride and groom were showered attests that society has recently taken a "generous powder." The Cadwaladers have leased an apartment on Devisadero near Jackson and expect to move in next month.

### They Bought Their Own Gowns

The custom of the bride presenting her attendants with their gowns was not revived on this occasion. Miss Wilson gave the girls who escorted her to the altar bars of pearls about two inches long but they had

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to dig down into their own pockets for the fluffy pink loveliness in which they were enveloped. Helen, Edna and Georgie Hopkins, and Mary Scott established a record in gown giving which recent brides have shied at. Each of the aforementioned girls had a half dozen attendants, banked by a flower girl or two, and the gowns, hats, gloves and jeweled pins were all perquisites of the performance.

#### Gone to Gotham For Her Gown

I hear that Anita Harvey has set the fifteenth of April as the date of her marriage to Oscar Cooper. The fact that she has gone to New York to purchase her trousseau and wedding gown has caused a bit of comment among those who consider such an action unpatriotic, especially under the present circumstances. A great many ultra fashionables who never wore anything but Parisian-made have from patriotic motives been patronizing the local modistes this winter and they have discovered that sartorial talent flourishes on this side of the pond. As Miss Harvey is on the spot she will probably have better fortune with her wedding gown than Mary Scott had with the New York creation she ordered for her marriage to Walter Martin. It was a gorgeous gown, the last word on bridal loveliness but—it lacked about three inches from meeting in the back! The gown arrived only a few hours before the ceremony and a well known San Francisco dressmaker had to be hastily summoned to Burlingame to fill in the gap!

There will be a great crush of society people at the opening of the Columbia Theatre next Monday night and after the performance there will be a great crush at Tait's. Nearly every table in the Pompeian Garden has been reserved.

#### They Shied at the Autos

My Del Monte correspondent writes: Of course much interest centers in the bevy of charming brides now here. As Miss Charlotte Wilson, Mrs. George Cadwalader had been very well known at Del Monte, and on Saturday evening a great many people looked their admiration as this lovely bride arrived. She certainly was a picture in her pale blue broadcloth with a hat of the same color. It had been expected that the young couple would make their tour in an automobile offered them. Indeed, they had the choice of two, but as their friends had decorated the machines with bows of tulles, carnations, heather, and a few old shoes, Mr. and Mrs. Cadwalader preferred to continue their journey in the less picturesque parlor car.

#### A Planel Performance

Those distinguished French artists, Mrs. Tekley-Planel and M. Planel, will no doubt have a very large audience to entertain at Lyric Hall this Saturday afternoon, for they have aroused considerable interest among the cultured of society and music lovers during their sojourn here. They promise for their farewell performance an unique musicale, and that it will be highly artistic, those that attended their recitals given some time ago feel assured. The programme will include recitations with musical setting by Mrs. Tekley-Planel, the Grande Fantaisie from Faust by Vieuxtemps, the Prelude du Deluge by Saint-Saens, songs by Massenet and several compositions by Monsieure Planel. The performance will begin at 3 o'clock.

#### Manager Ross Honored

An enjoyable ceremony occurred at the Hotel del Coronado one night recently. Manager Morgan Ross was the central figure. So high is the esteem in which Mr. Ross is held by many of the guests of the hotel who have spent several seasons in San Diego that they decided to present him with a token of their regard. They had a beautiful watch charm made, a Coronado crown set with diamonds. The presentation was made by L. Frank Baum, author of "The Wizard of Oz," who sustained his reputation as a humorist in an amusing speech abounding in encomiums on the genius of Mr. Ross for hotel management.

Wallace Irwin, well known here, is one of the talented trio who are responsible for Raymond Hitchcock's latest success, "A Yankee Tourist."

## GAS Cooking School

MRS. JEAN SINCLAIR, Demonstrator

#### MENU

Friday, March 8.

Planked Shad

Egg Vermicelli

Champignons a la Reine

Mount Blanc Pudding, Golden Sauce

Lectures on domestic science and the economical operation of the gas range every Wednesday and Friday at 3 o'clock sharp in the assembly room of the Gas Company, at 925 Franklin street.

Every user of gas invited.

Demonstration in Bread and Cake baking, Monday, Tuesday and Saturday, 2 to 4. The art of Bread Making is taught here so you can make your own "home-made bread."

GAS COOK BOOK given to every lady attending.

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LEADING  
HABERDASHERS  
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# Stage

## Dramatic Essentials

"The New York Idea," the play now being presented by Mrs. Fiske, is said to be the best of refined comedies by an American and dealing with American life. Its author is William Vaughan Moody. "The essential thing in the national drama," says Mr. Moody, "is the national spirit, the more or less national point of view. For instance, in our own country, we move and breathe and live in an atmosphere profoundly un-European, profoundly un-English, and equally un-Continental. No foreigner can realize at a glance, or even in a long time, the abyss of difference between the American and the dweller in Europe, even though their civilization be on the same level. Freedom, democracy,



Mlle. Fely Dereyne

The Beautiful French Soprano With the San Carlo Opera Co., Whose "Carmen" Has Startled Chicago.

the decay of sectarian religion, the endless opportunities of a new country, climate, and the mixture of race have all combined to create a new man, and the new man, the American, has a point of view which in its depth is thoroughly un-European. It seems to me that this is what the national drama should in some way contain as an essential. I am, perhaps, obscure; but consider for a moment the great outburst of dramatic literature which we speak of as Elizabethan. Writers of that time, Shakespeare included, laid their scenes either in a distant time or in distant countries, or both; anything to escape the immediate pressure and Procrustes-bed of a too exactly known state of affairs. They laid their scenes elsewhere in time and place—Greece, Italy, Spain, Denmark, etc.—but wherever their scene was laid the play was rammed with a spirit of Elizabethan England, the spirit of their nationality as well as the especially individual characteristics of each of the playwrights. This will suggest to you what appears to my mind as the idea upon which I should lay most stress; in other words, from my point of view, a play is not like a realistic novel. It may contain all the realism in the world, its spirit may be profoundly realistic, but the business of the playwright is not with the local and temporary details of a given time and place, but rather with the essential spirit of that time and place. Of course, in the comedy of manners this is not entirely the case, and in certain lower walks of the drama which deal specially with locality and depend largely upon slang and the immediate breath of a period, it is also not the case."

## The Maturing of Nance

Nance O'Neil made her reappearance here Tuesday night at the Novelty Theatre a better actress than when we last saw her. In the matter of technical skill she has so long been defective that we had almost come to consider her intelligence as not on a par with her temperament. But Tuesday's performance of "The Sorceress" impels the conviction that now—and only now—she is attaining maturity in her art. The Sardou drama with its harrowing scenes of the Spanish inquisition and the terrible injustices visited upon the Moors after the conquest of Granada is splendidly adapted to Miss O'Neil's tragic style of histrionism, and she portrays the big-hearted hot blooded Moorish woman with sympathy and magnificent passionate abandon. Her scene of confession of sorcery to the inquisitors in order to save the life of her lover was the very best thing she has ever done and makes her worthy to be classed with the best exponents of the drama of today. Then, too, her beauty of person is quite at its zenith, and her languorous grace of movement makes her a most seductive figure. Her support on the whole is satisfactory, though Mr. O'Meara as Don Henriquez is far from being a felicitous foil to the star. Especially commendable is the work done by Miss Mayo and Miss Vanderbur in their scene before the inquisitors. The production is excellent, and the costuming correct and elaborate.

The Severn, at 1050 Geary street, is a delightfully appointed restaurant.





**Joseph Sheehan and Rena Vivienne**

In a Scene from Puccini's Grand Operatic Triumph, "Madam Butterfly," the Great Attraction to Open the New and Magnificent Van Ness Theatre Next Monday Night.

## VAN NESS THEATRE

Corner Van Ness Avenue and Grove Street.

**GRAND OPENING—MONDAY NIGHT, MARCH 11**  
Three Nights—Matinee Wednesday.

Henry W. Savage Offers His

**ENGLISH GRAND OPERA COMPANY AND ORCHESTRA**  
In Giacomo Puccini's Operatic Masterpiece

**"MADAM BUTTERFLY"**

PRICES: \$3.00 to \$1.00.

March 18: "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

## NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE TEL. WEST 6036

Corner Sutter and Steiner Streets.

**BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.**

Absolutely "Class A" Building.

INAUGURAL PERFORMANCE

**MONDAY, MARCH 18**

One Week—Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY'S COMEDY

**"THE ALTAR OF FRIENDSHIP"**

First Appearance in San Francisco of

**LAURA LANG, BERTRAM LYTELL, DAISY LOVERING**  
Together with Many of the Old Alcazar Favorites.

Sale of Seats Commences at Box Office

**MONDAY, MARCH 11TH, AT 9 A. M.**

PRICES: \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c. Boxes, \$1.50.

To Follow: "The Unforseen."

## AMERICAN THEATRE

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Western States Amusement Company, Proprietors.

WALTER SANFORD, Manager.

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FRANK W. HEALY PRESENTS

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—IN—

**"THE WILD ROSE"**

MR. CARL HAYDN, Leading Tenor.

PRICES: \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.

Seats now selling at Box Office and Kohler & Chase's, Sutter and Franklin streets.

## NOVELTY THEATRE

Corner O'Farrell and Steiner Streets.

Immense Triumph of California's Favorite Player

**MISS NANCE O'NEIL**

Sunday Matinee, Sunday Night

Next Monday and Tuesday Nights—Last Times

**"THE SORCERESS"**

Remainder of week, "Magda."

March 18: Raymond Hitchcock in "A Yankee Tourist."

## COLONIAL THEATRE

McAllister Street, near Market. Phone Market 920

Martin F. Kurtzig, President and Manager.

Week Beginning Monday, March 11

The Ever Popular Melodrama of Tennessee Life

**"PINEY RIDGE"**

PRICES: Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c and 50c. BARGAIN MATINEE, Wednesday—All seats reserved—25c.

Branch Ticket Office: Kohler & Chase's, Sutter and Franklin streets.

In Preparation: "Scrambled Matrimony."



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New California Jockey Club

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Six or more races each week day, rain or shine.

RACES COMMENCE AT 1:40 P. M., SHARP

For special trains stopping at the track take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street; leave at 12:00, thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M. No smoking in last two cars which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

Will L. Greenbaum Announces

## THE SAN CARLO OPERA CO.

160 Artists. Henry Russell, Director.

Chorus of 50, Orchestra of 50, Ballet of 20.

For a Season of Two Weeks.

**MARCH 18, 19, 20, AT YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE**

Oakland (by arrangement with H. W. Bishop).

## CHUTES THEATRE

San Francisco Opening

**THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 21, IN "LA GIOCONDA"**

With **MME. NOEDICA**, Signoras Monti-Baldini and Borlinetto and Signors Constantino, Fornari, de Segurolo, Pulcini, etc.

**FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 22, "LA BOHEME"**

Miles. Alice Nielsen and Fely Deyrene, Signors Constantino, Companari, de Segurolo, Barocchi, Pulcini, etc.

**SATURDAY MATINEE, MARCH 23, "FAUST"**

**MME. NOEDICA**, Signoras Monti-Baldini and Perego, Signors Buschetti, de Segurolo, Galparin, etc.

**SATURDAY EVENING, "CAERMEN"**

Miles. Deyrene, Tarquini, Perego, Lucianne, Mons. Martin, Signors De Segurolo, Barocchi, Giaccone, Perini and Pulcini.

**SUNDAY EVENING, GRAND DOUBLE BILL**

... "Barber of Seville" and "I Pagliacci."

Seats: \$3.00, \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00. Box seats, \$4.00.

Sale opens next Thursday morning, March 14, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Van Ness above California.

Mail orders must be accompanied by check or money order and made payable to Will L. Greenbaum.

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL**

Corner Sacramento and Scott.

**SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 10, AT 2:30**

## ROSENTHAL

PIANIST

Seats: \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00, at Kohler and Chase's and Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. On Sunday at hall after 12.30.

Coming in April: Mr. and Mrs. Petschnikoff, violinists, in joint concerts. Also The Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

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OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

Alfred Cellier's Charming Opera

**"DOROTHY"**

Commencing Monday, March 11.

In Preparation: "Nanon."

## Ye Liberty Playhouse

14th & Broadway

OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop.

**"SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE"**

Week Following—SAN CARLO OPERA CO.—Three Nights.

Commencing Thursday, "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown."

## ORPHEUM

ELLIS STREET

Near Fillmore

Absolutely Class "A" Theatre Building.

Week Beginning Next Sunday Afternoon, March 10.

Matinee Every day.

**INVINCIBLE VAUDEVILLE.**

May Tully and Company in "Stop, Look and Listen"; The Olivottis; Johnny Johns; Bert Levy; Byron and Langdon;

Quigg Mackey and Nickerson; Three Flood Brothers;

New Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week

and Instantaneous Hit of Ned Way-

burn's Dancing Daisies Accom-

panying Louise Mink.

PRICES: Evenings, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1.00.

Matinees (except Sundays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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FRANK RITTIGSTEIN, General Manager

A SKATING PALACE



### Melodrama at the Colonial

Piney Ridge, one of the most successful Southern plays ever produced on the American stage, will be presented next Monday evening at the Colonial Theatre. Piney Ridge is a four-act melodrama, dealing with life in the Tennessee Hills, and is replete with stirring situations. The substitution through revenge by an old negro servant of a white infant for a child having a slight tinge of colored blood in his veins forms the thread of the story. The full strength of the Colonial Stock Company will be required to portray the different characters, and the stage settings will be most elaborate. The cast is as follows: General Deering, Norval McGregor; Mark Briarson, G. L. Benneson, Major Jartree, Walker Graves; Israel, a relic of the "ole days," A. Burt Wesner. Jack Rose, from Piney Ridge, Frank Bacon; Zeb Lane, a mountaineer, Wilfred Roger; Rube Holler, R. Peralto Galindo; Azalie Darring, Bessie Bacon; Chlotilda Beverly, Jane Jeffery; Degmar, an octoron, Maud Odelle; Cindy Lane, the outcast of Piney Ridge, Izetta Jewell. "Salome," which has been enjoying a most prosperous run at the McAllister street playhouse, will be withdrawn Sunday night.

### Good Comic Opera

"The Wild Rose," now playing at the American Theatre, has caught the public approval with its catchy songs and beautiful stage settings. The opera itself is sprightly and tuneful and in the hands of such artists as compose the San Francisco Opera Company is rendered in a most admirable manner. "The Wild Rose" served to introduce the new tenor Mr. Carl Haydn, who has made an excellent impression. He sings the tenor part and sings it well. Each and all the principals make distinctive hits in their respective parts. The able direction of George Lask is shown in the splendid work of the chorus in the catchy ensemble numbers. They are truly a beauty chorus and are the best seen here in years. The opera will run another week.

### The New Alcazar

On Monday evening, March 18, Belasco & Mayer will throw open the doors of their new theatre to the public. It will be without doubt the most modern theatre building in the West. Neither time nor money has been spared to bring it to a successful completion. At the present time the decorators are putting the finishing touches to the interior, which will follow closely the artistic beauties of the original Alcazar of Saville. As formerly, Belasco & Mayer will devote the New Alcazar exclusively to their Stock Company, presenting weekly all the latest successful plays with infinite care. Every effort will be employed to make each production a worthy counterpart of the original. The reputation of the Alcazar has traveled far, and is conceded to be the premier stock organization in the country, and it will be the aim of the management to see that this high standard is maintained. To this end they have engaged a large and expensive company of players. Some are new to San Francisco theatregoers but many of the old favorites have been re-engaged. Laura Lang will play the leading feminine roles. Bertram Lytell will be the leading man and Daisy Lovering, the ingenue. Among the familiar faces will be those of John B. Maher, Fred J. Butler, Will R. Walling, Harry D. Byers, Ernest Glendenning, Walter Belasco, Adele Belgarde, Juliet Crosby and Nera Rosa. Edward B. Lada, who for many years was the conduc-

tor of the old Alcazar orchestra, will again occupy the leader's chair. The bill for the opening week will be Madeleine Lucette Ryley's charming comedy of modern society, "The Altar of Friendship," which was originally produced by Nat Goodwin. The sale of seats opens at box office, Monday, March 11.

### In the Limelight

"Magda," with Nance O'Neil in the title role, is the Novelty Theatre attraction on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights and Saturday and Sunday matinees of next week, the second and last week of Miss O'Neil's engagement.

The most important comic opera star to visit San Francisco in a long time is Raymond Hitchcock, who is to come to the Novelty Theatre on Monday night, March 18, with his very latest hit, "A Yankee Tourist." The piece was recently produced for the first time and San Francisco is to see it before New York. It is the work of Richard Harding Davis, Wallace Irwin and Alfred G. Robyn. The company is a large one and includes, among others, Flora Zabelle, Helen Hale and Walter Lawrence.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" follows "Madam Butterfly" at the Van Ness Theatre, opening on Monday, March 18.

### The Rosenthal Farewell

Moriz Rosenthal will give his farewell performance this Sunday afternoon at Christian Science Hall. The programme will include Beethoven's Sonata Op. 101, Schubert's Wandere Fantasie, a group of Chopin works and some Liszt numbers.

### The San Carlo Opera Season

Next Thursday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s the sale of seats for the season of opera by the San Carlo Opera Company to be given at the Chutes Theatre will open, and Manager Greenbaum expects to break all records in San Francisco, as the prices are half those usually charged for grand opera, notwithstanding the San Carlo Company is as large and well equipped as any that has ever crossed the continent. The season will open with "La Gioconda" and we shall hear Constantino, the great Spanish tenor; Lillian Nordica, and Fornari, the baritone.

### A Bill That Looks Very Good

The bill at the Orpheum for the week beginning this Sunday matinee is certainly an attractive one though many of the clever people it contains we are familiar with only by reputation. May Tully, who heads the programme, is highly thought of in the East as a clever and versatile actress who excels in emotional and character roles. She was recently leading woman at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, and last season appeared at Daly's in one of the Bernard Shaw plays. "Stop, Look and Listen" is the unique title of the sketch she will introduce herself in. It is highly commended by the Eastern press. It was written by Matthew White Jr., editor of the Argosy and dramatic editor of all the Munsey publications. Miss Tully, who will be supported by her own company, will artistically caricature Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Marie Cahill, Ethel Levey and Lawrence Dorsay. The two Olivettis, who are also strangers here, are remarkable characters who appear as Wandering Minstrels or Troubadours of the Old

World. They are described as marvelous instrumentalists who succeed in creating that intangible requirement "atmosphere," without which all is lost in modern vaudeville. Johnny Johns, "The Little Man in Black," a natural born comedian, will deliver quaint and funny monologues and Bert Levy, the gifted and popular artist of the New York Morning Telegraph, will depict famous men and famous events. Byron and Langdon, who have created quite a furore in "The Dude Detective," will be retained in the programme and the other holdovers will be The Three Flood Brothers, Quigg, Mackey and Nickerson and Ned Wayburn's Dancing Daisies, accompanying Louise Mink.

### Madam Butterfly

What promises to be the rarest grand opera treat of recent years will be inaugurated at the New Van Ness Theatre next Monday night when Henry W. Savage will bring to San Francisco for three performances his new English Grand Opera Company in an elaborate



Senor Florencio Constantino

The Great Spanish Tenor With the San Carlo Opera Co.



Nance O'Neil

Who Has Made a Great Hit in the Production of Sardou's Spectacular Drama, "The Sorceress," at the Novelty Theatre.

production of Puccini's Grand Opera novelty, "Madam Butterfly." That San Francisco should see so soon a notable success of the character of "Madam Butterfly" should be a source of much gratification on the part of music lovers. It is hardly two months ago that all New York was raving over the beauty and brilliancy of the Puccini Opera. Only recently the opera was given at the Grand Comique at Paris and scored most triumphantly. Rendered in Italian during the London season last spring it was clearly the most notable success recorded in Covent Garden in many years. To Mr. Henry W. Savage belongs the credit for the premier American production and to Mr. Savage also belongs credit for introducing in the more important American cities before it had become threadbare and aged. San Francisco music lovers and dramatic followers will see the original New York cast and production in its entirety. This includes three sets of principals, the chorus and Mr. Savage's own Symphony orchestra of sixty pieces under the leadership of Mr. Walter Pothwell of Vienna, and Mr. Alfred Feith of Berlin.



## To a Sweet Soprano.

By Chauncey Townsend

Oh! sing to me forever!—might that be  
 I fondly deem I ne'er should feel again  
 That sad recurrence of unvaried pain,  
 Which words impart not, and no eye can see.  
 How much, enchantress! do I owe to thee,  
 While thy sweet voice thus weaves the tuneful chain;  
 It untwines that which fetters heart and brain,  
 And sets the captives of the bosom free.  
 Could I repay thee with a verse as sweet  
 As thine own melody, the debt were less.  
 Not with such hopes my feelings I express,  
 But that while plausive crowds thy praise repeat,  
 This may perchance more genuine joy impart,  
 To know that thou hast soothed one lonely heart.

## The American in Other Lands.

By Major Ben C. Truman.

The Parisian of style is so well dressed as to be picked out readily. He is a clean looking, slick looking person, from occiput to toe. He invariably top-dresses himself with a silk hat, rain or shine. His shoes are like mirrors, so excellent have been their polishing. His clothes are always in fashion and well brushed. He seldom appears on the boulevards or at other public places ungloved, and he generally carries a neat umbrella or cane. He never presents himself at dinner in other than evening dress. The Italian, then the Russian, Austrian and German follow in quality and neatness of attire. Continuing the sequence the Englishman comes next, in Paris, although that is not the case in New York and San Francisco, especially in the latter place, where the visiting Briton generally appears monstrously absurd or fantastically and inappropriately "rigged."

Everywhere in Egypt and Europe, however, the Englishman dresses for dinner, but he strides back and forth through the *salle a manger* with both hands in his breeches pockets.

Coming to the American, he is the least punctillious of all regarding his habiliments, at least on the streets; for nearly every man you meet on the Capucines, the Italiens, Place de l'Opera and Rue Royale with a slouch hat and carelessness of attire is an American. I do not mean that he is shabbily clad or in the least repellant—he is the same American you see going to and returning from business in America, especially in most cities west of the Ohio river; the same American you observe at the race track, at the theater, in the barroom and on the promenade. He disdains the maximum of style—his slouch or derby, his sack or cutaway is good enough for him. At Shephard's Hotel in Cairo, the Grand at Nice, the Cafe Martin near Mentone, Cafe de Paris at Monte Carlo, and Esterel at Cannes—where Englishmen, Americans and other na-

tionalities may be divided into thirds, from December to March—without exception all but Americans attend dinners in either full evening or Tuxedo suits.

But the manners of the American at table are far better than any of those more genteelly costumed. He is less impatient, less robust of language, picks his teeth less and uses his pocket handkerchief less boisterously than the others. In the smoking room or other rendezvous he uses better English than the Englishman; he is more tolerant of the views of others, and is a wittier, better informed person and a much better fellow all round.

But what the American man lacks in excellence of dress—and often of culture—is made up many times over by the American woman—the American girl, I might say. She is simply a trophy of superior womanhood at the dinner table, in the salon, or anywhere. She is intellectually brighter, more intelligent, and has more both of sense and wit. She wears better hats and bonnets in a better way than either the English woman or the Continental. She is prettier of face and figure than the others, and employs less artificial means than any except her English sister, who is always painfully red of face, arms and hands. She is much the best dressed woman in Paris, and decidedly the most attractive, and as she seldom seeks Paris for her health, or for a livelihood, she is looked upon as either rich or independent, which is a factor that further stimulates adulation and regard.

London has of late become such a Mecca for Americans, attracted there by its superb hotels and restaurants, that our countrymen and countrywomen seem to be as thick as berries in and around the first-class caravanserais, in Hyde Park, in Picadilly and Bond street, at the theaters and concert halls, and even on Oxford and the Strand. Here the American man dresses for dinner, and the American woman shows off lovelier and more fetching than in Paris or even in her own land.

**J. C. WILSON**

**BROKER**

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G. G. GREEN, Owner.

J. H. HOLMES, Manager.



### HOTEL DEL CORONADO

(UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.)

Enjoy the best climate in the world and the largest all-year seaside resort hotel. All outside rooms. Every modern convenience. Interior Court—a rare tropical garden. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. "Out Door Sports" a feature—Golf Events—Tennis Tournament—Polo Tournament and Race Meetings. Pacific Squadron now here. Fine boating and fishing.

For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Manager, Coronado Beach, Cal.

H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent,

334 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles.



### THE ANGELUS

LOOMIS BROS., Proprietors

The most elegantly and luxuriously furnished hotel of its size in the United States. Now under new management. American and European plan.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

### CASA LOMA HOTEL

REDLANDS, CAL.

Ideal winter home at Reasonable Rates. Golf Club on foot-hills. Well equipped Garage livery. Fishing and Shooting. Detailed information upon application to

EDWARD S. GRAHAM,  
Hotel Casa Loma, Redlands, Cal.

### LEVY'S CAFE

Third and Main Streets, Los Angeles

The Largest, Best Conducted and Most Fashionable Restaurant in Southern California. The Great Resort of After Theatre Parties and the Mecca of San Francisco epicures and travelers.

### The Cafe Bristol Grill Room

Is headquarters for men who demand and appreciate the best there is to eat and drink. Popular prices always. Entire basement H. W. Hellman Building, Fourth and Spring streets.



### HOTEL WENTWORTH

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## Letters

### "The Flock"

The sheep men of California assuredly owe to Mary Austin some more substantial recognition for her new book, "The Flock," than a perfunctory vote of thanks. The current belief that a band of sheep will fatten on a barb-wire fence, that shepherds are merely followers after the flock, and that the "woolly idiots" are more destructive than the seventeen-year locust must give way before this sympathetic treatment of a much misunderstood industry, and when next one encounters the dusty figure of the shepherd accompanied by sharp-nosed dogs, trudging behind his charges in the dusk of a warm summer day, it will be with some recognition of him as a man with an acute brain and a large understanding of at least the one subject which most nearly concerns him. What Joseph Conrad had done for the sea Mary Austin has done for the rainless regions of California and the people that inhabit them. Beginning with the introduction of sheep into Alta California in 1770, under the auspices of the Franciscan missionaries, she has followed up the industry of wool growing throughout all its phases and ramifications, not in dry detail and statistical fashion, but with fascinating descriptions of scenery, and a sympathetic interest in her subject. She takes up successively the various duties of the attendant upon the flocks, from the time that the lambs are new weaned and the reluctant or indifferent mothers must be induced by extraneous means to perform their maternal duties, tells of the precautions to be taken against wild beasts, of the shearing of the flocks, the separating of the lambs from the older sheep, the pasturing of the flocks on the open range, the rivalries of the different owners, the devices of the shepherds for securing pasturage, the husbanding of the feed, the maintenance of the men and their charges on the range, and the enmity between sheep and cattlemen. There are some memorable tributes to the intelligence always. The surprising point is that not until Mrs. Austin has presented the subject has it occurred to any one that the men who have trained the dogs cannot have been of such an inferior order of intellect, else they could not have imparted understanding to their canine assistants. The chapter on "the sheep and the forest reserves" throws new light on that subject and raises the question whether it is equitable to destroy a thriving and necessary industry which will affect the welfare of many in order that a few alien tourists may feast their eyes on meadows and wild flowers. In "Rancho Tejon" there is revived memories of the pastoral days of California, when there was time enough and to spare for all there was to do, and incidentally there are many stories concerning "the Manxman," Sanger, Don Jose Jesus, Little Pete, and many others. It would be a pity to have such a volume as this relegated to the rubbish heap by labeling it a "nature book." Rather let it be called the shepherd's calendar, and given place in the section reserved for books of especial value. Illustrations are by E. Boyd Smith and bear an intimate relation to the text, not merely pretty pictures to be looked at. "The Flock," the price of which is \$2, is one of the most attractive volumes that have appeared this season. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

### More of Dan Monroe

"Two Cadets with Washington" continues the story of Dan Monroe, whom boy readers will remember as the drummer boy of Lexington. The new narrative takes up Dan's career just after the battle of Bunker Hill, and carries him through the evacuation of Boston. Dan's former chum, Ned Harrington, who fled to his drum, is obliged to remain at home in

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deference to the wishes of his family, but Dan himself becomes an important and useful member of General Washington's staff. His local knowledge, combined with a clear head, good powers of observation, and a spirit of daring without recklessness make him a valuable messenger, and he is made a cadet at headquarters. Dan soon found a new chum to his liking in the person of a lad who had followed a detachment of Virginia sharpshooters, running away from school in order to join their ranks. This new companion proves to be a namesake, also a Monroe, who, later on was to fill the presidential chair itself. Boys who are beginning the study of American history will learn of the disorganized, undisciplined state of the so-called "army" with which Washington had at first to deal, and perhaps they will be as much surprised as their hero was himself to discover that in spite of his experience he was no great soldier yet, though the further history of his career may reveal him in officer's uniform. W. O. Stoddard is one of the best-known writers of boys' books of this day. He can make even this trite subject interesting. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

#### Another Revolutionary Juvenile

In "Polly of the Pines," Adele E. Thomas has achieved a novelty on a rather threadbare theme. The book is a juvenile of the American Revolutionary period, but instead of the trite little New England maiden whose mind was made up from the first, and whose experiences concerned Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, Polly was a little Carolina girl of thirteen who found enough difference of opinion amongst her friends and relatives for her to do some sober thinking on her own account. Polly and her simple-minded brother Jamie were orphans. Their mother was of Scotch descent but their father had been an American. Now, Mr. Dunning himself had been a patriot, but then, many who had stood with him in earlier times were now King's men, and then, too, there were all the Highlanders who had left England because of their disagreement with one king, raising the standard and pointing in the rising to favor another. Besides, there was Flora MacDonald, the very Flora of Skye, who had compassed the escape of Bonnie Prince Charlie, a heroine for any little girl, much more one of her own family, to follow. But Polly Dunning's doubts were speedily solved and she became herself a heroine, seeing the war on both sides, nursing the wounded, carrying messages, and making herself very useful indeed. With her, young readers will make the acquaintance of Marion and Sumpter, and see General Tarleton, the scourge of the Carolinas. They will learn as much about that part of the Union as they now know of the North, and share Polly's joy in the escape of her playmates, the recovery of her brother, restored to health, and the end of the war without the fulfillment of Tarleton's boast that the well cultivated farms of her patriot friends would become the ducal seats of the successful British generals, rewards for their successful services. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

#### Exponents of Chafing Dish Cookery

A dictionary is not less indispensable to a scholar than a reliable book of recipes to a housekeeper, whether the house be a mansion with a retinue of servants or a bachelor's menage, with only a chafing dish in lieu of a range, and there is art and knowledge requisite to even so simple a task as boiling water for tea. An especially attractive compilation of chafing dish cookery and salads has just been put forth by the H. M. Caldwell company. They are the choice selections of Louis Muckensturm, his own and those of two other chefs. All can be readily prepared, as they are designed for small parties of three or four, where the concocting can be made

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#### "The Mirror of the Sea"

Unlike most of the authors who have achieved a reputation for style, Joseph Conrad gives substance as well as carefully chosen words. His style, like that of Professor Henry Van Dyke, is the least obvious thing about his writing. It never obtrudes itself but one is subconsciously aware of its perfection because his works make such easy reading. There is never an involuntary inclination to reconstruct his sentences or substitute a better word for the one he has used. His recent book, "The Mirror of the Sea," was written with the design of introducing to landsmen certain phases of life at sea which, though familiar to sailors, are seldom touched on by writers at all, and then, but inadequately. In fact, they are aspects and angles of vision which are revealed only to the initiates, and there are but few of them who are expert enough with the pen to set them down in writing. Mr. Conrad, despite his Polish birth, is no inland voyager. Following the sea was his chosen occupation, and as master and man, he learned to know ships and the element in which they exist in every variation of mood. He remembers

"The black wharves and the ships,  
And the sea tides tossing free  
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the mystery of the sea"—

remembers them lovingly though he does not forget "the true sea, the sea which plays with men until their hearts are broken, and wears stout ships to death. . . . Open to all and faithful to none, it exercises its fascinations to the undoing of all." Your true seamen can never be brought to look upon a steamship as anything but a machine. The sailing vessel, propelled by the winds and currents, answering to her helm, and responsive to her sympathetic captain and crew, is to him something more than a mere bulk of wood or iron. She is, in the words of our author, "a sensible creature." Every vessel afloat has her own characteristics, and though she may be the exact counterpart, in every line and measurement, of half a dozen others, she yet will differ from them in her actions as certainly as the children of the same parents assert their varying individualities. Mr. Conrad has all the love and enthusiasm of an artist, and the criticisms which he launches against those impressionistic scribblers who misuse sea terms are enough to make hardened water-front reporters blush for their ignorance. The titles of the chapters are most alluring. "Of Landfalls and Departures," "Cobwebs and Gossamer," "Rulers of East and West," "The Grip of the Land," "Emblems of Hope," "The Fine Art of Sailing," "Overdue and Missing" brings home the dumb tragedy of the lost ships no trace of which is ever yielded. They are simply gone, with all hands, how, no one may ever know, nor when. Glimpses of biography, bits of characterization, scenes of storm and disaster, hopes and fears and realization, are interspersed with description. Published by Harper and Brother.

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## The Annals of Pickeye.

(Continued from Page 9.)

tain Mary had been crying. Now, in the Dinkey collection of manuscript poems there is one which can relate to no other conceivable incident of the poet's life, and, if the truth were known, Mary probably had a copy of it in her possession the morning after that stroll. It is a fond, foolish thing, which the Foothill Bard would hardly have perpetrated in his younger and better days, but it goes far toward confirming the suspicion of Miss Jellison that there had been a tender scene between Mr. Dinkey and Mary that day.

YOU.

Pluck me a flower, love, here beside the brook,  
That harebell of your eyes' own heavenly blue,  
To press between the pages of life's book,  
That I may skip the sadder ones and look  
At these sweet passages which tell of you.

Only a month! Your namesake month, sweet May!  
To me it is an epoch, dating anew  
The record of my life. I cast away  
Both anno Domini and natal day  
For this glad era that I met with you.

To this bright season of my love shall hold  
All after seasons, many they or few;  
Thus I shall say, when I am gray and old  
And some fond story of this time is told,  
It happened in the golden year of you.

O that the angel stood on sea and land  
Sounding the trumpet that shall bid adieu  
To time, now—now, while lovingly we stand  
Together here—that I thus hand in hand  
Might wander through eternity with you!

Look up and smile once more, love, ere we part;  
I fain would see you through this rain of tears  
As if a heavenly rainbow bent athwart  
Your face. One kiss, for pity. Now let your heart  
Wrap me in cerements, as mine buries you.

All this was at the beginning of the season, but there presently came a change. One very hot day there arrived two very cool young men—Armand Edouard Emile Louseury, of France, and James Houston, son of General Houston, the eminent San Francisco jurist. The former was ugly as sin, but his name stood high in the French peerage; the latter claimed no title, though belonging to the horse-and-dog-show aristocracy, but he was handsome as Apollo. They had come to visit the Kirbys and Jellisons, the heiresses of which opulent houses were naturally thrown into a great flutter and began spreading their allurements like two little peacocks.

Poor Mary beheld James Houston, and the peace that had nestled dove-like in her bosom spread its wings and flew away. A sensation she had never felt before shot through her heart, and a feeling of forlornness came over her which made her wish she had never been born, or had died before realizing such wretchedness.

But time went on all the same. One sweltering hot day the aristocrats were sitting on the veranda, where a slight breeze was stirring, when the bell rang for luncheon, whereupon Alice Kirby cried out:

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"Oh, let's have our lunch out here!"

"Yes, yes," seconded Carrie Jellison, "it will be so nice."

"A kind of fete champetre, eh?" said Prince Louscurvy.

"But it will be a great deal of extra trouble, and Mary, poor girl, is already overtasked," interposed James Houston.

"Well, I declare, Mr. Houston! I didn't think you would be sticking up for her," retorted gentle Carrie.

"She!" exclaimed sweet Alice; "it's her business to wait on us."

"Certainly," assented the Prince; "we pay, and are to be accommodated."

"But we might be a little accommodating ourselves, and not overwork a poor waitress," protested Mr. Houston.

"You're too ridiculous, Mr. Houston!" cried gentle Carrie. "She's hired to wait on us, and wait on us she shall. Here, Mary! Mary! Mary!"

In response to the shrill summons Mary presently appeared upon the veranda.

"We want our lunch out here. Get a table and set it for us," commanded gentle Carrie.

"Yes, Miss Jellison," replied Mary, and withdrew.

"She knows she has to do anything we tell her to," complacently remarked gentle Carrie.

Presently Mary was seen struggling with a table, endeavoring to get it onto the porch. It was heavy, and she was at disadvantage trying to handle it alone. They were all watching her. After a moment's hesitation James Houston arose to assist her, but before he had taken a step Mr. Dinkey appeared, saying, "With your permission, Mary," and helped her carry and place the table.

"I don't see why that old fool should always be

busying himself with her affairs," said Carrie, when Mr. Dinkey and Mary had retired.

"He's stuck on her," responded sweet Alice.

"Well, he must have mighty little sense to be stuck after a piece of trash like that," concluded the amiable Carrie.

"Hush, Carrie!" implored the mother.

"I won't hush," replied the gentle darling; "she's a nasty, designing, upstart thing!"

James Houston gazed with a far-away look at the distant mountains, and even the Prince forbore his usual plaudit of the young lady's sentiments.

Mary spread the cloth, laid the covers and served the luncheon with her customary quietness, but a little tremulously. In her nervousness she let a dish slip, and was declared by gentle Carrie to be a clumsy, butter-fingered thing. By an uncontrollable impulse Mary looked appealingly straight into the eyes of James Houston, and was met by a return look so tender, so sympathetic that it wrung from her what her torturers could not, for tears were streaming from her eyes as she turned and hurried away.

The screen-door was opened for her by Mr. Dinkey, who exclaimed:

"Mary, you are weeping! Has any one insulted you?"

"No, no," she replied confusedly, "it is nothing—only I can't bear it as I used to."

"That impertinent old ass again!" shrilled gentle Carrie. "I wish he was dead!"

The misery of it all for Mary during the succeeding days! Since that too, too kind look from James Houston the feeling in her heart had become an almost unbearable anguish, the sense of forlornness an agony so keen it seemed at times that she should die of it. For, though kindness always shone in his eyes, it never again flashed out as on that occasion. It was veiled,



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guarded. She saw that he had recognized the distance between them and would not cross it. She was out-classed and beyond the pale of his love.

Why couldn't her parents have bequeathed her millions instead of a heritage of shame? Why couldn't she have had silks and laces and jewels instead of a calico frock and nothing more than a flower for an ornament? Why couldn't she have been gifted and schooled in every grace and accomplishment instead of being a poor untutored waitress? He might have loved her then; but now—oh, it is too terrible to bear!

And the poor bleeding heart, instead of hyssop or myrrh to soothe its ache, found only wormwood and gall. For the gentle daughters did not overlook or forget Mr. Houston's interest in their victim; and, though her immolation had been determined upon from the start, they conducted it thereafter with a refinement of torture. Just a specimen scene:

The delectables were all at the cool spot of the veranda again. It was but a few steps to the huge granite basin into which the cold water of a spring flowed, with a drinking-gourd hanging beside it. But there were no torture-appliances connected with the fountain.

"Bring me a glass of water," shouted Carrie through the open window to Mary, who was arranging the tables in the dining-room.

Without hesitation Mary left her work and did as bidden. Now, whether from real fondness for flowers or from an intuition that they became her, Mary had that day pinned a rose to her breast and tucked an additional bud into the coils of her hair. The daughters detected the extra adornment with cat-like quickness, and their lips curled into a sneer.

"Well, I declare, how smart we have got ourself up to-day!" cried gentle Carrie, instead of thanking the poor girl for her humble service.

"She is certainly setting her cap for you, Prince; you must look out or she will capture you," exclaimed delicate Alice.

"Haw, haw, haw! Good joke—very!" roared the Prince.

"No, it ain't the Prince; it's Mr. Houston she's after," asserted Carrie. "She saw the other day that he's inclined to be sweet on her, and she's playing the game for all that's in it."

"Miss Jellison, I trust you will respect the young lady's feelings if not mine," said Mr. Houston.

"Lady! Feelings! Well, that is a joke, Prince; isn't it?" retorted Carrie. "I guess I was nearer the truth than I suspected, Mr. Houston, when I said you were inclined to be sweet on her. After all, it would be very convenient to have a waitress for a wife; it would save trouble about help."

All this was fired at Mary while she stood waiting to receive back the glass. Embarrassment seemed to have paralyzed her. Just then Mr. Dinkey appeared at the window, and said:

"Mary, will you kindly do me a little favor?"

His words broke the spell. Putting her apron to her face she burst into tears, and hurried back to the dining-room.

"That old ass! Will he never die!" exclaimed gentle Carrie, as she saw her victim snatched from the grid-iron.

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Nevertheless she was tolerably happy, for she had given the quivering soul a pretty good grilling before the rescue came.

All human affairs reach a pass that compels solution—whether we scheme toward the result or whether it come about unawares, sooner or later every trouble must end—happily or otherwise. Mary's perplexities had reached that stage. The unhappy girl longed that James Houston should love her; or, if that could not be, that she might die. There was nothing else she cared for. Even the cruelty of her tormentors did not wound her now. All other feeling was swallowed up by her great passion; for if she was never to be happy in her love, nothing could add to that misery.

One thought ran on through her brain, sleeping or waking, till the monotony of it became distracting: was there nothing she could do to win James Houston's love? It couldn't be by any display of accomplishments, for she had none. It couldn't be by any exhibition of finery, for the millionairesses had a monopoly of that. What could it be?

The question was to be decided by blind fate, so called—but, to my thinking, about the most clear-sighted thing in the world.

Mary was in her attic bedroom, after the day's tiresome work, with the more tiresome haunting thought for a companion. The world had lately become so gloomy to her. It must always have been a gloomy world, in fact, for there never had been a time when someone had not loved as hopelessly as she. Then she remembered having read that in ancient times the love-lorn Greek girls sought to learn the outcome of their passion by burning a lock of their hair and noting the omens of the smoke. Who could say such divination might not come true? At least, it could do no harm, and any kind of action was better than this useless thinking. She would try it.

James Houston had lighted a cigar and began his customary round of the veranda that night a little later than usual; for the millionairesses were in high feather, and Miss Alice had opened her batteries in dangerous proximity to his heart. But during all the siege visions of the patient girl he had seen trampled daily under the feet of the delectables passed before him, and instead of listening to the beleagueress he found himself wondering if the hereditary, moneyed or dog-show aristocracies amounted to much after all, and if it were not true that

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Preoccupied by these problems, he had made the round of the veranda several times when he was startled by a shriek from above, and saw at the same time a glare on the trees fronting the hotel.

The cry was an inarticulate one, but he knew intuitively who had uttered it, and felt that it was a direct appeal to him.

He was up the two flights of stairs instantly, it seemed to himself; but, quick as he had been, Mr. Dinkey was before him, shielding Mary and smothering the flames from an overturned lamp in her room.

When the fire was extinguished and the danger over, Mary fainted, of course—and, of course, she fainted in James Houston's arms. While carrying her to another apartment he encountered most of the guests of the hotel, who had collected in the hallway. And he encountered also this reception from Miss Alice:

"So, Mr. Houston, when there is peril you can think of a servant and forget me—me, a Kirby!"

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And this from Miss Carrie:

"Doesn't he look heroic, with the waitress' head pillowed on his breast!"

"Where, she and God willing, it shall always rest as tenderly and beloved as now," replied James Houston.

"Your hand on that," said Mr. Dinkey. "For your sake, young fellow, I forgive the whole tribe."

Clear-sighted fate had solved the problem for Mary. The guests one after another retired, to grieve or rejoice over the solution. All but Mr. Dinkey. He had never missed harnessing an event to verse, and could not do it now. Morning found the journalist still sitting by the little table in his room. A sheet of paper lay before him on which he had scribbled something, and he sat staring at it gloomily as if it were a mortuary bequest he was about to make effective. But it was only this—the swan-song of the Foothill Bard:

#### NOCTURNE.

I sit and wait; the night grows late;  
Will no one come? Will no one come?  
The lovers throng about the gate,  
They meet, they cling, they separate;  
They turn, they kiss, they hurry home;  
But no one comes to me, who wait.  
  
No one will come I'm old, I'm old;  
Love's sunset has no afterglow;  
The lips that clung to mine are cold,  
The arms that circled me are cold—  
God bless the buried loves! I know  
I am a laggard from the fold.

[The End.]

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of } No. 2513.  
LEWIS MEYERSTEIN, }  
Deceased. } Department No. 10.

JANE I. MEYERSTEIN, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Lewis Meyerstein, deceased, having filed herein a duly certified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her to join Edward S. Rothchild in renewing a promissory note in favor of the Hibernia Savings & Loan Society, dated April 22, 1902, for \$150,000, upon which there remains unpaid \$154,690, and to secure the payment of such note by a mortgage to the said Hibernia Savings & Loan Society of that certain property owned by said Edward S. Rothchild and said estate, as tenants in common, and situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at the intersection of the northerly line of Geary Street with the easterly line of Grant Avenue, and running thence easterly along said northerly line of Geary Street forty (40) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with said easterly line of Grant Avenue sixty (60) feet; thence at right angles easterly and parallel with said northerly line of Geary Street nineteen (19) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with said easterly line of Grant Avenue sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches to the southerly line of Union Square Avenue, formerly St. Mark's Street; thence at right angles westerly along said southerly line of Union Square Avenue, formerly St. Mark's Street, sixty (60) feet to the easterly line of Grant Avenue; and thence at right angles southerly along said easterly line of Grant Avenue one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet and six (6) inches to the said northerly line of Geary Street and point of commencement.

And it appearing therefrom and otherwise that the renewal of said note and making of said mortgage is for the advantage and best interest of said estate,

IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court at its Court Room, Department Number Ten (10) thereof, at Temple Israel, northeast corner of California and Webster Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, on the 8th day of April, 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause why the said prayer of said petition should not be granted and the undivided one-half interest of said decedent's estate, together with the undivided one-half interest of said Edward S. Rothchild in and to said premises be mortgaged to secure the payment of said promissory note for the sum of \$154,690, to be renewed as aforesaid, or for such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that notice to all persons interested in said Estate of Lewis Meyerstein, deceased, be given by publishing a copy of this Order for at least Four (4) successive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and hereby adjudged to be a newspaper of general circulation.

For all further particulars you are hereby referred to the petition now on file herein.

Dated March 4, 1907.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of Said Superior Court.

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# TOWN TALK

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Price, 10 Cents



Near Pebble Beach

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# TOWN TALK

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## Steffens the Philosopher

To Mr. Edward J. Livernash we are indebted for some interesting revelations on the subject of that industrious muckraker Mr. Lincoln Steffens. Mr. Livernash, who is himself better than a raw hand at muckraking, has a fellow-feeling for Mr. Steffens and it was delightfully pervasive of the page or so of the Bulletin that was devoted to the prose poem descriptive of the distinguished magazine reporter, his physical charms, his magnificent achievements and his exalted purposes. Mr. Steffens, we learn from Mr. Livernash, looks "the man of distinction." He is "of graceful build and easy carriage," and notwithstanding his masterly exposure of the unutterable shame of unspeakable cities, "his manner has the charm of simplicity." Fame has not made Mr. Steffens overbearing; not, at least, toward a man of the rank of an ex-Congressman. "Finally he is an engaging talker and a careful listener." Who would not be a careful listener within reach of the silver tongue of Mr. Livernash? But the disclosures respecting the physical and mental characteristics of Mr. Steffens are not half so significant as certain other revelations, chief among which is that of the principal aim of his existence. When Mr. Steffens was at Berkeley he found himself asking himself in long primer caps, WHY IS IT WRONG TO STEAL? He asked the professors and they couldn't tell him. Which is, perhaps, the worst swat that was ever taken at the Berkeley faculty. He went to Europe to have his riddle solved and studied philosophy at all the leading universities but futilely, and finally turned to physiology and biology in which studies he "got a glimpse of the growth of things—a glimpse of something in nature having to do with selection—a glimpse of evolution applied to conduct," and he came away satisfied that he "should not bother about ethics but should investigate morals" in "the workaday world." Now that we know that Mr. Steffens is something more than a mere muckraker, that he has a taste for philosophy, he bulks larger than heretofore in our esteem, though we must admit that we have always loved Mr. Steffens for his muckraking; much has he done toward bringing the country to an apprehension of the evils by which its

integrity is menaced. But in exposing his abiding crotchet he lets us know that he is absorbed in the profound problems of life, and that he is intent upon rendering more important service to mankind than can accrue from the abatement of ephemeral abuses. Like all serious men Mr. Steffens is tangled in a snarl of interrogation points. He realizes that, as Kingsley puts it, we are set down before the greatest world problem—given self to find God, and he keeps a little fountain of inquiry bubbling and splashing in his brain. We bid him welcome to the circle of the elect, rejoicing the while to know that he is casting his luminous and penetrating mind into the very midst and marrow of ethical science. We feel that he will bring to bear a comprehensive knowledge and a rigid logic. From what Mr. Steffens has said we apprehend that his purpose is to find a new basis for morals. The search will afford him a deal of entertainment. The question, Why is it wrong to steal? is one of the mysteries of life, and in such a world as this where it is desirable to be entertained and not always easy to find entertainment, there is a great deal to be got out of a discreet consideration of these mysteries. One reason why it is wrong to steal is that the world would not be a good place of residence if we did not play fair and pay attention to the rules. To understand clearly why this is so one must be familiar not only with biology, but with all nature and its reciprocal and hostile relations, and last but not least one must realize that there are certain rules and laws which are not dependent on the fancies of men but which are imprinted in the substance of the soul. So far Mr. Steffens has not made much progress as a philosopher. His assertion that he turned to biology for enlightenment as if he had pioneered a new trail, indicates that he had not even familiarized himself with the works of the sages, for it was in evolution that most of the dryasdust metaphysicians sought confirmation for their logical deductions which were scarcely sprung before they became superannuated. There is no study more deceptive than that of moral science. Familiarized from infancy with the language of this science, surrounded by its continual applications, and having before our eyes the truths under a palpable form we have the rashness to think it would not be difficult to master its highest principles. And the error of most philosophers is that they start out with preconceived notions respecting the source of morals and in adapting their logic to the attainment of the conclusions desired, their minds are seduced by the charm of metaphysical subtleties and they cease to listen to the voice of the human heart. But we have no misgivings respecting the fate of Mr. Steffens who is now pursuing truth in the workaday world.

## The Press and the Legislature

The latest gathering of California's lawmakers may well go down in political history as the Newspaper Session, for never since the birth of this golden commonwealth has a Legislature so lambasted and worried the press as have the solons who are now seeking their homes with the consciousness of duties well performed, and never within a like period has the press agreed so unanimously in exposing, baiting and denouncing the Legislature as during the sixty days that are just past. It has been a bitter fight, stubbornly waged every inch of the way with neither combatant seeking or giving quarter but pounding unmercifully until the din of battle set every mouth agape from Siskiyou to San Diego and from Tahoe to the sea. To maintain



an attitude of diplomatic neutrality and at the same time to avoid definite commitment to the merits of either feudist, it would behoove us no doubt to declare that the victory was strictly of the Kilkenny kind, to pretend that the newspapers have gobbled the Legislature and that the Legislature has devoured the newspapers. But of a verity there is more of the pallor of paradox than of the ruddy light of truth in such a decision, for the legislators, by scattering to the four corners of the state, have disrupted that united front which was their principal source of power and which enabled them to face the journalistic onslaught without panic; whereas the newspapers can continue to batter them as effectually as though they were still massed in the halls of legislation. It is true that the legislators have set in motion against their editorial enemies the patient but overwhelming machinery of the law, but lacking in many instances the gubernatorial backing on which they so confidently counted, the restless pulse and whirr of their legal engines are not likely to affright in anything like the degree that was intended. Every time during the session that a journalistic barb found its appointed victim, the tortured one soothed his pain with the cheering thought that he had put his revenge into the statute books, but too often he was fooling himself with an empty consolation.

#### Exclusion, Diatribe and Assault

From the opening to the closing day of the session there was no cessation of hostilities. Beginning with the revolutionary procedure of excluding, first a newspaper writer and then the entire staff of a daily which had dealt it some of the most stinging and resounding whacks of the session, the Legislature has displayed ingenuity of no mean order in devising novel methods of punishment, finally winding up, ingloriously it must be admitted, in the dying hours of the session with a physical assault on one of the most vitriolic of its journalistic censors. The use of physical force as an expression of resentment is a survival of medievalism so flat, stale and unoriginal as clearly to indicate in this instance that the teeming resources of the Legislature were exhausted and that a lengthier session would not have brought to light anything else in the line of noteworthy legislative warfare. Violence as applied by a Los Angeles senator to a representative of the Times was neither beautiful nor artistic. This final blow at the press carried the disappointment of anti-climax, too, for from the use of rhetoric to the application of fisticuffs is a far and a backward cry. But between these extremes it cannot be denied that the Legislature managed to crowd a variety of punishments for its enemy that must excite the academic admiration, if not the sympathetic appreciation, of all who enjoy good fighting. What body less skilled in the infliction of dire torments than the Inquisition of old could have devised the expedient of wracking the newspapermen with unending hours of oratory so dull, prosy, futile and boresome that its continuous flow maddened the helpless victims and drove them to the verge of paresis? What so cunningly calculated to stab the literary minds of the correspondents who must perforce submit to the torture or neglect their work as the atrocious puns, the mangled grammar, the vulgar slang and the hopelessly tangled figures of speech wherewith the legislators purposely garnished all their remarks? Mere ignorance, of course, could never go so far among men chosen from their fellows

to make the laws of the state; it was done consciously, without a doubt, the good taste, lively wit and jovial humor, polished diction and correct address of which the legislators could under different conditions be such graceful exponents being deliberately sacrificed for the purpose of punishing the Juniuses of the press.

#### Restrictive Legislation

Of the mere direct denunciation that characterized each day of the session it boots not to speak. Suffice it that nearly every lawmaker had his separate fling at the papers, peppering them with such showers of oratorical shot as would bring down, one would think, any game at which it was aimed. That it did not lay low every newspaper in the state argues no lack of skill in the legislative huntsmen but merely the unconscionable thickness of the editorial hide which refuses to be punctured by anything short of the heaviest ordinance. Perhaps it was in realization of this peculiarity of newspaper proprietors that the Legislature quite early in the session charged itself with the pleasant task of so sewing them up in restrictive laws that they would be forced henceforth to publish journals as impersonal and innocuous as the most conservative papers in Great Britain. Hence the law making libel a felony to be punished with fine and imprisonment; hence too the law forbidding papers to discuss the issues at stake in a civil or criminal action lest, forsooth, they influence or intimidate the susceptible jury—the “straitjacket law,” as its author not too modestly described it. Others there were which need not be resurrected here. Designed, some to worry individual papers, others to bait news associations, they have died the death, chloroformed in committee or strangled at the Governor’s desk. It is all over now for two years; the dun clouds of the legislative fire are being dissipated in the airy spaces, but the newspaper bombardment continues and might last, for aught there is to stop it, until the thirty-eighth session of the Legislature is convened. Armed with the damning evidence of roll-calls (the weapon which La Follette of Wisconsin found so effective) the papers are still insistent that the voters shall know



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how their representatives divided on important measures. Battered as they have been by legislative oratory and worried by legal restrictions they cheerfully continue their work of digging political graves. Yes, this has been the Newspaper Session.

### Saint Patrick

As time runs on the Irish are getting nearer the truth respecting the achievements of St. Patrick, but they are not in need of facts to strengthen their devotion to the memory of the man whose "day" they are about to celebrate. The life of no great man for whom a people have transcendent admiration is shrouded in greater obscurity than that of St. Patrick. So vague are the outlines of his life that by many he is looked upon as a myth; and the Irish have been ridiculed for revering a mere legendary hero, but this passionate devotion of the people of Ireland to the memory of St. Patrick is an expression of one of the noblest traits of the national character. It is the sentiment which Carlyle calls hero-worship, the germ of Christianity itself, the ultimate perfection of a principle extant throughout man's whole history on earth. It is that poetic faith in the intangible which cannot be eradicated out of men's hearts, which no sceptical logic can destroy. But that in St. Patrick the Irish have a hero worth revering is a fact that has been well established by scholars distinguished in historical research. Though the literature about St. Patrick does not begin until the seventh century, more than two hundred years after his death, proofs of the principal events of his career are no longer lacking. Patrick was born in Britain in 389. His father was a Roman decurion and a Christian deacon. Carried as a slave into Ireland after an Irish raid on Britain, the boy tended sheep in Connaught and meditated on religion. He succeeded in escaping to Gaul, and took up his abode at the monastery of Lerins, the island opposite Cannes. After a visit to his kinsmen in Britain he went to Auxerre, where he received ordination from Germanus. Meanwhile an unsuccessful mission had been conducted in Ireland by one Patricius or Palladius, who has been confounded with Patrick, and who had been sent to Ireland by Pope Celestine. After the death of this missionary, Patrick was allowed to achieve his ambition, and was consecrated bishop for the conversion of the island of his captivity. After traveling through much of Ireland he died at Saul (not at Downpatrick) in 461. Patrick made Latin the ecclesiastical language of Ireland, and brought the island into the community of the Latin world, so that during the next two centuries Irish churchmen were able to play an important part in the affairs of Europe. There are in existence today his Epistle to Coroticus, a British chieftan, and a Confession, documents of great interest, which have been examined by scholars and pronounced genuine.

### One Brand of Socialism Repudiated

To what are the municipal ownership propagandists devoting their energies nowadays? We have noticed

that of late they have not been so lusty-lunged as of yore. The volume of their chorus has been considerably diminished. Their demands for experimental tests once were continuous and uninterrupted, but are now intermittent and the pauses are steadily increasing and becoming more and more protracted. It was but a short time ago that municipal ownership was proclaimed the panacea that would alleviate all our political and economic ills. The Evangelists of the new dogma were as enthusiastic as the early Christians and they were making converts throughout the length and breadth of the land, but they are showing signs of weariness and many of them appear to be wavering in their faith. This is unfortunate; for as yet there has been no satisfactory practicable demonstration in this country of the merits or demerits of municipal ownership. The question of its virtue under our form of government is a purely academic one. We can base our estimate of it on nothing more substantial than the experience of foreign communities. And though conditions in those communities are said to be more propitious than those which prevail in this country yet municipal ownership where tested has hardly come up to the expectations of its socialistic proponents. In London where the people for eighteen years have been constantly broadening the policy of municipal ownership, it has been repudiated. Never in a great community has there been such an extreme reversal of the popular will with regard to party or policy, as that which took place in London a week ago on the occasion of the County election. The socialists who have been in control were put to rout and the policy of municipal ownership was the sole issue of the campaign. Even in the communities dominated by labor constituencies the Socialists were badly beaten. The campaign against municipal socialism was the keenest political struggle in the modern history of the metropolis, and it was the first time in years that all London turned out to vote. It should be explained that the extension of municipal industrial enterprises created such a large army of public employees, that it became necessary to arouse public sentiment as it had never before been aroused in order to defeat the mammoth political machine that had grown up under the beautiful system which has been so ardently advocated in this country.

## Announcement

Spring and Summer

We desire to announce that our complete selection of strictly confined Imported and Domestic Woolens, consisting of unusually attractive patterns in popular weaves and fashionable materials, is now ready awaiting inspection.

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## Nocturne

By Wilfred C. Thorley.

Lie still and wake not her sleeping quires;  
Lie still and wake not her wild desires;  
The sea sleeps here, and like lilies faded  
The limp flags droop from the tangled spires.

For no winds shake them; all dews were dried  
Long since ere the crimson sun had dyed  
The pallid west till the clouds rode golden  
And glassed serene in the tranquil tide.

The languorous wind is salt of scent,  
And all the wrath of the waves is spent;  
The lighthouse isled as a lonely sentry,  
Looks out where river and sea are blent.

Aloof on the gray, one screaming gull  
Gleams ashen pale as a dead man's skull,  
And sails as light as a floating wafer,  
Till starless haze and the night annul.

A church has stood for a thousand years  
Betwixt the land and the lightless piers;  
All silent slumber her tongueless gargoyles  
And taut with a horror of stifled tears.

A warping windmill with sails awry  
Throws two vain arms to the vacant sky;  
And clouds droop low as a weary eyelid,  
To dusk the light for a weary eye.

The wind moves listless among the ships;  
A song of slumber is on his lips.  
The ocean steeds have the wind for driver;  
When will he waken and seize his whips?

A chill sweet spirit no flesh defiles,  
A child in slumber that dreams and smiles,  
The sea is suave and the foamless ripples  
Follow and flutter her breast for miles.

## Perspective Impressions

Keeping an eye on Ruef is the most congenial job that Biggy ever fell into.

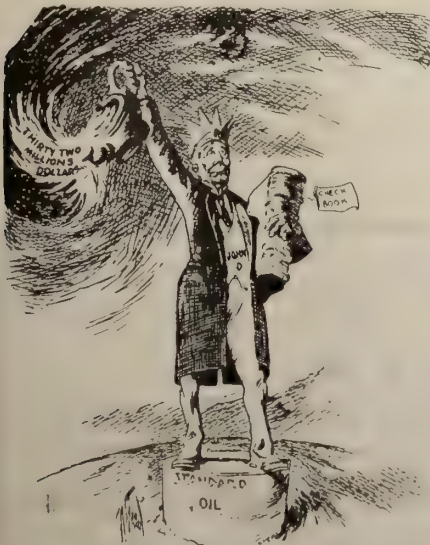
Judge Dunne should feel so grateful for the liberal education he is getting these days in criminal law as to be inclined to give Ruef and Schmitz the benefit of every reasonable doubt. But it's a wise judge that knows a reasonable doubt when he sees one.

It is the theory of a bunch of Boston doctors that the spiritual heft of a man is about an ounce because he loses about an ounce of weight when he dies. Perhaps Boston will now proceed to change the vernacular. Let us not be surprised if the vulgar expression, "loss of life" falls into disuse in consequence of the substitution of the more elegant phrase, "loss of an ounce."

Who was the brilliant lawyer that advised Abe Ruef to make manifest the bias of the sheriff and the coroner?

It is announced that Alfred Austin is going to write a poem on the Jamaica earthquake. A little ginger from that country might serve as an admirable substitute for the divine afflatus in Austin's case.

The Sacramento Bee admits that Sacramento, since the last removal scare has done little more than make moves toward improvement; also, that some of her leading citizens "invest their money elsewhere," "deprecate investments" at home, and "fear to lend money" at home, while "others expect to retire before long and live elsewhere." Pretty good stuff that for the Berkeley boomers to use.



Liberty's Rival  
—Philadelphia Ledger.



"Do you know, Theodore, we're getting better acquainted every day!"  
—Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Puccini and Verdi

By G. F.

Giacomo Puccini is the latest idol of American music lovers. And as usual with Americans when they have an idol, they have made Puccini the object of hysteric adulation. The composer of "Madam Butterfly" came to this country a few months ago to assist in the production of his opera and he was immediately put upon a pedestal and worshiped. New York raved over "Madam Butterfly," and pronounced Puccini a legitimate and worthy successor to Verdi. This same opinion was voiced in London after Covent Garden had enthused over "Madam Butterfly." The judgment of Covent Garden in musical matters is accepted as infallible in New York, and to that fact is largely due the prestige in this country of several feminine howlers who are accepted in the American provinces on the strength of their Metropolitan Opera House successes. In the musical centres of Europe the musical taste of London is known to be vulgar, and even the competent English critics acknowledge that Covent Garden is without artistic sense. One of these critics, Harold E. Gorst, remarked not long ago, that the success of "Madam Butterfly" at Covent Garden was without significance; that it meant nothing beyond the fact that the Italian opera season has become a recognized factor of fashionable life in London, and that the relief from the tedium of the higher class German opera is sincerely welcomed by the bored patrons of guinea stalls. Of far greater significance than the reception accorded the opera at Covent Garden is the fact that the first performance at La Scala was such a fiasco that the composer, as soon as it was over, took umbrage and marched off with the score to prevent its repetition. This was the first verdict of his own countrymen who are certainly not open to the charge of failure to appreciate his talents, and whose standards of musical criticism belong, it will be generally acknowledged to a higher plane than those of the bored fashionables of either British or American society. Now it is not my purpose to pick flaws in "Madam Butterfly," but merely to protest against its composer being ranked with Giuseppe Verdi, whose works are today the backbone of the immense popularity of Italian opera in this country. There are passages of considerable beauty in "Madam Butterfly," but no one would think of comparing it with Aida, whose whole musical fabric is splendidly interwoven with Oriental coloring. With what success did Puccini introduce Japanese color into the music of "Madam Butterfly?" It is said that he obtained some Japanese melodies from the wife of a Japanese Ambassador. If so he passed them through an Italian crucible before adapting them to his libretto. There is a suggestion of their origin in the score but it is somewhat faint. We perceive the color of Japan with our eyes rather than with our ears. The opera abounds in atmosphere but the bulk of it is in the libretto. However it is a fine work admirably suited to the taste

of the theatre-going majority and worthy of the respect of musicians. That Puccini possesses great talents as a composer it would be absurd to deny, and his countrymen may well be proud of him as a writer of popular opera, but he has not yet entered Verdi's class. In Verdi's operas may be found all the elements which combine to make interesting and vital the creations of such writers as Puccini, Mascagni and Leoncavalla. Verdi is one of the loftiest figures in music and the theatrical brilliancy of Puccini pales before the refulgence of the Master's genius. The Puccini worshipers remind us that when Puccini composed Madam Butterfly he was ten years younger than Verdi was at the time that "Aida" was produced. It may be well to remember also that before reaching Puccini's present age Verdi had written "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," "Trovatore" and several other of his most popular operas; also, that Verdi's musical genius asserted itself while that of Puccini was the result of cultivation and slow development. Verdi's father was an innkeeper. It was a strolling fiddler who discovered his genius and it was in the face of the most discouraging circumstances that he received his training. Puccini came from a family devoted to the art of music, and when only six years old, the age at which Verdi was punished by a priest for neglecting, in the absorption of listening to the organ, his duties as acolyte, Puccini was being coaxed to take an interest in music by a loving mother. Puccini received encouragement from the beginning. Verdi was discouraged at every turn. Puccini has written some popular operas, Verdi, keeping pace with the progress of modern music, revolutionized Italian opera and in his extreme old age when he might well have been contented to rest on his laurels he wrote his astonishing "Falstaff," which is destined to hold a permanent place as a classic of lyric art. Perhaps the genius of Puccini has not yet reached its efflorescence, but it is hardly probable that he has capacity for the great achievements that must yet vindicate his talents before he can justly claim equality with the immortal composer of "Otello." Verdi wrote twenty-seven operas, a few romances and songs, two odes, one quartet and the famous Mazzoni Requiem. He was distinguished as a patriot, a philanthropist and a man of pure and simple life. He gave to the world enduring masterpieces of opera that are ranked among the best examples of Italian art.

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# The Truth About Japan

By Robert L. Taylor

Literature relating to Japan has been growing very rapidly since the fall of Port Arthur. Europe has become very curious respecting the character of the nation that triumphed over Russia, and numerous writers have been responding to the demand for information. Within the last year Californians too have been taking greater interest in the people of Japan, and to satisfy my own curiosity I have been delving into such current literature as gives promise of enlightenment. First I have sought to learn something of the religion of Japan, a subject on which there is great divergence of views. One of the best books containing information on the subject is "Shinto, The Way of the Gods." The author is Mr. W. G. Aston, a distinguished member of a small group of scholars to whose industry the world is indebted for much scientific knowledge of the history, religions, statecraft and language of Japan. Mr. Aston was the first scholar to elucidate the formidable intricacies of the grammatical structure of the Japanese language. He is the author of the standard work on the literature of Japan, but nothing that he has written is more thorough than his exhaustive exposition of the mysteries of the Way of the Gods, the indigenous cult of Japan, the alleged foundation of much of the patriotism, energy and altruism of the people. No part of his subject has escaped his notice, and his materials are arranged in a logical sequence which makes them clear even to a casual reader. But the book is not for casual readers. It is for the scientific students of humanity who take more than a passing interest in the inner life of a people interesting in themselves and made more so to us by political alliance. They will find in it separate chapters on the general features of Shintoism; on its deification of human beings, beginning with the sovereigns, which has been fallaciously regarded by many European scholars as one of the greatest sources of its pantheon; on that pantheon as it actually exists; on its history, the morality which it teaches, and on its ritual; and the whole is preceded by a list of the native authorities from whose work Mr. Aston has obtained the material for his own; the number of them is in itself testimony enough to the wideness of his research. Shintoism as compared with the great religions of the world is, Mr. Aston says, perhaps the least developed of all which have an adequate literary record. According to one of the early American missionaries it is, as a religion, hollow, empty and jejune beyond any other that is known among men. It has no bible, no dogma, no moral code of its own. It has neither heaven nor hell, no system of reward or punishment after death, no regular ceremonial worship, no priesthood whose lives are exclusively devoted to its services, and the deep earnest faith that is so marked a feature among devoted followers of other religions, Christian, Mohammedan or Buddhist, is never found among its adherents. And yet it has exercised a deep influence on the history and character of the Japanese people. Its foundation lies in the belief that the islands of Japan were the first formed in the world out of the infinite space that prevailed before the origin of all things, when neither heaven nor earth existed, and that the sovereignty of those islands was subsequently conferred on the direct ancestor of the Mikado who was himself the near

descendant of the Gods of Heaven. From this belief springs the fanatical love of all Japanese for their country, the land of the gods, far above all others, and the reverence for the sovereign, which not only secures the most unquestioning acceptance of every decree which his infallible wisdom promulgates but ascribes to his virtues every glory that is won by the arms of his soldiers and sailors. In every household in Japan, from the palace down to that of the humblest peasant, Shinto altars find a place and prayers are offered before them every night. Every Japanese is at birth placed under the protection of a special tutelary Shinto deity, and no matter how poor he makes at least one pilgrimage in his lifetime to the temple of Ise, the Mecca of his faith. How intense is the national regard for those temples may be assumed from the fact that one of the greatest leaders of modern Japan, one of her greatest statesmen, was assassinated a very few years ago because he had profanely touched the curtain of the altar with his walking cane, and the memory of his assassin was not execrated but lovingly cherished to a degree that amounted almost to canonization. A cult which has such effects among a quick-witted, materialistic people can hardly be the rapid thing which, in ignorance, Europeans have been accustomed to hold it.

Another excellent work on the subject of the religion of Japan is from the pen of Okakura Yoshisaburo. It is a reproduction in connected form of a series of lectures given by the author to the University of London and is entitled, "The Japanese Spirit." According to this scholar, whose opinions are naturally prejudiced, Japan has been urged on her career of progress by the unwritten code of morality known as Bushido, or the path of the Samurai.

Wherever we look for the keynote of the intrepid valour shown by the soldiers and sailors of Japan, our eyes will, he says, invariably end at the magic path of the Samurai. Believing that the Spirit of Japan is to be found in that code, he traces all the elements that have contributed towards its formation, beginning with a sketch of the supposed origin of the people, of their place in racial science, and of the mythological history of their early days. Buddhism was introduced into Japan from Korea in the sixth century of the Christian era, and gave a vigorous impulse to the study of Chinese literature principally as exemplified in Confucian texts. The philosophy of the great sages, Confucian and Lao Tsze, exercised a strong effect on the formation of Japanese character, but it is in Buddhism that one of the two main sources of that character

(Continued on Page 29.)

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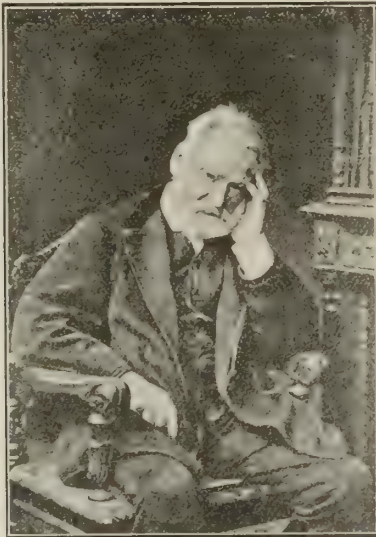
A. M. ROBERTSON



# Hugo and His Juliette

By Lewis F. Laughlin

Nowadays people appear to be constantly alighting in the haunts of the famous dead. In London there is scarcely a street that cannot be associated with a poet or novelist or his cousins and aunts or with one of the mistresses of Charles II or the first or second George, every scrap of unpublished matter, every possible association of a great writer with his neighbors and neighborhood, every item of what once was his worldly possession is brought to light. Shakespeare and Shelley,



VICTOR HUGO

Dickens and Thackeray—is there the smallest trifle ascertainable about them that has not been given to the world? How will their editors of the future continue to throw a ray of new light on the subject? It is the same in France. Public curiosity respecting the doings of the immortals cannot be surfeited. I was reminded of this phenomenon some time ago, during my travels, when I came across a mine of information about Victor Hugo. It was in the Isle of Guernsey, to which had fluttered the little colony of exiles which he had joined after the Coup d'Etat of Louis Napoleon and his sham Republic. Among the exiles was one Paul Stapfer who became a sort of Boswell to Hugo and took exact and copious notes of his conversations with the great writer upon all sorts of subjects. He recently published a book in France which has the value of a new work by Victor Hugo. It contains the interesting intelligence that Marius, one of the principal characters in "Les Misérables," was no other than the author himself. But Stapfer did not get out of the Guernsey mine all the rich ore that was accessible. Long after the departure of Stapfer there was found in the Hauteville House, the Hugo residence in Guernsey, the "journal intime" or diary of Francois Hugo, son of the poet and a set of love letters from Hugo's mistress, Juliette Drouet, to the "Lord of Human Tears." The journal is not of much value. It is a mass of personal chronicle and abounds in trivialities, but there are many references to Victor Hugo and his conversations are occasionally quoted. As for ex-

ample he is represented to have said while discussing his enemies among the critics of Paris:

"I admit candidly I defend my friends and attack my enemies. Whatever may be the faults of Theophile Gautier now, I defend him. I remember and will always remember that after the failure of 'Le Roi s'Amuse' all my enemies triumphantly fell upon me, saying that never had such an execrable production been presented. Theophile Gautier, who was then writing for a small journal, wrote in regard to 'Le Roi s'Amuse': 'If we lived in a time when there was any respect for poetry, Victor Hugo, crowned with laurels, should ride in a golden car drawn by four white horses before all the people of Paris.' Yes I defend Gautier. I defend even Mery. I am profoundly grateful for good, and profoundly hurt by evil. I defend my friends to the last, until the day when it is proved they are not my friends. On that day I become their enemy."

Of Eugene Sue, Hugo is represented in his son's diary as having expressed himself as follows:

"The other day I read a novel by Eugene Sue in the 'Nation,' called the Jouffrey Family. It is extremely vulgar and bad, and written in the style of a porter, but it is most striking in its reality."

One day Julie Hugo, in an argument with her brother Charles, cited Marcus Aurelius as an example of kingly virtue.

"Ah yes," said Charles, "he persecuted the Christians."

Here Victor Hugo intervened:

"Marcus Aurelius was no angel, but he had a rare mind. The philosophy of Marcus Aurelius surpassed Christianity, which, however, has rendered a greater service to the heart of mankind than to the human mind. Marcus Aurelius was a philosopher, a Socratist. If he had been told of the mysteries of the Christian religion, he would have regarded these mysteries as



From a Photograph of a Pen and Ink Drawing by Victor Hugo, Representing His Enemies Jeering at the Poet.

superstitions. His mind placed him on a higher level than his material position. He was higher than his time."

One day Charles Hugo pronounced marriage an infamous institution. "Charles," said his father, "you throw yourself forward like an ox to break down gates opened by me twenty-nine years ago. In your



talk, too often you reclose gates you had previously opened." As this conversation occurred in 1852 Victor Hugo could not have been more than twenty-one when he "opened the gates." He was twenty-nine when he met Juliette Drouet. He was only twenty when he married and he had three children at the time of Juliette's conquest. He first met her when she was



The Only Known Portrait of Juliette Drouet

From the figure surmounting the Strasburg Monument in the Place de la Concorde for which Mme. Drouet sat as model.

assigned to the role of Princess Negroin in his play "Lucretia Borgia." Eight years later he wrote in her album—a little book called "Livre— de l'Anniversaire": "Dost thou remember, my beloved, our first day? It was the time of Carnival in 1833. There was being given at some theatre a ball to which we both were to go (I interrupt my writing to imprint a kiss on thy sweet mouth, and then I continue). Nothing, not even death, I am certain, can ever efface that recollection within me. Poor angel what beauty and love is thine! Thy little apartment was full of adorable silence. Outside we heard Paris singing and laughing, and the masked revellers passing by shouting. Amid the great general festival we had set apart and concealed in the shade our own sweet festival. That day I spent eight hours with thee. Each of those hours has already given birth to a year. During those eight years my heart has been full of thee, and nothing will change it, thou knowest, even should each of those years bring forth a century."

But Victor Hugo's fidelity was not rewarded. Juliette was unfaithful, but the author forgave her and their devotion endured precisely fifty years. His wife, who died in 1868, was for thirty-five years conscious of Juliette Drouet's part in Victor Hugo's life. Juliette shielded him in his escape from Paris disguised as a laborer, followed him into exile and made for him and his intimates a world of gaiety on a quiet little island. During Madame Hugo's life she never abated her devotion to her husband, whose genius, in her fond eyes, absolved his every weakness. In exile he took breakfast with his wife at the Hauteville

House and dined at the petit salon of Madame Drouet just around the corner. But to come to the letters. Two of them will suffice to indicate the general tone. They were written during the troublous times of Hugo's political misfortunes. The first is dated March 31, 1851:

Thursday evening, 9 o'clock.

I return to you, my beloved, with that confidence and ardour that springs from mutual love; without any rancour for the past or anxiety for the future, with the sweet and delightful cohort of my illusions, with all my strength and all my soul, therefore be forewarned! I shall not speak to you again of what I have suffered, but I will remember throughout eternity your ineffable kindness and divine meekness. I no longer see your fault but only feel your love. I will not ask whether my image on your heart is mutilated, but I know that on mine you are complete, very living, beautiful, great and sublime. I know not whether my happiness will ever resume its first form, but I am certain I have no other belief, nor any other divinity than you. All the despair that has shaken my heart during the last month has not shaken from it that marvelous fruit of love, enlarged and ripened by all the sap of my admiration for you for nearly nineteen years. I feel its roots deeper and more living than ever in the middle of my heart, and even my tears, far from injuring them, have revived them like refreshing rain.

JULIETTE.

The following is dated September 19, 1851:

Friday evening, 11:30.

Not a day goes by now, my poor darling, without bringing some new violence against thee and thine. It is enough to make one's blood boil and to excite indignation of all good people. Don't fear that they can shake me, my beloved, for my courage flows all the



Victor Hugo and His Little Guernsey Proteges in the Garden of His Home.

more with their persecution against you. I will be worthy of you and no human power can lessen my devotion, and no danger can make my love afraid. What I felt just now was not weakness or fear, but indignation and disgust against those mean, cowardly and vile persons who are so ferocious and violent,



Whenever they have brutal force they could have no other, nature having denied them greatness of mind. Let me pour out my indignation, my darling, against these infamous scoundrels who have the audacity to attack you, the noblest, most generous, greatest, most devoted and disinterested of men. Having given vent to my anger, there only remains my admiration for you, my tenderness and love, all that makes the heart great, good and happy. Goodnight, beloved; go to bed as soon as possible and enjoy the sweetest sleep, lulled by my good wishes.

JULIETTE.

This sweetheart of fifty years, beloved embodiment of the poet's human ideal, whose charms so long enslaved him, this beautiful, magnetic friend of that great Frenchman whom the world has enshrined, lies in an unmarked grave under two flat stones! And in curious agreement with this rude fact is the other fact that, so far as I have been able to ascertain, the Museums of France and England do not contain Juliette Drouet's portrait, nor can I find that it has ever been published.

The people of Guernsey cared naught of the unconventionalities of Hugo's career. They remember him only as a great and good man, who was kind to children and had many eccentricities. They remember

that he used to bathe on the roof of his house and could be seen performing his ablutions in the morning. One of the amusing Guernsey anecdotes is told by a Guernsey stationer. In "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" you will find the picture of a Scotch Highlander playing the bagpipe. Throughout the novel the author calls the musical instrument a bug-pipe. When the Guernsey people remonstrated with him, the poet insisted that bug-pipe was correct and refused to alter it. The controversy was vigorously pursued, especially by those in Guernsey who sprang from the north country and who did not purpose submitting to a burlesque upon a musical instrument which was so much a part of their national life. "Monsieur Hugo, you are wrong," they protested, "there is no such word as bug-pipe. It is bagpipe—bagpipe—bagpipe—bag —!" "It is bug-pipe!" retorted the poet, "because I, Victor Hugo, poet, dramatist, peer of France, etc., etc., say so. What I write becomes right because I write it." There are still to be found in Guernsey people, who, as children were proteges of the great writer. He used to give them luncheons in his yard, and he always sampled the dishes to see that they had been cooked according to his theories of l'art de cuisine.

## The Notable Case of the Marquise des Esbroufettes

Englised for Town Talk by Beatrice Hastings.

The elegant and fashionable Madame de Vigier, superb in amethyst velvet, and silver fox, had scarcely seated herself, with her two admirers, de Foy and de Courtenay, in the Cafe des Roses, when who should arrive but the Marquise des Esbroufettes; as usual she entered the grill room, like a fluttering bird, or as de Foy put it, like a young cyclone, fresh from the western prairie, yet looking decidedly charming in a smart, cloth tailor-made gown, relieved by a touch of point lace, and old rose satin, her blond pompadour, topped by a velvet toque, with the most alluring of plumes.

She ordered tea and toast, and with a deep sigh, prepared to unfold her harrowing tale.

"Something sensational, I'll wager," whispered de Courtenay to de Foy.

"Decidedly sensational," echoed the pretty Marquise, who had overheard de Courtenay's stage whisper.

"Ah! if you only knew, the experience I have had," she continued, excitedly. "However, I am well satisfied, for Monsieur Grujand, will get his deserts."

"And, who is Monsieur Grujand?" asked de Foy.

"My landlord," blushing responded the Marquise, "though I'm really ashamed to acknowledge him. But then," she added with a pretty pout, "I'm certainly not to blame, for how could such a poor little unprotected widow become cognizant of such facts."

"Certainly not," came the gallant response from the gentlemen present.

"But," urged one of them, "proceed, Marquise, with your story, for the introduction is a trifle nebulous."

"Well, to begin with I must tell you, that some time ago I gave up my apartments, in the rue Murillo, as I found them rather small, and too far away from the theatres—a great disadvantage, when one is com-

pelled to accept an escort; a very necessary appendage, I may observe, and I grant agreeable, for a short distance, but when the journey is long, one's escort is apt to become a bit enterprising, which ruffles one's pompadour, one's chiffons, and one's temper."

The gentlemen smiled audibly at this announcement, while Madame de Vigier arched her dark eyebrows, significantly, and she glanced across the table, at her dear friend, the Marquise, as though she too had experienced the disadvantages of long journeys with enterprising escorts. Not in the least ruffled by the slight interruption, Madame des Esbroufettes, continued her story, with renewed volubility, her thin pink lips moving at auto-speed: "I therefore determined to secure apartments near the Boulevard; and one day passing the rue Saint Georges, I saw a beautiful house, which apparently had just been renovated; as frequently happens, in such cases, the entire mansion was vacant, and to let. The vestibule was large and spacious, the candelabrum superb, the staircase imposing; in a word, I visited the apartments on the first floor, just newly decorated, and was delighted with them. The drawing-room was magnificent. From the concierge I learned that the owner's name was Grujand, and that he lived in the rue de la Chaussee d'Anten. I rushed to see him, thinking, as I walked along, that as his entire house was to let, he would be suave and accommodating. I found Monsieur Grujand, a very old man, with a seamed and shrivelled face, his thin white hair surmounted by a velvet cap, his manner harsh and rude, and apparently the most fastidious of landlords. 'Are you a widow, Madame?' he asked bluntly. I answered in the affirmative. Then followed a string of questions: 'How long has your husband been dead? Have you any children? Do you entertain much? From whom can I make enquiries?

(Continued on Page 36.)



# The Spectator

## Schmitz's Latest Triumph

Back to his native heath came our vulpine Mayor last week with heart fuming in spleen, midriff palpitating with canicular rages; back came he to twiddle the fingers of scorn in the patient face of an outraged community. In a spirit of triumph the Mayor returned. For had he not obtained what he went to Washington for? Had he not in his possession a certificate of character from the High Priest of Organized Labor? More important than the exclusion of the Japanese. Poor silly fool! so successful has he been in his gasconading that he imagines he can play the Janus-faced role forever without being detected. Little does he know of the forces that are operating for his destruction. Scarcely had he removed the stains of travel before he began exuding corroboration of my assertions of last week in reference to the deal made at Washington. A most unsavory deal was that; to suggest all the terms of which would be to put too severe a tax on credulity. Besides I am rather incredulous myself. But in the sequence of events is presented a damning chain of circumstances from which President Roosevelt, if charged with having designed the conspiracy, would find it somewhat difficult to extricate himself. The history of President Roosevelt's relations with the Storers exhibits some very reprehensible traits of his character, but I am loath to argue that they gave prescience of the extent to which he merely appears to have gone in the indulgence of iniquitous expedients for the attainment of his imperative ends. In the exigencies of high office statesmen are sometimes constrained to reconcile with duty a suspension of the code of higher ethics, and Mr. Roosevelt may not have at all times squared his performances with his noblest professions, but it is hard to believe that he bargained with Schmitz in a way designed to blow the breath of life into that political corpse. Whatever may have been Mr. Roosevelt's transgressions, it is nevertheless universally believed that he is an exemplar of all the civic virtues. We all know that for nothing has he greater aversion than a corrupt public official. The star-eyed goddess of reform is his tutelary genius by right of discovery. It is therefore inconceivable that even to extricate himself from the embarrassment incident to the Japanese imbroglio he would deliberately put Schmitz in the way of obtaining a certificate of character for the deception of the voters of San Francisco.

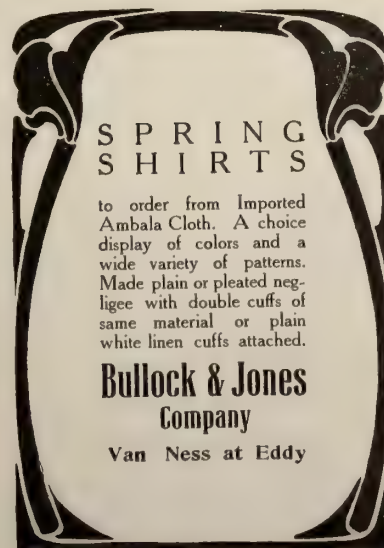
## The Wily Gompers

That, however, he did so play into the hands of Schmitz, there is not the slightest doubt. Of course he may have done so innocently. Nevertheless he cannot very well escape the odium of having given aid and comfort to the man who, he well knows, is responsible for the degradation of this city. And it may be remarked parenthetically that while President Roosevelt may have had no inkling to Schmitz's designs the Mayor's friends in this city knew pretty well when he went to Washington that it was to obtain a certificate of character from one Samuel Gompers. It would be interesting to know by what species of necromancy Schmitz saw the deft hand of Gompers in the background of the White House conference. Schmitz and

Gompers were not friendly. When Gompers visited this city two years ago he kept aloof from Mayor Schmitz and herded and banqueted with those union leaders by whom Schmitz was repudiated on account of his demoralizing influence on organized labor. Mr. Gompers openly sympathized with the men who were then and who are now engaged in trying to remove the Schmitz incubus from the body politic. Now it appears that Mr. Gompers is a dexterous acrobat. One might suspect him of turning a somersault when Teddy presses the button.

## A Wonderful Eulogium

An endorsement and a certificate of character from Gompers constituted a prize for which Schmitz would have paid a gaspipe thug's ransom. The prize was accessible for the asking. And O, what a dazzling certificate the shifty Gompers gave him! So eulogistic a tribute to his worth was never before paid to our whiskered Mayor. And it must be admitted that in his time Mr. Schmitz has been giddied by many a preposterous panegyric. The intemperate Gompers fairly staggered him with encomiums. It was immediately after the White House conference that the apotheosis of Schmitz took place. When the wine began to flow the bald headed prophet of union labor took to his feet, lifted Schmitz from the mire where he has been helplessly floundering and transported him to the pantheon of Great Men. It was with several type-written copies of the address that Schmitz returned home to confound his enemies and justify his theatric air of triumph. It was a mistake not to publish it. It was so obviously written to order and for a purpose that it is hardly likely to excite anything but derision even in labor circles. But hearken to the tinsel clink of compliment, the gurgle of the smooth, insinuating oil of flattery: "I feel," said Prophet Gompers, at that remarkable banquet by which the deal was consummated, "that we are in the presence of a great man. I say this despite the bitter, and the malicious statements of his traducers. Falsehood and calumny will not, and cannot, detract from the greatness of



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the things done by him, by his direction and in his name at a time when the very world stood still with the horror of the calamity which had befallen the city which has thrice honored him with the office of mayor."

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Now we must admit that's fine stuff from the oratorical standpoint. From these introductory words we learn that Mr. Gompers understands the local situation. He knows that Mr. Schmitz is being traduced and calumniated. He uttered enough in that strain to fill a column dwelling principally upon Schmitz's great achievements during the fire, and charging that the men whose hospitality he accepted while here two years ago are engaged in a conspiracy to jail Schmitz in order to crush union labor. He referred briefly to the street railway strike and gave the Mayor the credit of having won it. This should please the ear men immensely. Then he credited the Mayor with having won the President over to a Japanese Exclusion policy. "I want to say here and now," he added, "that in the matter of Japanese exclusion Mayor Schmitz has done more for the country and particularly for the working men, and in less time, than anything else done in the interest of labor as one proposition, since the Civil War." After assuring his hearers that it is the habit of his life to speak with deliberation this exuberant demagogue resumed: "I want to pay my tribute of respect to the Union Labor Mayor of San Francisco. We know that the opponents of union labor are forever seeking some little speck upon the character and makeup of the man of labor, so that by applying to it the most powerful magnifying glass, even though such a glass may cost \$100,000, they may so enlarge it that it will become sufficiently visible to be subject of criticism. They are ever seeking the mote in the other man's eye. Their method is apparent. It is not that they hate the representatives of union labor the less, but that they hate union labor itself the more."

### The Story of a Promise

I have been told that while Schmitz was in Washington he was promised that Gompers would come to San Francisco to take the stump for him in the next campaign. Feeling quite certain that there will be no campaign so far as Schmitz is concerned, I merely present the story for what it is worth in the same spirit in which I have narrated the circumstances of the infamous piece of political sculduggery by which Schmitz earned a certificate of character at Washington. In whatever light it is viewed one must regret that the President of the United States ever deemed it his duty to dicker with Abe Ruef's side partner and put him in the way of obtaining a clean bill of health from the blatant demagogue who slandered those brave citizens that are engaged in an honest effort to redeem a graft ridden city from the clutches of the most vicious and shameless gang of scoundrels that ever debauched an

American community. Of course Gompers is powerless to rehabilitate so ragged and soiled a personality as that of Schmitz or to perpetuate conditions that have rendered the name of San Francisco even in Europe, as Current Literature tells us, "inseparable from an abominable odor of moral putrefaction," but it is somewhat startling to find a man wielding the tremendous influence that has been put in his hands, prostituting his power to so base an end.

### Omar Philosophy for Christian Consumption

The Rev. Dr. Evans, of Grace Church, I hear, has plunged the members of his congregation into a very lively dispute over the question of the propriety of rounding out a sermon in a Christian Church with a paraphrase of the Rubaiyat. Dr. Evans recently closed a sermon with the verse beginning "A book of verses underneath the bow," and made a slight addition:

—and thou, O Christ,  
Beside me singing in the wilderness—  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow.

This treatment of the sad, glad Persian is thus commented on in a letter that I received the other day: "The Doctor's amendment will no doubt set the unregenerate old Tent-maker aright with the unpoetical orthodoxy, yet with what a perversion of the spirit of Omar. For, in reality, this is one of his most pagan expressions. It is the hopelessness of it all, the vanity of struggling against destiny that would drive our old poet into his symbolical wilderness, where he would mock existence in busying himself in the few compensations of a transient life—books, good cheer and good friends. Still, the Reverend Doctor means well. He at least gives a cloud and a harp to the most essentially un-Christian man that ever wrote verse."

### An Equivocal Bard

But how does my correspondent know that the Rev. Dr. Evans has been guilty of a perversion of Omar? The old Persian as well as Browning is susceptible of



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many interpretations. Like Ibsen he has interpreters representing many phases of opinion. By some it is said that he exalts the gratification of the senses above that of the intellect, and one of his biographers tells us that his epicurean audacity caused him to be regarded askance in his own time and country, but there are other views and stories relative to his sentiments and his position among his contemporaries. Many of his quatrains are unintelligible unless mystically interpreted. It is believed by some critics that he was something of a saint and that the Rubaiyat is a poem of great philosophical, ethical and religious influence. Perhaps Dr. Evans believes that it was not the juice of the grape that Omar celebrated; convinced, perhaps, is he that Omar was a mystic who shadowed the Deity under the figure of wine. Having devoted his life to an equivocal psalmody Omar has no one to blame but himself for the liberties that may be taken with his songs.

### Our Frolicsome Statesmen

If the sense of humor argues the possibility of ultimate salvation the legislature that has been in session during the past two months is not so hopelessly damned as some of its bitter enemies would have us believe. For the perception of humorous situations and the appreciation of the ridiculous, even when they involve unflattering commentaries on its own wisdom, sufficiency and splendor this lawmaking body and especially its upper chamber exhibits a jovial and sincere readiness that is not only surprising but disconcerting. Let the joke on its august self be never so broad and its implication never so embarrassing, it will still pay its devoirs to the goddess of quips and cranks with hearty laughter. Its sportive humor will not allow of anything being taken too seriously. "Go to," it says in effect, "your legislating is a dull pastime at best; let us lighten it with jest and gild it with smiles, else will we be bored to death." And so, when men like Caminetti and Sanford and Curtin would fain be serious for a time, it votes them down in a gale of guffaws; and when the smiling countenance of Belshaw is drawn into stern, unyielding lines, it scents a new sort of jesting and ha-has him out of his Catonian humor. Even when Willis of Redlands, "the mocking-bird of San Berdoe," as Belshaw felicitously nicknamed him, rises majestically to frown his fellows into severe, unbending consideration of some weighty measure, even then the Senate persists in its holiday gaiety and lends him only a grinning, mocking attention.

### The Majestic Willis

Willis is the Beveridge of Sacramento; he is obsessed with the necessity of showing a stern front to the awed spectators of the legislative gallery and he resents the perennial cheerfulness, the settled nonchalance of his seniors. "We are the source of all the wisdom of the state," he cried in a frantic effort to impress the law-makers with the awful responsibility of their positions. But instead of being impressed the irrepressible fun-makers drowned the rest of Willis' speech in waves of bubbling laughter. "I represent one-fifth of this great sovereign state," declaimed Redlands' representative on another occasion. Yet the legislators, so far from being awed by the moral and geographical burdens which he carries, only sought to lighten them with indecorous but wonderfully healthy cacchinations. "I have learned more in the last sixty days than in all the rest of the thirty-five years of my life," was another statement of this young statesman which moved his hearers to strange, irritating glee. And so on every possible occasion. When Willis concluded an eloquent tribute to the inspiring influence of sun and sky and flowers with the assertion—"Why, everything is done here by inspiration," the invincible humorists around him twisted his rhetorical posy into a cryptic innuendo and simply roared with mirth. If old Burton were privileged to return to earth he would find nothing in this legislature to yield new material for the Anatomy of Melancholy, but for that part of his immortal work which deals with correctives of the bilious temperament there would be such a wealth of illustration as would swell it to twice its bulk. No wonder, considering the comic humor of our legislators, that our statute books impress so many as little better than jesters' manuals.

### Soreness of Anderson

Not for many years will some of the animosities that have been aroused by the capital removal scheme be assuaged. In the case of ex-Lieutenant Governor Alden Anderson, I doubt whether he will ever forgive some of the men behind the removal gun. Anderson is one of the newcomers in Sacramento, and he has acquired large interests there, for Anderson has become a very rich man in the last few years. Anderson was a moving spirit in one of the new enterprises to which I have referred, and since the removal proposition came up the enterprise has been hanging fire. So it is not to be wondered at that Anderson has been in some-



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thing of a rage. Some of the most active of the removal agitators were his intimate friends until a few weeks ago. He was identified with the Republican machine, a circumstance tending to belie the charge that the removal project was of purely political significance. As Jere Burke and John Lynch were among the Berkeley boomers it was assumed that they represented the machine, but the fact is that both are enthusiastic residents of Berkeley and have large interests there. It is hardly probable that the Southern Pacific is interested in the project since it is one that more directly concerns the Key Route company. The Southern Pacific would be more likely to favor San Jose or Alameda.

### In the Divorce Court

The every-day incidents of the divorce court are subjects that might well impel the pen of a Balzac or a Zola. The judge whose term, or period, as presiding judge has just expired has placed himself on record as one in favor of the reconciliation of disgruntled mates and as an upholder of the marriage relation. The present presiding officer, Judge Coffey, while he has a poor opinion of women as witnesses, and professes to be opposed to the institution of marriage, nevertheless makes it a point to assign the majority of divorce cases to his predecessor, Judge Graham. Possibly,

No matter what his front presents,  
He still is filled with good intents.

"You want this divorce case assigned to some particular department, I presume," said Judge Coffey the other day to an attorney who was presenting the papers.

"Oh, I'm not particular," returned the attorney, fancying that a disclosure of favoritism would kill his choice.

"Well, you know that I am not an avowed advocate of marriage," said the judge with a sly twinkle; "but Judge Graham stands as an upholder of it, and I'll assign the case to him."

"According to your own ideas, you couldn't do worse for my client," retorted the attorney.

"Well," answered the judge, "a good cause will find its own support."

"And doesn't need me," continued the attorney.

"Hardly," said the judge.

### The Trial

Then the case came up before Judge Graham on a motion for alimony and counsel fees, and the judge insisted on both plaintiff and defendant taking the witness stand. The intent was to effect a reconciliation if possible. She was shrinking, mild-mannered, pale and twenty; he forty, swarthy and with the swagger of a brigand.

"What's your nationality?" inquired the judge of the woman.

"Swiss," said she.

"And yours?"

"Persian," said the man.

"A bad combination, isn't it?" said the judge, looking at the attorney for the plaintiff.

"It couldn't win," said the attorney, thinking for the moment of the last one he played, and taken off his guard.

"He treats you cruelly, does he?" asked his honor of the woman.

"Yes, and makes false charges against me."

"I never did," interjected the defendant.

"Any children?" asked Graham.

"Two, but they're both dead," whispered the woman.

"She killed them, Judge," muttered the man savagely.

"Listen to that accusation, Judge," remarked the attorney.

"You better set the case for trial at an early day," concluded his honor.

And then when the case came on for trial, the defendant with her witnesses disclosed a chapter of life in the refugee camp lasting from the day after the earthquake until late in September. The defendant had money in the bank—several hundred dollars,—all through that period, but they subsisted upon the charity of the city. Then a child was born to them. It lived only three months, and the father allowed its body to go to the dissecting table and then to the Potter's field. And his deposit in the bank was all the time increasing. When the case was submitted the judge said: "Madam, your husband ought to be tarred and feathered, if what you say is true. No, more than that, he should be first tied to the whipping post, if we had one, and then the hot tar applied. Decree granted."

### Burgess the Claimant

A correspondent suggests that Gellett Burgess, who has been posing as the man that removed the Cogswell statue, is afflicted with an irresistible tendency to obtain applause under false pretenses. "This same Burgess," says my correspondent, "told Vance



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Thompson some years ago how he fooled the literati with his meaningless, nonsensical outpouring of mere words under the name 'Yone Noguchi.' Thompson made a long story out of the hoax and related that the clever Burgess greatly enjoyed the adulatory criticism that the stuff evoked. I do not know whether Burgess pulled down the Cogswell fountain, but I do know that he is not the first to claim the credit of that achievement. And by the way I do know that he did not pull down the last of those awful effigies. One of them disfigured the entrance to the Cogswell school at Twenty-sixth and Folsom streets until the earthquake of last April when it was converted into formless junk."

### She's Married Now

Up from Honolulu came the following verses written by Hilary Neil Weston of the Star, apropos the sentiments of Governor Carter respecting his freedom from prejudice against Japanese sons-in-law:

I am married, papa, married  
To a darling Japanese,  
He's bow-legged from his ankles  
To his lovely lumpy knees.

His eyes are set at angles  
And his nose is on askew,  
But I know if "Teddy" will approve  
"Twill be all right with you.

O, I'm sure he loves me dearly,  
For he told some Nippon men  
That he'd never, never sell me  
Under fifteen hundred Yen.

All our Occidental customs  
I've abandoned, papa dear,  
For the Oriental culture  
That we used to think so queer.

I can swig a quart of Saki,  
Rice and pork eat with a stick,  
Hobble out in clogs or sandals  
In a style that's really slick.

Though my lovely silk kimona  
Leaves my limbs a little bare,  
'Tis the garb of dear old Nippon,  
So I really do not care.

And I'd sooner, papa darling,  
Be a "Geisha" in Japan  
Than to wed some scurvy white man  
Under your parental ban.

### Japs Entertain with Russian Champagne

My Honolulu correspondent writes that during the recent visit of the Japanese squadron to that port champagne flowed in sufficient quantities to float one of the ships. Though the Japanese officers are temperate they have no prejudice against intemperance in others. "But it was learned," says my correspondent, "that the wine so generously dispensed came from the Russian fleet that was captured in the Japan sea and that it is being used to promote friendship in foreign ports. Japanese officers informed acquaintances here that the Russian ships were more abundantly supplied with champagne than with ammunition. They say that the story that the course of the Russian fleet in its long journey was marked by the empty bottles that floated in its wake is almost literally true."



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### Bancroft on San Francisco

"Some Cities and San Francisco" is the title of a very interesting work that has come from the long idle pen of Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft. In this work we are afforded a glimpse of the origin of all the principal cities of the world and are given many hints respecting the importance from the standpoint of commercial expediency of rebuilding with an eye to the beautiful. Mr. Bancroft tells us of many cities that were destroyed and rebuilt, and "always," he says, "the city is improved in the rebuilding." Three times London was destroyed by plague and five times by fire, twenty times did Rome suffer, Antwerp, burned in 1871, was quickly rebuilt, Boston, "swept by fires, smallpox, witchcraft, quakerism, snowstorms, earthquakes and proslavery riots, still lives to meditate upon her own superiority and to instruct mankind." Seven times in the last half century Constantinople was swept by fire, damaged by earthquakes and depopulated by pestilence, and in this country several communities have suffered from terrible cataclysms, but only to revive and flourish. Of San Francisco Mr. Bancroft says: "When was improvised an alcalde after the Mexican fashion, and two boards of aldermen were established after the New York fashion, and the high officials saw that they could now and then pick up a twenty-five-dollar fee for deeding a fifty-vara lot, if so be they had on hand some fifty varas, they forthwith went to work to make them by drawing lines in front of the cove and intersecting them at right angles by lines running up over the hills, giving their own names with a sprinkling of bear-flag heroes, not forgetting the usual Washington and Jackson, leaving in

the centre a plaza, the cove in front to be filled in later. Winding trails led from the Presidio to the Mission, and from Mission and Presidio to the cove. This was the beginning of San Francisco, which a merciful Providence has five times burned, the last time thoroughly, giving the inhabitants the opportunity to build something better."

### Some Interesting History

Mr. Bancroft says that the sites of cities have seldom been chosen because of fitness. Chicagoans assert that a worse place than theirs for a city cannot be found on the shores of Lake Michigan. New York would be in a better position up the Hudson, London in Bristol channel, and San Francisco at Carquinez strait. "Indeed," says Mr. Bancroft, "it was by a Yankee trick that the sand-blown peninsula secured the principal city of the Pacific. It happened in this way. General Vallejo, Mexican commandante residing at Sonoma, upon the arrival of the New American authorities said to them: 'Let it bear the name of my wife Francesca, and let it be the commercial and political metropolis of your Pacific possessions, and I will give you the finest site in the world for a city, with state-house and residences built and ready for your free occupation.' And so it was agreed, and the general made ready for the coming of the legislature. Meanwhile to the American alcalde, who had established his rule at Yerba Buena, a trading hamlet in the cove opposite the island of that name and nucleus of the present, San Francisco, came Folsom, United States army captain and quartermaster, to whom had

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been given certain lots of land in Yerba Buena, and said: 'Why not call the town San Francisco, and bring hither ships which clear from various ports, for San Francisco bay?' And so it was done; the fine plans of the Mexican general fell to the ground, and the name Benicia was given to what had been Francesca. A year or two later, with five hundred ships of the goldseekers anchored off the cove, not all the men and money in the country could have moved the town from its ill-chosen location." Mr. Baneroft thinks that Fate has in store a very high destiny for San Francisco. He reminds us that when the Mediterranean was the greatest of seas, Carthage and Venice were the greatest of cities, when the Atlantic assumed sway, Ghent, Seville and London, each in turn came to the front, and he suggests that as the Pacific is bound to become the scene of the world's greatest activities, its chief city must become mistress of the world.

#### Hearst Will Build a Palace

The latest ambition of that indefatigable champion of the plain people, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, is to have a palatial home, one that for grandeur will be unsurpassed by any of the marble mansions of our great plutocrats. He has purchased a site on the famous Riverside Drive at the southeast corner of 105th street, which contains a little more than three city lots. It was purchased in sections. The combined pieces form one of the finest vacant plots of land on Riverside Drive. The dimensions are eighty by one hundred feet. I hear Mr. Hearst has resolved to have the most artistic home in the country, and that he has hopes of organizing an independent social set in New York.

#### Nipped In the Bud

The Postoffice Department clearly expressed its attitude toward labor unionism among postal employees when last Saturday it took steps that will no doubt result in the death of an incipient organization, the Brotherhood of Railway Mail Clerks, which was going through the birth pangs in San Francisco and Los Angeles. The step taken by the department was direct and effective, consisting of the dismissal from the service of Hugh Shaug, father, mother and midwife of the organization. Shaug is a postal clerk, but of late had been devoting much of his time to the new organization. He hoped to make it national, and to be its president—which would have been a nice, fat job for Shaug. He is something of an agitator, and quite a talented one. While doing his preliminary work in San Francisco he picked out incompetents and soreheads as his lieutenants, and through them soon had the men ripe for unionism. The trouble with

Shaug was that he talked too much, and the department knew as much as he did about what he had done and intended to do. Hence the yawning basket, the sharp axe, and the death of the Brotherhood of Railway Mail Clerks. The men have concluded that it will be a lot nicer and a lot less dangerous to form a purely social organization. What a saving it would be if the government could persuade the railroads to charge a fair rate for carrying the mails as easily as it can induce the men to quit organizing. And maybe, in such a case, it could afford to pay the men salaries that would make them feel less inclined to organize. It may be remarked in passing, however, that less tyranny is exercised over the men than is generally supposed. Many think that a postal employee who dares to express any dissatisfaction with his salary is dismissed. The rule is that the men are forbidden to organize with a view to gaining increased salaries or to contribute money for lobbying purposes. There is no objection to their petitioning through the heads of the departments they work in for anything to which they think they are entitled.

#### A Confidence Game

Shaug had hatched a great lobbying scheme, and back of his efforts in that direction lies a very funny story of the methods of Washington touts and lobbyists. When Shaug went to Washington a few months ago they saw him coming. It was known that he was raising a lobbying fund, part of which had already been contributed, and more of which was to come from the Brotherhood to be. An ex-Californian who does some lobbying of a cheap sort got hold of him, and soon persuaded Shaug that he was the only man in Washington who could engineer his scheme. His work bore all the ear-marks of the ordinary bunkoman, and Shaug swallowed the bait. The lobbyist told him impressively of the secret net-work of pull, influence and cash that underlies Congress, and professed to know every mesh of the net. First, though, he told Shaug, he must be persuaded that his cause was a righteous one before he would give his assistance. Shaug told him of the small pay of the railway clerks, and said that he wanted to get the matter before Congress in order that relief might be obtained. The lobbyist agreed that the cause seemed a just one, but said that he must have time to think it over before joining it, even for money. He said that he and his fellow workers were all honorable men and could not afford to mix up in anything that was not absolutely all right. An appointment was made and Shaug visited him at his office the next morning. There he met the lobbyist's partner—the familiar judge or colonel of the ordinary bunko game. After the proper introduc-

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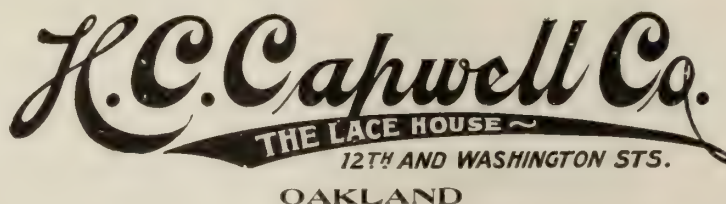
tion was gone through the two lobbyists retired to the inner room of their suite in order that they might commune with each other over the problem. After some time they came out and announced that they were willing to be Shaug's agents. While in the sanctuary they had fixed a price, which they announced was eleven thousand five hundred dollars. Of this sum, nine thousand was to go to the lobbyists, and the balance was to be used in wining and dining Congressmen into the proper mood, and in educating the general public through the press. Without a quiver of an eyelash they told Shaug that for a few hundred each they could purchase the influence of some of the leading magazines of the country. Preliminary to this, the lobbyist had told Shaug some good news. He had been to dinner and the theatre the evening before with Postmaster General Cortelyou, and reported that gentleman to be in a most receptive mood, not only willing but eager to raise the wages of every postal employee. Shaug swallowed all this, and the bargain was struck. But, alas, Shaug talked too much. The department heard of Shaug's plans and ambitions, and the complete details of his bargain with the lobbyist—including the story of dinner and the theatre with the sympathetic Cortelyou. So zip! went Shaug's head. It is supposed that Shaug, though he has been dismissed, will continue his agitation. But he will meet with little success in San Francisco. Many of the men went into the Brotherhood unaware of its real aims and methods, and now they are tumbling over each other to back out of it. President Roosevelt is the workingman's best friend, but he feels that it is most prejudicial to the interests of the service to encourage unionism among Government employees.

### An Expected Financial Wreck

The Spreckels line has crashed upon the financial atoll so long ago desecrated by shrewd steamship men. From this port to the antipodes the vessels carried handsome profits for the company. The Australian run would have been a big money maker could return cargoes have been secured. But return business was practically nil, the Australians preferring to ship their wool and other freights by way of Suez. For some time past the company has been having trouble over the subsidy allowed by the Australian government for carrying the mails. There is no particular love for Americans bandied about carelessly by the antipodeans. They have their pet ideas regarding this country and one of them is not to foster too ardently anything hailing from America.

### Over the Plimsal Line

Recently the Spreckels Company were informed that they must make certain changes in the Sierra and sister vessels if they hoped to continue getting payments for carrying the mails. This notice, coming as it did upon the heels of a poor business season, was a severe blow. And the end was in sight when Uncle Sam refused to yield a subsidy, for demands for payments on outstanding bonds were growing very insistent. I see that the Spreckels's have announced that they will continue steamer service to Honolulu and to Tahiti. They may continue to serve Honolulu, but the chances, under present conditions, are all against a very long continuance of the present Tahiti run. The same weakness prevails there as on the old Australian run—business all one way. Sentiment seems



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to be rather strong on the street that the Spreckels will organize a new company to take over the property of the old concern. Certainly there are some very valuable assets still lying around the docks that a hustling captain of industry could easily use as the nucleus of a new and fatly capitalized corporation.

### Professor Stephens on Kipling

Kipling's latest book is to be the subject of a lecture by Professor Henry Morse Stephens, Monday evening, March 18, at 8 o'clock under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary of the First Unitarian Church. The lecture will be given in the church auditorium. This will be the last of the winter course of free Channing Auxiliary lectures. It will doubtless be well attended, for Professor Stephens has a very large following. If it were otherwise it would be a sad commentary on the intelligence of the community, for Professor Stephens is a scholar of the first rank and his lectures are instructive as well as entertaining. The Channing, by the way, is conducting a Lenten course of eight lectures on Russia by Mrs. Ramon E. Wilson. These lectures are given each Friday morning at 10:30 o'clock in the church parlors. With this series the society resumed the work which was one of the features of intellectual life in San Francisco prior to April of last year. Course tickets are sold for \$4: to Channing members and high school students, \$2; single admission fifty cents. Tickets are on sale on the mornings of the lectures at the First Unitarian Church, at Geary and Franklin streets.

### The Thrifty Italian

Truly these are golden days for the men who work with their hands. A man does not need to be a skilled laborer in order to make a living. I was talking a few days ago with a contractor who was superintending the cleaning out of an excavation preparatory to putting up a new building. He had seven Italians, pick and shovel men, working for him. "I pay those fellows two dollars and a half a day," he said, "for nine hours' work. I can remember when half of that for ten or twelve hours' work was considered good. That included board, while these men have to board themselves. But that costs them little. They live mostly on cheap red wine and bread. That's positively all they bring with them to eat at noon. I suppose that at night they add soup and spaghetti. Every one of those men is saving at least two dollars a day. Old Francisco, there, picks up and puts aside all the copper wire he can find, and when he gets quite a

bunch of it he sells it. He sold two dollars worth of it yesterday. I tried to point out that it was my time he was using in mining for copper; but he gets in and shovels a little harder after dragging out and winding up each piece, so I suppose it is all right." I ventured the surmise that all this money that was saved went toward a journey back to Italy, there to live in high prosperity. "Don't you believe it," said the contractor. "There's what becomes of a whole lot of it;" and he pointed to new houses and flats on Telegraph Hill. "The first thing these fellows think of is getting hold of a piece of land and putting up a house. As a consequence the Italian quarter built up sooner than any other part of town. Things are better there than before the fire. Some of these laborers are a rough and tough looking lot. But they are industrious and saving. They raise large families, and their children become good, progressive citizens." All of which led me to moralizing on what a benefit it would be to the community if the average American workman had more of the Italian's thrift. No one would want him to go through the privation and lack of comfort to which the newly arrived Italian is willing to submit. But he could save a lot more of his money than he does, and be a whole lot more independent of employer and landlord. The saloons would not thrive so well—but other classes of business would prosper, and the community in general would feel the benefit.

### Great Ore Body Uncovered

Late advices from Goldfield announce a strike of large proportions on the Mohawk Consolidated, a lease on the No. 1 claim of the Mohawk. Several tests have been made of the ore and all show that the entire breast uncovered is rock of gilt edged shipping grade. The find was made last Thursday morning when a blast brought the ore to view. It was found at the intersection of a lead which was being followed in the easterly drift with another and much stronger ledge that came in at nearly right angles. Nine feet of this new ledge has been penetrated and no wall is in sight. The assays show an average of better than \$400 for the samples, while a tale streak several inches in width returned the handsome sum of \$22,000. This formation is doubtless a continuation of the ledge that enriched the owners of the Frances-Mohawk, Hayes Monnette and other leases on the No. 2 claim of the Mohawk. The lease has seven months more to live and within six weeks it will be ready to ship from the new level, while in the meantime there will be a large tonnage extracted from the present workings.



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# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## The Passing of the Southern Element

"Have you noticed," asked a friend of mine the other day—"have you noticed, that the influence of the old southern set in society has almost entirely disappeared?" I confessed that I had not thought of the matter. So she prattled on: "Yes, Burlingame has it all its own way now. The death of Mrs. Salisbury sounded the knell of the Southern element in society. The once fashionable clique struggled on with a few feeble receptions and teas until the catastrophe when it received such a body blow that it will probably never raise its head again. Mrs. Salisbury's forceful personality has not been duplicated in her set. The well-liked Mrs. Voorhies is too democratic to be a successful leader. San Francisco has lost forever its traditional Southern atmosphere, and blatant Burlingame with its fevered ambition to emulate Newport now dictates absolutely. Several years ago the most prominent names in the social columns were those of the Salisburys, the Robinsons, the McClungs and the Van Wycks. All these families have experienced vicissitudes but not of a nature that has brought them to the front socially. One of the most feted belles of six years ago was Kathryn Robinson. No function was complete without her. After her second season out she married and like her two cousins, Mrs. Keyes and Mrs. Boardman, has buried herself in domesticity. Many of the Southern set hoped that the mantle of her aunt would fall on young Mrs. Beardsley but they were disappointed. Even Sydney Salisbury who had the position of crown prince in his mother's faction has gone into obscurity. His name no longer greets the eye with the monotonous persistency of yore."

## The Real Leader

"What about Mrs. Shorb White?" I asked. "Hasn't she been accepted as a leader?"

"Yes," said my prattling friend, "by the newspapers. She is a most amiable lady, grants interviews on any old topic and all that sort of thing, but she doesn't run things as Mrs. Salisbury did. She derives her authority, Mrs. Salisbury was the source of authority."

"How about Ned Greenway?" I asked.

"Oh, Ned, is merely a leader by right of tradition. He took hold of things when the waters of the bay came up to Montgomery street and society was in a nebulous state. He has never been a leader except in the sense that the impresario of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, who is merely the agent of the stockholders, is a leader. Mrs. White is the same kind of leader. Neither is a leader in the sense that Mrs. Fish or Mrs. Astor is a leader. The real leader in our society is Mrs. Carolan. She is the real, undisputed queen. Mrs. Martin is regarded by the non-elect as the queen, but even she is the vassal of the lady from the purple heights of Chicago. Among those who are

coming to the fore socially is Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall who burst out as an active entertainer at the beginning of the season. After the death of her father some years ago she remained in comparative retirement and every one thought that she had tired of the social game. But when, a short time ago, the social columns began to teem with her doings, society rubbed its eyes, sat up and took notice. Mrs. Nuttall's social position was rendered gilt-edged when she became one of the "innumerable Parrott family." From her father she inherited a large fortune, which, with her mental endowments which are infinitely greater than those of any other woman in her set, should enable her to take precedence over all competitors for leadership.

## "May Lady of Turquoises"

"The provincial aristocracy of San Francisco," writes an occasional correspondent from London, "should feel a little chagrined when they hear of the wide swath being cut in this city by Captain Cloman, military attache to the Court of St. James, and his handsome wife who was Mrs. Victor Clement. I met Mrs. Clement in San Francisco a few years ago. She made several fleeting visits to that city and was entertained by some of her friends but they were not of that funny smart set of yours, which, I have recently learned, has become famous for the numerous odd circumstances attending its queer evolution. I doubt whether Burlingame was aware of the existence of the lady who is now Mrs. Cloman. This was probably because she had no press agent, no climber to bid for prestige by pouring drivel into the gush columns. Yet some one in San Francisco dubbed her 'My Lady of Turquoises,' and the name has stuck to her ever since, even in London. The name was given to her because she is the owner of several turquoise mines in Mexico. Her necklaces and ornaments of turquoise are said to be the finest in the world. But in London she is famous for her gold plate which is said to outrival King Edward. The lady who is now Mrs. Cloman was a poor girl when Victor Clement met her. She was many years his junior. It is said that he paid for her education at one of the fashionable boarding schools in San Francisco, and married her immediately after her graduation. Nearly all their married life was spent traveling between South Africa and Mexico. Mrs. Cloman's securities have advanced greatly in value during the last few years, and she is now a very wealthy woman. She is a great success here because she is absolutely unaffected in manner—so different from the majority of modern Americans that try to break in over here.

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Socially ambitious Burlingame people who like to be recognized by an invitation to dinner when they come over here, should lament their failure to have met Mrs. Clement when she visited San Francisco."

### They Fed the Hungry

"Mrs. Reid, who, for old-time's sake ought to be kind to San Franciscans in London," says my correspondent, "is very negligent. Several powerful society people from the city by the Golden Gate, who expected to be invited to dinner at the embassy were crestfallen when invited only to a big reception or tea. By the way, I hear that the usual reception given to Americans by the Ambassador and Mrs. Reid on Fourth of July will not be the gigantic crush that it was last year as it has been decided to send out special invitations. Heretofore no invitations were issued, but all Americans in London were expected to attend. The polloi of London took advantage of this generosity last year and Mrs. Reid found her drawing-room filled with representatives of the lower middle class. The great unwashed made an attack on the grub and proved themselves great finishers. Mrs. Reid had to issue a hurry call for a fresh supply for the Americans who trooped in a little later. I am surprised that this story never got into print for it went the rounds of the London clubs and was much enjoyed. As the Reids have no charitable inclination to feed the starving poor of London their liveried servant will this year admit only those that have invitations. There will consequently be much disappointment among the Londoners who have heretofore joined heartily in the celebration of the Fourth of July.

### Gossip From Del Monte

My Del Monte correspondent writes: Mr. and Mrs. John B. Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Metcalf, of Berkeley, Miss Marion Huntington and Martin K. Metcalf, U. S. N., arrived in a mud besprinkled auto last Saturday. The road as far as Gilroy was very good, they said, despite the storm. \* \* \* B. H. Dibble of Ross came down to see his friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader, who are spending their honeymoon here. \* \* \* Other young bridal couples at Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. Earl B. Scott, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. A. G. MacConnell, Pittsburg, Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Kinney of Buffalo, who will remain for some time. \* \* \* Professor A. P. Leuschner and E. A. Denicke, of the State University, were at Del Monte over Sunday. \* \* \* Mr. and Mrs. John Galen Howard and Mr. and Mrs. Warren Gregory, of Berkeley, also spent a few days here. \* \* \* Mr. and Mrs. George V. Baxter made another of their frequent visits from the University town. \* \* \* Miss Sarah M. Spooner and Mrs. O. M. Locke went up to town last week to see about having their furniture and personal belongings shipped to Del Monte. They returned a few days ago, and are permanently settled here. All the summer and early winter they were at Del Monte, and then took a two month's tour throughout the South to see if they would prefer to make that their home, but several weeks ago they came back here. \* \* \* Mrs. James Flood and her children were down for the week's end. Miss Jennie Flood and her

friend from New York, Miss M. R. Crosby, came a day or so earlier. \* \* \* Mrs. L. Pistolini, of Sausalito, and Mrs. William Little were here over Sunday. \* \* \* Other week end guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hall, T. B. Klein, Jr., San Mateo; T. H. Goodman, and Mr. and Mrs. James Hosmer; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Greaves, Edward J. Duffey and Miss Edna Duffey; W. J. Tuska and his daughter, Miss Valerie Tuska; L. A. Mullgard, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Funge, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lewins, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown and H. Middleton.

### Fairmont Charity Events

Probably the two busiest women in town are Mrs. M. H. de Young and Miss Jennie Blair, who are among the most active workers for the charity affair which takes place on the 16th of April at the Fairmont Hotel. I heard Mrs. de Young conduct a business meeting the other day and although she has never been classed among the "clubable" women, as an exponent of correct parliamentary procedure she would serve as instructive exemplar to some of the club women who conduct slip shod meetings. The neatness and dispatch with which Mrs. de Young put through an immense volume of business would win praise from a veteran gavel wielder. As the formal opening of the beautiful new hotel is to be a "stag" affair—a Merchants' Association banquet—this charity affair will be the first opportunity for the ladies to get a peep at the Fairmont, and it is expected that an immense crowd will throng the main floor, which will be turned over to the managers of the Nursery for Homeless Children, the Polyclinic and the Doctors' Daughters for that afternoon. Aside from the beauties of the hotel, itself, there will be all sorts of musical attractions to delight the guests. By the way the Nursery for Homeless Children is the pet charity of Mrs. Herbert Law, who never overlooks an opportunity to promote its interests, though her left hand is always modestly inconspicuous.

## The White House

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### Mrs. Belleville of London

The Bellevilles who have been guests of the Charley Clarks are now in New York. Mrs. Belleville is a very beautiful woman and like most Englishwomen she is a hygiene enthusiast. Her comments on the desperate chances our women take by not eating marmalade for breakfast, living in houses heated above goose flesh degree, and walking only when necessity demands were highly amusing. Above all she marveled at the fact that none of the Burlingame set play tennis. The racquet was discredited down that way when the golf stick came in and very few society girls know anything about tennis. But now that Mrs. Belleville has assured them that the English aristocracy still develops tennis muscle there is a movement on foot to pull the weeds out of the tennis courts. Mrs. Belleville must have found the tennis enthusiasm in Southern California quite English in brand. The Sutton girls, who head the list of champions, are of English parentage though May Sutton is regarded as an American girl when she goes over there to play. She was defeated last year in England but her friends are confident that she will wrest the honors away from the Britishers this year. She is too good a "sport" to "squeal" but as a matter of fact she was suffering from an unusual and painful illness during her stay in England and that she could play in any "form" whatever is marvelous. May Sutton is on record as saying that the average English girl plays tennis as well as many American champions, so no wonder Mrs. Belleville marveled that we have forgotten its fascinations.

### The Scat Question

Wherever the oolong bubbles one hears women discussing the possibility of "scat," the new card game, driving bridge whist out of favor. If these tea table discussions may be taken as an index of our desires and intentions then surely card playing has a fifty vara place in the modern society woman's lot. For the pros and cons of the two games are discussed as seriously and as searchingly as though the introduction of a new card game were an affair of state. Evidently the Japanese question, the Panama canal, and the trusts are of indifferent importance compared to the question whether society shall say "Scat! (but pronounce it "seart") to bridge whist!

### The Tragedy of It

An amusing discussion of card affairs claimed a little coterie of enthusiasts who attended Mrs. Eleanor Martin's reception to the Boardmans last week. Mrs. Martin frowns on bridge so the ladies snuggled down in a corner out of her earshot. "I think it a perfect shame," said one, "to introduce scat just when I've learned to play bridge fairly well. Why I've spent \$300 in bridge lessons and I simply can't afford to take lessons in scat!" "I did want to have a rest this summer," said another, "but if scat is going to be the thing next winter I suppose we'll have to spend the 'silly season' learning to play it." I pigeonholed those two remarks verbatim in my memory. The rest of the conversation was applied in the same pattern and showed how seriously society takes its "pleasures." The bloodless tragedies of the smart set are never-ending. It is awful to think of women with social position but inadequate means deprived of the services of a discriminating dressmaker, a limousine,

and the other luxuries which their wealthier friends enjoy. But it is to weep, when one considers the heartbreaking fate of those who cannot afford to coach for a new card game when fashions change. An appeal to the relief committee might establish a fund for worthy society card players who are unable to meet the demands of modern card playing.

### A Mansfeldt Recital

The Mansfeldt Club announce their eighth recital, to take place at Lyric Hall on Wednesday, March 20. Mrs. Ethel Duke-Dean will play a group of Brahms' Compositions never before heard here, and Miss Frances Wilson of Berkeley will be the debutante of the occasion. Miss Wilson is a beautiful girl of pronounced blonde type, who was graduated from Miss Head's school last spring, and is said to possess unusual musical gifts. Miss Joan Baldwin will play the Chopin E minor Concerto with Mrs. Dean at the second piano. It will be remembered that Moriz Rosenthal played this Concerto two weeks ago with the University Symphony Orchestra. Miss Baldwin is rarely talented, and much is expected of her rendition of this wonderful composition, particularly since she has had the advantage of hearing Mr. Rosenthal play it, and much encouragement from him regarding her own performance.

### Bogart Arrives

News comes from the East of the great success of Andrew Bogart with the Jefferson De Angelis Opera Company in "The Girl and the Governor" which is due shortly in this city and which is being piloted by Mr. E. D. Price, special representative of the big syndicate. Mr. Bogart has "arrived" with both feet in Broadway, and he has been engaged for the Autumn season in New York by the Shuberts.

The Ernest Peixottos are in New York this winter and their home is the Mecca of Californians of the social and artistic worlds. Their apartments are filled with the paintings and drawings of the artist's and objects d'art picked up in his numerous sojourns abroad.

### Grateful Miss Warren

Miss Etta Warren is playing fairy godmother to the society people who championed her cause in the con-

## Send for My Market Letter

Have you made any money in mining stocks lately? You would had you followed my market letter. You don't have to take my word for it, just look up my market letters for the past two months, and see what I have had to say on the market, and then judge for yourself whether I have been right or not. In my next private market letter I am going to tell you the truth, so far as I know it, about conditions in Goldfield, and I think you will agree with me that I come as near knowing as any broker on the Pacific Coast. My information is from personal investigation. I still believe that Mohawk Consolidated Leasing Co. is one of the best buys in the market. For my private market letter send your name and address on postal card, and then you will receive it regularly.

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VAN NESS AT WASHINGTON

NORTH END

test over the estate of unfortunate Bertha Dolbeer. Miss Warren recently had Mrs. Tom Eastland and Miss Mary Joliffe, who were counted among Miss Dolbeer's dearest friends, at Del Monte for a week. I have been told that the Xmas presents which she sent to the society people who went on the witness stand were the handsomest things that could be purchased in town. Those who predicted that Miss Warren would court a social career have not had their prognostications verified, for aside from the friends whom she knew as Miss Dolbeer's companion she has made no effort to enlarge her acquaintance in the smart set nor to take the position which her wealth makes possible.

### Maternity Benefit

Society has responded with praiseworthy celerity to the call of the San Francisco Maternity for co-operation in the matter of the performance to be given at the Central Theatre on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 2. Most of the boxes have already been sold. Among the purchasers are Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. Mary L. Huntington, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. H. N. Gray, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Mrs. M. C. Sloss and Mrs. William Irwin. The programme includes a playlet in which Mrs. John D. Sprickels will appear, a vocal solo by Miss Coburn Heath, a play, "The Reformers' League," being the dramatization by Mrs. Ella M. Sexton of a story by Mrs. I. Lowenberg. The San Francisco Maternity is one of the most worthy of San Francisco's charitable institutions. Under its management an excellent system is maintained for the handling of destitute feminine patients, and the society has done a great service to the poor of this city. Mrs. Lowenberg, the President of the society, lost no time in reorganizing her forces after the April fire, and the institution rendered valuable service to the refugees.

Could the skeptics who discredit our amazing progress since the recent unpleasantness see the opera parties of this week they could easily believe themselves in New York. Tait's and the Palace had their usual aggregation of social leaders, and The Severn was crowded with a brilliant throng of our representative first-nighters.

### Soldiers of Fortune

An excellent production of "Soldiers of Fortune" is that given this week at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland. The stock company at this house is an organization of superior quality, and the theatregoers of Oakland have come to recognize the fact. Stock productions at Ye Liberty are as a rule infinitely superior in every detail to those that are sent out from New York and that reach Oakland after doing innumerable one-night stands. Mr. George Friend, the stage manager of Ye Liberty, is a man with a genius for giving scenic vraisemblance to the theme in hand, and he never omits an accessory essential to the perfection of an illusion. "Soldiers of Fortune" is a play that calls for a big cast, but the Liberty stock is adequate. Franklyn Underwood as the heroic Clay is the embodiment of the Davis ideal and Frances Slosson gives a most fetching impersonation of the captivating Hope Laugham. But one might run through the whole cast and conscientiously say a complimentary word for every member of the company. Next week commencing Thursday evening the company will appear in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown."

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# Stage

## More Praise of Florence Roberts

Florence Roberts has been playing the big cities of the Middle West and winning very high encomiums from critics to whom her personality was unknown. And yet Florence Roberts is playing in "The Strength of the Weak," that sentimental drama which Town Talk pronounced worse than mediocre and which New York refused to accept. From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch I learn that the authors of the drama, whose names were not revealed when it was presented in this city, are Charlotte Thompson and Alice M. Smith. The play having been reconstructed since its San Francisco production, many of its technical flaws may have been eradicated. Indeed I am inclined to think it has been improved, for the Post-Dispatch critic says that the theme has been handled with astonishing skill. But while even yet the critics of the Middle West do not agree as to the merits and demerits of the play they are unanimous in their praise of Miss Roberts. One critic says that her rightful place is in the limited ranks of America's best emotional actresses.

## Sarah as "Sister Teresa"

Fancy Sarah Bernhardt in the robes of a Carmelite nun! Something of an incongruity, to be sure, but after all an exalting one, for Saint Teresa, the character being impersonated by the great French actress, is a woman of persuasive piety and one need not be told that in breathing life into the character of a drama Sarah Bernhardt never obtrudes her own personality. When she plays Sister Teresa she is Sister Teresa and her pious ardor is wholesomely affecting. "Sister Teresa" is a new play by Catulle Mendes, the foremost of creative writers now in France.

## The San Carlo Season

Last Monday the sale of seats for the four Oakland performances of the San Carlo Opera Company opened at Ye Liberty Playhouse and throughout the day there was a great crush in front of the theatre. Though the rain came down in torrents music lovers would not be denied. Grand opera at European opera prices is a great temptation in Oakland. The company will appear Monday night at Ye Liberty in "Giacconda"; Tuesday evening in "La Boheme"; Wednesday matinee in "Faust"; Wednesday evening in "Carmen." The sale of seats for the San Francisco performances is now on at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Van Ness above California, and the indications are that the season will be a record breaker. Manager Greenbaum is enthusiastic over the prospects. "Just think," he said the other day, "I arranged within a month after the April disaster for Schumann-Heink, Rosenthal and this big organization and my judgment is being vindicated beyond expectations. Rosenthal told me that when the contract was forwarded him to Vienna he thought it was a bad joke." The opening night at the Chutes Theatre will be Thursday, March 21, and the opera, "La Gioconda" with Nordica in the title role; Friday "La Boheme"; Saturday matinee "Faust"; Saturday evening "Carmen"; and Sunday evening a great double bill, "The Barber of Seville" and "I Pagliacci." The second week will be devoted to "Il Trovatore" Monday, "Rigoletto" Tuesday, "Adrienne Lecouvreur" Wednesday, "Traviata" Thursday. The programme for the balance of the week has not been definitely arranged but "Carmen" will surely have a repe-

tition and a double bill of "Daughter of the Regiment" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" is one of the promises with Tarquini as Santuza.

## The Nightingale Next

Despite the fact that "The Wild Rose" still continues to draw large crowds to the American Theatre it will be withdrawn Sunday evening to make way for Offenbach's melodious comic opera, "The Nightingale," which will be presented on Monday evening, March 18. Miss Hemmi, Mr. Carl Haydn, Miss Beatty, Miss Leicester, Mr. Webb, Mr. Kunkel, Mr. Carrier, Mr. Stokes, and Miss Norton will all appear in congenial roles. All the scenes of "The Nightingale" are laid at Lima, Peru, and the plot hinges around a disreputable old viceroy who takes a benevolent interest in the opposite sex and who is so thoroughly disappointed in a pretty young wife because she prefers her husband to himself that he anchors them both very safely to the walls of his private prison, from which predicament they are released by an old prisoner of the Monte Cristo type. This role will be played by Teddy Webb, who played it in New York in a big production with Lillian Russell and Raymond Hitchcock.

## The New Alcazar

Belasco and Mayer make definite announcement of the opening of their New Alcazar Theatre on next Monday evening, March 18, when will be presented a delicious comedy of manners of the smart set with a slight interjection of seriousness in the shape of problem to give it ethical tone and balance, "The Altar of Friendship," by Madeleine Lucette Ryley. It was originally produced by N. C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott and won instant success. This play was selected as the opening bill not only for its dramatic merit, but because all the leading characters are particularly

## THE SAN CARLO OPERA CO. CHUTES THEATRE

Thursday Evening, March 21, "La Gioconda"; Friday Evening, "La Boheme"; Saturday Matinee, "Faust"; Saturday Evening, "Carmen"; Sunday Evening, Grand Double Bill, "Barber of Seville" and "I Pagliacci."

Seats for these performances now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Van Ness above California.

PRICES: \$3.00, \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00.

Second Week: "Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Traviata," etc. Watch daily papers.

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strong and afford excellent opportunities to introduce the new members of the company. The New Alcazar has been built with a view to substantiality from a constructional standpoint, and every means available of architectural and artistic detail have been employed



**Daisy Lovering**

Ingenue of the New Alcazar Stock Company.

to make it an ideal theatre. Mr. G. B. Benvenuti, an artist of national reputation, has been entrusted with the interior decorations. The entire interior, both as to design and decorative finish, follows closely that used in the Boudoir of Marie de Padilla, who was the wife of the Christian sovereign, who occupied the original Alcazar in Spain. This building is noted the world over for its marvelous Moorish decorations. In keeping with this beautiful playhouse, it will be the aim of Belasco and Mayer to continue their former policy of presenting to their patrons the very best that the market affords in the way of dramatic successes of the most prominent foreign and American authors, and in order to interpret the plays an exceptionally strong company has been brought together without regard to expense. Miss Laura Lang, the leading woman, comes from the East with a splendid reputation for past achievements. She has played leading business with David Warfield and several other prominent stars besides having had considerable experience with some of the best-known stock companies in the country. Mr. Bertram Lytell is a young man of fine personal appearance and is conceded to possess those attributes of magnetism and versatility which go to make a leading man extremely popular. The ingenue roles will be intrusted to Miss Daisy Lovering, who has demonstrated her ability in the line of work for which she is allotted. The other members of the company, consisting of John B. Maher, Ernest Glendinning, Fred J. Butler, H. C. Byers, Walter Belasco, Will R. Walling, Milton Stallard, Albert Easdale, Edgar Franklin, Juliet Crosby, Adele Belgarde, Nera Rosa, Louise Brownell, Marie Merele, Anita Murray,

are so well known to the Alcazar patrons and the playgoers of San Francisco that it is hardly necessary to comment upon their individuality. With the increased stage facilities it is promised that the productions at the New Alcazar will surpass those ever before given in any stock organization in this city or in any other city in days gone by. The sale of seats for the opening week is now in progress, and from present indications capacity audiences will be the rule. The opening performance on Monday night will be witnessed by the elite of San Francisco playgoers, and it will undoubtedly be a gala occasion in theatrical annals in this city. For the second week Captain Robert Marshall's delightful play, "The Unforeseen," will receive its first performance in San Francisco. Following this an elaborate production of "The Pit" as dramatized from Frank Norris's popular novel is announced.

#### **The Petschnikoffs**

Manager Will Greenbaum announces that Mr. and Mrs. Petschnikoff, the violinists, will give three joint concerts in this city at Lyric Hall, opening Saturday matinee, April 6. Alexander Petschnikoff was a Rus-



**Laura Lang**

Leading Woman of the New Alcazar Stock Company.

sian peasant who did not know what it was to wear shoes until nearly ten years of age. Early in life he showed wonderful musical talent and some wealthy people sent him to the conservatory at Moscow. From

(Continued on page 34)



## The Truth About Japan

(Continued from Page 9.)

is to be found. It is from Buddhism, as assimilated in Japan, that the stoical fortitude has been derived which enables either man or woman to meet almost instinctively any hardships that human life can impose, and to pass from glowing life into the cold grasp of death with a smile. The second main source is found in the native cult Shinto, or the Path of the Gods, the national belief as distinguished from Buddhism, Christianity, and all other religions. Shintoism is nothing more than a form of ancestor worship based on the central belief in the divine origin of the imperial line. But it is from Shintoism that the Japanese have imbibed their faith that the souls of the dead are ever with them, leading an ethereal life in the same world in much the same state as that to which they were accustomed on earth, that death is nothing else than a new life led in this world in a supernatural way. The fortitude of Buddhism, the bright hopefulness of Shintoism, combined to form the character of the Samurai, in its highest idealized aspect, upright, courageous, benevolent, polite, truthful, loyal, and honorable, and it is the idealized spirit of the Samurai, no longer the peculiar attribute of his privileged class, but diffused during the last thirty years throughout the whole nation, that has been the most prominent factor in the history of Japan's modern civilization.

For nearly two hundred and fifty years Japan's only intercourse with the outside world was conducted through the factory of the Dutch East India Company, established on the little island of Desima in the harbor of Nagasaki. The history of Dutch relations with Japan is one in which romance and sordidness are strangely blended. It is told in a new translation of "The History of Japan, 1690-92," by Engelburtus Kaempfer. The original work has long been out of print. According to this history the Portuguese were the European pioneers in Japan. Having discovered the islands by the accident of one of their ships being driven out of her course when on a voyage from Siam to China, they made such good use of their discovery that throughout the latter half of the sixteenth century they held the monopoly of a highly lucrative trade. But the Dutch, their great rivals in the Far East in those days, soon followed on their tracks, and taking advantage of the indiscretion of Jesuit missionaries, succeeded in persuading the Japanese that the object of the Portuguese was, under the guise of Christian propaganda, to bring the country under foreign domination. Christianity and foreign intercourse were then for the first time placed under the ban of the Government. Immense numbers of converts, including many of the very highest ranks of society, had been made by the missionaries. Both missionaries and converts were subjected to a persecution as ruthless as any in the history of the world. All Portuguese and Spaniards were expelled or executed. The remnants of the native Christians, who had taken refuge in the fortified town of Shimabara, made a stout resistance to the Imperial troops, but when the Dutch, with modern artillery, came to the assistance of the Imperialists and battered down the walls, the fortress fell after a siege which had lasted for three months and the defenders to the number of over 37,000 were pitilessly slaughtered. This occurred in 1638 and Japan became hermetically closed to the outside world,



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a single exception being made in favor of the Dutch, who, as a reward for their services in the extirpation of the native Christians, were permitted to remain and trade in their factory at Desima. But the Japanese made their own estimate of the conduct of the Dutch. While they had been willing to profit by their assistance, they hated and despised the traitors to their own religion who had given it. The trade carried on by the Dutch enriched, beyond the dreams of avarice, both the East India Company and the officials of the factory. Profits were, however, never more dearly earned. The members of the factory were kept as close prisoners on their little island from year's end to year's end, their monotonous existence being varied only by a yearly visit to the capital, during which they were still treated as close prisoners. They were subjected to every degrading personal humiliation that ingenuity could devise. The head of the factory, though in his own country of ambassadorial rank, though professing to be accredited as an ambassador to Japan, was forced to crawl on hands and knees, with forehead touching the ground, into the presence of the Sovereign and both he and his staff were ordered and consented to play the parts of vulgar buffoons for the amusement of the court officials. To all this ignominy the Dutch abjectly submitted. Engelburtus Kaempfer was the medical officer of the factory during the years 1690-92. He was born at Lemgow in Westphalia in 1651. After having served in the diplomatic service of Sweden in Russia and Persia, he joined the Dutch East India Company and proceeded to Japan via Batavia and Siam, arriving at Nagasaki on 24 September 1690. Though he only remained in the country for an aggregate period of twenty-six months, though the circumstances of his residence were such as might well have disheartened one full of optimism, and every possible difficulty of language, jealousy and tyranny was thrown in his way, his laborious and persevering industry enabled him to gather the materials for a work which, it is no exaggeration to say, is monumental as an historical and scientific account of what was then an utterly unknown country. The work, though originally written in German, and subsequently published in Latin, French, Dutch, and German, was curiously enough first given to the world in an English translation in the year 1727. This translation has been long out of print, and obtainable only on rare occasions at a high price. The publication of this new edition is therefore a real public service.

For the story of the material development of Japan one must turn to "Dai Nippon," by Henry Dyer, who went to Japan in 1873 as principal of an engineering college which was founded in that year. According to him the Japanese have laid a solid foundation for national progress in a system of education which is very complete in every department; they have developed their railways, their shipping, their telegraphs, and other appliances of modern life to an astonishing extent; their industry and their commerce have made wonderful development, and the machinery of legislation and administration has been brought into line with those of European countries. Dr. Dyer describes how all these achievements have been brought about and from what they started. He exults without offensive arrogance in his own share in them. He was the founder of engineering science in Japan. His college was one of the most brilliantly successful of all educational institutions, and it is not only in railways and docks and similar direct products of en-

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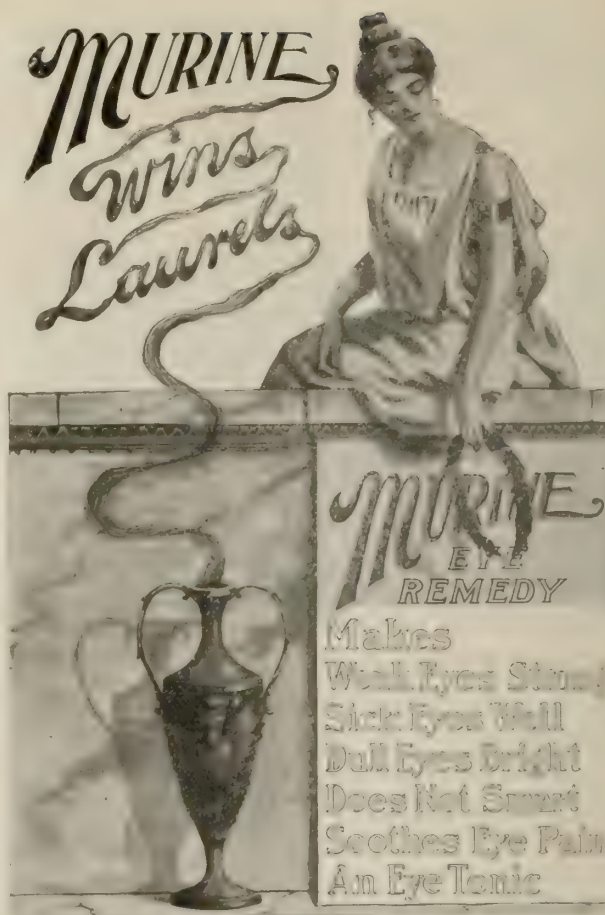


gineering skill, that his pupils have rendered valuable service, but in the army and navy and in manufacturing industry. He deals not only with the past and present, but is bold enough to trespass on the realms of the future, and his views are marked by some elements of novelty. A nation which, as Japan has done, increases her foreign trade within twenty years from less than forty to over six hundred million dollars and her export of fully manufactured goods from practically nothing to close on one hundred million dollars, has already set an example which, although it may not be intensified by an equal ratio of advance in the future, should before long exercise effect even on the conservative Chinese. But though Japan's military efficiency is unquestionable, much has to be done before she can hope to attain the commercial supremacy in the Far East to which she equally aspires. A radical reformation must be effected in the character both of her traders and her workmen and in her industrial organization and management. Her traders are still dishonest and utterly untrustworthy in all transactions, her workmen incapable of continued and assiduous labor, addicted to frequent rests during their working hours, requiring almost equally frequent entire holidays. No reliance can be placed on any uniformity of standard in their work. Her factories are ill managed. Competent supervision of the workmen by capable overseers, discipline, economic division of labor, are elements lacking in nearly all, and the patriarchal spirit, which requires those who occupy responsible and influential positions to provide for all their relatives, produces an excessive number of employees in every department. Cheap labor, if due consideration is given to its quality, no longer exists. The former subservient docility of her workmen is being replaced by a vigorous assertion of the rights of labor. Wages, the cost of living, the standard of comfort, the price of coal have all largely risen within the last few years, and the commercial, if socially illegitimate, advantages Japan has heretofore enjoyed in these respects as compared with Western countries are steadily diminishing. We cannot therefore accept the current extravagant views of Japan's immediate future as a formidable industrial competitor with the West. But she has reached the limit of her agricultural capacity, and her ability to maintain her position as a great military power and to provide the expenditure necessary for it depends on the development of her manufacturing industry.

A somewhat novel experiment was made by F. E. Avery, an automobile dealer in Columbus, Ohio, to try out to his satisfaction the manipulation of the Marsh rim and Diamond Quick Detachable Tires. Requiring him to work with gloves on, Mr. Avery set an inexperienced man to work to change a set of tires. Even thus handicapped, the operator made the entire change in an average of five minutes to the wheel, or twenty minutes for the set.

It is now announced that the Van Ness Theatre will have as one of its great list of attractions the big New York success, "Salomy Jane."

Florence Roberts is to make her appearance at the Novelty Theatre early next month, playing a limited engagement surrounded by the strongest company she has ever had.

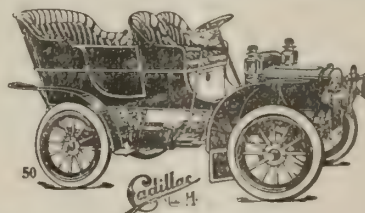


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## The Actor

By A. L. C.

In life's rough path where misery is strewed,  
O'er every spot, the cultured and the rude,  
Where Fate, it seems, has planted streams of woe,  
Over whose struggling depths we're doomed to go;  
While kinder nature points a thousand ways,  
To ease the destined burthen of our days,  
With social joys, with sorrows e'er at strife,  
To cheer the gloomy tenement of life—  
Surely we owe a debt of pleasure, due  
To those whose fancy, wit, or judgment true,  
Are formed by Nature Fate's dark frown to mask,  
And still employed upon the pleasing task,  
To cheer their fellow-travelers on their way,  
And swell the little pleasures of the day;  
To chase life's gloom, the heavy tear beguile,  
And in its place allure the cheerful smile.  
Can rigid Fate's diurnal tear deny,  
And check the moment's tributary sigh;  
Or the hot tears, the furrowed cheeks that burn,  
To artless streams of sweet compassion turn;  
From living sorrows turn the heartfelt glow;  
To genial sighs of sympathetic woe?—  
Then how must Gratitude our hearts inspire,  
To praise and thanks to those must all admire,  
Whose brilliant powers so happily impart,  
The chaste allurements of dramatic art!

### "By Italian Seas"

Thé leisurely itinery "By Italian Seas" is not confined entirely to Italy, but includes also those neighboring countries which have, at some time, been under Italian rule and are still attached to her more or less, by tradition and similar associations. The text, which is a collaboration by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. Peixotto, avoids the description of hackneyed scenes and guide book marvels, says comparatively little about interiors, and less of the biography of kings and popes, and enters into no controversies nor discussions of disputed points. The scenes described are mostly out of doors, and the localities those less familiar than the ones frequented by Cook's Tourists and the "Europe in Twenty Days" class of travelers, and therefore the more grateful to those whose journeyings are taken in the fireside corners. Particularly interesting are the descriptions of the Easter celebration in Sicily and the Marionette theatre, and of those odd corners of the Dalmatian coast where Butterick's paper patterns have not yet superseded the distinctive peasant costume. It is evident that the ladies of the harems of Tunis are still a long way from the state of intellectual development of those of Constantinople, vide Pierre Loti, and it remains to be seen whether they are not the happier for their ignorance. The illustrations of "By Italian Seas" are by the author, and are as unhackneyed in subject as the text. As a supplement to other reading, or independently on its own account this is a book desirable to possess. It is beautifully gotten out and though far from belonging in the catalogue of "gift books," which are too often but Barmecide feasts, it would make a most appreciated gift. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.50.

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## Stage

(Continued from Page 28.)

the date of his first public appearance he was a great success. Some five or six years ago he visited San Francisco in company with Mark Hambourg, and his playing at that time particularly of Bach created the greatest enthusiasm. While studying in Berlin he met a wonderfully beautiful young American girl who was also studying at the conservatory. It was a case of love at first sight and the American became Mme. Petschnikoff. She too is a violinist of rare talents. At the University Symphony Concert to be given at the Greek Theatre Thursday, April eleven, these two artists will play the double concerto for violin and viola with orchestra by Mozart, Mr. Petschnikoff playing on a rarely beautiful viola, and he will also play the "Tschaikowsky Violin Concerto" with orchestral accompaniment.

### "Nanon" to Be Revived

"Nanon," the most popular of light operas in the eighties, is to be revived at Idora Park as soon as "Dorothy" is withdrawn. The old works with their tuneful melodies have caught on with something of the enthusiasm of first productions at the opera house across the bay where Paul Steindorff and Ferris Hartman are establishing a new record.

### Comedy Drama at the Colonial

Manager Kurtzig of the Colonial Theatre makes the announcement that "Scrambled Matrimony," a four-act comedy by Howard P. Taylor, will receive its initial presentation in this city at the McAllister street home of stock productions on Monday night, March 18. The story deals with a gay young man who is obliged to palm off his stenographer as his wife and a foundling as his child in order to deceive his rich uncle, to whom he goes to borrow money to tide him over a little financial difficulty. This state of affairs causes many complex situations which are uproariously ridiculous and the fun is fast and furious during the entire four acts.

On the occasion of the first local performance of "Scrambled Matrimony," the Dolphin Boating and Swimming Club will give a large theatre party, in order to entertain the many friends of the members of this organization.

"Piney Ridge," the delightful drama of life in the Tennessee mountains which has been playing to large audiences all week, will be presented for the last time Sunday night.

### Hitchcock Is Coming

Raymond Hitchcock, who has scored more positive successes in the realm of comic opera than any other present-day comedian, is announced by Henry W. Savage in a new and novel production, "A Yankee Tourist," which will be seen at the Novelty Theatre for two weeks, commencing next Monday night. The book of "A Yankee Tourist" is by that popular American author, Richard Harding Davis. The lyrics are from the exceedingly facile pen of Wallace Irwin. Alfred G. Robyn, who provided the score of "A Yankee Consul," has written the music of "A Yankee Tourist," and he is said to have exceeded all his best previous efforts in this new score. The cast engaged for the support of Mr. Hitchcock is one of unusual strength,



The Uessemes

The Equilibristic Wonders In the Greatest Act of Its Kind In the World at the Orpheum Next Week.

including as it does Flora Zabelle, Helen Hale, Susie Forrester Cawthorne, Eva Fallen, Walter Lawrence, Herbert Cawthorne, Harry Stone, Phillips Smalley, Wallace Beery, E. R. Phillips, M. W. Rale and a typical Savage chorus.

### Orpheum Vaudeville

The Orpheum headliners for next week beginning Sunday matinee are the Uessemes, two young Spaniards, who are coming with the reputation of being world beaters as equilibrists. Bert Howard and Leona Bland will present a sketch entitled "A Strange Boy," in which they have made a triumphal tour of the country. Raymond Finlay and Lottie Burke will appear in a dialogue called "In Stageland Satire." The Sharp brothers, exponents of the song and dance art characteristic of the South are also among the new comers, as also is Bert Levy, the artist of the New York Morning Telegraph who will sketch famous people. It will be the last week of May Tully and her company.

—The Playgoer.





**Raymond Hitchcock and Flora Zabelle**

In a Scene from the Latest Musical Comedy Hit, "A Yankee Tourist," Which Manager Henry W. Savage is to Offer at the Novelty Theatre Next Week.

## The Notable Case of the Marquise des Esbroufettes

(Continued from Page 12.)

You understand, Madame, that I am very particular as to the social status of my tenants."

"Irritated by his question, I observed curtly: 'Never to have heard the name of the Marquise des Esbroufettes is to argue one's self unknown in Parisian society.'"

"Pardon me, Madame," he replied obsequiously, "but I have known many baronesses—and even marquises, whose titles were most authentic, and yet in the words of Desclauzas, these very same ladies, entertained a most promiscuous set of acquaintances." Then he added pompously: "Madame, must not take offense, but must understand that these enquiries are made solely in the interests of my future tenants; the house being empty at the present time, its social status will depend entirely upon its first occupant."

"In spite of my irritation, I was forced to acknowledge that the old man was really right and, convinced that with such an exacting landlord I should have agreeable neighbors, I signed a lease for three years, the rent being quite reasonable, considering the location. Some days later I moved in and at once began spending money with the reckless extravagance of an American millionaire; I had the drawing-room hung in pale blue taffeta, the bedroom in heliotrope velvet, and my boudoir in old rose brocatel."

Here Madame la Marquise paused to sip her tea.

"In short," observed de Courtenay flatteringly, "the exquisite taste of Madame des Esbroufettes transformed the Grujand apartments into an abode fitting for a princess."

"Precisely so," echoed the little Marquise, accepting as a matter of course de Courtenay's commendation.

"Well—who should I meet on the Boulevard the other day," she continued with renewed zest, "but my gay young cousin, Bertrand de Pontades."

"So you have moved," he said. "Yes, to the rue Saint-Georges, near the rue Lafayette."

"The devil! you have. I hope you haven't taken apartments in the house formerly occupied by the Baroness?"

"What Baroness? I asked; whereupon Bertrand smiled enigmatically, bade me good afternoon and promised to call the next day. He fairly gasped as he entered my boudoir: 'Alas, my dear cousin,' he exclaimed, in consternation, 'it is, as I feared—you are living in the house of the Baroness.'"

"Again, I queried—What Baroness? 'A very famous Baroness, a creature of superb physique, her reputation was European, her splendid equipage was a sort of advertisement, and known all over Paris, she followed what is now called in England, Mrs. Warren's Profession.'"

"Heavens! I exclaimed, what deception on the part of old Grujand, who fairly bombarded me with questions as to my respectability."

"And for most potent reasons, my dear Cousin; he wished to renew his house, both materially and spiritually, and you were to be used as a decoy bird. When prospective tenants would enquire from the concierge if the house were occupied by people of

standing this personage could answer proudly: Well, I should say so, the first suite is occupied by Madame la Marquise des Esbroufettes."

"You are right, Bertrand, I said, quivering with indignation, and I have served well Monsieur Grujand's purpose, for the entire house is tenanted. Bertrand insisted that I should vacate at once. I then understood why Gustave, the valet de chambre, had complained of the almost perpetual ringing of the door bell. Strangers, foreigners, of almost every nationality who had probably not heard of the demise of the Chatelaine, had enquired at the door for the famous Baroness; only last week a Chinaman insisted upon being let in, maintaining that he had been decorated with the coral button, and was a Mandarin of high distinction. He demanded an immediate interview with the Baroness. Gustave was obliged to forcibly eject him, and he went off, swearing that he would lodge a complaint against us at the Chinese Embassy."

"Upon my word, Marquise, you give us the picture of a veritable international entente cordiale," laughingly observed de Foy.

"And to think," wailed Madame de Vigier, "that Lord Dalrymple, of the English legation, saw me coming out of that house."

"But what have you done in the matter?" chorused the trio.

"I at once demanded the cancellation of my lease. Grujand positively refused to grant it, alleging, that it was not his place to inform me of the occupancy of the Baroness—that I should have known it. You understand he values me, as a placard of respectability, a full blown in the bottle advertisement, for his house, and resolutely refuses to permit me to move my furnishings, unless I pay him in full for the three years' lease. This proposition I declined, and sent immediately for my lawyer, Monsieur Brontassard to whom I related the facts, including Gustave's battle royal with the Chinese Mandarin, and Grujand's deception. My lawyer declared that I had a most excellent case, and has already drawn up a writ for presentation in court against the landlord, in which he demands the cancellation of my lease, reimbursement of the money expended in the decoration of the apartments, and a good round sum for the damage done my reputation in dwelling in such a notorious domicile." The case will be notable, declared the little Marquise, as she bade her friends good-bye.

"Always sensational" said de Courtenay, as the golden pompadour, with its alluring plume, disappeared from the grill room.

"But what would society do, without sensations?" languidly queried Madame de Vigier.

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## Letters

### How Old Was Maria?

Mary Wilkins Freeman might have called her new novel "How Old Was Maria?" instead of "By the Light of the Soul," for the question presents itself in every crisis. In the very first sentence we are told that Maria Edgham was a "very young girl." She is introduced to us sitting in the village prayer meeting and speculating to herself as to how she will manage to lure one of her boy schoolmates into walking home with her, which would seem to place her as somewhere about sixteen. She is old enough to go to church alone in the evening, clever enough to slip on her best frock and hat, and make her way down the back stairs and through the side door, in order to escape her mother's eye, yet her father stops at the vestry for her, on the understanding that she is too young to return without attendance, and after she is indoors it transpires that the glories of the new frock have been somewhat eclipsed by the fact that Maria could not button it properly without motherly assistance, so it would appear that she could not be more than ten or twelve. Again, after she had gone upstairs to her room, the prinkings and preening which she indulged herself in, arranging her hair this and that way, smiling and bowing at herself in her mirror, would put her well past eighteen, and yet, after her mother's sudden death on the same night, when her aunt came to oversee the household, that thrifty New England spinster thought her niece young enough to defy the conventions and economize her mourning frocks by wearing out her colored ones at home. Harold M. Bret, who is responsible for the illustrations, evidently thought her all of sixteen or seventeen at this time, yet "she was in the high school, even at her age, and she stood high in her classes," something unprecedented in the experience of teachers generally, who know only too well that there is no room for boys and books in the same head. A year after the death of Maria's mother her father married again, choosing for his second wife Maria's teacher. This Miss Slome began to take notice of her prospective stepdaughter then, addressing her as "you sweet little thing," a form of address resented by a self-respecting five-year-old. The little boy whom Maria had set her heart upon, Wollaston Lee, had given his childish affections to this same teacher, and had resolved to marry her if she would wait, a form of courtship common enough in little lads of eight or under, but when boys have advanced as far as the high schools they have usually outgrown that stage of affection. However, little Lee upbraids Maria for her father's treachery, throws himself down in the grass and wails his disappointment aloud, whereupon Maria takes him by the hand and the two children return to the schoolhouse to offer negotiations, Maria proclaiming the virtues of Wollaston, as far surpassing those of her father, as a husband, again, a bit of childishness worthy of a five-year-old. Maria wore her first kid gloves at her father's wedding, if that offers any gauge. Her school does not appear to have been particularly select, nor her choice of companions especially circumspect, yet, though at every mention it is borne in upon us that the other children were coarse, precocious, or otherwise sophisticated, Maria is always the lily growing out of the dunghill. The next move of any importance in Maria's life is a visit to her aunt in New Hampshire, where we find her again "so young," yet old enough to make kitten love to the boy next door, and to promise to correspond with him. On her return to her own home, where, meanwhile a little sister has arrived, Maria is represented as something quite miraculously out of the ordinary, since she fell in love with the baby, as if any little girl would not, especially one to whom any sort of a baby was a novelty, much less a beautiful, well dressed and good-tempered one. Several months

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later she is still young enough to indulge in a hair-pulling match on the street with the nursemaid over the right to wheel the infant in its perambulator, and to feed the little creature on molasses candy concocted in a tenement house. The crisis of Maria's life came when the little sister was big enough to run away from the house and find her way to the railroad station, where a mistake of one of the train hands, who supposed the child was accompanying some of the women passengers, placed the little girl on a train for New York. It was on the same morning that Maria began to attend a school in a neighboring town some fifteen miles from Edgway, and we are told minutely all about her new costume. By this time she had finished her high school course and was approximately a college freshman. Her new skirt, we are told, touched the ground, and her stepmother designed having it shortened because she had no intention of having her own age gauged by that of the girl's. When Maria returned that evening with her schoolmates, amongst them the same boy who was the object of her early affections, she was met at the station by the news of the baby's loss, and started off on a wild goose chase to New York, accompanied by the Lee boy and a girl who had been her classmate in the high school, one of the poor-white class whose associations and traditions were not particularly elevated. Naturally little Evelyn was not waiting for her sister at the New York depot, and when the trio started to return it was so late that they supposed the last train had left, so that they were at a loss how to proceed. Gladys Mann had a vague idea that for Maria to be "talked about" would be an irreparable misfortune, and an equally vague notion that somehow the scandal could be averted if she and the Lee boy were to marry. They did not know where they were, but, finding herself in front of some church from which a congregation was being dismissed, this poor-white girl seized upon the minister and demanded that he proceed to marry her companions. He asked for no license or authority, but proceeded to assume that the lad had induced Maria to leave home with him, and lectured the boy roundly on his behavior. It was Gladys Mann who answered all the inquiries. Lee was nineteen, but again, "How old was Maria?" "Going on—" "What?" She was evidently quite as old as the others, every bit as precocious as Gladys Mann, and really the one responsible for the escapade. After all, there was a train back to Edgway that night on which the three returned. Maria swore the others to secrecy. Lee offered to lay the case before Mr. Edgway, or to give up his schooling and go to work in order to assume his responsibilities, but she would consent to neither. Her liking for Lee turned to disgust, and she settled down to enjoy her martyrdom. After finishing her college course Maria engaged in teaching, and in spite of the fact that she continued in that arduous occupation, warranted to age any woman three years to one, until her little sister had grown up and graduated from a normal school, Maria still excited compassion as a "young girl," and is described as looking younger by years than she really was. Now, how old WAS she? On the whole it is a story that abounds in temperamental inconsistencies, and that is lacking in plausibility. Published by Harper & Brother.

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## By Way of Criticism

Monday morning! and not a word from the great American centre of finance on the subject uppermost in the minds of men. Distracted curiosity asks questions and receives no answer but an echo. And thus is the boasted alertness and enterprise of American journalism vindicated! Last week we were worked into a state of feverish anxiety over the manoeuvring of the great Captains of Finance in a drama of throbbing emotional interest abounding in thrilling episode and involving the fate of one of the greatest figures in the industrial world. Sunday came with an element of uncertainty, the element that always fills curiosity, the element that makes for suspense, and it left us hanging intent on what was passing behind the scenes. We had reason to expect another installment of news the following morning, news that would confirm or deny, news that would in greater or less degree assuage our curiosity. But not one word were we vouchsafed. So at this writing we are as much in the dark as though every reporter in New York, every correspondent in Washington, had either turned Sabbatarian or quit work out of respect for the memory of St. Patrick. It is now uncertain whether Mr. Harriman outwitted his enemies, or whether they ousted him from his proud position of dictator of the railroad world. It will not be sufficient for the correspondents to plead that the stock market was closed on Sunday. There are innumerable news channels that might have been exploited; and if they were exploited for the New York newspapers the directors of the Associated Press should make some revolutionary changes in the New York bureau. The fact that the biggest news story of the day was abruptly cut off at a time when the whole country was deeply interested in all the aspects of the situation is an indictment of the intelligence behind the American press.

## When Harriman Gave Offense

Behind the conspiracy to crush Mr. E. H. Harriman, we were told, was the stalwart figure of the furibund Roosevelt. This is one of the incredible details. And yet it received vraisemblance from the circumstance

that some months ago it was currently reported in New York and asserted by the newspapers of that city that Mr. Harriman had incurred the wrath of our supreme ruler and that the concentrated power of the Government was to be devoted to his proper chastening, or, as the Sun expressed it somewhat profanely, "his trimming." It was represented that at the gubernatorial election in New York, Mr. Harriman supported Mr. Hearst, not by prayer and supplication within his Broadway cloister, but along the highways and byways and with insufferable ostentation. When besought to behave himself like a good Republican and contribute some cash to the support of the ticket Mr. Harriman imprecated the Republican party, especially the Republican party as typified in the person of one Theodore Roosevelt. All of which was communicated to Mr. Roosevelt who then and there resolved to unleash the cohorts of the law. It was predicted that an example would be made of Mr. Harriman; that his disjecta membra would soon strew the continent.

## The President's Motives

The forces unleashed by Mr. Roosevelt were those of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Nobody will find fault with him for putting them on the trail of Mr. Harriman. But it is not complimentary to our President to suggest that in a spirit of revenge he resolved to hound Mr. Harriman into obscurity; or to accuse him of having entered into a conspiracy with J. Pierpont Morgan and other Wall street gamblers for the purpose of crippling Mr. Harriman financially. We prefer to believe that Mr. Harriman was investigated in his capacity as railroad president, being in a sense the incarnation of all the evil practices of railroad corporations, and that the President's only purpose was to obtain data for guidance in the perfection of a system for the abatement of those practices. It would be most painful to learn that even in the furtherance of what he conceived to be a good cause, he established so vicious a precedent as that of making the United States Treasury the backbone of a conspiracy to crush a private citizen. However repugnant the Harriman personality may be to Mr. Roosevelt, it is nevertheless nothing more than the embodiment of the sentiments, aims and aspirations of the predatory plutocrats of Wall street. The evils over which Mr. Roosevelt hopes to triumph are not to be eradicated by the crushing of Mr. Harriman. There is only one way to eradicate them, and that is by making them dangerous and unprofitable. Why should Mr. Roosevelt conspire with the bankers of Wall street to destroy Mr. Harriman? Why insist that they withdraw their backing? Mr. Harriman has done nothing more than promote their interests in the manner most suitable to their tastes. Why should Roosevelt conspire with a Pierpont Morgan of Steel Trust infamy? Mr. Morgan is nothing more than a stock-jobber, as ruthless in the indulgence of his rapacity and greed as any of the buccaneers of frenzied finance that have contributed to the ugliness of the history of American trusts.

## Frenzied Financiering

We have been told that Mr. Harriman's story of the Chicago and Alton Railroad deal, told before the Interstate Commerce Commission, astounded the country, and in its extraordinary revelations caused grave alarm and even consternation throughout the civilized world. Mr. Harriman told us that in conjunction with



three associates, Messrs. Mortimer Schiff, George J. Gould and James Stillman, in 1899, he obtained possession of 97 per cent of the stock of the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company. This railroad was then capitalized at about \$39,000,000, and had a bonded debt of only eight and a half or nine millions. Each member of the syndicate acquired 54,535 shares of the stock. These men, constituting the syndicate and controlling the railroad, immediately placed a mortgage of forty millions upon the property and sold thirty-two millions of these bonds in the main to themselves, at sixty-five cents on the dollar or \$650 a bond. Later some of these bonds were sold in the open market at over 90—ten millions being taken by the New York Life Insurance Company at 96, and one million in August, 1900, by the Equitable at 92, the members of the syndicate thus making about \$300 on each bond. Almost immediately after the acquisition of the property by the syndicate, a dividend of 30 per cent on the capital stock was declared, and on May 7, 1900, this dividend, amounting to \$6,669,180, was paid. Mr. Harriman further admitted that from the time he and his associates bought the railroad until last October, when he got out, the railroad's capital or debt to bondholders and stockholders had been increased to \$122,872,327; that of this only \$32,500,000 had been invested in the property itself, and there was therefore some sixty millions of water in the new capitalization. All of which, of course, was frenzied financiering. It wasn't, we are told, a nice thing for those gentlemen to declare that thirty per cent dividend since it had not been earned, but the only difference between that transaction and many others that have taken place in the industrial world is that it was somewhat more stupendous. The underlying principle long ago received the endorsement of the most successful financiers. It is one of the things which, perhaps, Mr. Root has advised his plutocratic clients, may be done without involving one's self in trouble. It has been sanctified by the best "usage." Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has executed plans of equally daring conception. So if Roosevelt doesn't like Mr. Harriman on account of his ways he should be reluctant to enter into a conspiracy with Mr. Morgan. There is something to be said of Mr. Harriman that cannot be said of Mr. Morgan: he is a great constructive genius and he has greatly improved the railroad properties under his control. Moreover he is not really all Hyde. He has his Jekyll side like the rest of us. Much of the obloquy that has been visited upon him is wholly undeserved. In contrast with Morgan there is much to admire in Harriman. When Morgan was in the financial saddle he was so pervasive and noisy that he slopped over everything. He caught the eye with the glitter of his pomp and circumstance. His coaches, yachts and palaces were constantly forcing themselves on the attention. When he wasn't threatening to empty the art palaces of Europe he was busy running a church in this country. He typified one of the most repulsive characteristics of our modern materialistic civilization. We do not hope to see him regain his power.

### Brisbane's Latest

Just as we were beginning to felicitate ourselves on the abatement of enthusiasm among the didactic philosophers of the cult of Municipal Ownership the incorrable Brisbane was seized with a fresh inspiration and startled us with another broadside of fuliginous sophistries. Mr. Brisbane is not the

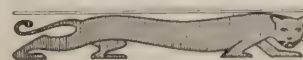
most courteous of controversialists. He seeks to forestall rebuttal of his assertions by cutting the ground from under the feet of those that would debate with him—to poison by anticipation the public mind and to infuse into the imagination of readers suspicion and mistrust. So he starts out with the demagogic assumption that the newspapers in which municipal ownership is decried have been paid to lie by "corporations that rob the American people." We will not assume that Mr. Brisbane has been paid to lie in furtherance of a newspaper policy based on the theory that it is profitable to cater to the prejudices of the mob; but in examining his latest assertions in support of municipal ownership we could not but take notice of the conspicuous misrepresentation employed to bolster up a most disingenuous argument. Mr. Brisbane assumes by way of preface that it is "unnecessary to tell intelligent men that it is better for the people to own their street railways and their gas companies than to have private individuals own them and rob the people." Nevertheless he submits certain facts for intelligent men to ponder. The facts were imported from the city of Copenhagen where the street railways are not owned but controlled by the municipality which, however, does own the electric power plant from which it supplies the railway with power at a profit of \$187,000 a year. Under this system the conditions are very fine for the employees. One of the fine features is that which compels the company to pension for life men that have been in its employ twenty-five years. But Mr. Brisbane includes among his facts—inadvertently we presume—this one: "The charter ends in forty years and then the entire property goes to the city free of charge and free of incumbrance." Does Mr. Brisbane wish us to believe that the corporation is to be compelled to pay pensions after it goes out of existence? Or does he expect us to apprehend that under this very fine system the city of Copenhagen is bound to assume in the end the pension burdens of the company? We infer that these burdens are to be assumed by the city and that Mr. Brisbane, the enthusiastic socialist, who looks forward to the time when none of us shall be compelled to work, thinks that the prospect is most delightful.

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### Their Fondest Theory

Mr. Brisbane's latest oracular utterance on the subject of municipal ownership invites the retorsio argument. For his argument proves, if it proves anything, that municipal ownership is unnecessary for the achievement of the ends which he conceives to be essential to perfect happiness. He points out that the railways of Copenhagen are yielding ideal results, but the railways of Copenhagen are not owned by the municipality; they are merely under its control as are the railways of this city, the only difference being that the legislative body of Copenhagen exacts from the companies more than is exacted from the railways of San Francisco. In other words it has been demonstrated in Copenhagen that it is not necessary for the municipality to own the street railways; that satisfactory results can be obtained by legislative enactment. Mr. Brisbane does not assert that the people of Copenhagen deem government ownership essential to the purification of government. But the fondest theory upon which Mr. Brisbane and the other communistic advocates of municipal ownership base their notion of its excellence is that it will deprive corporations of their evil power and superinduce the purification of government. It would certainly deprive corporations of their evil power, but to assume that it would purify the government is absurd. The widespread governmental corruption for which corporate power is responsible is not the disease from which we are suffering; it is only one of the symptoms. It is a familiar axiom that it is impossible to make government more virtuous than the people from whom the government derives its authority. The enormous frauds and robberies that appall us are only rendered possible by a low condition of the public morality. The unparalleled malfeasance of which there is so much complaint is only an outcropping of a universally underlying baseness. We abominate the crooks of Wall Street and their tools in Washington not because they are rogues, not because they shock the public conscience, not because they are the enemies of public virtue, not because their vicious example is demoralizing and fraught with dangerous consequences to the life of the nation, but because we are their victims and because they are getting more than their share of this world's goods and are depriving us of what we conceive to be our just proportion. Instead of making the purification of the government a purely selfish aim we should first endeavor to cultivate a sense of morality to which corruption would be repugnant. In the possession of such a sense we should have no reason for suggesting experimental expedients for the abatement of malfeasance in office. And until we shall have cultivated such a sense there will be small chance of compassing the ends contemplated by the cocksure advocates of municipal ownership.

### The Tyranny of Socialism

Not all the advocates of municipal ownership are interested in the problem of the purification of government. It is the step toward communism that excites the enthusiasm of a large percentage of them, obsessed as they are by the notion that it is possible and desirable to achieve equality of condition among men. Lycurgus was the only man that ever succeeded in bringing about that condition, but to perfect it he had to utilize slaves who, of course, were not reckoned with as ordinary mortals. Communism would be all right if voluntary, but involuntary communism is the best that we can ever hope to have and that involves

compulsion and loss of individuality. Under the government ownership phase of communism we are able to glimpse some of the evils which are inseparable from the conditions that the socialists would plunge us into. The inevitable effect of municipal ownership is tyranny of government, and tyranny of government is not more tolerable in a republic than in an oligarchy. Under any form of government it has corruption for a concomitant. We saw the effect of it on Russia during the war with Japan, and we see the effect of it in France today. In London where, as a consequence of the growth of political power in the fructiferous soil of municipal ownership, the officials were beginning to tyrannize over the people, three weeks ago the people revolted and swept the socialists out of office. In France where the Government takes a hand in almost every form of industry the political machine of the Ministry is so powerful that the statesmen have been able, in defiance of the religious sentiment of the country, to despoil the church of which a vast majority of the people are zealous communicants. We have wondered at the acquiescence of the people of France in the crimes against their church. The explanation is that the people consult their material interests first and their religious sentiments afterwards, and that the government machine through a system of espionage and reprisal makes it clear to the people that it is to their material advantage to concur in the pet measures of the Ministry. Small communities in France have often experienced the inconveniences that result from a government boycott. Nothing short of another revolution will emancipate the people of France and the seeds of it are rapidly being sown.

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Then from the union poetry is born.

Hearts have there been since hearts first learned to  
beat

That, blindly, with no guidance from above,  
Go on alone till comes the answering call  
Of harmony and haply met, find love.

## Perspective Impressions

A motion to reorganize our smart set will soon be in order.

That begira from Burlingame predicted in Town Talk some months ago is about to begin.

Perhaps Mr. Samuel Gompers would like to amend his eulogy of Mr. Eugene Schmitz.

It is now evident that the morals of this community lacked the essential basis—a fear of punishment.

French critics are shocked at American morals as glimpsed during the progress of the Thaw case. It isn't fair to take that case as a basis of criticism. We would prefer to have foreign critics judge our morals by the standards that we set up when we throw up our hands in holy horror at sight or sound of a work of art. But unfortunately they prefer to judge our intelligence instead of our morals by such standards.

The union labor organizations of the East that have been proclaiming their confidence in Mayor Schmitz and lamenting the efforts of San Francisco Capital to destroy Organized Labor are the same that accuse the officials of Idaho of conspiring to railroad to the penitentiary that innocent trio, Moyer, Hayward and Pettibone.

We hate to yield to temptation. Constrained by an irresistible impulse we point with pride to the fact that Town Talk was the first paper to give hint to the truth about Schmitz and Ruef. The hint was given in the first week of the Schmitz administration.

The Globe-Democrat of St. Louis is trying to popularize religion by publishing lists of those present at church service. We doubt that this scheme will prove successful. In these enlightened days of Higher Criticism to go to church is to be suspected of superstitious fears.



THE GREATEST GENIUS OF THE RAILROAD WORLD AS VIEWED BY THE CARTOONISTS

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—Macauley in the New York World.



EXPLAINING THE GAME  
Harriman, the great manipulator, telling how he bought stock for "investment" and not for "control."  
—Doyle in the Philadelphia Press.

# The Fashion Makers of Paris

By Robert L. Taylor

Seldom do I read the fashion notes in the press, but the other day I happened upon the announcement in the Examiner that "Kimono Sleeves will be Welcomed" and I read that Madame McGraff of the City of Paris was speeding homewards from the French capital with models of the latest "creations." This reminded me of the fact that French fashions are entirely in the hands of German, Austrian and Swiss Jews whose nationalities we have never associated with womanly elegance. During a recent tour of research in the region of la haute couture in Paris I learned that it is only in the second-rate houses that the deft Frenchwoman survives. Foreigners are now exploiting the prestige won by the Frenchwoman in the days agone. The intruders represent sweeping changes in the economic world. The grand couturieres have behind them great staffs, great administrations and great capital. Bechhof David pays for his ware-rooms in the Place Vendome a rent of 2,000,000 fr. a year. He is a Basle Switzer. Dreßcoll, also of the Place Vendome, is under a rent of 80,000 fr. He is from Vienna. Beer is from Frankfort, the once brilliant city of Imperial Coronations. He is in the Place de l'Opera, and pays a rent of 100,000 fr. a year. Doeuillet who learned his business in the house of the Sisters Callot, and who is a remarkably handsome man, is another Place Vendome couturier who pays at least 60,000 fr. a year for his flat. He receives the countenance and patronage of a very powerful group of French women and has togged out many a new-rich aristocrat from California. Nearly every couturier, by the way, has a pull in society, and each is backed by some woman known as a leader of her set. The Comtesse de Pourtales, for example, was a tout for Douchet who still has a high reputation, which the style of the Comtesse Pourtales justifies. I have seen some of his very taking creations on the backs of Chicagoan ladies who visited Paris to see European life and spend money. One of them took me to a clothes parade. It saddened me; the girls who paraded in the lovely things seemed to me so jaded and oppressed. Evil for evil, I really thought Turkey less bad than Europe. It seems I judged too hastily, for the Turks everywhere outside of palaces turn their wives and odalisques to industrial account by making them work sewing machines for embroidery and other kinds of stitching.

It is a mistake to suppose that wealthy French ladies grudge to give high prices for dresses that please them. But they must please. Where French ladies economize is in never buying anything they do not want, however trifling the price asked for it. When a French lady has to order a new dress she bends her whole clear calculating mind to the task of thinking out what she should spend, what becomes her, and what suits her station. She never dreams of asking her couturier or couturiere what is the fashion, but tells what she wants and wishes to know what can be offered. The wares presented are carefully examined. They are often discarded, after a superficial examination, when there are suspicions of a wish to palm off rossignols. Once a choice has been made, no capricious backing out from

it is to be feared. The subject of dress is dismissed from the mind. The highest praise that can be given at the final trying on is: "Cela va." Foreign ladies are all the time allowing themselves to be bewildered into buying what the shopman wants to sell, and perhaps could not sell to French ladies. Those occasions merveilleuses spread out on tables and flauntingly displayed in shop windows are to catch the foreign lady who puts away "bargains" in presses in the hope of being able to use them hereafter to advantage. Our grandmothers and their great-grandmothers did this in days when travelling was ruinously dear. Their habits have become over-ruling instinct in many countries where thought is less sharply clear and feminine character less decided than in France.

To be told that a Grand Duchess, or even a Queen or Empress, had ordered such or such a toilette would not in the slightest degree affect the choice of a French lady. But the information could not fail to interest vastly the outlander, and to impel her to give the same order or a similar one. This is why the behests of Royal and Imperial ladies are so carefully attended to in the great dressmaking houses. However busy a director and his forewoman, he or she will find time to attend to what is known as une cliente de grand marque, or customer with a resonant title, in itself an advertisement and potent to "suggestionize" the new-rich from over the seas. The newcomers are quite regardless of expense when they want—with safety from ridicule, and even with distinction, as they imagine—to present a fine appearance at pleasure resorts.

French ladies of the highest standing prefer an excellent couturiere at the head of a house that is counted first-rate in the second-rate class. They can have there less hurried consultations than in the grander establishment where all must, under high pressure, move automatically. Those first among the second-rate houses can now associate with others abroad to copyright for a season particularly rich and elegant Lyons and other tissues, and thus avoid furnishing things likely to be common before the end of the season. Copyrighting stuffs was one of the devices of Worth for providing sumptuousities with the exclusive stamp or cachet of his house.

The couturiere is more docile than the couturier, and has, when a Parisienne from birth or long residence, wonderful invention and a marvellously fine feeling for flimsy elegance and light garnitures. I used to see this so often in the ware rooms in the Rue Sainte Anne of a couturiere utterly unknown to fame, though she made all the modern dresses for the French ladies for some years, and always for Mlle. Fix, the amie of the Poet Musset, and, jointly with M. Jaluzot whom

(Continued on Page 36.)

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# A Memento From The Ruins

By Lewis F. Laughlin

From the ashes of Chinatown was recovered some weeks ago a small iron chest containing a few trinkets and several old and faded photographs. It was the property of Ah Chong, an actor, who was a great favorite among the theatre-goers of the Chinese quarter, and who tells me that the Chinese drama will soon be revived. Among the photographs in Chong's chest was one which will some day have considerable historic

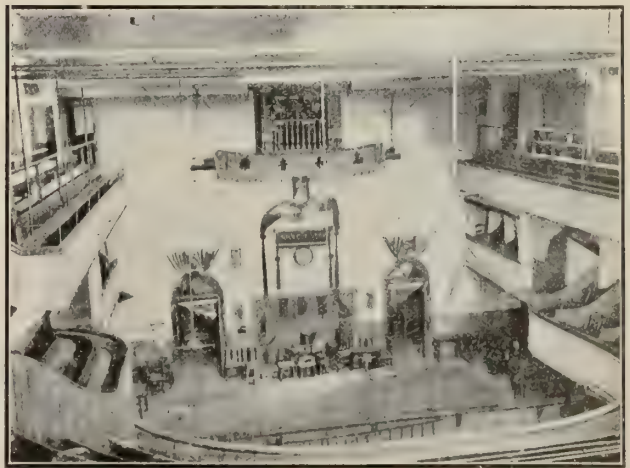


Ah Chong In Stage Costume

value. It is the counterfeit presentment of the stage of the old Jackson Street theatre where flourished the dramatic art of Chinatown for nearly three decades. What a precious memento of the Chinatown of the past! Of all the familiar landmarks and interiors of that quaint and fragrant spot there is none which holds interests for so vast a throng as the stage of the old Jackson street theatre. No guide that ever piloted a throng of sight-seers through the innumerable odors of Chinatown ever excluded from his itinerary that noisome sanctuary of the pagan art. On that stage were enacted scenes that were never dreamt of in the philosophy of the classic dramatists of China. Seldom was it the lot of a Chinese audience to be entirely pre-occupied with the mimic pagentry, intrigue and tragedy depicted by the hired stars. For fully as great as the distinguished heroes impersonated upon the stage were many of the flesh-and-blood personages that came out to indulge their own curiosity. As diverting to the heathens, perhaps, as the passions simulated by the histrionic gents, were the emotions exhibited by the intruders from all quarters of the globe and from all walks of life who came to marvel at the

exotic wonders to be witnessed in the heart of an American city. It was on the stage of the Jackson Street Theatre that Sarah Bernhardt obtained her first accurate conception of the primitive principles of the histrionic art. It was the orchestra on that stage that first interested Sousa in the primitive principles of harmony and enthralled Paderewski with its mystic complexities of tone. George Anthony Froude, when he visited this city in 1886 spent night after night on that stage studying the Chinese drama and trying to interpret the symbols by which the actors kept the audience in touch with the progress of the play. It was one of Robert Louis Stevenson's favorite places of amusement. General Grant was so fascinated by what he beheld that it was hard to entice him away.

Going to the Jackson Street Theatre was tantamount to transporting one's self back hundreds of years to the time when the theatre was in its infancy. While that theatre was flourishing we needed no assistance from Ben Greet to acquaint us with primitive conditions when stage setting was mostly dependent on the imagination. On the stage were a few tables and chairs and an occasional bit of painted cloth. With these everything essential was represented. The imagination of the visitor was continually taxed to know what idea a certain chair or table symbolized. For it is taken for granted in the convention of the Chinese drama that the audience will supply any deficiency in respect to scenery. It reminds us of the time when Quince was ordered by the immortal Bottom to represent a wall, which he did with the fingers of his hand. When a Chinese mimic robber wishes to break into a house, he does so by pressing against an imaginary door or by mounting a chair. He mounts a horse by



The Stage of the Jackson Street Theatre

throwing one leg into the air. He builds an imaginary bridge by putting two chairs together, or attacks a fortification, maybe, by climbing on a table or making a movement as if to climb a table. To the Chinese mind these pantomimic movements are easily cognizable. But the actor, to be proficient in his art, must be adept in conveying a sense of the development of the

(Continued on Page 33.)



# The Spectator

## The Grafters In the Nude

In our enthusiasm over the collapse of the municipal graft machine let us not incline to Pharisaism. The iniquity of some poor degraded wretches has been exposed and the indications are that some proud names are to be eternally smirched; social prestige is reeling and spinning, one knows not witherward, on the flood of things, but why permit ourselves to be diverted by the humor of this grim tragedy or affect to be terribly shocked at the infernalities of the faithless officials and corrupt citizens? This is not a time for self-righteous demonstration. Besides that is something we should find difficult to justify. The weeds of crime that have grown rank in our midst were indigenous to the soil. This community has been no better than the men that have been elected to office. But now that we have seen that vice is its own retribution we shall probably mend our manners. We have received a salutary lesson and shall perhaps reform. Meanwhile we should not rejoice in the suffering and misery of the contemptible wretches whose greed led to their disgrace. There is sufficient cause for elation in the tremendous impetus given to virtue by the exemplification of the imbecility of bribe-giving. It would be impossible to measure the extent of the city's moral uplift. We have all been made to see the danger of getting anything by bribery. The inconveniences incident to this crime are incalculable. The wear and tear of wondering whether the fellow that has been seduced will keep it to himself is an unremittent source of worry. How accurate now may be the conception of any man equipped with an imagination of the worm of conscience that begnaws the soul, that pestiferous worm that will not sleep and never dies. The great incitement to guilt is the hope of sinning with impunity, but a man cannot delude himself with that hope when he gives a bribe. In this world of doubtful compensations there's nothing to alleviate the terrors that are inseparable from the jailable status. When a bribe is given there's somebody that receives it and the knowledge of that circumstance necessarily fills the environment of the bribe-giver with visionary terrors and shapeless forms of fear. If any one of our distinguished society gents, who now realizes that it is a vulgar thing to give a bribe, would be as candid as a supervisor he would confess that haughty guilt has the disagreeable habit of exulting with impious joy.

## A Plea In Extenuation

The saddest thing about all this graft exposure is that it makes such a whited sepulchre out of our Smart Set. By the time that Heney and Burns get through with the prosecution the current Blue Book will be a joke. It is really a great tragedy when you come to think it over—the awful prospect of disgrace that confronts so many of our first families that have been drinking Ned Greenway's wine on fat dividends from quasi-public corporations. I am not one of those that nurse an embittered animosity toward our conscienceless aristocrats, for as I hinted in the preceding paragraph I am inclined to hold responsible for the iniquities of the Schmitz administration the people by whom that audacious fiddler was thrice elected to office. Neither they nor those that scoffed at and abused

Rudolph Spreckels and imprecated the Grand Jury and howled about conspiracy and persecution can persuade me of the sincerity of their asserted faith in the impenetrability of the transparent looters of the city. So I feel that there is something to be urged in extenuation of the conscienceless rich who found that privileges were not to be obtained from the servants of the people except for money. Perhaps I will be reminded of the advice of Lord Bacon: "Do not bind thine own hands or thy servants' hands, but bind the hands of suitors from offering," but Bacon was a bribe-taker and he had to say something to save his own conscience.

## Lonerger Was Conscience Stricken

The case of the Home Telephone Company is one that might be pleaded in justification of my suggestion. According to the testimony thus far solicited this company was intent upon introducing competition in the telephone business and met with opposition from the corporation already intrenched. The old company had bribed the supervisors to keep out competition. In order to bestow a boon on the people the Home Company was obliged to seduce the servants of the people. It was of course a crime to offset the weight of the old company's bribe even for the beneficent purpose of breaking up a monopoly, but there is nothing to inhibit us from viewing the transaction with a lenient eye. And yet there is another aspect of the case. It is this: the Home Company persuaded the supervisors not only to accept a bribe but also to quell their scruples against robbing the Pacific States Company. Supervisor Lonergan suffered some awful stings of conscience in consequence of this peculiarly vicious transaction. In telling about it while being subjected to the sweating process, he said: "It thrubled me so much that I couldn't shleep at night, and so I gave th' old company back half their money."

## Martin's Joke

With the confessions of the bribe-takers before us it is easy to appreciate the Walter Martin witticism contained in a letter to an Eastern friend, to which I made reference some weeks ago. Said Martin: "I am thinking of buying a home in San Rafael so that I shall be close to my friends when they move over to Marin county." But when Walter Martin conceived that witticism he did not think that his half-brother, J. Downey Harvey, would be involved in the scandal. The dailies have been discussing the probability of Harvey's indictment, but I have been told that he is in no danger; that he never paid a cent for any of the privileges granted to the Ocean Shore railroad. He preferred to cultivate the friendship of Schmitz along social lines. It was Harvey that inserted the social bee in the Schmitz hat-band. He enthralled the Mayor with visions of pink teas and other functions. This was a cheap way of doing business for as everybody knows the Harvey family has social prestige to burn. If Schmitz has any of the Ocean Shore stock, it was given him as a mark of Mr. Harvey's esteem. However all Schmitz's official conduct will be laid bare and no guilty man will escape. Rudolph Spreckels is inexorable. He announced at the beginning that if one of his own family should be caught no mercy



should be extended. He is after the very biggest game in society and I am told that after the Lonergan confession he reminded a man of social prominence of his resolution to let no guilty man escape.

"You remember what I told you," said Spreckels.

"Yes," said the corporation magnate.

"Well," said Spreckels, "I've caught you."

And the poor wretch dissolved in tears.

### Gerstle and Bourn

The reported uneasiness of Mark Gerstle over the exposure of the Home Telephone Company's connection with the graft scandal is little short of surprising. Mr. Gerstle is one of the distinguished citizens who have been pooh-poohing the graft prosecution. On the day of the excitement outside of the Temple, when the fight was being made to invalidate Abe Ruef's appointment of himself to the district attorneyship, Mr. Gerstle appeared in the throng and laughingly remarked:

"This is opera bouffe up to date."

"Perhaps he will think it's a tragedy before it's all over," said a newspaper man who was informed of the remark. It was about the same time that Billy Bourn of the Gas Company announced that Mayor Schmitz was one of the best fellows he had ever met. Mr. Bourn started for Europe a few weeks ago.

### Ruef In Tears

It is said that Abe Ruef burst into tears a few days ago when he saw himself depicted in a morning paper as a rat caught and stayed in a mad scamper through the tangled tape of legal technicalities by the hand of the law. Without doubt it was a cruel cartoon, needlessly cruel one might venture to say without being suspected of any sympathetic leaning toward the indicted boss, and it is not remarkable that when Ruef saw it, with the load of several unexpected defeats bearing heavily upon his spirits, he should lose self control and exhibit his feelings by crying. But the source of those tears was not a momentary hurt to a sensitive nature caused by a brutal cartoon. Ruef is not wont to bare his deeper feelings to the world; he habitually affects the debonnaire gayety of a leader who is confident that temporary setbacks will eventually be followed by complete and overwhelming victory and vindication. Of late, it is true, this affectation has been harder and harder to maintain and the effort to preserve it from the suspicions of his followers has wrought heavily on his powers of self-control. His bursting into tears marked the point beyond which human endurance could not go and when the boss had paid that tribute to weakness he set resolutely about the task of restoring the outward signs of that confidence in himself and his cause which he must pretend to feel or else give up the battle at once. Nevertheless Ruef is depressed, terribly depressed; doubts and misgivings are gnawing at his vitals, a ghostly rout of the shadows of future events are haunting his brain. Anyone skilled in reading the soul through the eyes and wresting a carefully-hidden secret from the

unconscious looks and gestures of its possessor will come to that conclusion after seeing Ruef either in the courtroom or out of it.

### His Tactical Blunders

The consistent turning-down of all his efforts at escape by judges against whom he cannot make those accusations of bias and prejudice which he has so freely hurled at the trial judge frightened him into a stern realization of his position which he was able to evade as long as the preliminary obstructions devised by his attorneys put off his trial and bolstered the wavering courage of his followers with visions of interminable delays and a final victory on legal technicalities. Ruef sees now that he has committed tactical blunders from the effects of which he can never escape. The same egotistic recklessness which led him to remove the district attorney and appoint himself to the position dictated the idiotic course of running away after obtaining that famous writ of error about which has gathered more scandal than the California bench had ever known before. The consciousness of his mistakes is being borne in upon him more and more every day and the effect upon his mind is so great that he cannot conceal it. This may be read not only in his tears but also in the statements which he gave out for publication. The change in the tone of his interviews was most remarkable and it mirrors faithfully the gradual metamorphosis which has transformed him from a jaunty and self-satisfied director of political destinies to an anxious suitor for any means of escape from his predicaments. From laughing in the face of his prosecution and answering charges of graft with personal denunciation of his accusers Ruef recently came to the immediate consideration of his perilous position.

### His Followers Deserting Him

Abe Ruef probably read his fate as much in the transformed attitude of his followers as in the continued defeats of his attorneys. He saw himself being deserted by those who erstwhile shouted from the housetops in defense of his innocence, the tax-eaters, the job-chasers, the small fry politicians and that large proportion of hoi polloi which regarded him as another article in the political creed which embraces Mayor Schmitz with all his works and pomps. A change, subtle in its progress but unmistakable in its completed form, came over all these soldiers and camp-followers in the great army of municipal graft of which Ruef was the commander-in-chief long before the supervisors confessed. Like the perfidious pretorians they cast him down and waited for events to point the fingers of destiny at his successor in power. This change was the marvel of the town and none of the discerning failed to mark it. Men who formerly foamed at the mouth when the grand jury was mentioned and could only speak of it in terms which at their mildest deprecated its existence as a blot on American institutions, began to express the most perfect sympathy with its strivings and the most unqualified reverence for its high moral purposes. Men who denounced the assistant district attorney as a hessian, a persecutor and in other language not fit for type became willing to admit that the lawyer who overthrew the arrayed powers which battled to keep the United States senator for Oregon out of jail was probably capable of "landing" a boss whose influence does not extend beyond this peninsula.

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### Financiers and Soreheads

The Fireman's Fund Insurance Company "displayed a commendable spirit," says one of the dailies, for confessing judgment in a suit for \$24,250, the amount of certain policies covering buildings destroyed in the big conflagration of last year. As the company withheld payment on the ground that the buildings were demolished by dynamite and as it was shown that the buildings were destroyed by fire, I am at a loss to know what alternative was at the discretion of the company. To me the most amiable treatment which the Fireman's Fund Company has received at the hands of the press is little short of remarkable. There have been many animadversions on the conduct of this company but not in the newspapers, and now I am told, its tangled and deplorable affairs having been satisfactorily adjusted, its officers are highly elated at the success of their business sagacity, and are cutting as wide a swath as ever in insurance circles. Not only are they self-satisfied; it is reported that they are exuberant. This is not the humor of the policyholders who contributed to the prosperity of these shrewd financiers in the halcyon ante-conflagration days. But these policyholders are an irritable lot. Some of them are positively unreasonable. They have not the slightest appreciation of financial ability. The spectacle of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company in process of convalescence, getting a fresh hold on the insurance business of this city holds no charms for them. They are frank and candid soreheads and unashamed.

### Rebuked In Vain

The other day the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company issued a circular breathing confidence in the situation and aglow with enthusiasm at the prospect. It was a fine piece of commercial literature, but there were Philistines among the disgruntled policyholders from whom it evoked nothing more than the tribute of a sneer. It is a most reprehensible temperament that takes no pride in the success of local institutions. Something to that effect was what I took occasion to observe for the purpose of rebuking one of the malcontents, but I might as well have tried to blow a hole in a stone wall. He proved incorrigible and asked me if I remembered the fire in the vault. Of course I remembered it. I also remembered that it was of no significance. He laughed. "I imagine," said he, "that it served at least to justify the report that the list of stockholders was burned up."

"Nonsense," said I.

"Well," said he, "there was no list accessible after the fire, but by some species of legerdemain one was obtained when it became necessary to put on an assessment for the purpose of raising enough money to make the sixty-cent settlement."

### He Was Full of Data

This same unregenerate individual asked me why he should take any pride in the local company that in

advance of all other companies raised the question of exemption under all policies covering buildings that were destroyed by dynamite. I promptly denied that the Fireman's Fund was the first to assume that discreditable position, whereupon he pulled out a roll of bills and wanted to bet that he could prove by President Dutton's statement published within two weeks after the fire, that it was the local company that gave the foreign companies a tip as to how they might coerce policyholders into a satisfactory compromise. It is always unprofitable to engage in dialectics with a man of gambling proclivities who imagines that a betting proposition is an irrefragable syllogism. But this fellow abounded in data which he conceived to be prejudicial to the reputation of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company for moral responsibility and he scattered it with the blinding profusion of a mitrail-leuse. He was even supplied with excerpts from law books by which he was prepared to prove that the unauthorized shifting of the assets of the old company to the new company was something with which the District Attorney might reasonably have concerned himself. As I was breaking away he demanded to know whether I did not think it would be a good thing to compel corporations to file lists of their stockholders once a month in the office of the Secretary of State. All of which I mention merely to indicate that despite the fact that the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company has made an admirable adjustment of its affairs and is once more gallantly sailing the financial seas o'er, it has not escaped cruel criticism.

### A Poet In Prose

Joaquin Miller, Poet of the Sierras and Bard of the Oakland Foothills, has put the lyre out of commission and dropped into prose, in which form of the literary art he is hardly less skilled than in the favorite of his Muse. But the literary world need not be startled. Poet Miller has not abandoned his plectrum forever. Howsoever gifted a poet may be for the singing of heroes when it comes to commemorating his own ego, it is no easy matter to strike the canter and jog-trot of metre. And it is of himself that Poet Miller is writing in sober and earnest prose. Like that other veteran of the pen Mark Twain he has taken in his old age to the pastime of unfolding the story of his past in serial

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form. But unlike Mark he does not call it his autobiography. He prefers to entitle it "Joaquin Miller's Reminiscences." The first instalment is noteworthy in that it discloses the fact that no state can claim Joaquin Miller as its favorite son. He was born in a covered wagon crossing "the line dividing Indiana from Ohio." "My cradle," Poet Miller tells us, "was a covered wagon, pointed west," an eminently proper direction for it to point with such a burden; for it was an empire of song that was having its course marked out. But what I wish to remark is: How fortunate that Joaquin Miller was on the dividing line at the time of his birth! If he had come into the world within the borders of Indiana what an awfully commonplace gang of contemporaries he would have!

### When His Thoughts Soar

Even in prose it is hard for Miller not to be a poet. Try as he will to avoid the empyrean of song his thoughts aglow with feeling will soar and his feeling illuminated by thought will revel in beautiful images. "At last," he writes, "there was a breath of spring in the tossing tops of the maple trees and gray, black and fox squirrels began to leap from branch to branch overhead and chatter and quirk their tossy tails, the crows cawed and cawed from the tallest tree tops, the blue jay jawed us from the spice and hazel bush as we passed, and school was dismissed, for it was sugar-making time." What better poetry do you want than that? In those lines is comprehended the quintessence of poesy. Who, but a poet, supersensitive soul, could hear the chatter of tossy tails or so deftly in prose rhyme the cawing of the crow and the jawing of the jay? All through this narrative prose poem I catch the clang-tint of words that bespeak the true ode-smith. Poet Miller tells us how fast his father split rails that were fragrant and how deftly he put up a fence, "a beautiful, fragrant, red and yellow fence." A thing may be beautiful, as we know, even though only of utilitarian value, but it takes a true poet to see beauty in a rail fence and it takes a true poet to smell it. And as we know Joaquin Miller is a true poet even in prose, and especially, if we can believe Ambrose Bierce, in his hair. It was many years ago that Bierce wrote these immortal lines—immortal, not on account of the lines, but on account of the theme:

Writer folk across the bay  
Take the pains to see and say—  
All their upward palms in air:  
"Joaquin Miller's cut his hair!"  
Hasten, hasten, writer folk—  
In the gutters rake and poke,  
If by God's exceeding grace  
You may hit upon the place  
Where the barber threw at length  
Sampson's literary strength.  
Find it, find it if you can:  
Happy the successful man!  
He has but to put one strand  
In his beaver's inner band  
And his intellect will soar  
As it never did before!  
While an inch of it remains  
He will not be for brains,  
And at last ('twill so befall)  
Fit to cease to write at all.



"Admiral" Beckley

### An Hawaiian Admiral

"It would be interesting," writes my Hawaiian correspondent, "to know just what Admiral Tomioka and the officers of the Japanese squadron thought of their reception at Hilo; not of the public and unofficial reception, which was cordial and unaffected, but what they thought of the 'official' reception by 'Admiral' Beckley. If they knew 'Admiral' Beckley as well as this community knows him they would probably have

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overlooked the presumption and enjoyed a hearty laugh. But while they had no previous knowledge of 'Admiral' Beckley they were evidently not misled, for they gave him no salute on the occasion of his official 'reception' of Admiral Tomioka at Hilo. 'Admiral' Beckley has been for many years the purser of the Island steamer Kinau. He is one of the very few native Hawaiians that have the acquisitive faculty. He inherits that probably from his grandfather Beckley, who came here about a century ago and entered the service of Kamehameha the Great. 'Admiral' Beckley has accumulated a pretty good pile of this world's goods and also considerable self-esteem. For many years Beckley was 'Commodore' Beckley in recognition of the fact that he was the oldest employe of the Wilder fleet of inter-island vessels. But at the time Commodore Dewey won the Battle of Manila Bay and was made an Admiral, some wag suggested that 'Commodore' Beckley's achievements entitled him to a like promotion in rank. The 'Commodore' took it seriously, immediately adopted the title of Admiral, and bought an Admiral's uniform. He has been Admiral Beckley ever since. The only time the title ever disturbed him was when Rear-Admiral Merry commanded the naval station here. Some wag sent Beckley a letter signed 'U. R. Merry' demanding to know if he was aware that the unlawful assumption of a naval title was a penal offense. He was worried for awhile and consulted the newspapers as to his rights in the premises. They assured him that the title was his by right of preemption, whereupon he published a truculent open letter asserting his inalienable right and it has never been questioned since."

### The Official Visit

"Admiral Beckley's official visit to the Japanese fleet was inspired by a wag who suggested to the Secretary of the Territory that as there were no Territorial officials in Hilo, it would be appropriate to request 'Admiral' Beckley, the man of highest naval title in the Territory, to welcome the fleet on its arrival. Jack loves a joke. A wireless message was sent to the 'Admiral.' It reached him on the arrival of the Kinau in Hilo a few hours ahead of the squadron. So having made up his accounts of tickets and deck passage fares, collected and checked out his freight, the 'Admiral' donned his brilliant uniform, pinned across his breast the several medals he has received in voting contests and his Hawaiian decorations, hid all this glory under a linen duster, put a silk hat on his head, and took a boat out to the squadron in advance of the Committee of Reception from the Hilo Board of Trade, and the Japanese Merchants' Association. Arriving at Admiral Tokio's flagship his boat drew up at the lowered staging, and he threw back his linen duster disclosing his uniform and medals. Of course, at sight of all this splendor he was ushered aboard, and to the presence of Admiral Tomioka. The story of what ensued has been told by the 'Admiral,' according to whom the Japanese commander and his squadron were welcomed in fine Kanaka English to Hilo, the ancient seat of Beckley's naked and tattooed ancestor Mooheau. Admiral Tomioka inquired if he was an Admiral of the American navy. He made this reply: 'Oh, no; I am the Admiral of Harbor No. 54, Masters' and Pilots' Association of America.' The reception, he described, as most cor-

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dial. But it was brilliant. Admiral Tomioka did a great deal of scraping and bowing and ushered his visitor to the deck and to his 'barge,' just at the time of the arrival of the Civic Committee of Americans and Japanese who came only in civilian dress, some of them indeed in sack coats and straw hats. 'Admiral' Beckley cannot quite understand why no salute was fired in his honor, but supposes it was due to Admiral Tomioka's confusion at the unexpectedness of being greeted by one of his rank. However, he treasures no hard feeling toward the Jap. After his visit to Tomioka he reported to Secretary Atkinson and had the great seal of the Territory affixed to the wireless telegram on which he had received his commission."

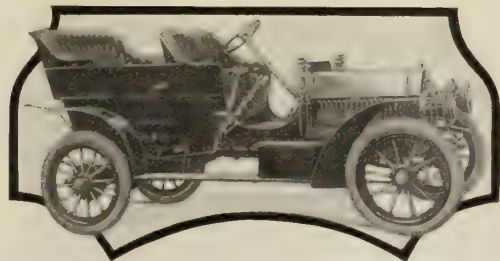
### An Earthquake Story

The March number of the Strand Magazine of London contains a story of our local Chinatown written by Herman Scheffauer, the well-known San Francisco poet, who has been in Europe for two years past. The story is illustrated by G. Leslie Hunter, a young Scotch artist who spent several recent years here, and who is now in Paris. The author has not violated tradition in writing this story. It deals, in the approved way of Chinatown fiction, with the buying of an unwilling bride and her rescue by a missionary lady. But between the purchase and the rescue, which take place in April, comes a thrilling episode. The earth turns upside down, houses rock and crumble, and flames light the dawn. Some of our residents may remember the incident. Scheffauer must have taken his idea of what happened in San Francisco on that fateful morning from some of the accounts published in the East and abroad. We who lived here at the time, and in whose memories the details are rather fresh, cannot recall anything quite so terrible as Scheffauer describes. He may be excused on the plea of distance and poetic license. However, the story is a very good one, far better than the usual run of such tales, the generality of which depict a Chinatown that no one who knows it would recognize.

### A Tale of a Ghost

This is a story of a gray cat and of the uneasy gray ghost of that cat. The tale of the ghost shall be first and the tale of the cat come last—as is fit and natural. This ghost wanders at night around the ruins of what was once a great hotel of this city, and acts so strangely as to attract the attention of the other shades which haunt the bricks and debris that have succeeded magnificence. It makes its first appearance each night where the office of the hotel once was, and wanders disconsolately there as though waiting for the touch of a friendly hand. It goes to the site of the kitchen next, and drifts from there to the spot where the barroom stood. Then the silence that has marked its wandering is broken. Perching on a pile of bricks that mark the location of the lunch counter, it wails lugubriously. The noise at which one throws boots and coal at midnight is music compared to the hideous solo of this gray ghost. Midnight travelers toward the ferry forget their anxiety over catching the last

boat and shudder as the eerie notes float across the ruins. The other ghosts flee in terror, and this wraith of a cat that was reigns supreme on the pile of bricks and debris that marks the site of the lunch counter. And why is this? It is because when the cat of which this is the ghost died, it was put to improper use, made to appear what it was not. This cat was the pride of the hotel, and wandered with stately tread around the office. It became part of the establishment. But one day a trunk fell on it and crushed out all its nine lives at one smash. A scullion carried out the remains, and as he went through the kitchen a demoniacal idea came into the head of the chef. He ordered the cat skinned, and when that had been done he cooked it. He made a ragout of that cat, and putting it on a silver platter he heaped fancy molds of jelly around it and sent it to the barroom, where it was put on the free lunch counter. And men "did eat thereof" and pronounced it excellent—particularly an eminent actor, who sent out to the kitchen and wanted to know what the dish was. When he was told, the cat came back, and the memory of it has haunted him through the years. If he could but see the gray ghost of a cat that sits on the heap of brick and debris and wails at midnight the reality of the apparition might persuade him that his lunch was less tangible than it seemed at the time. And by the way, this is not told just because it is a story, but because it is a fact. The gray ghost that caterwauls, and which you may hear at midnight if you have the courage to go and listen, is proof of all that I have told.



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### Union War In Nevada

"Goldfield and the other mining camps," writes a correspondent, "are just now suffering from one of the greatest mining wars that has ever afflicted Nevada. The mines are shut down, the business houses are closed, armed members of the Citizens' Safety Committee patrol the streets and what outbreak may occur before the end is reached no man knows. Unless a compromise is effected soon the same scenes of violence are expected that characterized the Colorado miners' war that ended in the murder of Governor Steunenberg. The contest is between two wings of union labor: the Industrial Workers of the World and the American Federation of Labor. Business men of the camp side with the latter organization and they hope to drive the I. W. W. out of the Nevada labor field or at least to cripple its now very extensive powers. For a long time past the I. W. W. has been a trying thorn in the side of Goldfield labor employers. The local branch was started by agitators from the most restless of the Colorado mining camps. The present trouble is the result of the efforts of the I. W. W. to dragoon the miners and carpenters' unions into their ranks. Numerous members of the latter unions stoutly opposed any such affiliation. The American Federation of Labor came to their rescue and offered them sanctuary. Both sides summoned organizers and since then there has been a steady flow of statements, charges and ultimatums between the two factions. Sheriff Ingalls has sworn in a hundred miners as deputy sheriffs. To counteract this undue labor influence the Citizens' Safety Committee have had fifty selected business men also sworn in as deputies. Every man in town carries a gun and is ready to use it in defending the side he espouses. Hot heads there are a-plentiful and how soon one of them will start a fusillade by some overt act no man knows. 'Diamondfield' Jack Davis wired to Governor Sparks to call out the militia and declare martial law but Nevada has no militia and Sparks told Sheriff Ingalls to stay fast with his job.

### Effect on Stocks

"Meanwhile the stock market has had the life literally slumped out of it. Values have been squeezed from twenty-five to sixty per cent, and if any investor has any hope or life left it is because he has a bunch of money that will withstand the almighty crash of calamity. Oddly enough the lusty promotion touts of the holiday season foretold this month of March as the auspicious time when prices would hit the high mark of speculation. Dreams to beggar the trusting! Now the alluring bait to cozen the investor is the advice that 'prices will go up, sure, when this labor trouble is settled.' There are those who are not slow to say that the present trouble was started by a coterie of unconscionable promoters to smash stocks and that it has now got beyond their control.

### A Human Interest Story

Some months ago I was visiting in one of the mining counties of this state. I was with the manager of a gold mine. We were more than fifty miles from the railroad. Meadows stretched before us rich in grass, with the watering stream fringed with trees, and the encircling mountains rising with rocky fronts and summits into a clear sky. Immediately before us was a log cabin, occupied one night in every two weeks by the driver of a mule train and his boy of ten years. The driver, familiarly known as Ned, had been in this

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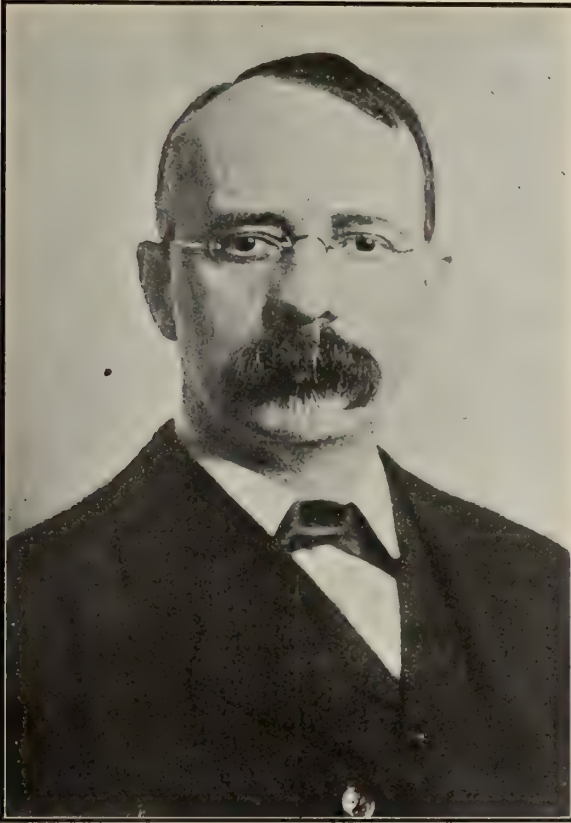
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North End



occupation for twenty years. He looked intelligent, spoke well, and saved his ill temper, if he had any, for his six mules which were then grazing in a fenced tract of the meadows. His boy attracted my attention. The lad's dark complexion gave the suggestion of a Mexican mother, for Tim had the florid color of the Celt. Later the boy's hat fell off, and revealed the



Edward Henry Harriman

kinky hair of the negro race, and I saw that he was a mulatto. I asked no questions of my companion until we were well on our way from the cabin, and he said:

"That little mulatto is the record left of one of the saddest chapters in life that I ever heard of."

"His father seems to be wrapped up in him," I remarked; "I presume his mother was a negress."

"No," said he.

"What's the story?"

"Twenty years ago Ned married a girl of a very decent white family in this county. Ten or eleven years ago he was following the same business that he is now in. His wife and daughter lived at one end of his route in a near valley. A negro pack driver was on the same route. When the boy was born the mother died. Ned has done some killing in his time, but he didn't kill the negro. The man is still living. And Ned keeps the boy."

#### Morgan's Great Fluke

It was an interesting and somewhat thrilling story that was told in the dispatches last week of the conspiracy to oust Mr. Edward H. Harriman from control of the railroad properties that have come under his sway. The plans for the undoing of Harriman were

designed by his most virulent enemy, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, who has been fighting the railroad magnate in the columns of the Sun, the Morgan paper, for several years. Morgan's financial power waned about the time that Harriman obtained the backing of Standard Oil and began asserting himself as a factor in the financial world, and it was owing to the clash of Morgan and Harriman interests that the big insurance scandal was precipitated. In that scandal Morgan fared far worse than Harriman and he has been ever since on the qui vive for an opportunity for revenge. Frequently has the Sun betrayed the resentment of Morgan in satirical thrusts at Harriman and by watching that paper one could easily keep in touch with the ebb and flow of the troubled financial waters. Last week we were told that Morgan had consummated his long-cherished revenge. So great was his confidence in the efficacy of his plans that he put himself beyond reach of everybody, feeling that on his return Harriman would be down and out. But from later developments it appeared that his absence was disastrous to none but himself. Harriman has something of the Fisk quality of genius. Jim Fisk never failed to turn the tables on his adversaries. Once upon a time when Commodore Vanderbilt undertook to drive Fisk into bankruptcy by cutting rates, Fisk ceased all railroad operations and began shipping cattle from the Middle West over the Vanderbilt lines. He made immense profits out of the cattle industry and Vanderbilt was seriously crippled before he discovered that he was enriching his enemy. Harriman's enemies nearly always fare as did Fisk's, and on more than one occasion Harriman has followed to the letter tactics that were invented by Fisk.

#### Harriman's Fad

Edward H. Harriman is essentially a money-making machine—the greatest perhaps that the world has ever seen in operation. For many years he was something of a mystery. Reared among the great financial kings



#### Out For a Drive

The young lady holding the ribbons is Miss Mary Harriman and the other is Miss Cornelia Harriman. They are the daughters of the Wizard of the Railroad World. The gentleman in the front seat is Mr. Thomas Hastings, an architect.

of Wall street he became imbued with their ideas respecting the unimportance of that public which a Vanderbilt had scornfully consigned to the lower regions. He had the plutocratic conception of the sanctity of

wealth and thought there was nothing but impotent and impudent sansculottism beyond the gilded portals of the temple of finance. Keeping an impassible barrier between himself and the public it was an isolated position that he occupied until a few months ago when he showed signs of becoming cognizant of the responsibilities of wealth. Up to that time it was almost impossible to obtain a photograph of the great railroad magnate, but suddenly he changed his attitude and abated his prejudice against the white light of publicity. He became accessible to magazine reporters and they began exploiting his personality for the benefit of the curious. Now we hear that Mr. Harri-man is very much like other men and that he has some very fine traits of character. He is a man of a very sympathetic nature and all his life he has been devoted to the hobby of promoting the welfare of boys. He is President of the largest club of boys in the world. It is the Boys' Club of New York City which occupies a big building containing gymnasia, baths, play-rooms and reading-rooms. A great deal of Mr. Harri-man's leisure is spent at that club and he is as zealous for its interests as for any of his great industrial enterprises.

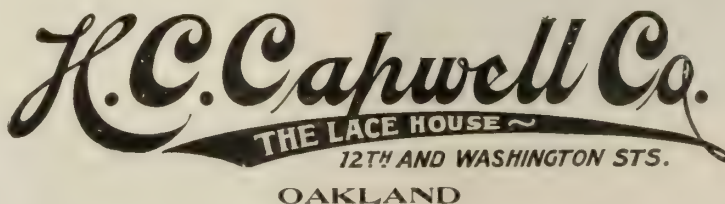
#### Where Is the Flag?

Inquiry has been set on foot respecting the whereabouts of the particular Star Spangled Banner which the anxious eyes of Francis Scott Key saw "by the dawn's early light" floating in triumph over Fort McHenry. It is said that James Lick, to whom we are indebted for the statue of Key in Golden Gate Park, acquired possession of the flag and that it was

on exhibition in the museum of the California Academy of Sciences when that building was destroyed by fire. But Lick died in 1876; and according to one authority, as late as 1880 the flag was carried in procession in Baltimore by two hundred descendants of the defenders of Fort McHenry. The inquiry concerning the flag arose some days ago when it was learned that Admiral George Dewey and others had organized a Francis Scott Key Memorial Association to acquire and preserve the house in Georgetown where the composer of "The Star Spangled Banner" lived at the time he applied to President Madison to aid in effecting the release of his friend, Dr. William Beanes, who had been captured by the British and was held a prisoner on one of the ships investing Baltimore. It was while watching Admiral Cochrane's bombardment of Fort McHenry that Key was inspired to right the soul-stirring lines that have been adopted by the American people as their national anthem.

#### Coming Flight of Orators

I am quite curious to see the list of speakers for the Merchants' Association banquet which will formally open the Fairmont hotel, April 18th. The occasion will commemorate the events of the greatest conflagration in history and will accordingly offer these to rouse the spirit of the most phlegmatic speaker. The Merchants' Association will entertain some very prominent guests around the banquet board, notables who will be in the West about that time and will make it quite convenient to drop into San Francisco for the gathering. The old order passeth, and of late years a number of orators, more than locally famous in the



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- ☞ The beautiful displays of wash goods, millinery, robes, ribbons, silks, waists and fancy garments are now at their best—most complete and in greatest varieties.
- ☞ If your requirements include garments that need to be altered to insure perfection of fit, then it is advisable to give this attention tomorrow if possible to avoid the crowding and enforced hurry made necessary by the rush of work that is put upon dressmakers and milliners as the season becomes more advanced.

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eighties and nineties, have shifted from the scene. Undoubtedly the occasion and the subjects will call forth new aspirants for oratorical honors, young men destined to cut important figures in the upbuilding of the new and greater San Francisco. From all viewpoints the banquet is sure to be by far the most interesting event of its kind ever held here.

#### Just a Few Witticisms

Two buds and their escort the other evening attempted to enter a delayed Sutter street car, and upon being squeezed in like sardines one of the buds found herself stray hanging at such an angle that she was forced to gaze steadfastly at the roof of the lurching car, which was decorated with the usual advertising signs. Presently an illuminating smile overspread her countenance and pointing to the particular sign which had caused it, she signaled her companions to read it. They too gazed skyward and read: "For space in this car apply to Varney and Green." "I think I will," said the first bud: "I need it." The second bud blithely suggested. "Don't you think we'd better make it a round robin?" Thereupon the escort: "Wouldn't bother. The United Railroads are doing the round robbin' and they object to competition."

#### He Has a Record

There was more than politics in Governor Gillett's appointment of W. E. Dennison as a member of the Board of Harbor Commissioners. Dennison, who is a contractor, has a record in harbor work, and Gillett knows of it, for it was made in his home county.

Dennison is the man who built the jetties that have transformed Humboldt Bar from one of the most dangerous harbors on the coast into a comparatively safe one. Gillett has had his brother, formerly a freight clerk in Eureka, made a Deputy United States Marshal for this district. Young Gillett is a cautious lad, and would not let the newspaper reporters have his photograph, evidently scenting a bunco game. "I'm new down here," he said, "and I'm going to be careful what I do until I get onto the ropes."

#### Elsie Syle's Engagement

Berkeley society is very much interested in the approaching marriage of Elsie Syle to a Mr. Madison of Santa Barbara. The distressing circumstances under which her father, Professor Syle, died have not yet been effaced from the college mind and there are still people who hold the head of the University responsible for the "brain storm" which darkened Professor Syle's last days. His death left his family in straitened circumstances and Elsie Syle, who had been most carefully educated by her father, had to take up the financial burdens. She jumped right into the breach and startled everyone by pluckily accepting a position to bake fancy cookies at an Oakland confectioner's. "There is no use waiting for something more 'ladylike' to turn up," she said, "while we need bread and butter." In a very short time a more congenial position offered itself in Southern California and Mrs. Syle and her daughter moved down there. Mr. Madison, Miss Syle's fiancee, is said to be a very clever chap, and he is wonderfully lucky to win such a girl as Elsie Syle, whose spirit and beauty places her above the common, or garden variety of girls.

## The White House

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### "The Cage"

New novels seldom come my way. I prefer to read the old ones, letting my confrere, "The Bookworm," look after contemporary fiction. However, chance threw into my hands the other day a book that I am glad I read. It is by Charlotte Teller, an author whose name is new to me, and she has dubbed it "The Cage." The name comes from the definition of the law given by one of the principal characters, Eugene Harden, a rich Austrian who comes to this country to study social conditions, and becomes a strike leader. To quote:

"Anne asked him if, in Austria, he thought much about the law.

"'It is like a cage,' he answered. 'At first you are used to seeing the outside world streaked with the crossing of its bars, but after a while it becomes intolerable, and you have to get out—get away—come over here.'

"'You should destroy it,' said Frederica, 'for it will make men like monkeys to live in it.'

"'But when monkeys become men the cage will itself dissolve in air,' he said."

Harden finds, in time, that there are laws here, too. The novel deals with labor conditions in Chicago, and with the Haymarket riots in which dynamite bombs were thrown. The author is vehement in asserting that seven innocent men were hanged for that crime, the evidence against them being "planted" by the police. Still she is not altogether a sympathizer with unionism, dealing hard raps to both sides in the course of the story. She weaves in an excellent love affair, plenty of tragedy, humor of a wholesome sort, and genuine wit. Dr. Hartwell, a minister, his daughter Frederica and Anne Forester are slum workers, he having given up a good parish to come among the working people, and Anne in her enthusiasm leaving a home of luxury. The first half of the book, in which life among the poor is described, is of exceptional merit, written in easy, finished style, and full of whole-hearted sympathy with the workers. It does not glorify them by any means, the two girls in particular having a full realization of the shortcomings of their charges. The author has evolved several distinct characters, of the kind a reader remembers, and her tracing of the psychological development of Frederica from dreamer to a fierce unionist under Harden's influence is finely done. The second half of the book, which deals almost altogether with strikes, although containing fine passages, does not equal the first. The writer becomes melo-dramatic, and coincidence is worked to the limit. But even with this fault, it is a novel that leaves a distinct impression behind it, not only on account of the story told, but because of its excellent style and its kindly humor and keen satire. Mrs. Scanlan, wife of one of the strikers, talking of arbitration, says: "If your father'd ever been a union man he'd see it ain't no good to arbitrate, at least not until they've got the bosses in a corner." It is seldom that an author avowedly in sympathy with unionism will write anything like that, or like the following observation made by Frederica when she hears that her father is to bring a socialist home to supper: "'I hope he will ask him to wash his hands. He does it so beautifully. They think it is a kind of ceremony in the Hartwell house.'"

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# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## A Bit of Repartee

Ap[ro]pos of the recent marriage of Miss Mary Bell to Colonel James Morwood, chief surgeon of the British army in India, I am reminded of a passage at repartee which took place at the Sequoia Club when Miss Bell announced her intention of accompanying Mrs. Frederick Palmer and Miss Nellie Grant to Calcutta. "I thought women lost their complexions in India," said a sweet little manlet who prides himself on his pink and white loveliness. "Oh, but there are real men in India, and women frequently marry them!" answered Mrs. Palmer. And evidently she proved the matchmaker militant, for after a two weeks' acquaintance on shipboard Miss Bell's engagement to one of the "catches" in the Anglo Indian army was announced.

## Her Social Prestige

I hear that Mrs. Palmer's cousin, Nellie Grant, is a great favorite in the land of the "More Than English." Mrs. Palmer has a beautiful home in Calcutta and as she is a favorite of Lady Minto's she is a social power in Calcutta. Even when Mrs. Palmer was Florence Mason and a student at the University of California, she showed highly developed social instincts and was the leading spirit in the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority, to which exclusive organization Mary Bell also belonged. At that time Miss Mason's chief social asset, in addition to her personal charms, was a close kinship with the late General Grant. Not long after her graduation, however, she inherited a large fortune and it was while touring the world that she met and married Frederick Palmer in Calcutta.

## She Was Literary

Mrs. Morwood, who will always be Mary Bell to her San Francisco friends, comes of a good old Southern family, but like most F. F. V.'s the Bells have not been troubled with vulgar lucre, so Mary's marriage to the wealthy English colonel will "help gild the family 'scutcheon." She is a very clever young woman, and at one time she had literary aspirations but aside from one or two promising short stories she has never published anything. She was a leading spirit in the

Sequoia Club, and it will be difficult to fill the niche which Mary Bell occupied in that organization.

## The McCreerys Expected

Richard McCreery is expected to pay a visit to his old home shortly with his new wife, Lady Grey-Egerton. McCreery has many friends at Burlingame who will no doubt be pleased to welcome his new wife, who was May Cuyler of New York, daughter of Major J. Wayne Cuyler, U. S. A. In 1893 she was married to Sir Philip Grey-Egerton, twelfth baronet of his line. In the spring of 1904 a separation took place and later Lady Egerton secured a divorce, her husband making no contest. There were two children by the marriage. Richard McCreery is a nephew of the late Justice Field. His mother has resided in Europe many years, during which period she has been separated from her husband, Andrew McCreery, who spends most of his time in this city. In 1894 Richard McCreery married Edith Kip, daughter of the late Colonel Lawrence Kip, granddaughter of Peter Lorillard. In 1904 Mrs. McCreery sued her husband for divorce, accusing him of being too friendly with a woman whose name was not given.

## The Kehrleins

Francis Coon, whose engagement to Oliver Kehrlein has just been announced, will be a mid-summer bride. Miss Coon is a niece of the late Judge Coon and is also related to the McNutts and the Easton branch of the Crocker family. The Kehrlein boys are a recent acquisition of society's. They spent their early life abroad, returning for a college course at Stanford university, and then took degrees at Columbia. Although the family is reputed wealthy Mrs. Kehrlein has never gone about in society. I believe it was Mrs. Ynez Shorb White who "discovered" Oliver and Emil Kehrlein and decided that two such handsome chaps could not be spared from smart set gatherings, so this winter their names have been prominent at all social functions. "Ollie" Kehrlein, as he is called, is quite a serious minded young man with a determination to amount to something in his chosen line—structural engineering.

## No Tour For Them

Ap[ro]pos of the McNutts, I hear that Mrs. Ashton Potter and Ruth McNutt have had to give up their intended automobile trip in the south of France as there is a small-pox scare in those parts. Instead they will join the Josselyns in Paris. Mrs. Joseph Redding will also be one of the party. Mrs. Redding and Mrs. Josselyn are life-long friends—in fact, the youngest daughter in the Josselyn family is named Myra, after Mrs. Redding.

## Send for My Market Letter

Have you made any money in mining stocks lately? You would had you followed my market letter. You don't have to take my word for it, just look up my market letters for the past two months, and see what I have had to say on the market, and then judge for yourself whether I have been right or not. In my next private market letter I am going to tell you the truth, so far as I know it, about conditions in Goldfield, and I think you will agree with me that I come as near knowing as any broker on the Pacific Coast. My information is from personal investigation. I still believe that Mohawk Consolidated Leasing Co. is one of the best buys in the market. For my private market letter send your name and address on postal card, and then you will receive it regularly.

**A. J. MOORE**

ROOMS 29 and 30, BACON BLOCK, OAKLAND, CAL.

COFFEE ALWAYS BEST  
**M. J. B. WHY**

### She Now Prefers Westerners

The matchmakers insist that Jennie Crocker did not leave for the East entirely heart whole, and fancy free. As she has professed a preference for Western men ever since Francis Burton Harrison with indelicate haste effaced her sister's memory in a second marriage, it is just possible that the gossips have the right scent. Miss Crocker will be a bridesmaid at the McCook-Whitman wedding, which is one of the fashionable New York events calendared for the post-lenten season. The bride is a niece of C. B. Alexander, Jennie Crocker's uncle by marriage. The McCook girls owe their social welfare to the interest Mrs. Alexander has

taken in them. This makes the second wedding this season at which Jennie Crocker has officiated as bridesmaid, her maiden effort being as an attendant at the Wilson-Cadwalader wedding. Miss Crocker will be one of the guests at the bride's table when Miss Katherine Barney of New York marries Courtland D. Barnes next week. Miss Barney is well known out here, as she spent a month with the Whitelaw Reids at Millbrae, the D. O. Mills country home. Jean Reid and Katherine Barney are inseparables and probably the girl who was admitted closest to their friendship while they were out here was Gertrude Eells, now Mrs. Jack Babcock. The handsomest silver pieces

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Gertrude Eells received for wedding presents were sent by Jean Reid. Miss Reid has a deep rooted conviction that her wealth makes her a target for fortune hunters and she looks with suspicion upon any man who shows more interest in her than the polite how-doness of society demands. Friends of the Reids tell me that Miss Reid is very much sought after on her own intrinsic account but nothing seems to convince her of the disinterested motives of her suitors.

#### Trinity Church Choir at the Greek Theatre

Trinity Church Choir will sing the following programme at the Greek Theatre, University of California, Berkeley, at four o'clock Sunday afternoon, March 24: Processional Hymn, Jerusalem the Golden (by request), Eaton; God Shall Wipe Away All Tears, chorus, Field; The Palms, bass solo and chorus (Faure), Wilfred Gleen, soloist; Behold, the Master Passeth By, contralto, solo and chorus (Stevenson), Miss Elizabeth Price, soloist; O Come Let Us Worship, tenor solo and chorus (Mendelssohn), Charles Trowbridge, soloist; Out of Heaven, soprano solo and chorus (Cowen), Mrs. John Darwin Gish, soloist; Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord, quartette and chorus (Garrett), by Mrs. Gish, Miss Price, Mr. Trowbridge and Mr. Glenn; Recessional Hymn, Brightly Gleams Our Banner, Eaton. Gaul's Passion Service will be sung at Trinity Church Good Friday night, March 29, at eight o'clock. The soloists will be Mrs. John Darwin Gish, Miss Elizabeth Price, Mr. Charles Trowbridge, Mr. Edgar Dawson, Mr. Wilfred Glenn, Mr. James Greenwell and Mr. Wallace Hicks. Louis H. Eaton, organist.

#### A. New Mass

The Easter music at St. Dominic's Church will this year be specially attractive. A new mass has been composed for the occasion by Dr. H. J. Stewart, and it will be rendered, under his direction, by an augmented choir and large orchestra. The mass, which is dedicated to the Rev. Father Pius Driscoll, O. P., has been written with the purpose of conforming as far as possible to the recent edict of the Pope upon the subject of church music. There is very little work for the soloists, and the composer has relied almost entirely upon massive choral and orchestral effects.

#### The Chicago Symphony Orchestra

About the middle of April Manager Will Greenbaum will present the great Chicago Symphony Orchestra of fifty artists under the direction of Alexander von Fielitz, the eminent composer and conductor. With the organization will come a quartette of singers and some fine instrumental soloists. At least three concerts will be given in San Francisco, and for the first time in the history of the Greek Theatre there will be a Saturday matinee. This will be good news to many men who cannot get away on Thursday afternoons to enjoy a symphony orchestra but who can easily attend on a Saturday. Hundreds of school teachers and students will likewise take advantage of this opportunity. Notwithstanding the enormous expense of bringing such an organization to the Coast the highest priced seats will be \$1.50, the same as is charged for local symphony concerts. The students of Stanford University will be given an opportunity of hearing this fine organization.

#### "Sapho" at the Colonial

A grand revival of "Sapho" is announced for the coming week at the Colonial Theatre. Izetta Jewell will play the title role. The regular stock company will be considerably augmented for this particular production. Manager Kurtzig states that the Olga Nethersole version of Sapho will be given in its entirety and that from a scenic as well as an artistic standpoint the Colonial's presentation of the great drama will be up to the highest standard. A dramatization of Count Tolstoi's absorbing story, "Kreutzer Sonata," will follow "Sapho" at the Colonial.

Brown: "Are you interested in labor problems?"  
White: "Intensely—in one, how to avoid it."

## Table Elegance

The public are cordially invited to behold the most exquisite table setting in our history—dainty Glass Vases most artistically arranged with floral effects that are in harmony with the surrounding China and Glass Ware, both in color and design—also a rare display of English and French Chinaware and Easter novelties for table decorations.

See Our Easter Window Display

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WEDDING INVITATIONS

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## LASH'S BITTERS

TONIC LAXATIVE

# Stage

## The Alcazar

The New Alcazar Theatre is a realization of the fondest dreams of its enterprising founders. Belasco and Mayer have established a fine home for their stock company, one in which the patrons of the drama may find entertainment with the smallest possible degree of discomfort, and feel that they need concern themselves with nothing save the performance for which they have paid the price. And these are considerations the importance of which is seldom appreciated by the purveyors of amusement. The New Alcazar is cosy as well as commodious. It affords plenty of elbow-room and such is the perfection of its acoustic properties that one may keep far enough away from the stage to enhance the illusions without fear of losing the thread of the story. The opening night at the Alcazar was a delightful occasion. The audience was composed principally of regulars of the old house, and they made it evident that they were on hand for two purposes; to felicitate the management and to size up the new company. Their felicitations were generous and the outward indications were that the performers met with their approval. As it is my business merely to record my own impressions I am reluctant to deal in personalities not strictly within the purview of my duty but I feel constrained to reprove Mr. Fred J. Butler who confesses that he spent three months in New York selecting plays for the season. He therefore pleads guilty to having selected "The Altar of Friendship" to serve as the inaugural production. The author, Madeleine Lucette Ryley, has written some fairly good plays, but "The Altar of Friendship" is not one of them. The story of it is jejune. The whole atmosphere of it is one of stale sentimentality of a kind for which I am seldom in the humor. It is clap-trap of purely theatrical extraction—an artificial substitute for genuine drama. To produce successful drama one must create persons whose fortunes we can follow as those of a friend or enemy. To divert us with automations is to seduce us with entertainment unworthy of attention. Madeleine Lucette Ryley burnt too much midnight oil over the epigrams of this play, and while it is not without its flashes of wit the dialogue is lacking in freshness and spontaneity. In such a play it is pretty hard to pass judgment on the performers without doing them an injustice. Bertram Lytell, the leading man, is satisfying to the eye and invests a conventional role with some degree of earnestness and naturalness. I imagine that he will improve on acquaintance. Laura Lang, the leading woman, is a determined young lady with plenty of assurance and sufficient cleverness to simulate the not very subtle emotions of her part plausibly enough, but in scenes of buoyancy of feeling her manner is somewhat artificial, and she exerts very little magnetic influence. Perhaps the most accomplished of the new artists is Daisy Lovering, the ingenue, who managed to win sympathy despite the impossibility of vitalizing her part. John Maher is with the new company and in him Belasco and Mayer have a prize, but even he is unable to make his artistry felt in this play. Adele Belgarde in an actress-proof part contributes much to the life of the performance, and the other members of the company do what is so easily generalized in the term "conscientious work." Perhaps the most creditable

feature of the performance is the stage management which achieves an imaginative realization of the circumstances of the drama. I do not believe the play ever received a more sumptuous production.

## Next Week

The first matinee in the new theatre will take place on Saturday afternoon. There will also be a matinee on Sunday. For the second week Belasco and Mayer offer the New Alcazar Company in Captain Robert Marshall's play, "The Unforseen." This will be the



**J. Albert Wallerstedt**

The New Baritone of the San Francisco Opera Company as he appeared in Lulu Glaser's Production of "Dolly Varden." He will make his local debut in "The Bohemian Girl."





The Clever Children in the Production of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" at the Van Ness Theatre.

first San Francisco production of this play. It was originally produced at the Haymarket Theatre in London by Cyreo Maude and Evelyn Milliard. This play will doubtless prove a winner, for Captain Marshall is a playwright of the first rank. He proved that in his former successes, "The Second in Command," "The Royal Family" and "His Excellency the Governor." Bertram Lytell will be seen in the part originally played by Cyreo Maude and Laura Lang will assume the character which Miss Milliard played in the original performance. The other members of the cast will all have congenial roles. The scenic production will be in keeping with the standard which the

Alcazar has already set by their production of "The Altar of Friendship." The following week the first stock production of "The Pit" as originally played by Wilton Lackaye will be seen. This play is dramatized from Frank Norris's exceedingly interesting and popular novel of the same name.

### A Catchy Song

Irene Outtrim, a pretty and talented young Australian actress who has been a great favorite on both sides of the bay with the Bishop Players and whose singing is always a welcome feature at Ye Liberty, has composed an exceptionally pretty song entitled

## LYRIC HALL

Corner Turk and Larkin Streets.  
Direction Will L. Greenbaum.

## PETSCHNIKOFF

The Greatest Russian Violinist.

And **MME. PETSCHNIKOFF**, Violiniste,

Presenting Rarely Heard Works for Two Violins and Standard Solos. Mr. Fred Maurer Jr., Pianist.

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, APRIL 6-7

TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 9.

Seats: \$1.50 and \$1.00. Ready April 1 at Kohler & Chase's, Franklin and Sutter, one block above Van Ness.

Thursday, April 11, at University Symphony Concert,

Greek Theatre, Berkeley.

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## THE SAN CARLO OPERA CO. CHUTES THEATRE

(Entrance Direct From Street.)

**SECOND WEEK'S REPERTOIRE.**

Monday evening, "Rigoletto," Nielsen and Constantino; Tuesday evening, "Trovatore," with NORDICA; Wednesday evening, "Lucia," Nielsen and Constantino; Thursday evening, "Traviata," with NORDICA; Friday evening, "La Boheme"; Saturday matinee, "Don Pasquale" and "Cavalleria"; Saturday evening, "Carmen"; Easter Sunday Matinee-Farewell, "Les Huguenots," with NORDICA, Nielsen, Deyrene, Constantino and ALL STAR CAST.

Seats: \$3.00, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. Box office, Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Van Ness above California.

## VAN NESS THEATRE

Van Ness Avenue and Grove Street.

Tonight, Sunday Night and All Next Week. Matinee Saturday.

Farewell Performances of the American Classic Comedy.

**"MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"**

With Madge Carr Cooke as "Mrs. Wiggs."

April 1: Sousa's latest comic opera, "The Free Lance."

## IDORA PARK OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

Commencing Monday Evening Richard Genée's Comic Opera

**"NANON"**

Next: An Elaborate Production of "Wang."

## Ye Liberty Playhouse OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop.

**"IN ARKANSAW"**

A Charming Rural Comedy-Drama by H. D. Cottrell.  
In Preparation: "The Prince and the Pauper."

## The Auditorium FILLMORE ST.

Corner Page

FRANK RITTIGSTEIN, General Manager

A SKATING PALACE

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Week Beginning Monday, March 25,  
The Colonial Stock Company in

### "SAPHO"

Monday Night, March 25, Testimonial Benefit to the Eminent Actor James M. Ward.

PRICES: Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c and 50c. BARGAIN MATINEE, Wednesday—All seats reserved—25c.

Branch Ticket Office: Kohler & Chase's, Sutter and Franklin Sts.  
In Preparation: "Kreutzer Sonata."

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COMMENCING MONDAY, MARCH 25,

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Second Week New Alcazar Stock Company Presenting for the First Time in San Francisco

### "THE UNFORESEEN"

A Play by Captain Robert Marshall.

MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION—EXCELLENT CAST

PRICES: \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c. Boxes \$1.50.

To Follow: "The Pit."

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WALTER SANFORD, Manager.

Commencing Monday Evening, March 25,

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THE SAN FRANCISCO OPERA COMPANY

—IN—

Balfe's Romantic Opera

### "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL"

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Seats now selling at Box Office and Kohler & Chase's, Sutter and Franklin streets.

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MATINEES SATURDAY AND SUNDAY.

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### RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

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### "A YANKEE TOURIST"

A Great Cast and Production.

April 1: Florence Roberts.

## ORPHEUM ELLIS STREET

Near Fillmore

Absolutely Class "A" Theatre Building.

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY MATINEE, March 24.  
Matinee Every Day.

**VAUDEVILLE TITANS.**

Dan Burke and His School Girls; Merri Osborne and Company;

Jos. Adelman Trio; Julius Tannen; Howard and Bland;

Finlay and Burke; Sharp Bros.; New Orpheum

Motion Pictures and Last Week and Tremendous Sensation of the Equilibristic Marvels of the Age, "The Ussesms."

PRICES: 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1.00. Matinees (except Sunday), 10c, 25c and 50c.

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"Little Sweetheart Mine" which she is singing with great success in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown." The song is far above the average popular ditty but is catchy enough to become a great favorite. It has been published by a local music house.

### A Veteran of the Stage

A testimonial benefit will be given the veteran actor James M. Ward at the Colonial Theatre on Monday evening, March 25. "Sapho" will be played. Mr. Ward is one of the oldest and best-known actors in the country. He has been in retirement many years. Mr. Ward was identified with the theatrical profession for a period extending over half a century. He was the first man to play the role of Harvey Green in "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" in this country. That was in 1858. Many men prominent in the profession owe their success in a great measure to the careful instruction of old "Daddy" Ward as he is affectionately called by the people behind the footlights. A. Burt Wesner, now playing with the Colonial Stock Company, was one of his pupils. Frank Bacon also owes considerable of his histrionic success to Mr. Ward's painstaking efforts. In his prime Mr. Ward played with Modjeska, Booth, Forrest and Davenport. He was quite a favorite in this city when he was with the old Grand Opera House Stock Company.

### At the Novelty

The "Yankee Tourist" company having been storm-bound in the wilds of Nevada the Novelty Theatre was in darkness most of the week. Keen was the disappointment of theatregoers over the non-arrival of this company of which Raymond Hitchcock is the star and which includes among its members that dainty artist Flora Zabelle. "A Yankee Tourist" is reported to be one of the best things in the musical comedy line that left New York this season, but whatever be the merits of the piece it is sufficient to know that Hitchcock and Miss Zabelle are the chief fun producers. It would take a very large bushel in the form of a musical comedy to hide their light. As their engagement is to fill all next week and as the roads are not likely to remain in their impassable state much longer, the probability is that most of us will have an opportunity to renew the pleasant acquaintance of seasons ago.

On Monday, April 1, Florence Roberts and a specially engaged company will begin a limited engagement at the Novelty Theatre. The popular actress has two new plays for production here, one of which is "Maria Rosa," by the author of "Marta of the Lowlands." The advance sale of seats begins Thursday morning.

### Conversion of The Chutes

Following the engagement of The San Carlo Opera Company at the Chutes Theatre Messrs. Harry Bishop and Will Greenbaum will take possession of the big playhouse for a long period of years and will conduct it as a first class stock house devoted to melodramas of the better class, spectacular productions and big dramatic performances. An excellent stock company has been engaged from the East and the residents of that growing section of our city, Richmond District, will now have a good theatre right at their doors. One of the features of the Chutes Theatre will be the orchestral music. Will Greenbaum having selected a fine body of musicians and engaged Mr. Frederick Hoff, an Eastern conductor of reputation, to wield the

baton. While the Chutes Theatre will be pre-eminently a stock house the size of the theatre is such that occasionally big Eastern attractions will be accommodated and perhaps an annual season of grand opera arranged for.

### "Nanon at Idora"

In a few days we shall be hearing again that old familiar tune, "Nanon My Darling I Sing to Thee." It is one of the catchy melodies of the past that has lost none of its charm, and therefore it is safe to predict that after it is heard at Idora Park next week, there will be whistlers galore adding it to their repertoire. "Nanon" is the opera scheduled for revival next week and "Wang" will follow.

### Artistic Vaudeville

Of more than usual artistic interest is the programme of next week's vaudeville entertainment at the Orpheum; but this does not mean that there will be a dearth of the frolic and fun which predominate in the average vaudeville performance. Dan Burke and his school girls, who head the bill, are conceded to present one of the daintiest dancing numbers ever presented in vaudeville. Mr. Burke is a clever dancer and revives the best form of dancing which is nearer the poetry of motion than most people imagine. He has six clever and attractive young girls who know how to sing and follow closely in his steps. The stage settings and costumes are described as beautiful in the extreme. Merri Osborne, who has been favorably compared by Allan Dale and other critics with Anna Held and Yvette Guilbert, and who created a furore as Fifi in "The Belle of New York" at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, and also has to her credit several New York Casino successes, will appear with her own company in a dainty playlet, "Taming An Actress." The London press pronounced her a charming pianist, clever raconteur full of brilliant witticisms and an artiste who achieves the extraordinary. The Joseph Adelman Trio, who have won recognition for the xylophones among musical critics, are just back from a five years' tour of Europe and will be heard in their popular stunt. Julius Tannon will make huge drafts on his marvelous gift of mimicry, and Howard & Bland will appear in a new sketch called "The Stage Manager." There is to be another week of the great Wessems and also of the Sharp brothers.

### Grand Opera

The San Carlo Opera Company has proved itself capable of living up to Will Greenbaum's eulogiums. Over in Oakland the company made an excellent record and the verdict of the music lovers of that city was that the performances will stand comparison with some of the best that were given at the old Grand Opera House at more than double the Greenbaum prices. For completeness of detail the San Carlo company has not been surpassed in this city. Chorus, orchestra and ensemble are of the highest artistic character and the principle soloists are as we know of top-notch quality in the estimation of opera-goers. Perhaps we may not agree as to the artistic calibre of a Nordica or of a Nielsen but there is no disputing over the high notes of a Constantino. The quality of his voice is of the purest gold and his artistry is beyond cavil. The performances in this city were too late for criticism in Town Talk.

The second week of the season will be devoted to the following works: Monday evening, "Rigoletto,"



with Alice Nielsen, Constantino and Fornari; Tuesday, "Il Trovatore," with Mme. Nordica, Signor Martin, Signor Calperini and Mme. Monti-Baldini; Wednesday evening, "Lucia," with Nielsen and Constantino; Thursday evening, "La Traviata," with Nordica and Allemanni; Friday, a repetition of "La Boheme"; Saturday matinee, "Don Pasquale" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mlle. Tarquini as Santuzza and Alice Nielsen of course as Norina in the first-named opera; Saturday evening another performance of "Carmen," with Deyrene and Martin, and the farewell production will be Easter Sunday matinee with an all-star cast, "Les Huguenots." In this Mmes. Nordica, Nielsen and Peyrene will sing and also Constantino, Fornari, de Seguirola, etc. It will be one of the greatest operatic performances ever heard here.

The prices are very moderate, ranging from \$3.00 down to \$1.00, and the box office is conveniently located at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Van Ness avenue above California street.

Manager Greenbaum announces that he expects to arrange for an annual season by this organization.

### The Petschnikoffs

Alexander Petschnikoff, the greatest of Russian violinists, and his wife will give the first of the post-lenten musical entertainments. Among the works for two violins that these artists will play are the "Double Concerto" by Bach, "Double Concerto" by Spohr, Suite for two violins by H. Zilcher and compositions for two violins and piano by J. S. Bach (one in C major, the other in G major.) Petschnikoff is renowned for his brilliant interpretation of Bach; and by request will play the favorite "Chaconne" at one of his concerts. He will also be heard in the Mendelssohn and other concertos as well as in some smaller works. The concerts will be given at Lyric Hall on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, April 6 and 7, and Tuesday evening, April 9. Seats will be on sale at Kohler and Chase's, corner Sutter and Franklin, on and after Monday, April 1. At the University Symphony Concert, April 11, these artists will play the double concerto by Mozart for violin and viola and Mr. Petschnikoff will play the Tchaikowsky Violin Concerto both numbers being accompanied by the full orchestra.

### The Free Lance

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" at the Van Ness Theatre has repeated last season's success and is proving a strong attraction. The Liebler and Company production of this unique comedy-drama is cast this season to perfection and once more Madge Carr Cooke is making a big hit in the title role. Her performance is one of the most delightfully interesting and artistic known to the American stage. The management of the Van Ness Theatre announces one of its most important attractions of the season to follow on Monday, April 1. It is none other than Klaw and Erlanger's presentation of Sousa's latest comic opera success, "The Free Lance," in which Joseph Cawthorn is star at the head of a big company including all the original New York cast. Among the principals are Nella Bergen, Jeanette Lowrie, Albert Hart, George Tallman, George Schiller, Stanley Murphy, Monte Elmo. In collaboration with Harry B. Smith, the well-known librettist, the famous bandmaster is said to have turned out one of the most fascinating works since the days of "Robin Hood."

### New Plays and Players for the American

Frank W. Healy, manager of the San Francisco Opera Company, now playing at the American Theatre, was most successful on his recent trip to New York in his quest for new pieces and players for the American Theatre. With Mr. Healy, who returned last Tuesday, came Florence Sinnott, one of the prettiest and most talented operatic soubrettes on the stage. Miss Sinnott will be remembered as the little woman who succeeded Nellie McCoy in the Schubert Brothers' production of "The Earl and the Girl" and Anna Laughlin in "The Wizard of Oz." She was the original Daisy in Pixley and Luder's Dearborn Theatre production of "The Burgomaster." Among the other new people engaged by Mr. Healy are J. Albert Wallerstedt, the handsome young baritone who pleased Tivoli audiences during his season there and who made a genuine hit in Richard Carle's "The Mayor of Tokio," and the Lulu Glaser production of "Dolly Varden," and Joseph Miller, assistant general stage director for the Schubert Brothers, who has been loaned for the production of the Schubert musical comedies. Mr. Miller will work in conjunction with George Lask. At present Mr. Lask and Miller are busily engaged getting up a mammoth production of the Schubert Brothers' Japanese-American musical comedy "Fantana," which opens at the American Easter Sunday matinee, following a grand revival of Balfe's delightful ballad opera, "The Bohemian Girl." The production of "Fantana" promises to eclipse anything yet attempted at the American.



Louise Brownell

The Clever Young Actress at the New Alcazar Theatre



# As Gold in the Fire

By A. Russell Weekes

The strong morning sunlight washed the sky with azure, the autumnal earth with gold; a rough flint-strewn track ran down, between black aisles of forest, over the flanks of the great scarred hill which barred the south, and led thence northwards through the valley between heights of cliff and pine. Stainless against the sky, the pale fairyland of ever-lasting snow lay in sunny reaches of lucent silence, folding serene wings, like a rested dove, over the riven and storm-swept slopes of the lower spurs of the range.

Two riders, leisurely riding from north and south along the white road, alone broke the solitariness of the place. One was a man of eight and thirty, with sandy hair, blue eyes, and a calm, shrewd, kindly Scottish smile; the other, who might have been a few years younger, wore a big hat tilted over his black eyes, and was mounted on a big black horse, which had the air of being just as handsome, venturesome, rapid, and devil-may-care as his master, and not more so.

As they drew near to each other, the sandy-haired man raised his hand to his eyes, and scanned the face of his vis-a-vis with a sharp, dissatisfied look.

"You here, Gabriel!—What mischief is it now?"

"Holding up the mail, Brett, of course; don't you see my derringers?" said the younger man, with a laugh as clear as a girl's.

"Ay, I see them all I want to," the Scotchman answered, frowning. "You may laugh, my young friend, but it was an ill day for you when you left my ranch. Ye're a lost sheep, I doubt."

"Bless you, ranching's too dull for me; I wasn't cut out to be a clerk."

"Dull, is it? Find starvation more exciting?"

"Do I look as if I were starving?"

"You look"—Brett studied him critically—"as if you were going straight to perdition. Yet I'd find you a job if you come back, for old sake's sake."

"Thanks, you're generous," Gabriel answered, drily.

"I've a regard for the state of your soul; it's honest work anyway."

"It wouldn't suit me; but you can lend me a tenner, if you like."

Brett was a man who valued his six-pences; nevertheless, he plunged his hand into his pocket and got out a roll of notes. The color came into Gabriel's face; he waved them away.

"No, Brett, no, I won't borrow. You're the dearest old fellow that ever stepped, but I won't take your money. Let me go my own way, to perdition if you like; I'm past stopping."

Brett shrugged again. "You're a fool," he said, laconically; he was a man of few words. He pushed his horse forward and rode up the hill towards the blinding sunlight without a word of farewell.

Left alone, Gabriel urged his horse off the track on to a grassy slope, and ensconced himself finally behind a thicket of scented shrubs, whence he could see, himself unseen, the whole length of the road from mountain crest to crest. He took out his revolvers, looked carefully to their loading, and tested their accuracy by letting fly a single shot at the jewelled wings of a humming bird, which sparkled, a winged atom of flame, in the verdurous gloom of pine-branches twenty

yards away. It dropped with a piteous flutter of marred plumage, and Gabriel patted his revolver with a satisfied nod; he was proud of his own consummate skill as a marksman. He took out his watch; it was of gold, studded with diamonds; an "L" and "V" of emeralds entwined on the back indicated the existence of a previous owner, for Gabriel's surname happened to be Massareen; an awkward coincidence, but one which sat very lightly on the conscience of its present possessor. On the other hand, the discovery that it wanted still several hours of noon, when the mail was due, caused him to swear roundly, in terms which he had assuredly not learnt at Massareen Castle.

Younger son of a widowed mother, Gabriel had early developed an incorrigible aptitude for scrapes inconsistent with a protracted career at College. He came home, and was received, with a lachrymose scolding which bored him, into an atmosphere of helpless dissatisfaction. The idle, extravagant boy was put to the Bar, which was not, perhaps, the most suitable of professions; after a year's expensive knocking about town he brought about a crisis by figuring in court on a charge of "drunk and disorderly." Gabriel had not been very drunk, but the other part of the charge was flagrantly just; he paid his fine, had an interview with his mother, and was packed off on the spot to Colorado, with five thousand pounds in his pocketbook, and scant prospect of a welcome on his return. He fell into the hands of Peter Brett, a Scotchman, who pitied the wild lad, and took him on his ranch, and kept him steady for a twelvemonth; but the wild blood broke out again, and Gabriel fled to the nearest township, and took out his spell of virtue in a wild burst of drink, gambling, and a host of minor and major evils. Brett was long-suffering, but he was economical, respectable, and Calvinistic; worst of all, he was proud and shy, and Gabriel never came back to the ranch. He went from bad to worse, losing the native gift of pity, tenderness, and self-contempt which had won him sympathy even from those he wronged; at thirty he was an outlaw and a desperado, and there was little romantic about him except his picturesque hat and his fascinating black eyes.

As he waited, reining in his impatient steed, he looked about him with keen, incurious eyes. The life of the woods went on all round him, for he sat still as a stone, and the forest creatures took him for a carved image which could not hurt them; a snake uncurled hissing in the grass, a grey fox showed his mask, already silvering towards its winter coat, between the tree-stems, a black squirrel ran up a tree in front of his horse's nose and sat chattering at him among the branches. Last came a great butterfly, his downy wings stained with black and vermillion, and settled for a moment on Gabriel's bridle. The nameless instinct of brutality urged him to lift his riding whip and strike down the beautiful harmless creature; he did it, half hating himself, half indifferent. His horse felt the stroke and reared suddenly. Gabriel was not unseated, but he had his work cut out for him to keep his saddle. When he had reduced his steed to order, the woods were silent and forsaken; the air seemed to have grown suddenly hot and heavy. Looking up, he saw in the south a cloud of black gloom shot with a ruddy gold rising and dilating in the

sky; the sun shone like a new farthing, and faded into dimness.

"A brush fire, by all that's unlucky! If it spreads at this rate, I shall have to make tracks for the river."

He looked at his watch; the mail was not due for an hour yet. Resolving to give it as long a chance as possible, he resigned himself to wait. Meanwhile, the fire beat up in the sky, the sun was darkened, and he could smell the faint acrid savour of the smoke. The wood was full of little hurrying things, escaping from the danger that pursued them. His own horse, sweating and trembling, could scarcely be withheld from bolting. At last he saw the mail, half an hour before its time, come over the brow of the hill and race along the road; the four grey horses which drew it were maddened by fear, which their driver appeared to share, for he gave them a loose rein and a heavy hand on the whip. Rocking from side to side, the heavy vehicle soon reached the foot of the slope, and as it checked to take the opposite ascent, Gabriel put his horse to a canter and rode out from his shelter, leveling a revolver in either hand.

"Hands up, gentlemen!" he called out, in clear and ringing tones. "Stop it, Red Mick, or I'll drop you at twenty yards."

He was so plainly prepared to fulfill his threat to the letter, that the red-headed driver wound his wrist in the reins, and curbed in his four-in-hand with a violence that threw them all on their haunches, struggling and straining. Gabriel sat his horse with a smiling face, entirely composed and amused.

"For the Lord's sake, let's get on, boys," called out a big black-bearded Texan. "We shall be roasted alive in ten minutes."

"Allow me first to relieve you of that fat purse which I perceive to be sticking out of your pocket," said Gabriel, urbanely. "Throw it down, you ——, or I'll blow your brains out."

The Texan was brave; but he was covered; a single movement of his hand towards his hip-pocket would have been his death. Knowing it, he pulled out his purse and threw it down by the way-side, with a bitter oath. Gabriel sat as still as a statue while the entire company, to the number of a dozen full-grown men, disbursed their month's earnings in camp or shanty. Red Mick gave up the money he had taken for their fares, and a white-faced boy, on his way to the Mission School, emptied his little valise upon the pile. Gabriel nodded.

"One moment," he said, courteously, when the tale

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was made up. "Sorry to detain you, but I advise you to wait while I'm talking; I've exactly a shot apiece for you, and I never miss. Where does the fire run, Mick?"

"Brett's ranch," said Mick, laconically, "and southwards."

"Ha! Where's Brett, then?"

"In hell," said the driver; adding, but in a voice discreetly lowered, "where I wish you was too."

Gabriel's face whitened suddenly, and his fine white teeth caught and pressed down his underlip. "Good day to you," he said. "Good luck go with you, mes amis! So long."

The mail went off at a racketing hand-gallop. Gabriel did not trouble to look after its retreat; as a result he got a flight of bullets singing about his ears, but, owing to the excitement of the marksmen and the unsteadiness of their postures, they missed. He emptied his revolver after them in a savage kind of salute, and heard a feeble cry come ringing back against the wind; it was the little school boy, whose shoulder he had perforated. Gabriel gave the matter no second thought. Leaving his spoil where it lay, he dismounted, tightened his stirrups, adjusted his reins, lightened himself of all superfluous clothing, and springing again into his saddle, urged his horse up the hill into the teeth of the conflagration.

It was madness, and he knew it; but it was a calculated madness. He foresaw, what Red Mick had never considered, that Brett, experienced bushman as he was, would scarcely have been taken by surprise; he must have been warned in time at least to try and effect an escape. As Gabriel rode up over the brow of the hill, he saw the fire below and before him, rolling like a great sea of red and yellow flames, and whirled about in a shroud of smoke. It was still several miles away, but the broad plain, covered with arid forest, offered no check to its march, and it advanced with the pace and fury almost of a whirlwind. The sky all black, the air all tainted, the horizon girdled in flame and smoke; such was the spectacle on which he looked. He urged his horse fleetly forward in the direction of the river, which bounded Brett's property on the north. Thither, if anywhere, had Brett ridden for safety out of the heart of the flames, which must have made of his house a drift of red-hot ashes an hour and more ago.

Forward under the arching deodars, forward over the scented carpet of the firs, forward through creeping gusts of smoke, through herds of flying deer, across broad tracts where his horse maddened before the mass of the approaching fire and struggled to get away, forward through tinder and singeing shrubs and under furnace-blasts of scorching air. The breath of the fire was hot on Gabriel's cheek, and he riding level with its advance line was plainly riding into death; yet he held on, swinging low over his horse's mane, and gripping its flanks with bare knees, a light of unalloyed enjoyment flashing in his untamed eyes. At last he was rewarded by a sight of the broad river, sullen as a flood of steel, cutting its way between walls of fire-scarred smoke; and by the river side, as chance would have it, at the old boathouse which he knew so well, he saw Brett standing powerless beside a boat too heavy for him to launch, waiting for the end. Gabriel rose in his stirrups with a wild shout, which Brett heard, and turned his head; and down the slope this novel sort of Claude Duval came thundering, his black curl's tossing in the wind.

"Gabriel! Madness!" cried Brett, with a vexed

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laugh in spite of the imminence of peril. "Why, you—you fool!"

Gabriel dropped from his horse and clapped him on the back. "No, no," he said, "We'll do it yet, old man!"

The river-side trees burned slower than those inland, being sappy and well-watered. Working for their lives, the two men labored at the boat; it had been drawn up the bank for mending, and would properly have given four men their hands full. But fire, death, and hope are strange masters; and Brett's tough sinews were more than matched by Gabriel's supple frame. The flames rushed on; the air was full of crackling and hissing, backed by the stupendous roar of the whole forest blazing behind; trees lurched and toppled into the river three hundred yards away. It was a Homeric moment. There was a sudden whining, trembling, straining noise, and then a sudden splash: the "Caledonia" was launched. Her crew sprang in; Gabriel's horse stood on the bank whinnying, too exhausted to swim. Gabriel turned, his teeth closing again over his lip with that singular look of strong and painful resolve. A shot rang out, and the horse reared and fell, while the master bent again to his oars.

They gained the mid-stream, and lay down in the boat while the flames roared by. Thick black clouds of darkness, laced and shot with sparks and rockets of fire, replaced the blue sky over their heads for a time of which they had no reckoning. It was over at last, and they sat up to find themselves abreast of a smoking desolation on either side of the river. The plains, the hills, the forests were laid bare; vegetation, trees, houses, pasture, flocks, herds, and human beings, if there were any, had been obliterated by the passage of the terror, and the face of the country was blotted and blurred, as a child's finger rubs out the sums on a slate. Ahead of them they saw the skirts of the fire, pouring out its fury upon fresh hills and plains, fresh homesteads, other human lives.

"Ten years' work swept away in as many hours!" said Brett, with a short laugh. "Eh, but I doubt I'll not see Edinburgh again as soon as I thought."

"I stuck up the mail this morning," said Gabriel, listless and stripped of reserve like his companion; the reticencies of life seemed just then superfluous. "It's the first time I've stolen, and now I've lost the price of my theft."

"You've saved my life, anyway," Brett said quickly. "Oh, man, you've been a fool! What brought you back in the teeth of certain death?"

"You, Peter, and a thought of the old days. I knew you'd make for the boathouse."

"Well, I'm ruined, I guess," Brett said, doggedly, "but I guess that only means I'll start again tomorrow." He turned to Gabriel with a shade of diffidence in his tone. "You're too good for a thief, Gabriel; come and stand by me again. After all, we're both from the Old Country."

"I've been an awful brute; but I think I'll come if you'll have me," Gabriel said, tossing his curls out of his eyes.

"Done," said the Scot, briefly; and he shook his fist at the departing flames. "Eh, Nature, my lass, you're a grand hand at the meddling; but there's One that over-ruleth all things, and maybe this day I'll have snatched a brand from the burning."

Gabriel looked across the slow and sullen river to the desolation of the plain beyond, where flocks and herds lay dead in the fields about the smoking home-

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stead, and back to Brett's face, its rugged ugliness illuminated by the light of faith and charity.

"I will—I will stay with you!" he cried, boyishly. "Peter, I'll never desert you again!"

But the words had an empty ring, even for his own ears; and in his inmost heart a voice cried, and would not be silenced, that in spite of prayers, and vows, and oaths of eternal fidelity, passionless Nature has often the last word.

## A Memento from the Ruins

(Continued from Page 9.)

plot by the "business" or signs. It is a curious fact that the best Chinese actors, the best stock companies and the best productions were to be witnessed in the days of the Jackson Street Theatre, not in Pekin or Canton, but in this city. In China the actor is a vagabond and San Francisco was for many years a very inviting field to the humble stars of the stage. Their proficiency is a combination of memory, tradition and ingenuity. The classic pieces, as produced in this city, were the same as they were hundreds of years ago, and the best equipped actor is the one with the most extensive repertoire who not only knows the lines but also the "business," and who is able to improvise in those plays that are merely in skeleton form. Chinese actors are educated men possessed of a ready wit. They have an accurate knowledge of the history of China and of the etiquette and ceremonial of the imperial court. It is a common delusion that Chinese plays are of such great length that they run through several continuous performances. This delusion arises from the circumstance that there are "cycles" of plays—to borrow the Wagnerian phrase. There are many short Chinese dramas—so short that two or three are performed in one night. In the repertory of a company are comprised seven or eight hundred plays.

From Ah Chong I learn that there are Chinese thespians scattered all over the Coast and that they are waiting eagerly for the call back to the madding crowd of the new Chinatown now so rapidly taking form. He says that no Chinese community can afford to be without its places of amusement. It is the belief of the Chinese that every Joss is a patron of the drama and that there would be Sheol to pay if on the birthday of a Joss his devotees failed to take him to a show.

Transporting seven-passenger 40 H. P. motor cars from factory to freight depots on a 5-ton motor truck is the Winton custom. Streets leading to the Winton factory have been badly torn up this winter, and to drive new cars through the mud entails the work of washing and drying each car at the depot before shipment. The monster truck overcomes this difficulty. Its big platform readily accommodates a Model M or Type X-I-V and its motor has sufficient power to pull the load through the worst of ruts. This truck, by the way, has many novel features, not the least of which is a winch for which power is provided by the same motor that propels the truck.

The following registered at Byron Hot Springs during the past week: From San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Naylor, Mr. and Mrs. Klein; from Fruitvale, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee; from Papete, Tahiti, D. Atwater.

### A NEW HOTEL IN BERKELEY

Berkeley has at last got what it has long needed, a first class family, and to an extent, transient hotel. It is the Carlton, opened by Mrs. W. F. Morris, who formerly conducted the Hotel Cecil, 960 Bush street, San Francisco, so successfully. The hotel has one hundred and thirty-three rooms arranged in thirty-six suites of three and four room and bath and forty-two single rooms. There is a spacious lobby on the street floor, containing the office with mosaic floor, a reading-room, billiard room and the dining-rooms. One of these is an artistic and cozy private dining-room, where afternoon tea will be served for guests and friends from two till five. The formal opening will not be until the 30th, but there are already seventy-two permanent people in the house. The location of the place is very desirable, being at the corner of Durant and Telegraph avenues. The Telegraph avenue cars pass the door and College avenue and Bancroft Way are but a few steps off, while the University grounds are but a block away.

### CONFIDENCE IN SAN FRANCISCO

Evidence of faith and confidence in the Metropolis was certainly displayed by Mr. Paul T. Carroll when he backed up his judgment by fitting out the finest hat store San Francisco has ever had at 708 Market street, in the Mutual Savings Bank Building, for the sale of the Knox hat. Mr. Carroll is at present and has been for some years past the Knox Hat Agent in Oakland. He has been a resident of San Francisco and Oakland since boyhood and is well and favorably known on both sides of the bay. He has been particularly active in athletic circles. He is also a well-known member of the fraternal order of Elks. It is evident that he will give to San Francisco people what they have long needed, that is a first class hat store.

## To the Unknown Soul

By E. R. Sill

(Requested)

O soul, that somewhere art my very kin,  
From dusk and silence unto thee I call!  
I know not where thou dwellest: if within  
A palace or a hut; if great or small  
Thy state and store of fortune; if thou'rt sad  
This moment or most glad;  
The lordliest monarch or the lowest thrall.

But well I know—since thou'rt my counterpart—  
Thou bearist a clouded spirit; full of doubt  
And old misgiving, heaviness of heart  
And loneliness of mind; long wearied out  
With climbing stairs that lead to nothing sure,  
With chasing lights that lure,  
In the thick murk that wraps us all about.

As across many instruments a flute  
Breathes low, and only thrills its selfsame tone,  
That wakes in music while the rest are mute,  
So send thy voice to me! Then I alone  
Shall hear and answer; and we too will fare  
Together, and each bear  
Twin burdens, lighter now than either one.

—The Severn Restaurant at 1050 Geary Street is crowded nightly with after-theatre parties.

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## A Roman Mirror

By Rennell Rodd

They found it in her hollow marble bed,  
There where the numberless dead cities sleep,  
They found it lying where the spade struck deep,  
A broken mirror by a maiden dead.

These things—the beads she wore about her throat  
Alterned blue and amber all untied.

A lamp to light her way and on one side  
The toll men pay to that strange ferry-boat.

No trace today of what in her was fair!  
Only the record of long years grown green  
Upon the mirror's lustreless dead sheen,  
Grown dim at last, when all else withered there.

Dead, broken, lustreless! It keeps for me  
One picture of that immemorial land,  
For oft as I have held thee in my hand  
The dull bronze brightens, and I dream to see

A fair face gazing in thee wondering wise,  
And o'er one marble shoulder all the while  
Strange lips that whisper till her own lips smile,  
And all the mirror laughs about her eyes.

It was well thought to set thee there, so she  
Might smoothe the windy ripples of her hair  
And knot their tangled waywardness, or ere  
She stood before the Queen Persephone.

And still it may be where the dead folk rest  
She holds a shadowy mirror to her eyes,  
And looks upon the changelessness, and sighs,  
And sets the dead land lilies on her breast.

---

Mr. Leon M. Hall's new 60 H. P. Thomas "Flyer" has arrived from the Factory and was delivered to him on Wednesday of last week.

---

Mr. John Bricchetto of Banta, Cal., placed his order with the Pioneer Automobile Company, on Monday last, for a 60 H.-P. Thomas "Flyer."

---

Mr. L. A. Savage, who, a few weeks since drove over the San Juan grade with nine people in his 1907 Thomas "Flyer," has ordered a duplicate of his machine to be shipped to him at Reno, Nevada.

---

Thomas Henderson, vice-president of the Winton Motor Carriage Co., accompanied by Mrs. Henderson, left Cleveland this week on a leisurely trip to the Pacific Coast. Going and returning Mr. Henderson will visit Winton representatives in the larger cities of the West.

---

Work on the new Winton branch in Pittsburg is progressing so rapidly that the building will undoubtedly be ready for occupancy April 15. The structure will be one of the largest automobile establishments and the only manufacturer's branch house in Pittsburg. A site for the Winton branch in Detroit will be selected within the next ten days, and the building work will then proceed rapidly.

---

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Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.



## The Fashion Makers of Paris

(Continued from Page 8.)

she married, the foundress of the Printemps. This dressmaker's name was Bouteux. Arsene Houssaye fished her out somewhere, when manager of the Francais, for the dresses of ingenues and jeunes premieres. I recollect, and always shall, a lovely dress symbolical of snow-flake innocence which Madame Bouteux, I was told, turned out for 80 frs., Mlle. Fix, however, providing the white satin underskirt. Worth would have charged five or six hundred francs, and would have disdained to utilize the white satin underskirt. This woman was a genius, a wit, too, and a humorist. She was a cousin of Alphonsine, the comic actress, whom she resembled to the degree of appearing her twin sister. One could not now find a woman of her dressmaking ability in a dingy entresol. She would be discharging, at perhaps a salary of 18,000, 20,000, or even 25,000 frs. a year, the duties of forewoman or saleswoman in some grand Rue de la Paix or Place Vendome house, or acting as first femme de chambre to the wife of some freshly-risen millionaire. I heard not long ago of a Parisian femme de chambre, who lost her life in the Valparaiso earthquake, and who was earning 30,000 frs. in the service of some mining king's wife out there.

These first-class second rate houses, the only ones presided over by French women are scarcely known to foreigners. They receive the trade of the rich women of the Faubourg St. Germain set, who, by the way, are no longer confined to the "noble Faubourg"—which is now a mere name—but are scattered all over Paris. For many years the best of these second-rate houses was that of Mlle. Ogier of the Avenue d l'Alura. It was managed by a Mlle. Julie and had the patronage of the Sugar Queens Lebaudy, of those Thoms who owe their great fortunes to the Haussmannisation of Paris, of the daughters of Senator Chris, the millionaire distiller of scents at Grasse, and of Mme. Fourichon, wife of the First President of the Court of Appeal. Mlle. Julie, a red-haired, pale-faced and almost middle-aged Franche-Comtoise, always dressed in black alpaca, would have struck you as remarkable. She could read a stranger as easily as an invoice, saw at once what would suit a customer, calculated with unerring promptness and accuracy the cost to the house, fair profits, and the price the person coming to her ought to pay. Her clear blue, honest, and courageous eye, and yet an eye that had an obliging expression and could be very kind, commanded confidence. She had faultless taste, was an unerring judge of the quality of the silk, satin, woollen, and other stuffs that she displayed, always gave an honest opinion when asked, but abstained from giving unasked advice. The last time I saw her the eyes welled over constantly. She had lost her old father, whom she supported and took out every Sunday to walk in some of the forests round Paris.

The difference of price is, of course, great between the articles furnished by the grand couturier and a Mlle. Julie. It might easily be from 300 fr. or 400 fr. for a visiting dress, and from 700 fr. to 1,000 fr. for a soiree dress. Nitrate, coal manganese, or other mineral Queens from Chili, need not stop to consider such trifles. Frenchwomen, however wealthy, do. The wealthiest widow now in France is no longer Mme. Lebaudy, but a Mme. Rousselle. She goes to couturiers. Mme. du Gast, who is almost a mil-

liardiere, and is now in Morocco trying to tame Rasuli and Bou Amena, saves money by adopting third sex costumes—or pretty nearly. She has her motor, her yachting, her sou'wester, her zouave, her shooting costumes, and wears at home when nothing ceremonious goes on there an elegant deshabelle provided by a couturier of standing.

Frenchwomen are above all things rational, but tolerate every eccentricity that can be indulged in regardless of expense. When the eccentric spendthrift has thrown away his fortune he has to work, and is frowned at if he gets into debt. It was foreign ladies who inaugurated the dress saturnalia of the Second Empire. The Empress was a Spaniard, the Princess Metternich an Austro-Polo-Hungarian, the Marquise de Gallifet semi-Scotch, the Countess Rimsky Korsakoff a Russian, the Marquise de Chasseloup-Laubat a New Orleans creole the second Mme. Emile de Girardin the morganatic daughter of a pretty German sovereign; and so on. As the mania sprang up Californian gold and Nevada silver began to pour into Paris. Worth's opportunity was thus created, and the evolution of the illustrated press was as fuel to the flame.

A  
GRAND  
FINALE  
TO A  
CHAPTER  
OF  
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A  
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## Letters

### "The Port of Missing Men"

Meredith Nicholson has the happy faculty of choosing titles which are an allurements in themselves. "The Port of Missing Men" would tempt readers even without a syllable as to what might be its contents or character. The title is taken from the legend concerning a valley in the Virginia mountains, in the fastnesses of which, after the surrender at Appamattox a small detachment of Confederate soldiers withdrew, refusing to be bound by the action of General Lee. It was in this valley, which between whiles had been the preserve of a hunting club which had failed, and had been purchased by John Armitage, the hero of the story, that the last chapters of the romance of his life were worked out. The plot concerns the inevitable scheming and intrigue which may be expected when the throne of Austro-Hungary is vacated, and though it cannot be classed as either history or prophecy, yet may be a little of both. For the purposes of his story, Mr. Nicholson has probably availed himself of the disappearance of the Archduke John, who though long since dead, is from time to time resurrected and recognized here and there. Indeed, within the last year or so, even Rudolph has been "recognized" in America in spite of the unquestioned certainty of his suicide at Meyerling. There is a band of conspirators in Vienna whose plan is to enthrone one Frances, nephew of the emperor, even though to secure his succession there must be judicious "removals" of intervening heirs. Then the conspirators will reign from behind the throne for the correct Francis is but a tool in their hands. The weak link in their chain is the possibility that the missing archduke, Karl, for the purposes of the story, or his son, Frederick Augustus, may appear unexpectedly, in which case there would be two more lives to pass before Francis could inherit. John Armitage is a disturbing factor. He is an unknown quantity, not only to the Viennese conspirators but to others as well. We find him closeted and in intimate communication with the prime minister of Austria in a Geneva hotel. He is on terms of intimacy with the aged diplomat, and yet at the same time it is evident that von Stroebe does not approve of him. Armitage is certainly not a member of the secret police, yet he is intrusted with important secrets and undertakes the recovery of a stolen document. He seems to have no connection with any government service, and the Claibornes, who have noticed him in the various European capitals and who are destined to become intimately connected with his fortunes in the end, amuse themselves by speculating as to his nationality and probable business. To their surprise he incidentally mentions his ranch in Montana, and his knowledge of the West from Canada to Mexico, and it is evident that he has an abundance of money to spend and to spare. Armitage is a man of courage, coolness and daring, and he needs all three qualities, for as a result of a slight accident he suddenly becomes an object of the utmost importance to the Viennese conspirators, who have reason to suspect that he MAY be the Frederick Augustus, son of the Archduke Charles who would inherit the throne from his father, and with his character, be anything but a puppet in their or any other hands. Naturally, according to their plans, he, also, must be lifted aside, and with hired assassins, to attempt his life, efforts, by means of clever libels to destroy his character, kidnappings, and other such gentle diversions, he does not find life devoid of interest. The story goes with a rush from first page to last, and the identity of the hero is concealed effectively until the end. Of course there is a love story, and a good one, too, for otherwise why introduce a beautiful girl with quick wits and intelligent coolness to be always on hand at the psychological moment? In a way, the theme of "The

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Port of Missing Men" recalls Mrs. Atherton's "Rulers of Kings." Mrs. Atherton invented an archduchess who, to say the least, was, according to European royal standards, a decidedly unmanageable miss, and most disrespectful to her imperial parent. Her phenomenal young American kicked Austria out of his path as not worth bothering with, and carried off the mythical princess to be an American million-aress forevermore. Mr. Nicholson's Armitage adopts America for his home, resigns any claim he might have asserted to another fatherland, and marries Shirley Claiborne without fuss and feathers. As far as a comparison may be instituted, one book is a dime novel in cloth binding and the other a very good specimen of the pseudo-historical romance. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

#### "The Dogs of War"

Walter Emmanuel has done something really good with his "Dogs of War." It is an admirable burlesque on some of the biographies of the day, wherein Nobodys are exalted, the abject chronicles shining feebly by reflected light. The biographer is a true hero-worshipper, who sees only the best in every action and opinion of his "Captain," and who is ready to distort facts or suppress evidence in order to prove his point. "The Dogs of War" was the name of the club founded by this most admirable Captain, and the descriptions of its functions, and of the various distinguished members is most amusing. There is one unfortunate animal whose sufferings are too realistic not to have been drawn from life. The unlucky beast was given to a family of six boys, who proceeded to apportion to themselves definite parts of his anatomy and to run their boundary lines in indelible ink. No sooner had they laid off their territory than they began the boyish trick of swapping, a few inches of a hind leg for a white alley, and an ear for a bit of candy, of course, nearly flaying the object of their desires in their efforts to erase the former metes and bounds. The dog-view of the human race, of the toy species, of daschunds, cats, horses and other canine matters is most amusing. There is a laugh in "The Dogs of War" for young and old, and just enough of seriousness under it all to make the book something more than a passing joke. It is really more worthy of serious attention than half the volumes foisted upon children in sober earnestness, as choice "nature study" books. At all events, the preternatural gravity with which a dog is often caught observing his human companions will make Mr. Emmanuel's work appreciated by all dog-lovers. Illustrations, which are numerous, both full page in colors and smaller pictures interspersed in the letter press, are by Cecil Alden. The book is one of the many handsome recent publications of Charles Scribner's Sons.

#### A Bridge Guide

Treatises on the subject of Bridge multiply as Bible commentaries did in the days of the Puritans, and today it is a far greater sin not to know the game than it is to be ignorant of the Bible. "The Bridge Blue Book," compiled by Paul F. Mottelay, would seem to leave nothing for any one else to add. It includes not only the history and bibliography of the game, but the cited opinions of the leading authorities on every point. There are tables of probabilities, rules for every possible emergency, laws for the common game, the American game, and a dozen variations, and a glossary and index. The interested reader is taken by the hand and led step by step, not only through the game, but through all the theories of the master players and the scientific reasons for their conclusions. It would be rank heresy to hint that there is any one who does not play, or care to learn bridge, so that it may be safely said that this is a book for everyone, from teacher to beginner. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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The Last of Chinatown

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## A Suggestion

The present anomalous situation of this city is perhaps without a parallel in the history of this or any other country. We find ourselves governed by a legislative body composed of men who have confessed their infidelity to the trust which they were sworn to execute and who have no plea to offer in palliation of the crimes for which immurement in the penitentiary is the penalty. No explanation has been given of the failure of the District Attorney to take the prescribed steps for ousting malefactors of this stripe from office, but the reason of his passivity is obvious; if vacancies were created they would be filled by the Mayor who is himself under indictment, and who, until convicted, cannot be restrained from the exercise of the functions of his office. Meanwhile the unimprisoned criminals of the Board of Supervisors, intent upon cultivating the forbearance of the District Attorney, will perform their functions in a manner satisfactory to him. We feel moved to challenge this astounding situation. Of course we have the disposition to believe that the District Attorney and his associates are operating with the purest and most benevolent intentions; nor would we venture the suggestion that any temptation would divert them from the path of strict uncompromising rectitude for a moment or by so much as a hair's breadth. Perish the thought that these honorable gentlemen would do more or less than their duty! We are in no agony of apprehension on that score, but we feel that it is about time to dissipate with the clear light of a rational and earnest civic patriotism the umbrage of graft in which this pusillanimous community has so long sluggishly reposed. Having fallen into muck there is really no imperative reason for wallowing in it as though indulging a congenital inclination, or submitting to having it rubbed in as though we were under the delusion that it possessed tonic virtues. To tolerate with stupid complaisance this band of shameless crooks and submit tamely to the exercise by them of the sacred functions of government is to confess a state of morals hardly less repulsive than that of the unconscionable rascals who have not the decency to release their grip on the city's pay-roll. We are of the opinion that there are many intelligent onlookers who are convinced that it be-

hooves the civic spirit of this city—if any still lives—to assert itself. We think it quite probable that Mayor Schmitz may be found open to suggestion at this time; and that he would not be averse to serving as a medium for the substitution of men of recognized probity for those whose proper sphere of action at present is the jute mill. Mayor Schmitz, it is true, has not confessed; neither has he been convicted of a crime. Indeed he resents, after the manner of a proud, high-spirited, supersensitive nature, the painful and injurious accusations that have been made against him, but we have an inkling that he is not impervious to reason. He now realizes that his associates are notoriously bad. Even his constituents of the labor council have taken the pains to affirm that much, and therefore he need not fear that it is organized capital that is persuaded of the advisability of a change in his official menage. He has lost his grip on the imagination of the plain people and no longer commands the loyal vociferation of the erstwhile unenlightened who were united by the sympathetic bond of common ignorance. None now so credulous as to do him reverence save an occasional president of a public service corporation. In this unhappy state he should be eager to conciliate his townsmen in some slight degree, and he would, we believe, if politely approached by a sufficiently safe and sane committee; a committee comprising, for example, the Governor of the State, one or two representatives of the Labor Council, one or two representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, and a leading divine or two. To get a decent Board of Supervisors it should be merely necessary for the right person to take the initiative. The Mayor appointed a good Committee of Safety. Why shouldn't he again listen to suggestion? We are standing tiptoe on the shore waiting for the coming leader, some fine melodramatic figure of a man with a genius for taking hold and doing things. The Governor of the State ought to be able to fill the bill and in no weak brotherly fashion. Possessed as he is of the pardoning power he should carry considerable weight.

## The Moral Prospect

With the Grand Jury in full cry after the rascals who have debauched the administration of this city many are wondering whether reform has in all sober reality come here to stay. Is San Francisco, so long used to dishonesty in public office and selfishness in business circles, actually going to have a new spirit of integrity infused into her municipal officers and some feelings of altruistic endeavor grafted on the narrow commercial ideas of her moneyed men? To most serious students of local conditions it seems altogether too much to expect. And yet the analogy of other cities which have passed through the moral spasm which we are now in the throes of encourages the belief that after our blood is thoroughly purged we shall enjoy sound health for many years to come. St. Louis is now honestly administered; so are Minneapolis and Cleveland. Philadelphia was getting along nicely until she neglected her medicine and suffered a dangerous relapse. If from similar premises similar conclusions may be drawn it would seem that San Francisco's future is radiant with the jewels of good government and high public spirit. But notwithstanding the logical inference the disease in our blood makes us sceptical. We are not like other cities; wickedness flowers here with something of the exuberance popularly connected with Southern countries; it is remarkably easier to be evil than to be good in San Francisco, a fact which Easterners who come here with



nervous regard for the conventions and exalted notions of the proprieties as practiced on the Atlantic seaboard are quick to note and which they never entirely understand. Strange evils, exotic habits and perverted tastes have taken root in the soil and though the earthquake and fire swept away the local habitation of most that was unholy in our midst vice is once more efflorescent. All sorts of corruption in all walks of life have been associated with this city (in the minds of those who really know it) for several decades. If we are to have a Spotless Town, as the graft investigators assure us, is it to be a Spotless Town in all honest thoroughness or is the filth of public life to be swept away while all the rest of the dirt remains untouched? And is the besom of reform to continue active so that no more grime may gather about our municipal offices?

### Our Fundamental Defect

Buoyed up on the rising tide of civic regeneration our municipal housecleaners are willing to promise anything and everything, but it is the part of wisdom not to expect too much while at the same time striving for the very greatest measure of reform that is within the bounds of possibility. It may be that San Francisco, cleansed of the corruption that has been eating out her vitals, will go and sin no more, but she can never accomplish her salvation by mere passive acquiescence in the punishment of the grafters. It must be an active campaign and it is a gigantic task which will demand all that our public spirited citizens have of fortitude and delicacy and perseverance. Already, with the war on the corruptionists but half begun, there is serious thought being given to constructive measures and this is a very encouraging sign. It must be remembered, though, that ours is a sanguine temperament, inclined to plan with enthusiasm and then turn in distaste of the necessary sacrifices from the hard labor of accomplishment. The fate of the Burnham plans for the improvement and adornment of the city is illustrative of this unhappy weakness. Conceived on splendid lines the scheme of the Chicago architect appealed to our artistic appreciation of the beautiful as much as it recommended itself to the commercial perspicacity of our more liberal merchants and business men, yet when the catastrophe of last year gave an undreamed-of opportunity for carrying it into effect, petty considerations blocked every effort and left it where it seems destined to remain forever—on paper. It may seem unnecessarily pessimistic to suggest a similar outcome for the Grand Jury plans for the regeneration of the city, but unless we realize our fundamental defect it will be impossible to guard against it.

### Why Men Take Bribes

Lincoln Steffens has told how, after the subject of municipal graft had strongly stirred his mind, he was confronted with the question—"Why is it wrong to steal?"—and how all his studies have been directed to the solution of this apparently simple problem. Consideration of the confessions of the boodling supervisors enables one to appreciate the difficulty of returning an adequate answer to the Steffens interrogatory, yet must it be answered to the satisfaction of the San Francisco mind before any permanent reform is possible. The student of ethics can tell Steffens and San Francisco glibly enough that it is wrong to steal because theft violates property rights and runs counter

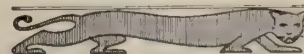
to that natural perception of elementary right and wrong which is implanted in the heart of every man, but the complicated conditions of modern civilization cannot be met by any ethical formula. There is also implanted in the heart of every man a sentiment of gratitude toward those to whom he is obligated for favors and, paradoxical as it may seem, stealing in public office most frequently grows out of this very commendable sentiment. Anyone who has read the remarkable confession of Supervisor Lonergan will admit that here was a man as far removed, when he took office, from the bandit type as it is possible for man to be. He did not cold-bloodedly calculate the opportunities of robbing corporations which needed his vote; his stealing was a gradual growth that sprang from his relations to the man who had put him into office and flourished only when opportunity had thoroughly demoralized him. Lonergan stole because Ruef wanted his services, demanded his services in return for the office which he had conferred on Lonergan and because, when he had satisfied his sense of the obligation he owed to Ruef, it seemed foolish to refuse the bribe which was merely incidental to the corrupt bargain. The fundamental viciousness of the political system which allows room for a boss—and that is the American system—lies in the fact that too often the puppets elected to office cannot realize their obligation to the electors while they deeply feel their obligations to the boss. What had San Francisco done for Lonergan that he should do anything for San Francisco? Would San Francisco ever have dreamed of taking an ignorant old man off the seat of a bakery wagon and placing him in the board of supervisors if the city had its own way in politics and was not subject to the domination of a rapacious and vicious boss? So the principle of ethics which says that stealing is a violation of the natural law cannot be expected to sway Lonergan and others of his kind with anything like the force of his primitive sense of gratitude which is a quality that even animals possess. To the ignorant supervisors it seemed incumbent to vote for or against certain measures according to the wishes of their political creator; the bribe was a bonus, a perquisite, one of the pleasant incidentals of office-holding. If it were not grotesquely absurd to credit such men

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as those whom Ruef made supervisors out of with any such quality as honor or any but the most animal-like notion of fidelity, one might apply to them Tennyson's "His honor rooted in dishonor stood and faith unfaithful made him falsely true."

### Bossism the Root Evil

This explanation does not exculpate the Lonergans by any means, but it throws the onus of criminal responsibility where it more particularly belongs—on Ruef in this case. As long as American politics is ruled by bosses the terrible conditions which have developed in this city must continue. Only in Utopia will the political boss be actuated by any but predatory considerations. He rules to rob or to further an ambition which aims at, let us say, the United States Senate. Experience has shown that corruption for all his puppets lies along either road. He must be abolished before decency can prevail in public office and before there can be any general realization of the fact that it is wrong to steal. When supervisors and other public servants have ceased to be the accidents of boss rule and are really chosen by the electors their responsibility will be direct and their sense of obligation will not be distorted to cover criminality as at present. Here is the problem that faces San Francisco's reformers, as difficult a one to cope with as the complicated conditions of civilization offers. Already there is talk of a citizens' committee, a sort of people's lobby, to camp on the trail of public officers and prevent them from swerving from the straight path of duty. Provided this system does not substitute a number of petty bosses for one it may be meritorious. The direct primary is another proposed remedy. Distrust of panaceas is so deep-seated in serious thinkers that assent cannot be given to any system while it remains in the stage where it dazzles with the splendor of glittering generalities. There is hard work ahead for all the serious minds in our midst and if they will lend to the work of reconstruction the sincerity and enthusiasm so far displayed by the prosecutors, pessimism will be discounted and the prophets of evil will be thoroughly discredited by San Francisco's future.

### Child Labor

Mr. N. O. Nelson, a St. Louis multimillionaire, has been so impressed by the evils of child labor that he has inaugurated a practical scheme for dispensing with the services of the liliputian horde. He has undertaken to pay to child laborers of fourteen years and under one-half the sum that they have earned in factories and elsewhere, the women's clubs to pay the other half, but until the clubs have perfected some scheme for carrying out their part of the plan, Mr. Nelson is assuming the whole burden. One result of this philanthropy is the investigation into the necessities of families which have been putting the younger members into the labor mart, and the discovery that not more than one-third are actually in such destitute circumstances that the earnings of the children are necessary. There is, in truth, as much of a popular fad about the outcry as there is real need for inter-

ference. There is no doubt that in certain districts, such as the coal mining region, boys have their childhood days cut cruelly short to be put at labor which not only is miserably paid but which offers no outlook but hopeless drudgery. Children in the south are sent into the cotton mills where they labor by the side of their mothers, while the fathers loaf in luxurious laziness; and the little ones hard driven to find some excuse for the paternal shiftlessness, confess that father must stay at home in order that there be a messenger to "fetch we-all's dinner." Greed is as much of the employment of children as need, not the greed of employers, but the greed of fathers and mothers who find it easier to drive the babies forth than to exert themselves, or who have intently fixed before them a dream of independence which they can realize by utilizing every ounce of strength and hoarding every penny. There are fully a score of wealthy families in New York today who landed within the generation, without a penny in their pockets, a word of English on their tongues or an idea in their minds of anything saving the importance of accumulating pelf. They have lived in crowded quarters, literally starved both bodies and minds, and worked in relays, one section asleep while the other sweated, gradually accumulating money and enlarging their business until, from earning a few cents a day sewing buttons on finished garments they have blossomed out into importers and wholesale dealers. The children in families of this type work cheerfully, having always the future before them, but there is no let-up nor lightening until the goal is reached. The public has an exaggerated idea of the desperate misery which compels parents to sacrifice their children. As a matter of fact the foreign immigrant, having worked early and long himself, sees no reason why his child should do otherwise, and being accustomed to narrow streets, restricted housing, and inconveniences in his environment, he does not take the view of the situation which is peculiar to the average American. But there are many American parents whose views are also productive of deplorable consequences to their children. They are guilty of a species of cruelty in rendering their offspring unfit through overindulgence of habits of laziness. Fifteen is none too young for apprenticeship to any manual trade. Habits of application and industry are of more value than the mere wage, and long-continued attendance at school under our present system can have no other effect than that of confirming the youth of both sexes in the impression that the one thing they have to think of is amusement, distraction, and the dropping of every occupation as soon as it ceases to be play. It is full time that as a nation we began to take stock of ourselves. However agreeable it would be, there is nothing gained by turning our backs on the truth, which is that the lot of the average man is not to be that of millionaire idler but worker in the ranks, and the sooner the boy is trained to drop into his place the better chance there is for his rising out of it. Comparatively few of our leading men of affairs were born to wealth, and still fewer of those who have inherited ease have not come of hard-working parentage.

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## Sonnet

Written in Holy Week at Genoa

By Oscar Wilde

I wandered through Scoglietto's far retreat,  
 The oranges on each o'erhanging spray  
 Burned as bright lamps of gold to shame the day;  
 Some startled bird with fluttering wings and fleet  
 Made snow of all the blossoms, at my feet  
 Like silver moons the pale narcissi lay  
 And the curved waves that streaked the great green bay  
 Laughed i' the sun, and life seemed very sweet.  
 Outside the young boy-priest passed singing clear,  
 "Jesus the Son of Mary has been slain.  
 O come and fill his sepulchre with flowers."  
 Ah, God! Ah, God! those dear Hellenic hours  
 Had drowned all memory of thy bitter pain,  
 The Cross, the Crown, the Soldiers, and the Spear.

## Perspective Impressions

It was probably Burns that persuaded Ruef to go to Trocadero.

The Supervisors have concluded that it is expedient to be coerced into goodness when it is dangerous to be bribed into badness.

President Butler of Columbia is in favor of an aristocracy of intellect. That is what Ruef joined when he graduated from Berkeley.

A professor across the bay says that the study of mythology makes people superstitious. Are they not born that way and do they not remain that way in despite of mythology or any other study?

An awful lot of tainted money will soon be in circulation in the legal profession.

If Ruef has not confessed he is at least open to negotiations. This state of mind is temperamental with Abe.

"That grand old man Samuel Gompers," says Mr. Livernash, "had no knowledge" of the motives of McCarthy when the latter was persuading him to knock Gillett. But the grand old man doesn't need knowledge. And even when he has it he doesn't use it unless it serves his purpose. He had knowledge of Schmitz, and yet he gave him a certificate of character and slandered the men who are trying to redeem San Francisco.



• A Tottering Pillar

Buelow—"More mortar, Dernburg! If I can only stop up these cracks, the thing may stand yet."

—Kladderadatsch (Berlin).



The Issue in the German Election

The territorial aristocrat had to choose between his beloved fatherland and his beloved pork.

—Munich Simpleicissimus.

# Ruef's Revenge

By Theodore Bonnet

If only I were a moralist, like Mark Twain or George Bernard Shaw, how I could improve the occasion of Abe Ruef's downfall. Shaw and Twain are my preferred types because nowadays the moralist who is not a humorist wastes his eloquence on empty pews. In this frivolous age solemnity is confounded with insincerity; and stern truths are palatable only when presented in fantastic garb.

The beneficent catastrophe of which Abe Ruef is the central figure is rich in lessons for the young person who has not yet come to realize that man walketh in a shadow and disquieteth himself in vain. It is from such events that young men are enabled to get by observation alone something of the precious experience of life without being subjected to personal sacrifices either of time or money. And though it is unquestionably a perversion of diligence to formulate standards of behaviour for others, I am loath to neglect the opportunity that is afforded of pointing out the fatal passion that motivated the transaction which brought the pernicious activities of the unspeakable boss to a close; not that I would warn other criminals against the folly of indulging this passion, but that I would call attention to the hazards which it entails. That fatal passion is revenge. It is a passion to which the authors of high moral platitudes and copy-book maxims have given scant attention. They have been criminally indifferent to the insidious influence of the familiar aphorism which imputes nothing but sweetness to revenge, and as a consequence men indulge their thirst for reprisal with something of the enthusiasm with which they cancel the most legitimate obligations. Nobody ever tells us that revengefulness is one of the ugliest traits that character can have, or that aside from its vulgarity it should be abominated for its inexpediency and its ineptness. Quite often it is the one imperfection that renders a man despicable, and yet those by whom the man is despised are seldom conscious of the reason of their aversion. They speak of him as narrow-minded and mean, but they do not perceive that it is his inexorable lust of reprisal in the ordinary affairs of life that gives him the repulsive aspect. The fact is that revenge is a quality common to pirates and pickpockets and characteristic of people who are always taut and tingling with vanity.

There are men that actually boast of their vindictiveness. There are men proud of their unrelenting nature who view with scorn the forgiving temper of others. It is a good thing for men of this perverse character to have their minds thrown off the track and jolted into new ethical viewpoints. An enviable privilege this, and to those upon whom it has had the right effect life always seems more worth the living.

Unfortunately all men are not to be converted by appeals to their spiritual nature. Many are to be persuaded only by proof of expediency. The nature of the average vindictive man is not to be softened by being advised that it is nobler to grant a pardon than to condemn. He is apt to scoff if told that Juvenal affirmed revenge to be the pleasure of a little, weak and narrow mind; but point out to him with sufficient eloquence that the main objection to it is that it complicates one's vital affairs and if he is a man of discretion he will pause and reflect. And this is a line of argument that may be pursued with considerable force, for there is much in contemporary experience that favors the belief that revenge is most unprofitable.

If a man is intent upon preventing his soul's palate from being jaded let him give rein to that passion, and when he has had his revenges then will his aggravations begin. In time he will come to the conclusion that howsoever great the satisfaction one gets from repaying an enemy in his own coin it is in reality a brummagem bliss by no means comparable with the calm contentment of those whose prejudices die an early death. For to be able to wreak revenge ruthlessly and indiscriminately one must so govern his life as to keep it from undue exposure. One cannot afford to run for office or break into society if one has been bitter and unrelenting toward his fellow men and never inclined, when denied some favor, to reflect that perhaps there were other interests that demanded consideration.

Revenge is in reality a luxury which none but an occasional genius can afford to indulge. Whistler, who prided himself on his resourcefulness in the "gentle art of making enemies," reveled in the exploits of his own malice, but even he, it is said, in jolting an enemy tormented himself. Usually when a man pushes his personality so far to the front of aggressive schemes of revenge as Whistler and Abe Ruef did it is the most natural thing in the world for him to encounter something that will hurt. Abe Ruef reduced his philosophy to the single postulate: revenge is sweet. He was a glutton for revenge and despite his virtuosity as a grafter he was crushed by the recoil of that primitive passion. Vindictiveness was one of the salient features of the ugly personality that so long dominated the affairs of this city. Never did Ruef stop to conciliate an enemy. "I'll drive him out of town," was the threat with which he sought to strike terror to the hearts of his opponents. Every politician that refused to bend to his yoke, every newspaper man that pronounced him a grafter was threatened with expulsion from the city. He gave vent to his vindictive spirit on public platforms from which he hurled defiance, threats and slanders at his critics. Never did he lose an opportunity to inflict injury on even the meanest and humblest of his enemies. It was to satisfy the vindictive spirit of Ruef that Frank Maestretti was removed from office. That episode was the fatal boomerang of revenge that hurtled home and struck the enraged boss down. Supreme and climactic act of folly was that expression of the spirit of vindictiveness. Revenge was sweet to the esurient boss, but how bitter the drégs that he had to swallow! By that revenge was retribution sired.

It was a sad caprice that impelled Ruef to demand the removal of Maestretti. Maestretti was Schmitz's devoted friend and could be depended upon to support the Mayor's political machine, but Ruef was not satisfied with that sort of allegiance. Maestretti was of too independent a nature to suit him. So despite the fact that he had enjoyed the confidence of both Schmitz and Ruef and knew of the corruption of both of them he lost his job. The strongly entrenched boss had no fear of the consequences. Within forty-eight hours after his retirement from public office Maestretti was persuaded to have a confidential chat with Fremont Older, editor of the Bulletin. That meeting was the beginning of the end. Mr. Older inspired the so-called conspiracy against the graft machine and organized the forces that wrecked Ruef's temple of graft. But it was Maestretti that pointed the way.



# The Dreadful Soul of Woman

By Maud Churton

"You have not known  
The dreadful soul of woman, who one day  
Forgets the old and takes the new to heart,  
Forgets what man remembers, and therewith  
Forgets the man."

—D. G. Rossetti.

"There, darling," she said, lifting his pillow higher, "is that better?"

The sick man threw a lean arm above his head.

"I wish the cursed examination were over," he moaned; "I wish to God I'd never come to this place."

"You would never have got well at home, dear," she replied, in the weary voice of one who has said it all many times before. "Here you will have the best nursing possible \* \* \* and I will come every day \* \* \* and you couldn't have a cleverer doctor than John Menzies."

"I don't believe Menzies understands my case," he sighed, fretfully. "And the prospect of that frightful operation \* \* \* this suspense \* \* \* Oh, why don't those fellows come quickly?"

Footsteps were heard in the passage outside.

"The doctors are coming," said the woman, with a faint quickening of her voice. She was holding her breath to listen. A curious excitement came into her eyes. The blood had left her cheeks. She was very pale, and her lips showed for an instant the white marks where her teeth had just bitten.

"This way, sir," said a patient voice outside.

The door opened, and the Sister entered, followed by two men. She was a pale, sweet-faced woman with sympathetic blue eyes and a tender mouth. She looked pityingly at the wife standing by the sick man's bed.

John Menzies was shaking hands. The other doctor stood in the background.

"We have great hopes, madam, great hopes," said the famous surgeon, and the woman realized that the lie was for the dying man's sake.

"I had better go downstairs, Sister?" she asked.

"If you will, please."

Dr. Hallam held the door open for her. He was a powerfully built man, with a rugged face and a cleft chin—strong and brutal. His deep eyes seared her face as she passed. She had neither looked at nor spoken to him.

Downstairs in the waiting-room, she stood by the window, staring out into the quiet London street, with unseeing eyes of despair; and then she began to pace to and fro—her bosom heaving, her hands clasped in front of her.

She was a handsome woman of about thirty years old—tall and very white-skinned, with black hair dressed loosely and drawn back from her face, and large grey eyes full of varying emotions. Her mouth was red and full, her chin was firm, her figure possessed beautiful curves. She was a woman to be ardently loved, a woman who could love back again with soul and heart and brain.

"Twelve years!" she said, drawing her breath in a sharp sob. "Twelve years my lover and husband! And he is dying \* \* \* and I? He will only be with me a little longer, and yet I \* \* \*"

She heard the voice of Dr. Hallam on the stairs and instantly the color rushed to her cheeks. Eagerly she

scanned her face in the over-mantel mirror, and with trembling hands smoothed her hair. When the doctors entered, they found her calm and self-possessed—a proud and splendid presence.

As before, Menzies came into the room first. The great man was short and insignificant looking. His blue eyes were cold and impenetrable, his mouth hard, his whole expression of stone. In every way he was the opposite of Dr. Hallam.

The woman interrupted his guarded speech impatiently. "I want the truth!" she cried, with passion.

"I have told you all I know," he said, coldly. Years of systematic self-repression had taught him to detest any expression of emotion. With something of relief he turned to the Sister, who had been talking to Hallam.

"On Thursday," the woman heard him say. "Either at ten or two, but will let you know for certain. Mr. Burgess will be the anaesthetist. I shall operate myself, of course, and Dr. Hallam will also be present. Nurse Canning and yourself, please; I think that is all."

"Don't go, Sister!" she said, and there was a note of fear in her voice which brought a gleam into the eyes of Hallam.

"I will come back in a moment," returned the Sister.

The door closed. Dr. Hallam and the woman were left alone. For the first time she looked him full in the face.

"What do you think of my husband?" she asked, quietly.

"He is very ill."

"You—think he will—die?"

The doctor looked very grave.

"In our profession," he said, "we avoid—that word, but to you—"

"I understand," she returned, with dignity.

"Thanks. Do not let me keep you."

He did not move. There was a silence, during which she listened to the loud beating of her heart.

(Continued on Page 36.)

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# Japanese Poetry

By G. J.

Japan is the land of poetry. It is read by everyone, composed by almost everyone, felt by everyone; it is as universal as the birds and the flowers. Everywhere it is heard by the ear and seen by the eye. It is heard in the fields where the laborers chant at their work continually, it is heard in the streets where the various sellers of flowers and fruit and pipes and toys and sweetstuffs sing their wares, where the children sing their games, where the mendicant friars sing their appeal for alms, and where, after dark, even the blind masseuses sing to advertise their calling.

There is singing on the calm lake where the boatman is rowing, and in the temple courts where folks are at their prayers. Wandering minstrels go from house to house, singing long poetic tales and histories, accompanying their voices with the samisen, whilst all the members of the household, from the master to the kitchen maid, are congregated to listen. I remember assisting at a like seance, which lasted literally for hours, the audience being engrossed all the time and weeping unanimously at the affecting parts. As for me, the music was oriental, and the story was not translated for me till afterwards. It was a pathetic enough lament of blind lovers, who sought each other, many years, all over the countryside.

As for visible poetry, it is to be seen at certain social gatherings, where it is written by the guests upon gilded paper, in the beautiful character of the Far East, and hung upon the branches of flowering trees, there to flutter in the wind. It is seen at religious ceremonies, where poems are attached to bamboo rods, and set all along the roadside. It contributes, in a great measure, to the interior decoration of houses where poetic texts are hung upon the walls, or carved upon the woodwork, or painted upon the doors. It is found upon fans and drinking cups, pipes and swords, upon all manner of household utensils. It ornaments shop signs and advertisements, and the blue towel which the coolie winds about his head.

From the eighth century downwards poetical expression has been popular, nay, something like universal in Japan. Hitomaro and Akahito are the two most celebrated names in the history of early Japanese song; their works with those of other poets are preserved in an anthology called "The Collection of the Myriad Leaves," first compiled in the eighth century. Other collections are "Songs Ancient and Modern," and "The Anthology of the One-and-Twenty Reigns." Until the revolution of 1868 the ability to write polished verse was one of the almost necessary accomplishments of a Japanese gentleman, and to the present day there exist many professional teachers of the art. Here is a program of themes for poetical treatment made out by a lady instructor who has a large circle of pupils.

December, January, July, and August are vacation months. The themes set for the other months, and

sent round to the would-be poets, printed on slips of paper, are as follows:—

February.—The willow tree in early spring. The cock at dawn.

March.—A walk in spring. Mutual love.

April.—Blossoms fallen into a pond.

May.—At anchor on a summer voyage. A comparison of love to water.

June.—Cormorant fishing at eve. Clouds on the distant hills.

September.—Insects by moonlight.

October.—Birds in the late autumn. Love in the rain.

November.—Praise of the last Chrysanthemum. Wishing a friend the thousand years life of the Pine tree.

The themes are in most cases appropriate, even to Western minds, to the seasons for which they are chosen, but to those who are acquainted with Japanese literary conventionalities they are more appropriate still, for, according to these laws, the moon belongs to Autumn more than to any other season, and to September more than to any other month.

Year by year, there is held in Japan a great poetic competition or tournament. The Mikado and his Empress, together with many ladies and nobles of the Court, compose odes upon a given theme. Also all the nation is invited to write poems, and often many thousand efforts are sent in to be judged upon such subjects as, for instance, "Praying for the Dynasty at a Shinto Temple," "The Longevity of the Green Bamboo," "Pine Trees Buried in the Snow," etc., the aim of the competitors being, in general, skilfully to introduce amongst their poetic images some patriotic sentiment, or graceful compliment to the reigning house.

There is a very curious aspect of Japanese poetry, an aspect which, as far as I know, belongs to the Japanese alone amongst the poetries of Nations. This may be called its moral aspect. From very ancient times it has been the custom in Japan to compose poems as a moral duty as well as an art. The old teaching contended that it was better to soothe the feelings by writing a poem than to proceed to rash revenge or unpremeditated violence. In times of sorrow or bereavement forbear to wear out mind and body in useless plaints. Rather occupy the emotions and stimulate the imagination by writing a poem on grief, or pain, or death, or immortality. Or, if you can turn aside from your personal sorrow to contemplate the joyousness, the invariable beauty of Nature, so much the better; be comforted thereby, and dedicate a poem.

(Continued on Page 29.)

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## Resurgam

By Mabel Porter Pitts

Three midnight skies have seen the stars  
 Drag languid on their way  
 And twice the listless sun has risen  
 To wake unwilling day;  
 No leaf within the grove has stirred  
 Since that last night of prayer,  
 No flow'r but that is furled and still  
 Since Judas entered there;  
 But, lo, from out the empty space  
 That rings the dormant sod  
 A mystic, voiceless word has spoke  
 The wonder-love of God,  
 And all the world turns roseate hued  
 That late lay pale and wan  
 As bursts across the waiting east  
 Christ's resurrection dawn.

## The Spectator

### A Dearth of Spring Poetry

What, I wish to know, has become of the Spring poet? He has utterly neglected me this year. I have received nothing in the shape of seasonable verse save the following lines, entitled "Easter Grace," which the author evidently doesn't think any more of than I do, for he discreetly asks that he be not exposed:

Lent is spent and we are able  
 To sit once more at a groaning table.  
 Loud today we sing Hosanna!  
 Now with Maud and Mariana  
 Mamma, Papa, and the last  
 My hungry self, we break our fast.  
 As we discuss each dainty dish  
 Lets not forget our days of fish,  
 And as we eat and as we drink,  
 Upon our Lenten lessons think,  
 And render thanks for this our food  
 To God the Giver of all good.

These lines are of mediocre quality and I publish them only to indicate the barrenness of the local muse. Is our tribe of sonnetteers dying out? Is there none to hail the dearest season of the year? This is the season of moods, of introspection and retrospection, the season that has inspired bards in all ages, and yet nary a one in this neck of the woods has seen fit to pipe his lay and come through with a lyric gem and lift up our thoughts on the swell of emotion.

### Mere Idle Speculation

This dearth of Spring poems is a notable phenomenon. It is unquestionably of subtle significance. I suspect that there is some connection between the muteness of the poetic muse and the graft investigation. I am loath to believe that our poets have become disheartened by neglect or that they have capitulated to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Much derision has been heaped upon poets in recent years by the worshipers of Mammon, the apotheosizers of Success, who regard as fools all men

that write poetry instead of devoting their talents to something more lucrative. But the true poet has always scorned the benighted of that calibre. If a man is a poet he should be one without evasion and be proud of his inability to live luxuriously by his poetry; for poetry that pays well in this materialistic age must be bad poetry. And to the everlasting credit of Californian poetry, be it said, it does not pay. Nor does this fact in the slightest degree concern our poets. Yet not one of them has come forward to open the Spring season. And this is the season in which Venus revels! Sweet suns the green hills are shinning o'er, the buds are bursting from the spray, feathered warblers blithely woo in every tree and even old Ocean roars in wayward mirth, but the poet is sulking somewhere. Perhaps he is mourning the asparagus crop.

### A Danger Signal

Gravely and with the deepest concern for their own welfare I would adjure the gentlemen behind the prosecution of the city's debauchers to repress their predilection for inordinate mutual admiration on the housetops. I would warn them against the folly of so hazardous an occupation. No man howsoever great his achievements can afford to mount the lofty breathless peak of self-felicitation and there with inflated chest point with ineffable pride to his well-earned nimbus. I would not disparage the splendid achievements of the attorneys for the prosecution. On the contrary I expedite my grateful acknowledgment of the tact and ingenuity by which they have consummated the city's redemption. But they have not yet finished their task. They have yet to meet the enemy in court. Meanwhile there is danger of the melody of self-felicitation, now being so industriously churned in the chins of the indefatigables, becoming as stale and nerve-racking as the Verdi tunes that suffer incessant diffusion through the medium of the vulgar barrel organ. It would be painful to see gentlemen who have won so much glory in a noble cause successfully made the objects of plausible ridicule. I hope to see them

all pedestaled by a grateful populace, but I am sure that the psychological moment has not arrived for titillating the people's honest eagerness for the reward of merit. Until the arrival of that moment the heroes of the hour must be taken seriously. They should guard against being overwhelmed with a torrent of terrible levities.

### A Bit of Brummagem

To make perfectly clear what I am driving at I will call attention to the prose madrigals in which the reporters have been singing the praises of Mr. Heney's bright young partner, Mr. Charles W. Cobb, late of San Jose. Why Mr. Cobb should be dragged into the limelight at this time it is impossible for me to conjecture. No doubt he has earned rapturous panegyrics, but I submit that the one which appeared in the Examiner some days ago was not felicitously conceived. We were told that though Mr. Cobb "has not pressed himself forward in the work of the prosecution, he is recognized by the lawyers as one of the ablest practitioners at the bar, and all those engaged in the prosecution lean upon him for advice and for any work that requires painstaking care and tireless research." All of which may be very true, but how perfunctory the style of it! Especially does it seem perfunctory when the pretext is considered. The pretext is revealed in the headlines:

#### Heney's Partner Drew Indictments.

Recognized Ability of Charles W. Cobb, Who Aided in the Prosecution of the Boss.

If we stop to reflect that the essential qualities for drawing an indictment are clerical ability and a knowledge of the fundamental principles of criminal law, which is the simplest branch of the law, how inartistic and implausible does the glowing panegyric appear!

### Frank Admiration

Also let us consider the mutual admiration of Francis J. Heney and William H. Langdon which is finding almost daily expression in rapid-fire exchanges of testimonials. One might suspect from the character of them that each was afraid to offend the other by the accumulation of more than his share of the credit. But Mr. Langdon feeling that he can afford to be generous scatters his compliments with a prodigal hand. "The ablest man in my judgment at the California bar," says Mr. Langdon, "is Hiram Johnson. He has entered into this investigation and this prosecution heart and soul," etc., etc. After doing what he conceives to be his duty toward Mr. Johnson, the District Attorney takes up Mr. Heney's partner, the brilliant Mr. Cobb, but dismisses him with what seems to me scant praise. "He is a close student and an able statistician," says the District Attorney; which surely isn't saying much for the man who drew the indictments. Indeed it is vague and indefinite and might be interpreted as a knock with the same facility with which it is construed as a boost. Contrast it with the inspiring encomiums with which the District Attorney garlands the manly brow of his manager in the late gubernatorial campaign, the Hon. J. J. Dwyer, and then the equivocation that characterizes the reference to the brilliant Mr. Cobb becomes affecting. "The whole plan of our campaign," says Mr. Langdon, "has been backed by the aggressive honesty and uncompromising vigor of California's reform leader, Joseph

J. Dwyer." Reads somewhat like a political speech but Mr. Langdon is most felicitous when expressing himself in the terms of politics.

### The Real Hero

Now as I have suggested it is too early to be cutting pigeon wings in the limelight. Beware of the flinty Philistine with his little hammer! If Mr. Langdon is to be groomed for the mayoralty, I have no objections. On the contrary I am predisposed to the candidacy of Mr. Langdon and therefore I would have him realize my concept of a hero—one that is clean of self-seeking and that deprecates exaltation. A boom that is prematurely born frequently dies of inanition. When the enthusiasm of the populace shall have subsided then will the iconoclast unbridle himself in an open field. It is well to remember the aftermath of Dewey's feat in Manila Bay. How unfortunate it would be if somebody should comment on the inertness of the District Attorney up to the time that Francis Heney appeared on the scene and the circumstance that instead of trying to abate municipal corruption he gave himself up to the more pleasing diversion of campaigning for the gubernatorial office. There will be ample time for exultation later on when the prosecuting attorneys shall have vindicated their claims to the encomiums that are being so lavishly distributed. Up to date most of the glory belongs to one William Burns, a detective.

### Bribe Giving and Bribe Taking

That encomiums will be won I have not the slightest doubt. Strong is my faith in the shrewdness of Heney and the cunning of Burns. And sceptical am I of the stories circulated by the dailies respecting iron-clad agreements by which the boodling officials are assured of immunity. If all the officials are to go scot free then how is the cause of morality to prosper? We are told that the bribe-giver is worse than the receiver of bribes. But is he? By what system of weights and measures is this problem in ethics solved? By what system of ratiocination is the conclusion reached that the official sworn to do his duty, who establishes the market price of privileges and scorns to do anything but a cash business, is less culpable than his customers? It is said that if there



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were no bribe-givers there would be no bribe-takers. This dictum savors so strongly of the axiomatic that one can scarcely counter without asserting a paradox, but there is no truth like a paradoxical one. But why should it not be maintained that if there were no bribe-takers there would be no bribe-givers? It is decidedly wrong to assume that the bribe-giver goes about dangling temptation in the eyes of the unfortunates upon whose virtue he has malevolent designs. In the case of our unsavory supervisors there was no virtue to begin with. There was not even a delusion in the community at large respecting the character of the men elected to office. Everybody would have been greatly astonished if those men had not started on a hunt for bribes immediately after their election. And now though we know that they fulfilled our expectations we pretend to be frothing with indignation.

#### A. Leader Wanted

This is not a time to be scrambling for the plums of office. It is the time for the office to seek the man. It is time to drive the money changers out of the temple and to substitute for the worship of pelf the worship of character. On whom shall our salvation depend? In every crisis comes the man to lead his people out of the wilderness to the promised land. Rudolph Spreckels came when we needed a man to disperse the grafters. He would be the man for mayor but he wouldn't take the job, feeling as he does that there should be no taint of self-seeking on his achievement. The personality for this emergency will probably present itself, but there is one thing for us to remember—that we cannot afford to ignore organized labor. There are honest men in that element and they should be given the opportunity to drive the pinhead McCarthys out of power. We should also remember that we had an honest Board of Supervisors some years ago and that some of the men who proved true to their trust are still available.

#### Bribing Not Imperative

While it is quite true, as is often said, that public service corporations would suffer irreparable damage at the hands of blackmailing officials if they did not yield to the demands for bribes, it is also true that at times hostile officials may be thwarted. If some corporations expended as much brains and energy in devising methods to avoid paying bribes as they do in corrupting legislators, they would discover safe ways of gaining their legitimate ends. The Southern Pacific Company discovered safe ways in many an emergency. Indeed this corporation has done much toward abating the bribing industry; at least, in so far as its own affairs are concerned. I remember some years ago when a hostile city council of Oakland passed an ordinance prohibiting the Southern Pacific Company from putting safety gates on its cars, the corporation did not attempt by the use of money to defeat this legislation. It was asserted that the main purpose of the gates was to prevent the people of

Oakland from riding free on the trains and the councilmen thought it an outrage for the company to abate the free-ride snap. Hence the ordinance prohibiting the gates.

#### Effective Strategy

The Southern Pacific lawyers thought such an ordinance would be unconstitutional, but realized that to beat it in the courts would mean a long, tedious and expensive fight. Prevention was decided upon as the better course, and a member of the legal outfit of the company was put in charge of the work. He found himself confronting a hard problem. Not only were the people aroused over the gate matter, but there was a general fight against the company on in Oakland. George Pardee was Mayor at that time, and was a leader in anti-railroad legislation. With the City Council at his heels he helped tear up a railway ticket office that was on land claimed by the city and bear it to the corporation yards. Trestles in the course of construction were dynamited. Altogether, the Southern Pacific was about the most unpopular institution in Oakland. It was against this state of affairs that the corporation lawyer had to battle. He had but little hope of in any way influencing the council, so instead he procured from the records of the railroad company a complete list of children who had been killed or maimed by jumping onto the unprotected steps of cars while trains were in motion. The ordinance passed, as it was expected it would, and went to Mayor Pardee. But before it came time for the Mayor to sign it he received many visitors. Each of these visitors was a woman, and each had with her a maimed boy, legless or armless. They all had the same request to make, and each gave the same reason. "This," pointing to a maimed child, "is what has happened to my boy through no gates being on the trains," they told him. "God knows I have tried to make him quit it, but you know what boys are. They will jump on the steps after the trains have started. Please don't let that ordinance about putting gates on the trains pass. Do something to save the children, Mayor." They came by the dozen, for the Southern Pacific man had not neglected calling on any of the mothers of crippled children. Women in mourning whose children's lives had been crushed out by the trains called on the Mayor. Schoolteachers pleaded with him. The

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pressure was more than he could stand, and he vetoed the ordinance.

### More Strategy

Then the Council passed an ordinance limiting the speed of trains through the town. There was consternation in the offices of the railroad company. The man who had beaten the gate ordinance was selected to deal with this one. His methods were very simple. He had a speed indicator put in every locomotive, and the engineers were instructed to obey the ordinance to the letter. They did so, and the consequence was that trains were late for the boats, and commuters waxed indignant. The cry went up that the company was running trains even slower than the ordinance required. Thereupon the regulator of Southern Pacific affairs in Oakland secured a private car in which he had an indicator fixed. He also had some mile posts put up along the line of track. He invited the members of the Council, the Board of Trade and the Chamber of Commerce to take a ride in this car. He had them make a thorough test, with the mile posts as guides, of the speed of the train. They found that the speed was exactly what the ordinance required; also, that the train just missed connecting with the boat. That settled the speed ordinance.

### The Labor War In Nevada

Notwithstanding the general dispatches sent by Goldfield correspondents to their local dailies announcing the settlement of the labor troubles, affairs are in such shape in the camp as to cause the gravest disquietude among the conservative element. Despite the boasts of Goldfield boosters the leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World have still a very firm and a very determined grip on a great majority of the members of the miners' union. This grip is held directly and likewise through the Western Federation of Miners, under whose banner the underground men must stand in order to get employment. Every effort imaginable has been made during the past fortnight by the Citizens' Safety Committee to prevail on the miners to throw off all allegiance to the I. W. W. This show of separation has been made up to the point of holding an independent meeting and electing officers, but beyond that point the miners, for reasons best known to the inside, seem loath to go. This hitch blocks all relief of the present situation and until it is broken the mines in Goldfield will certainly remain shut down and all business in the camp will be practically killed. Meanwhile it is obvious that the conservative element is worrying over the next steps of certain elements in the I. W. W. There are those who apprehend that the Cripple Creek outrages may be repeated in the camp. Some believe that if any of the claims should attempt to start up with miners not

affiliated with the I. W. W. sticks of dynamite would cut large figures in the ensuing protestations and Silva's would not be the only life sacrificed in the present crisis. Even now "gun" fighters and "special" body guards cut a very potent figure in preserving peace and forbearance in the district.

### Doings of the Sharks

The irrepressible mining shark and the speculator are taking every advantage of the present uncertainty. Very important results on the stock market hung on last week's meeting of the miners because on that occasion they were to decide whether or no they should break away from the I. W. W. and return to work in the mines. It happened that on the eventful day the storm destroyed telegraph communication between here and Nevada. Notwithstanding all the guards placed in their way by the union a bustling clique of speculators managed to establish inside connection with their well-paid agents in the meeting. As agreed they were signaled the result and sent it by special automobile messenger through a blinding snow storm to Rhyolite, where the necessary wire was picked up via Los Angeles and San Francisco. What amount of profit this ring cleaned up is hard guessing, but several local brokers, caught short, almost went to the wall. Their losses ran from ten to thirty thousand dollars. Goldfield brokers were hit just as hard by camp agents. On the rose colored reports given out Goldfield issues jumped from twenty to forty per cent. Garbled versions of the settlement sent out by the promoters' news agencies sustained these prices for several days while tens of thousands of shares were being worked off on the public. Gradually tiding of the real situation came to hand and values slipped down. And now the chippers and tail speculators are again playing the waiting game.

### The Goldfield Tragedy

A playsmith would have little difficulty in transferring to the stage the protagonists of the tragic drama that had its catastrophe in a Goldfield restaurant last week when Count Constantin Podhorski was killed by "Jack" Hines. Four years ago the Mars sisters, young, beautiful and well educated, went to Nome on the urging of friends, there to better the

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fortune that the family had lost shortly before. In their new surroundings a great deal was made of them and they had many wooers among rich and influential men. The eldest sister married Albert Fink, a wealthy lawyer and mine owner. The younger sister, scarcely eighteen, married J. C. Hines. In time "Jack" Hines' mining ventures went to pieces. He was given a good outside position by one of the big northern commercial companies where his duties carried him into the distant mining fields on long trips.

### The Russian Nobleman

Meanwhile, in Russia, Count Wanlarlarski, a man high in the diplomatic circles, close to the Czar and allied by marriage to several ducal families, had been led into promoting a gigantic scheme in Siberian trade. Chicago and New York capitalists were taken into the venture in order to exploit the Alaskan wing of the enterprise. To look after this end Wanlarlarski selected a protegee of his, Count Constantin Podhorski, and sent him out to Nome. Podhorski was forty years old at the time and had led a vividly romantic life. The son of Princess Radziwell, he was allied to the royal house and to the late Count Podhorski of Poland, whose estates he inherited on the death of his father. He was an officer in the Czar's body guard, the same regiment of which the husband of General Grant's granddaughter belongs. His income was \$100,000 a year, but all this melted away in the Russian riots that swept over Poland several years ago. Consequently his venture into trade under the patronage of the powerful Count Wanlarlarski. On reaching Nome the Count was welcomed to the highest social and financial position. He personally invested some \$80,000 in mining ventures and was generally regarded as a notable acquisition to the North.

### The Love Affair

Then came the meeting with Mrs. Hines socially and the turning point leading to the great tragedy in both their lives. Hines' distant business trips gave opportunity for the misguided infatuation. In a small place like Nome affairs of this character are quickly noted and soon the gossips of the camp were discussing the matter. Under this spur events developed rapidly. Last summer Mrs. Hines left Nome for Seattle alone, ostensibly to visit her mother. She confided to her friends that she had been cooped up too long in the frozen North and her system and spirits demanded a change. Plans were made between husband and wife

that she should return in the fall and spend the winter with him in Nome, and so she sailed away. Alone in Nome, Hines found more time to drift about among his old friends and gradually certain rumors reached him. He took an early steamer for Seattle. The Count had already left her. The wife, confronted with the evidence the husband had gathered, confessed everything. Hines declares that he then swore to kill the Count on sight. Where the Count was he did not know. He at once set about planning a new life for himself and wife amid new surroundings and far from Nome and its memories. Being a mining man the new gold fields of Nevada naturally lured him. He drifted from one camp to another looking for the likeliest opening and meeting old Alaskan cronies the while. Recently he went to Goldfield with his wife. Then came the awful day when both of them entered a restaurant and there among the diners sat Count Podhorski, a man that might have been a thousand miles away for all they knew. The shooting followed and now Hines is awaiting the penalty of the law while the wife bitterly weeps over fate.

### Captain Smith's Tragic End

A curious tale comes to me across the broad Pacific, sent by a traveler in Orient lands, one who left this city some months ago and who is now in China. It is a tale that embodies a dramatic picture of the last moments of Captain Tremaine Smith of the Siberia who was reported to have committed suicide on that vessel in the harbor of Hongkong some months ago. According to my correspondent Captain Smith did not die by his own hands. He was found in his cabin with his throat cut from ear to ear. The nature of the wound was such that it is almost inconceivable that it was self-inflicted. But that is not the only circumstance that gave rise to the suspicion that Captain Smith did not kill himself. The razor with which the deed was done was found several feet distant from the dead body and it was clasped, and not a drop of blood was to be found between the razor and the body. Captain Smith had a Chinese valet, a boy who was most devoted and faithful to his master. That boy has never been seen since the day of Captain Smith's death. Now it is the theory of many people in Hongkong that Captain Smith had not the courage to commit suicide, but that as he had written to a friend of his purpose, he remained firm in his intention to die and commanded his valet to do the throat cutting. The story is told in Hongkong as an illustration of the wonderful fidelity of Captain Smith's valet.



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### Musical Criticism

Sometimes I ask myself whether anybody ever reads the musical criticisms that appear in the San Francisco dailies. For I am at times curious to know whether the reporters who are responsible for the output of indiscriminate comment on musical entertainments really receive any recognition for the prodigies of industry which they lavish on a stupid public. It would be interesting to know whether people who are under no compulsion to read the stuff which purports to measure musical performances by accepted standards of art and taste, really do occupy themselves in its perusal. It would be interesting to know whether people with a cultivated taste for music are as easily imposed upon by the reporters as the reporters are by the opera singers and managers whom they interview. I am inclined to believe that these reporters are withdrawn from congenial assignments and sent to the opera because of an editorial delusion, a survival of the tradition that journalism guides public opinion. And I suspect the reporters of writing about the performances in a spirit of contempt for the Philistines that read the papers and whom they hold responsible for the disagreeable duty imposed upon them of potboiling and platitudinizing about matters of which they have no knowledge. Sometimes, I fancy, they pile on the agony in cynical glee over their outrageous unfitness for the duty to which they have been assigned.

### Those Cynical Reporters

When the Conried Company was out here with its conglomeration of good, bad and indifferent singers,

its antique stars and impudent mediocrities I grew weary remonstrating with the reporters for their shameless exposure of our piteous, benighted provincialism, but since the fire I have become reconciled to the dead level of musical criticism to which the big dailies with the exception of the Call (in which Mr. James Crawford writes intelligently), have fallen. As the exponents of the species of criticism to which I allude make no effort to differentiate between genuine art and talent as acclaimed by the multitude they are entitled at least to commendation for their frankness. There was a time when I insisted that criticism should be hostile to temperamental immodesty and to hollow and insubstantial talent that requires the bolstering of deception and flattery; there was a time when I considered indiscriminate laudation as great a nuisance as the hypercriticism that is morbidly avidious for faults and blunders, but happily I have schooled myself into an amiable attitude toward the rapturous reporters of the whoop-her-up school and now I defy them to get on my insulated nerves. The other day I subjected myself to a most severe test. I read one of the musical exegetes on the subject of the relative merits of Caruso and Constantino, who, as the esoterics of opera know differ mainly in the quality of their respective voices, Caruso being superior to Constantino in that he is able to preserve the purity of his tones throughout the range of his voice. I learned from my young friend that Constantino deserved commendation for one thing—that he did not, like Caruso, fall from pitch. It didn't even jar me. I read it over again to make sure of my immunity and convinced myself of my triumph over banality.

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### The Great Russell

Far be it from me to deny the reporter the credit of having shrewdly contrived to elevate Constantino by pulling down the glorious-voiced Caruso, but I cannot refrain from recording the impression that the astute journalist received some inspiration from that commercial and artistic genius, Mr. Henry Russell, late of London, who is doing for the operatic art what a Mr. Barnum did for an entirely different species of entertainment. Mr. Russell is a delightful little man who takes curtain-calls with his stars, causing people to wonder who in the devil he is. My impression that he inspired the reporter is due to the fact that I met him one night during a performance of Boheme. It was after the street scene outside of the cafe and he asked me what I thought of it. It was very good, I thought, though it was not remarkable for any extraordinary realization of circumstance. With the air of one who had achieved a great triumph Mr. Russell told me that he had designed it after having spent a long time studying the Latin quarter of Paris. Mr. Russell has encountered so much delicious credulity in San Francisco that I kindly permitted him to think I was greatly amazed at his untiring and hungry attention to detail. Mr. Russell is so kind to venture so far into the darkest depths of the provinces that we should not begrudge him such elation as he is able to derive from the enthusiasm and awe which he believes that he has inspired. When he tells us through Miss Nielsen that he was Melba's teacher, though we know that Melba was the world's greatest singer before she ever met him, what should it profit us to raise a question of veracity?

### His Troupe

Mr. Russell is an artistic gentleman and a man of more than ordinary musical attainments, but his musical temperament has never been hostile to his commercial instincts. He is above all things a showman. The San Carlo Opera Company of which he is the guiding genius is an organization possessed of considerable merit. Its performances are well worth the price. Its one great singer is Constantino. But Mr. Russell is justified in making much of the fact that Nordica is a member of the company, for Nordica has long been one of the highest priced of operatic stars, and the public enjoys her singing through the power of self-suggestion just as much as if she were as great as she is believed to be. That she should not venture outside of Wagnerian opera in which her long-distance howl is still of much value is a fact of which opera goers need not be apprized. They get their money's worth out of their consciousness of the fact that putatively she is still of the first rank. As for Alice Nielsen—well she is pretty and acts well and her voice, though neither flexible nor colorful, is at any rate pleasing to the ear. Besides she is a woman of very interesting personality and we all feel so friendly to her that we regret she did not have the benefit of Mr. Russell's wonderful tuition at an earlier stage of her career. And at any rate, in certain light

roles, in which there is no demand for subtle nuances or for florid execution she is entirely satisfying. There is one member of the San Carlo Company of whom I expect much in the near future. I refer to Fely Dereyne, who, one of the musical reporters tells us, is a student. Of whom, I would like to know? Is it possible that Mr. Russell has accomplished so much with this young woman, who, in the role of Mussetta is able to carry off the honors in "La Boheme," even with Constantino in the cast? I say that I expect much of her "in the near future," but not that I expect her to achieve much greater perfection in her art. There is not much room for improvement. This so-called student is very young and has not yet made a name for herself, but she has a clear, brilliant voice of wide range, her tones are evenly placed, she has no vocal blemishes to overcome, no crudities of action to tone down. All that she needs to receive attention from the reporters is a metropolitan reputation.

### She's No Novice

My colleague, The Bookworm, has taken me to task for writing about "The Cage" as if I conceived it to be the initial literary effort of Charlotte Teller. My colleague knows more about current literature and contemporary bookbuilders than anybody. Thus The Bookworm: Though Charlotte Teller has made a ten-strike with her first book, she ought not to be hailed as a Minerva, springing into the literary life full grown, for she has had a considerable experience in the preliminaries, and of just the character to furnish her with the necessary data and outlook for her decidedly unusual plot. She has been writing more or less since 1899, but is non-committal as to her years. She frankly invites the curious to regard her as "a young genius or a precocious writer," or to take the other course and credit her with not showing her age. As a matter of fact she is neither a "giddy girlie" nor a settled matron. She graduated from the University of Chicago in 1900, but had done some writing during that and the previous year. After graduation she was connected with the Chicago Tribune, reviewing books and making sociological investigations. She reviewed all the books on sociology, economics and psychology, and did similar work for the Journal of Political Economy. She was connected with the Hearst Syndicate, and contributed to Everybody's just after it

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changed hands. In 1903 she was sent to Colorado as special correspondent to write up the strike of the Western Federation of Miners, so it is manifest that she has had abundant opportunity to see the inside of things as well as a sufficient knowledge of principles to make the best use of her facts.

### The Inadequate Pacific Fleet

It was rumored a short while ago that our sea power in the Pacific was to be strengthened by the detachment of two battleships from the powerful Atlantic fleet for service in Pacific waters. This rumor, I am informed by letter from Washington, is without foundation. Battleships are needed in the Atlantic for show purposes and for show purposes only and therefore they are not to be withdrawn from the Atlantic fleet. Instead of adding to our naval strength in the ocean where we are most likely to have trouble it has been decided to call the squadrons of warships in commission on this Coast and in Asiatic and Philippine waters the Pacific fleet and to give the command to Rear Admiral Willard H. Brownson. The ships are to keep their present stations, but the Admiral may assemble them for general drills and exercises. The most formidable vessels in the Pacific are the four armored cruisers West Virginia, Colorado, Maryland and Pennsylvania now on the Asiatic station. We have nothing on this Coast with which to reinforce the squadrons in the Far East but the antique protected cruisers Chicago and Boston, the modern protected cruisers Charleston and Milwaukee, two gunboats and two destroyers. In an emergency Admiral Brownson

would have to depend on his four armored cruisers, which are of one type and vastly inferior to battleships like the Connecticut and Louisiana of the Atlantic fleet. In a short time, however, we shall have twenty-eight battleships ready for commission with two dreadnoughts in prospect and then perhaps the authorities at Washington will be disposed to strengthen the Pacific fleet.

### Getting Mining Camp Color

Jack London is making a tour of the Nevada mining camps with a view to picking up local color for future flights in fiction. Being an old Alaskan "sourdough" he is meeting numbers of Yukon friends who have come out of the frozen north to try their fortunes in the new gold fields. January Jones and his wife have Mr. and Mrs. London in tow and are giving them a picturesque time. Numbers of socialists have been urging London to give one of his rousing lectures but he steadfastly declines on the ground that any such discussion at this time might lead to some serious trouble in the critical labor situation now confronting the mining camps. London will be in San Francisco within a week and will then make his final arrangements for starting on his long voyage around the world on the 40-foot ketch-rigged Snark.

### Some Grau Anecdotes

Maurice Grau, the impresario, who died last week, said when he was in this city that he was determined not to follow in the footsteps of other impresarios. He



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had seen several of them die penniless and he was resolved to retire from the operatic field with money. He did so and he left a fortune. Most of his money was made in the stock market. Mr. Grau was accustomed to the dictation of prima donnas, and he said that as he was raised in that school he would never be able to learn any other method of doing business. When a prima donna refused to stand on the terms of her contract he never tried to make her. Year after year he agreed with Mme. Calve that she should sing certain roles, and every year she refused to do so. When asked why such and such an opera was not to be given Mr. Grau never made any further explanation than to say that "Calve says she doesn't want to sing it." He always let the matter stop at that point and never insisted when an artist refused to appear in a role for one reason or another. One of the incidents of his career that always made an impression on him was Mme. Calve's refusal to speak to him in Paris, although he had made her a rich woman and her contract had gradually been raised from \$800 to \$1,600 an appearance. He never knew to the day of his death why the soprano would not recognize him. Jean de Reszke's remark that Maurice Grau would give a man a cigar, but refuse him the match was the result of his business methods in dealing with all but the great singers. Mr. Grau would willingly pay a prima donna \$1,500 a night, but he struggled with all his powers against paying \$7 a night for a needed musician in the orchestra, because he thought that singers and not a good orchestra drew the public. He was just as unwilling to pay for any details of a production. One year he introduced a pack of dogs at the end of the first act of "Tannhauser," but after the first performance they were missing. "Not a soul comes into the opera house to see those dogs," he said in answer to an inquiry about their disappearance, "and they cost me \$25. I know perfectly well that the stage manager goes over to Eighth avenue and gets them for 50 cents apiece, but I have to pay \$2.50 for them. So I cut them out." Mr. Grau never at any stage of his career as a manager pretended to a knowledge of music. He merely engaged the artists that had become famous in Europe.

#### They Were With the Donners

An interesting affair of last week at Monterey was Mrs. B. L. Hollenbeck's reception on the seventy-fifth birthday of her mother, Mrs. A. G. Lawrey. Mrs. Lawrey has had a most interesting and eventful life. With her father, Judge G. D. Dickinson, who was one of the early pioneers of California, she crossed the plains in an ox wagon more than sixty years ago. They traveled much of the time with the Donner party, and only escaped their fate by hurrying on three days ahead. Many are the exciting stories Mrs. Lawrey tells of experiences in the Mexican War, of moulding bullets all night long, and of encounters with Indians and Mexicans. In 1847 Judge Dickenson moved to Monterey, and he and his family occupied the first brick house, now one of the landmarks of the town. This was built by Mr. Lawrey. Mr. Lawrey had joined the Dickenson wagon train, and with the close association of that long journey across the plains it is not surprising that this stalwart young pioneer and the Judge's pretty daughter should have decided to continue life's journey together. The first bonnet ever brought to Monterey was auctioned, bringing a large sum, and this bit of millinery was presented to Mrs. Lawrey, then Miss Wickenson, as the belle of the town.

## CITY OF PARIS

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North End



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JOSEPH CAWTHORN  
In a Scene From Sousa's Latest Military Comic Opera, "The Band Leader"  
Commencing Next Week





JEANETTE LOWRIE  
In "The Free Lance," to be Offered at the Van Ness Theatre,  
Monday Night.



NELLA BERGEN  
In "The Free Lance" at the Van Ness Theatre.

# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## Smoking Dens In Woman's Club

I hear that the directors of the Francisco Club are considering ways and means of building a suitable club house of their own. As the members of this exclusive organization number the wealthiest women in town, an achievement in steel and stone ought to be as easily financed as a cot beside a rill. A woman's club in New York which, like the Francisco, makes no pretense at developing high foreheads has just completed a club house which has roused the wee little whimpering reformers into a howling band of iconoclasts. And it's all because the members of this club, which has a social lustre of the Astor-Vanderbilt-Mackay sort and includes besides all the successful professional women in art, literature and stageland, have provided their club house with smoking dens and card rooms. Since they are not the kind of women who consider a club a short-cut to the sort of culture which is served with tea and Ruskin in the provincial clubroom it is not to be expected that their building will please the prurient minded reformers. There are probably a goodly number among these women who do not smoke but not being cursed with a vast provincialism they have no objection to cozy nooks being provided for those who do flirt with the little god Nick O'Teen. There are a number of women on the Francisco membership roll who look kindly on a cigarette, so I am wondering whether they will take the emancipated stand of the New York women and pattern their projected club house after the London model with its smoking and card rooms, or whether they will bury the cigarette under the rose. In their own homes very few San Francisco women make any objection to the cigarette. The weed is now passed quite as freely in the immaculate household with tapestry fittings and safely shaded electric lights as it is in burlaped and candle-lit Bohemia. The debutantes and the dowagers as a rule do not indulge but most of the belles and matrons have cigarettes served with afternoon tea—in fact, there are those whose tea occasionally looks suspiciously like brandy and soda. Their husbands and fathers and brothers evidently make no objection to home consumption of cigarettes but whether they would encourage calling down public odium by providing a woman's club house with smoking rooms is debatable.

## Eames and Tevis

The Eames-Story divorcee has given the gossips a stage already set. The "props" are insufficient to give more than a semblance of reality, but the widely alert Gossip has an imagination that does not scruple at supplying all deficiencies. With solemn assurance they whisper that when Madame Eames-Story has been legally divested of the hyphenated end of her name she will be asked to annex that of Dr. Harry Tevis.

Personally I am sure that the rumor will be pricked by a firm denial from all sides but meantime Gossip is having a lovely time. Dr. Tevis has an ingrained artistic temperament which is constantly giving the matchmakers false clues. At one time they insisted that his interest in Lillie Lawlor, the concert singer and protegee of Mrs. Gus Spreckels, was several degrees above platonic. He entertained lavishly in her honor but evidently never entertained any notion of marrying, and the idea was gradually devitalized in the public mind.

Mme. Eames is an intimate friend of Mrs. Fred Sharon, and it was at his sister's home in Paris that Dr. Tevis first met the great singer. She has frequently been his house guest here, in fact, was domiciled at the Harry Tevis home in Taylor street on that memorable April eighteenth, 1906. The piano in that house was considered one of the sweetest toned instruments in the world and many a great musician invoked the spirit of exquisite sound on those marvelous keys. And occasionally it responded to the unprofessional touch of some "horn" musician whose ears had never caught the echo of the world's acclaim but were sensitive to the faintest tonal beauty. There was a little lame girl who was free to come and banish cruel fate with one touch of this magic instrument; and there was a woman, neither young nor beautiful, who came and went whenever the musical mood prompted her. So you see the insistent matchmakers do not understand Harry Tevis, nor can they realize that Orpheus may charm him without Hymen's lurking in the background.

## At Del Monte

Del Monte is very attractive just now—its lawns aglow with hyacinths, crocuses and tulips. The fruit trees are scattering their fragrant petals, the maple trees are bursting into their buds so like fairy wings poised for flight. Youth and old age are suggested as one looks from these to the ancient sentinels of pines and hoary oaks, with gray moss swaying in the breeze. And there are old friends now at Del Monte to appreciate its varying moods. Mrs. Peter H. Ballantine of Newark, New Jersey, has not been here for sixteen years, but she is here now with her daughter and Mrs.

## Send for My Market Letter

Have you made any money in mining stocks lately? You would had you followed my market letter. You don't have to take my word for it, just look up my market letters for the past two months, and see what I have had to say on the market, and then judge for yourself whether I have been right or not. In my next private market letter I am going to tell you the truth, so far as I know it, about conditions in Goldfield, and I think you will agree with me that I come as near knowing as any broker on the Pacific Coast. My information is from personal investigation. I still believe that Mohawk Consolidated Leasing Co. is one of the best buys in the market. For my private market letter send your name and address on postal card, and then you will receive it regularly.

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John H. Ballantine. The Ballantines belong to a very wealthy and influential old family. \* \* \* Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Wells of New York, with their two charming daughters and son, L. Stewart Wells, are enjoying themselves here. \* \* \* J. B. Brady of New York, who is here with Jesse Lewisohn, is the "Diamond Brady" who cleared up four or five millions with Tom Lawson some years ago. \* \* \* Mr. and Mrs. Chester Thorne of Tacoma, who are visiting W. H. Smith of Jeddo, Pa., have been coming to Del Monte every winter for many years. This is their first visit since the earthquake. They were on the eighth floor of the St. Francis on April 18, but their children were at Del Monte with their nurse. The Thornes left the city in an automobile as the Palace was burning and were the first to bring down here any news of the disaster. \* \* \* For several weeks there were no Saturday night hops at Del Monte, the big ball room having been in the hands of plasterers and carpenters who have transformed it into one of the best exhibition halls on the Coast. Last week the work was nearly completed, and on Saturday night there was the usual ball. Miss Dora Coe, the daughter of Theodore Coe of Newark, New Jersey, is always the life of these affairs. Miss Coe is very much of a belle with both officers and civilians. Colonel Coe and his attractive daughter have been here for a couple of months, and expect to remain some time longer. \* \* \* There has been much entertaining at the Post in honor of the departing Fourteenth Cavalry, which leaves to make room for the School of Musketry to be established here. On Tuesday night there was a reception given by Lieutenant and Mrs. E. L. Rains. On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Pardee was hostess at a large bridge party, and that evening Colonel and Mrs. Garrard gave a big reception. Thursday night was the farewell hop. \* \* \* Last week Admiral and Mrs. Joseph Trilleby gave a bridge party in honor of General and Mrs. Crosby P. Miller, who have been spending some time at the Hotel El Carmelo, Pacific Grove."

#### She's a Torrid Critic

"Stockton society," writes a correspondent, "is 'all worked up' over the stinging criticisms indulged in by a haughty grande dame who has a habit of looking down on lesser mortals in her own circle. At a recent reception she shocked the guests in the dressing-room by referring to the silver on the dresser as junk. And this reception she took occasion to josh at a luncheon some days later. This iconoclastic spirit is considered perfectly dreadful in Stockton."

#### But They're Not Broke

According to my Stockton correspondent it is quite possible in that bustling town to strike a pace that is highly disastrous to a large fortune. "The Frank Hillmans," says my correspondent, "who built themselves a mansion in the northern section of the town, and who have been cutting a wide swath, have reached a point where there is nothing between them and a cruel world but the interest on \$60,000 which sum was left in trust by Mrs. Hillman's father. Mrs. Hillman was looked

upon some time ago as the richest woman in San Joaquin county, but as the Hillmans have mortgaged their property and let all but one of their servants go and dispensed with their automobile, the village gossips have come to the conclusion that economy is imperative."

#### A Steinegger Pupil Recital

The pupils of Emil Steinegger gave a delightful recital last Saturday afternoon, at 924 Grove street, the occasion being a class meeting. Among the most interesting of the performers were Margaret Evans, Hazel Dey, Elsie Harwood, Clara Roek, Charlotte Williams, Emily Wilhelm, Miriam Hampton and Edwin Horrisberger.

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### The Mansfeldt Concert

The Mansfeldt Club gave another of their interesting concerts on Wednesday of last week at Lyric Hall to a much larger audience than the inclement weather would have led one to expect. The Associate Membership of the Club grows continually, and the standard of the concerts becomes perceptibly higher, as is evident from the ambitious undertaking of Miss Baldwin, who was programmed for the extremely exacting Chopin Concerto in E minor. Miss Baldwin's musical achievements have hitherto always been praiseworthy, but she is entitled to special congratulations for having given a really interesting performance of this concerto,



MRS. ETHEL DUKE-DEAN

one of the most difficult things written for the piano. The programme was opened by Mrs. Ethel Duke-Dean, who contributed three Brahms numbers in musicianly fashion, infusing some of the lush sentiment of Southern Germany into the concluding Capriccio. Mrs. Dean's playing, while not of the brilliant order, is commendable for its exceeding good taste and is



MISS FRANCES WILSON

always enjoyable. Miss Frances Wilson made her initial bow in public as a pianist and must be credited with a complete success. There was not the slightest indication in her playing or manner of amateurishness, and she gave delightful interpretations to the two pretty Sjoezren "Eroticon." The Mendelssohn "Auf

Fluezein des Gesanges" proved Miss Wilson to be possessed of real musical feeling, and it was most artistically played. Her final number was the Strauss-Schutt "Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald," which completely captivated her listeners by its verve, to



MISS JOAN BALDWIN

which was joined an admirable clarity of technic. Miss Wilson is a decided acquisition to the club, and her distinguished blonde beauty adds greatly to the interest of her performance. The next concert will take place about the middle of May.

### Easter Music at St. Dominic's

The Easter music at St. Dominic's Church will this year be unusually interesting, by reason of the first performance of Dr. Stewart's new mass, which has been written for the occasion. During the mass the following numbers will be sung: "Vidi Aquam," Stewart; "Victimae Paschali" (sequence), Stewart; "Dextera Domine", (offertory) Cesar Franck. The music will be rendered by a large choir and orchestra under the direction of Dr. Stewart. The soloists are Mrs. B. Apple, Miss Leola S. Stone, T. G. Elliott and Harold Pracht.

### Artist Best Has Returned

Mr. A. W. Best has just returned from a sketching trip through the southern part of the state with a large number of sketches of the Missions and other points of interest. It was owing to Mr. Best's absence that the usual fall exhibition of the work of his pupils was postponed until the spring. It will be held at the Best studio, 57 Noe street. Mr. Best, by the way, was the first of the local artists to resume work after the fire. He reopened his art school last June and has since been obliged to enlarge the premises in order to accommodate the young men and women who are studying illustrating and painting under his direction. The Best art school has been in existence about ten years and it was in that school that many of the most prominent illustrators in the country learned the rudiments of their art. Mr. Best appears to have a faculty for producing good results in a short time.



# Stage

## Juliet Crosby

Widespread and deep was the sorrow caused by the sad tidings of the death of Juliet Crosby; and profound the sympathy for Frederic Belasco that was stirred in the hearts of thousands when they learned of his terrible affliction. The stroke by which Mr. Belasco was bereft of a wife quickened in thousands the sense of a personal loss. For by a large element of this community Juliet Crosby was regarded with feelings of warm affection. It is natural for people to take an interest in the women of the stage by whom their emotions have been stirred, their thoughts exalted and their cares dissipated, but this interest is intensified in the case of an actress who has seen fit to emerge from the domain of illusions and enter into the social life of those who have witnessed the development of her art and have identified her with the roles that she has vitalized in the mimic world. It was thus with Juliet Crosby. We knew her as a sincere and conscientious and modest actress and we knew her

also as the wife of Frederic Belasco, and when she was on the stage we loved her for her fine womanly qualities as well as for the delight she gave us by her splendid performances. Juliet Crosby possessed traits of character that endeared her as much to her associates as to the patrons of the Alcazar. Her death was a shock to the community.

## A Descendant of Joe Miller

Mr. J. Miller, who comes from New York to stage "Fantana" for the San Francisco Opera Company at the American Theatre, not only comes from Philadelphia but is a lineal descendant of the famous "Joe," of joke book fame. As his home in the Quaker City he has a parchment copy of the original chicken cross the street wheeze, written in Early English on parchment, vellum and illuminated by the Roycroft Society of the period of 1776. Mr. Miller, when in New York, is the general assistant stage director for the Shubert Bros.

## The Chicago Symphony Orchestra

Arrangements for the concerts by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra are rapidly approaching completion, and by next week Manager Greenbaum will announce full particulars. Among the compositions to be played is a "Suite" by the famous leader of the organization Alexander von Fielitz. These orchestral concerts will close Mr. Greenbaum's musical season, which, considering the disaster of less than a year ago, has been a marvelous one. Who would have thought that we should have such artists as Rosenthal, Schumann-Heink, de Gogorza, Gabrilowitsch, the Petschnikoffs, a season of Grand Opera and Symphony Concerts by a big Eastern organization all within less than a year of the awful catastrophe?

## The Florence Roberts Engagement

Florence Roberts, than whom there is no stronger favorite with the theatregoers of this city, will doubtless be greeted by a crowded house at the Novelty Theatre next Monday night, when she will appear in the emotional drama, "The Strength of the Weak," which has been rewritten since it was last seen in this city. Miss Roberts achieved a great personal triumph in New York, a fact that has given great pleasure to her local admirers. That much interest is taken in the coming engagement is evidenced by the large advance sale of seats. Supporting the star will appear such well-known players as Chas. Kent, C. J. Williams, Lucius Henderson, Ruth Allen, Mary Bertrand, Moselle Tatum and Florence Robinson. "The Strength of the Weak" as now staged by Florence Roberts is said to be a magnificent production. There will be a Saturday matinee.

## Sousa's Latest

"The Free Lance," the latest composition of the March King, John Philip Sousa, is the attraction scheduled for next week at the Van Ness Theatre. Joseph Cawthorn is the star comedian of the company. "The Free Lance" company is one of the largest of the Klaw and Erlanger musical organizations, and the



EDWIN STEVENS

In a Scene From His Latest Success, "A Night Out," at the Ophemum Next Week.

production is said to be most elaborate. The libretto of the piece is by Harry B. Smith and the music is characteristically Sousa's.

### Great Vaudeville at the Orpheum

Next week's programme will reach the highest possible standard of vaudeville excellence. Edwin Stevens who heads the bill needs no eulogy. His genius and infinite variety have been acknowledged and applauded in every city of the Union. He has indeed played many parts in his time and the same success which has attended him in drama and comic opera seems to have followed him in vaudeville. His contribution will be an original skit entitled "A Night Out," in which he will have the support of Miss Marshall, a clever young actress. Charley Case, "the man who talks about his father," will be warmly welcome. He is always one of the best numbers on a programme and the nonsensical songs which he so drolly warbles and his amusing reminiscences of his "old man" never fail to convulse his audiences with laughter. The La Maze brothers, an apparently boneless trio, who have no superiors as knockabout comedians, are included

in the list of novelties. The Joseph Adelman Trio, European xylophone virtuosos, Julius Tannen in new and witty stories, Merri Osborne in her diverting farce, "The Taming of An Actress," and Dan Burke and his school girls are the holdovers. It will be positively the last week of Mr. Burke and his fascinating colleagues who have delightfully impressed the public with one of the most quaintly charming acts in the memory of Orpheum patrons.

### The "Kreutzer Sonata"

Manager Kurtzig of the Colonial Theatre announces that for the week beginning next Monday night the Colonial Stock Company will present for the first time in the West a dramatization of Count Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata." This is an intensely interesting drama, dealing with life in Russia, but not with the familiar miseries of the Czar's subjects. It deals with the troubles of an unfaithful wife who marries a nobleman for his money and who plans an elopement with her former sweetheart. Due to this state of affairs many thrilling climaxes are brought about. The "Kreutzer Sonata" should arouse almost as much

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Next: "The Prince and the Pauper."

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Edwin Stevens and Company in "A Night Out," Charley Case;

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Julius Tannen; Merri Osborne and Company; New

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Dan Burke and His School Girls.

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interest as did "Salome." Two versions of this play are now being given by Blanche Walsh and Bertha Kalisch with considerable success.

#### Musicians Heard From

Edward Long, who was for many years one of the tenors of the double quartette at St. Dominic's Church, received a letter the other day from Dr. F. S. Palmer who was for several years organist of St. Dominic's, informing him that he is soon to take charge of the music of the beautiful new Catholic Cathedral in Seattle. A grand organ is now being built for the cathedral in Boston at a cost of \$25,000 under Dr. Palmer's specifications. Dr. Palmer is at present organist of All Saints' Church in New York. He writes that Rhys Thomas who was formerly tenor of the Tivoli and also of St. Dominic is now in business in New York City and draws a salary of \$1,000 a year for singing in a church in a New York suburb. Professor J. H. Howe, who, also, was organist of St. Dominic's at one time, is now, Mr. Long informs me, doing well musically and financially in Seattle.

#### At Ye Liberty

"In Arkansaw," a rural drama, is the attraction at Ye Liberty Playhouse this week. It is a play that abounds in heart interest, and the Liberty players are exploiting its emotional potentialities with a success that is made manifest by the responsiveness of enthusiastic audiences. The play in preparation is "The Prince and the Pauper."

#### From Nanon to Wang

The old familiar operetta "Nanon" has proved a felicitous revival at Idora Park, where it is being sung in fine style by an excellent company. Genee's rollicking tunes, delightful in their simplicity, have been brought back once more to lips that are quick to respond to sensations imparted to the ear. From "Nanon" the Idora company will soon skip blithely to "Wang."

#### In the Limelight

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has been playing to large audiences during the past week at the Van Ness. The engagement will come to a close on Sunday night. Madge Carr Cook will always be remembered for her artistic interpretation of the title role of this unique comedy.

When Henrietta Crosman makes her appearance at the Van Ness Theatre it will be in the farcical comedy, "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" and the new play called "The Almighty Dollar."

Florence Roberts has in contemplation two new plays for presentation during her forthcoming engagement at the Novelty Theatre.

The Daly Opera Company is to be the attraction at the Van Ness Theatre for two weeks commencing Monday, April 8. The company is a very large one and

— "Those Lustrous Eyes are Murine Eyes." Murine Eye Remedy Makes Dull Eyes Bright. Sick Eyes Well. Soothes and Quickly Cures Ailing Eyes.

appears in elaborate productions of "The Country Girl" and "The Cingalee." The entire Daly's Theatre production will be brought to the Van Ness Theatre.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is to make her appearance at the Novelty Theatre shortly in her greatest success, "Du Barry."

Nat C. Goodwin in his latest success, "The Genius," is booked for the Novelty Theatre. Goodwin contemplates giving us his version of Shylock during the engagement.

#### The San Carlo Company

The Easter Sunday afternoon performance by the San Carlo Opera Company bids fair to pack the Chutes Theatre to its utmost capacity. The offering is "Les



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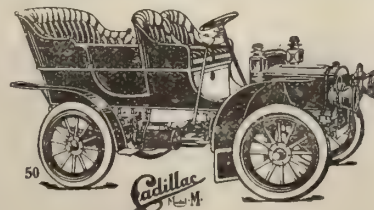
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### The Petschnikoff Concerts

Manager Greenbaum promises the greatest treat in the way of violin music that has been offered in this city for many years in the programs of Mr. Alexander



BERTRAM LYTELL.

Leading Man at the New Alcazar Theatre.

Petschnikoff, the greatest Russian violinist and his beautiful and talented American wife. These artists were the principal feature of the big Mozart Festival at Salzburg last year where their playing of the Mozart double concerto for violin and viola caused a sensation. This is the number that they will play at the Greek Theatre with the University Orchestra Thursday, April 11, on which occasion Mr. Petschnikoff will also play the Tschaiowsky Concerto. At the first San Francisco concert which will be given at Lyric Hall, Saturday afternoon next, (April 6), the talented couple will play the Bach double concerto, a movement from the Spohr double concerto, and Mr. Petschnikoff will play the Mendelssohn Concerto, Saint Saens' "Le Cygne" and a "Russian Dance" of his own composition. At the Sunday matinee, April



FLORENCE ROBERTS

At the Novelty Theatre.

7, the Trio in C major for two violins and piano by Bach and two movements of the Spohr double concerto will be the ensemble numbers, and the solos by Mr. Petschnikoff will be the Wieniawski Concerto in D minor, "Melodie" by Tschaiowsky and "Calabrese" by Bazzini. The farewell concert will be given Tuesday night, April 9, when another Bach trio and a beautiful suite for violins by Zilcher will be special features. The solos will include Vieuxtemp's Fantasia

(Continued on Page 34.)



## Japanese Poetry

(Continued from Page 10.)

The samurai of ancient times before committing hara-kiri indited a farewell ode. The lady who preferred death to dishonor wrote her last verse with the intrepid hand that was soon to twist her scarlet undergirdle about her neck—and at the present day many poems are written in difficulty and in danger—on sick beds and death beds. And young unhappy lovers about to leave this world together cast their last thoughts into poetic form for the delectation of their survivors.

But what, it will be inquired, is the form of this most popular poetry? What rules of prosody are favored by Japanese poets? Do their methods in any way, resemble our own? There is only one form of Japanese poetical expression, and there has been only one from the beginning of its history down to the present time. A Japanese verse consists of four alternate lines of five and seven syllables, with sometimes an additional line of seven syllables at the end. A Japanese poem may be as long as a page or a page and a half, but the great majority are little odes of thirty-one syllables, the lines being arranged thus:—5, 7, 5, 7, 7. For example:—

5. Hototogisu
7. Nakitsuru kato wo
5. Nagamureba
7. Tada ari-ake wo
7. Tsaki zo nokoreru

That is literally:—

“When I look towards the place where the cuckoo has been singing, nought remains but the moon in the early dawn.”

Now, it must be said at the outset that the foreigner and the alien and one not acquainted with the language who tries to understand and appreciate the beauties of Japanese poetry is beset by difficulties on every side.

First, there is the translation and all that any poem must inevitably lose thereby. Gone at a single stroke are all delicate shades of meaning and expression; all the original sound of the words (which counts for so much in poetry) and that indefinable quality which might almost be called the color of the poet's thought. Then it is well nigh impossible for our Western minds to feel the atmosphere of these poems or to be in sympathy with their ideals. What is musical to the Japanese is not musical to us; what is pathetic to them is not pathetic to us; what is humorous to them is not humorous to us. And for this there are two reasons—the fundamental and tremendous difference that exists between the mind or soul of the Western and that of the Far Eastern; for between West and East there is a great gulf fixed, which may never be bridged over—not by wars or ships or progress or civilization. And, secondly, there are still few foreigners whose knowledge is not at the best superficial of Japanese ways of life, of Japanese customs, history, religions, superstitions, traditions, morals, and character; for the Japanese are a reserved people, intelligently taking in all the world's information, but giving out very little. Through ignorance, therefore, or through prejudice, much of their poetry is to us incomprehensible, ridiculous, or commonplace. Take, for instance, an ode written by the Empress of Japan to an English lady who was about to leave that country for her home—

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"Why does the long-necked goose return to her native land?" This ode is really good Japanese poetry, and has been praised by competent judges; but the unfortunate word goose spoils it utterly for our ears; in fact, merely on account of a Western association, renders it irredeemably ridiculous. But looked at without prejudice, there is nothing wrong with the ode. Wild geese, at any rate, such as the poet speaks of, are picturesque and beautiful birds, and the image of such a bird flying with out-stretched wings, and long graceful neck, towards home, is truly poetic. Wild geese, by the way, would seem a favorite subject with the Japanese poet, for another ode is, being translated—

"The moon on an autumn night making visible the very number of the wild geese that fly past with wings intercrossed in the white clouds."

A young Japanese student was once discovered by his English Professor in ecstasies over a poetry book. On the latter inquiring what had so greatly excited his admiration, the youth said that he had read a poem of extraordinary beauty, but that he found it difficult to give an adequate English rendering. After much cogitation, he produced the following as the translation of his soul-inspiring ode:—"I sat on a mat and looked at Fugi Yama." It certainly has the merit of simplicity, but one is irresistibly reminded of "Reading without Tears," the "harmless necessary cat" alone is absent.

It will be realized, then, that Japanese poetry, to be at all appreciated, must be approached in no light or careless spirit, but with patient sympathy, and a sincere desire to understand.

Perhaps it may be asked: "But is there, after all, any real poetry, divine spark, ideal—call it what you will—in this odd elliptical stuff, this often seeming aimless stringing together of words? And even if there does exist such soul or ideal, can it ever appeal to other than Far Eastern born or student enthusiast?"

It is certain that there is something in Japanese poetry, and certain, also, that its essential aims and ideas are quite opposed to those of English poetry. The English poet, as well as the English artist, presents his ideas, his inspirations, his conception. He gives it in its entirety, and the plainer, clearer, more perfectly constructed, and highly-finished it is, the better. A good solid foundation of thought, or fact—or it may be romance—is considered necessary. A poem must be beautiful; it also must be interesting. There must be something to take hold of, some sense in it. The avowed aim of the Japanese artist, poet, and painter alike, is not to give a finished picture. His art is to suggest, and to suggest only; he would awake an idea in the mind, he would just sound a note in the soul, to go on echoing alone. He would drop a stone into the waters of the imagination, he would make poets of us all. Of a perfectly finished and limited composition the Japanese critic says ittakiri, meaning—all told, such a work is considered inartistic.

The spirit of Japanese poetry, and that of Japanese painting are one and the same. It is only of late years that many in this country have appreciated the latter, and the appreciation of the former, attended as it is by obvious difficulties is as yet a thing of the future. Japanese art may be difficult to understand in the first place, but it grows upon one more and more; its restraint is so admirable that other art is in danger of appearing almost vulgarly exuberant by its side.

There are still English people who vote the most

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exquisite things Japanese—very odd, grotesque, or, at the most, quaint and queer. I am aware that many will at first think this poetry queer—or sometimes even less than commonplace. I freely confess that I did so at first myself; and I may add that I possess but a very superficial knowledge of the Japanese language, that I have read no Japanese poetry in the original, my experience being from impromptu translations by Japanese friends and from the few English verses that now exist. Here are some scraps of poetic expression:—

#### CONSTANT LOVE

Not for the little moment  
That the harvest lightening plays,  
On the standing ears of barley  
Can my heart forget thy praise."

#### WINTER FANCY

"T'was a bitter night, the dawn is come  
O'er the mountain and through the snow.  
My fancy would wander to unknown climes,  
But where is the path to go?"

#### DELUSION

"A petal fell from the cherry tree  
And then flew back again;  
It was a butterfly!"

#### FOR THE DEAD

"I whispered a prayer at the grave: a  
Butterfly rose and fluttered,  
Thy spirit, perhaps, dear friend?"

"This light of the moon that plays on the water I pour for  
the dead,  
Differs nothing at all from the moonlight of other years."

#### MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA

"Oh, vapoury moon of spring—would that one pluge into  
ocean  
Could win me renewal of life as a part of thy light on the  
waters."

#### HAPPY POVERTY

"Wafted into my room, the scent of the flowers of the plum  
tree  
Changes my broken window into a source of delight."

#### FAREWELL SONG

"My dear younger sister, Thine Augustness? Though thou say that thou wilt not weep—if, like the flocking birds, I flock and depart—if, like the led birds, I am led away and depart—thou wilt hang down thy head like a single eulalia upon the mountain, and thy weeping shall indeed rise as the mist of the morning shower. Thine Augustness that art like the young herbs." This is from the Ko-ji-ki, or "Record of Ancient Matters," which contains the mythology of Japan, and was completed in A.D. 712. It is to be found in the section called "The Wooing of the Deity of Eight Thousand Spears."

The following, also from the Ko-ji-ki, is sung by the Emperor Jim-mu when about to smite the Prince of Tomi:—

"The children of the augustly powerful army will smite and finish the one stem of wild chive in the millet field—the stem of its root, both its root and shoots."

The wild chive among the millet is, of course, the enemy—the Prince of Tomi and his army.

These poems have all of them some thought; some germ of feeling, however faint, is absolutely expressed. But there are many poems that are not more than word pictures. These



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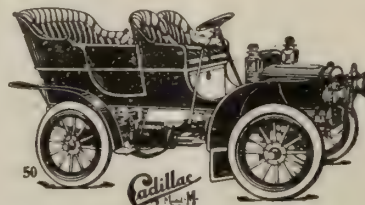
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are particularly difficult for a stranger to grasp. For instance, there does not seem to be much in the following:—

"Old Temple—bell voiceless—cherry flowers fall."

This atom is entitled "Loneliness," and to the initiated certainly conveys the pathos of the wanderer, pausing to rest at some deserted shrine.

Here is another:—

"In the mountain temple the mosquito curtain is lighted by the dawn: sound of waterfall."

And, lastly, a subtle description of gallant, careless poverty—where humor and pathos are marvellously balanced.

"Heavily pours the rain on the cloak that I stole from the scarecrow."

### "The Pass"

Stewart Edward White is altogether too modest when he asserts in his appendix note to "The Pass," 'Anybody could have done it.' Anybody who could span Niagara on a tight rope, or fill the position of a "steeple jack" might, but there are a considerable number of people who, though they might be willing to undertake the ordinary and extraordinary hardships of a long camping trip, simply would not be able to keep their heads at dizzy heights, nor prevent pack-animals from pitching headlong over precipices by "main strength and awkwardness." Nevertheless, this is no reason why we should quarrel with our author, and if we cannot do the things which he has done, it is still a pleasure and a satisfaction to be invited to accompany him in print. "The Pass" embodies an account of a summer spent in the high Sierras, with the feat of Pioneering a pass, the studying out of routes, the making of trails, bridging of chasms and explorations of "no thoroughfares," with daunts and—one may not say disappointments, where Mr. White is concerned, but set-backs which would have disheartened any but a born pioneer. Incidental to the actual work which made the principal recreation of the vacation trip, there is an interesting exposition of the work of the forest ranger, which makes one hope that some of the government experts who know forests only on their maps will prick up their ears and take notice, and the catalogue of the camp library induces the regret that the author can never know the pleasure of coming unexpectedly on one of his own books, as fresh and invigorating to himself as it is to others. There is no way of describing one of Stewart Edward White's volumes. One lives through them rather than reads, and they are so friendly, so companionable, full of interesting anecdotes, bits of wood and mountain lore, and practical hints for the camper, that they are better than guide books. The illustrations of "The Pass" are from photographs, but the page margins are decorated with appropriate drawings. Book publishing is a new enterprise for the Outing Company, and "The Pass" is one of their first volumes. It is an artistic piece of work and promises well for the publishers, who will make a specialty of outdoor literature.

Owners of runabouts, which have proven so popular this season, are in a fair way to have trouble sooner or later in ascending grades owing to the position of the gasoline tank. The tanks are generally placed under the seat as in touring cars but owing to the lower position of the seats the fall between the gasoline tank and the carburetor is not so great. Consequently on steep grades the fuel supply is sometimes cut off. This result has been avoided in the Thomas Forty runabout by connecting a small air pump just to the left of the driver's seat with the gasoline tank by which pressure is maintained and a constant flow kept up in case of an emergency.



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# Stage

(Continued from Page 28.)

Appassionata, Tschaikowsky's "Danse Russe" and the Bach "Chaconne," over the playing of which Berlin goes wild everytime Petschnikoff plays it there. The prices for the Petschnikoff concerts are \$1.50 and \$1.00. Seats will be on sale next Monday, April 1, at Kohler and Chase's, corner Sutter and Franklin, where complete programs may be obtained. Mr. Fred Maurer, Jr., will be the pianist.

## The Grilling of Greet

Ben Greet has been found out in New York. When Ben Greet first visited this city to be acclaimed by the culturines Town Talk took occasion to pronounce him the Barnum of the drama and to tell the reason why. But he had a New York reputation achieved largely with the aid of his leading woman, Edith Wynne

Archaeology has as little to do with a dramatic performance as text worship, but Mr. Greet not only insists upon it as if his life depended upon it but goes utterly wrong as to essential facts of universal knowledge. And the worst of it is that his errors are all of a kind to deprive his performances of precisely the rapid and easy brilliancy which is the only justification of reverting to Shakespeare's scenic arrangements. To begin with a comparatively trifling matter, it is not recorded that there were Beefeaters stationed at either side of Shakespeare's stage, or that the scene shifters were bluecoat boys. Why should they now clog the stage and distract attention from the lines and action? And why should the actors in an Italian play appear in Elizabethan costume? Shakespeare's actors did so, but to produce anything like the effect Mr. Greet and his company would have to appear in trousers; and



ALEXANDER PETSCHNIKOFF



MRS. ALEXANDER PETSCHNIKOFF

Matthison, who did not accompany him to San Francisco, and despite the fact that his performances were worse than mediocre he was acclaimed for his highly intellectual treats. He is again in New York, and now he is told that since he lost the co-operation of Miss Matthison he has nobody of any real distinction or claim to a hearing. John Corbin has been writing of Greet in precisely the same strain in which he was discussed in this paper. Says Corbin, apropos a recent production of "The Merchant of Venice":

"In the question of stage settings and the conduct of the successive scenes there is no law of necessity. They are bad, and, it must be concluded, willfully bad.

even that might fall upon our minds with something more than the effect of Elizabethan disregard of historical accuracy. The Elizabethan costume is most unpicturesque, and to insist on it is needlessly to offend the modern eye. The great, the incredible defect of the production is that it is set on a stage representing not that of the Fortune or the Globe theatre, but that of the Middle Temple Hall. It is true that one of Shakespeare's comedies once happened to be played there. But it was not this one, and in any case the performance could only have been awkward and cramped. Far from being small, Shakespeare's stage was larger than any here in New York, with two or three excep-



tions. Certainly it was considerably larger than the unusually ample stage at the Garden Theatre. But instead of using his opportunity to the utmost Mr. Greet still insists on his narrow Middle Temple dimensions. The result is to intensify the dullness and impotence of the actors.

"Especially harmful is the fact that none of the scenic appurtenances of Shakespeare's stage is at hand—the alcove, the gallery and the window at the side. In all of the plays each and sometimes every one of these is essential to the effective conduct of scenes that were written to make use of them. In 'The Merchant of Venice' the curtained alcove served to hide and disclose Portia's caskets, and again, the curtain being drawn back, to set the trial scene. It was at the window at the side that Jessica appeared and threw down the jewels and money to Lorenzo. As Mr. Greet manages these scenes they are ineffective to the point of absurdity. The apartment for the caskets is thrust forward into the centre of the stage and stays there, always to the confusion of the actors. Jessica climbs a stepladder and peers over the scenery. If only Mr. Greet's own fortunes were at stake it would be possible to pass the matter by in silence. But, as it happens, he has made himself sponsor of the cause of regenerating the art of producing Shakespeare. That is a cause of moment, and his pettifogging archaeology and devitalizing management have given it what is sometimes called a black eye. His propaganda, which should have meant the joy of true and great art, has meant only deadly dullness and boredom. Why, no one knows. It is easier to do the right thing than the wrong, and the expense is a trifle in comparison with the artistic and popular effect to be achieved. That Mr. Greet should persist in his error is as inexcusable as it is incomprehensible, for it will take the public a long time to learn that the rightly Shakespearean production is not a thing to be sidestepped."

#### Shuberts' "Fantana"

The managers of the San Francisco Opera Company and of the American Theatre are neglecting no detail that might contribute to the success of the coming production of Shubert Brothers' "Fantana," which will be presented for the first time in this city on Easter Sunday afternoon. "Fantana" is one of the most successful of the latest musical comedies. The book is by Robert B. Smith and the late Sam S. Shubert. It contains more comedy than any other half dozen musical comedies. The music is by Raymond Hubbell and is of the whistly order. Among its many song hits are "A Lesson in Etiquette," "It is the Girl, Not the Horse That Wins the Prize," "Drop In On Me at Luncheon," "The Farewell Waltz," "Darby and Joan," "My Word," "Laughing Little Almond Eyes," "The Lily of the Valley," "What Would Mrs. Grundy Say?" "The Secret," "The Girl at the Helm," "His Little Sister," "That's Art," "Just My Style."

"Fantana" will be the means of introducing to San Francisco theatregoers Miss Florence Sinnott, one of the prettiest and most talented soubrettes on the operatic stage. Miss Sinnott was the original "Daisy," in Pixley and Luders' "Burgomaster," "Brenda," in "The Silver Slipper," "Trixie," in "The Wizard of Oz," and last season she divided honors with Eddie Foy in "The Earl and the Girl." Mr. J. Albert Wallerstedt, the young baritone, who made such a splendid impression at the Tivoli Opera House during the season of 1905 and who recently appeared as the principal baritone in Lulu Glaser's "Dolly Varden" and

Richard Carle's "The Mayor of Tokio," will also appear in "Fantana." The piece will be staged under the direction of George Lask, stage director for the San Francisco Opera Company, and Joseph Miller, assistant general stage director for the Shuberts.

#### Sanskrit Play In Greek Theatre

"The Little Clay Cart," which is to be produced at the Greek Theatre on the evening of April sixth, is a play that has never been produced in the United States. It is one of the finest samples of Hindu literature. Although written fifteen hundred years ago the theme is still young and the handling of it is exquisite. Pathos and humorous situations crowd rapidly upon each other, and the play comes to a



MISS ISABELLE McREYNOLDS  
As "Vasantasena" in "The Little Clay Cart."

happy end with the hero and heroine living happy ever afterwards. Among the points of interest that should be noted are the use of the double stage,—a device by which, through the help of two sets of footlights and a raised platform, a street and the interior of a house are shown at the same time. The performers have been coached by Garnett Holme, ably assisted by Dr. Ryder, the learned Professor of Sanskrit University, whose translation it is that will be used. In addition to these gentlemen, the Hindu scholars, Swami Prakashamanda and Swami Trigunatita, have given their valuable assistance with regard to details of Hindu customs and costumes. Two Indian undergraduates will appear in the play. The prologue is to be spoken by Babu Chakravati and the hymn of Sheba will be recited by Babu Das. In the last act of the play an oriental bazaar will dazzle the spectators.

—The Playgoer.

## The Dreadful Soul of Woman

(Continued from Page 9.)

The hall-door slammed after Menzies. They saw his carriage pass the window, and heard the Sister's footsteps re-ascending the stairs.

"Oh, my God! she is not coming back!" was the thought that flamed across the woman's brain.

Dr. Hallam took a step towards her, and instinctively she took a step back. The silence seemed to shriek at her. The look in his eyes turned her faint.

"This—this is really a good nursing home?" she asked, impelled with an irresistible desire to break the oppressive stillness.

When she had said it, she wanted to laugh aloud at the puerility of the question.

"It is the best in London," he answered gravely, advancing further.

She took another step back, and her heel touched the fender. Her hat brushed against the vases on the mantelpiece. She stood at bay, and her eyes met his in a long, searching glance.

The doctor took the woman's slim white wrists in his. Her eyes fell before his passionate gaze. He was strong. It would have been useless to resist him. Nor did the woman try to resist. She shut her eyes, and her whole face quivered under his kiss. He kissed her—he kissed her. The room was still. Outside, an occasional passing carriage broke the silence.

At last she pushed him away and raised her head.

"Is this mere brutality?" she asked in a strange cold voice. "Or do you find me magnetic?"

"You are lovely!" said the man for answer.

"You do not know me," she returned, faintly.

"You only met me three weeks ago, and never to this day alone. You cannot love me. Why—why do you torment me—when I am so troubled?"

"You do not know me," he answered. "You cannot love me. You love your husband, I know. And he—But you don't resist me!"

She shuddered and her eyes fell. "You must be mad!" she exclaimed. "Mad! to dare—"

"Love is mad. Do you find me magnetic?" he pursued, smiling.

"Magnetic! You are the devil!" she cried, shrinking away.

He laughed softly, and put his arms around her again. The woman lay against his breast like a shattered flower, passive, motionless.

"I am the devil, you say," he repeated in her ear. "I am the devil, but you let me kiss you. I am the devil, but I love you! You have the most beautiful lips in the world. You are a beautiful woman—and I love you!"

"Oh, don't call it that," she said. "He called it that—my husband of twelve years—my lover and friend."

"You have only known me three weeks," he whispered in triumph.

"Oh, what has come to me, what has come to me!" she sobbed, wildly. "I who put myself on such a pedestal! This can't be me; it is some fearful dream from hell!—and you—you are a hateful man \* \* \*"

"Yet you love me!" he said again; and the fire in his voice scattered the last of her weak defenses. She flung her arms round his neck of her own accord.

"My God! what kind of man are you!" she panted. "I thought I knew myself! I thought I knew myself!"

"We never know ourselves until we love," he said,

slowly, looking into her eyes with a look that made her tremble. "The mirror which Passion holds up to our gaze is different to the one we have learned from day by day—very, very different. There are strange turnings and byeways in the heart of man and woman; and until we have explored them all we do not know ourselves."

She was kissing him back passionately now. They tore themselves apart as the door-handle rattled.

"Your husband is asking for you," said the Sister, entering. "Will you come upstairs?"

A white despair settled on the woman's face. She pressed her handkerchief to her desecrated lips. She put her hand to her throat as if she choked.

"I cannot go to my husband," she said, dully. "I cannot go to my husband."



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## Easter Customs

By Sarah Connell

On the evening of Holy Saturday the Irish peasants make elaborate preparations for the "finishing of lent." The house is scrupulously cleaned and a feast prepared—a fat hen, a piece of bacon or some other dish of flesh meat being the principal viand, but woe be to the one who would taste it before the Easter cock has crowed. The young people gather in and wait in expectancy, frequently spending the time in reciting the rosary or other prayers. But as soon as chanicleer sounds his note there is a joyous clapping of hands and a shout of "Out with Lent." The midnight feast is then enjoyed and perhaps an hour of frolic, but as all must arise by four o'clock to "see the sun dance," the festivities are not prolonged. The custom of seeing the sun dance is an ancient one, and though the better informed people have for generations ceased to believe that any such phenomenon takes place, it is the general custom to arise early and pay tribute to the ancient superstition. Both Thomas Hardy and Eden Phillpotts tell us of the Devonshire and Wessex folk, especially the "ancients," clinging to the old custom and belief.

There was formerly an odd custom observed at Portaferry in County Down of kissing women on Easter Monday. There was a pleasant walk near the town where the men congregated and saluted women without regard to age, station or condition. No offense was meant and none taken, but the women who through design or inadvertence, made her appearance at "The Walter," could make no complaint. Manifestly, the wise course was to stay at home, but the women and girls, almost to a unit, were usually on hand not to participate—Oh, no! but merely to see the fun.

In rural England, besides the custom of "seeing the sun dance," the peasants and children still revel in hard boiled eggs, with which they play various games. In Lancashire and neighboring counties there is a ridiculous custom of "lifting," or "heaving" still in force. On Easter Monday the men lift the women, and on the following day the compliment is returned. What its origin or object no one seems to know. The process is performed by two lusty men or women grasping each other by the wrists. Then the one who is to be "lifted" is seated on one of their arms and raised aloft two or three times and even carried for some distance along the street. Even strangers are not exempt. A grave clergyman who happened to be passing through Lancashire was obliged to stop over for an hour or two in one of the villages, and was astonished to have a number of lusty damsels rush into his room unannounced, exclaiming that they had "come to lift him." Not being aware of the custom the amazed divine exclaimed: "To lift me! What can you mean?" "Why, your reverence, we've come to lift 'ee 'cause it's Easter Tuesday." "Lift me because it is Easter Tuesday? I don't understand. Is it a custom here?" "Iss, to be sure; why don't 'ee know? All us women was lifted yesterday, and us lifts the men in turn, and in course it's our rights and duties to lift 'en." After some parley, the reverend traveler compromised by paying half a crown to escape the dreaded compliment. In Durham the men claim the privilege of taking off the women's shoes on Easter Monday, and the women reciprocate on the day following.

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In the Tyrol the Easter ceremonies begin on Saturday. Bands of musicians traverse the mountain paths singing Easter hymns, and calling the people to their doors to join in the choruses. The wide brimmed hats are adorned with flowers and all are in holiday costume. As night comes on they carry torches to light their way. The housewives present them with gaily dyed Easter eggs and at the higher class of houses they are refreshed with wine as well. Baskets of smoked meats, hard boiled eggs, white bread and horse-radish are carried to the church on Easter morning to be blessed. The Easter feast is begun with portions of the consecrated food, and any visitor to the house during Easter tide is offered a share just as Christmas cheer is provided.

Easter is the most important feast in the Greek church. On that day all the cities of Greece present a novel spectacle of cleanliness. Banqueting is one of the principal features of the observation, and the odor of roasting meat and of pies and cakes greets the nostrils. All the inhabitants in holiday attire hasten to make calls and receive congratulations, and as each meets an acquaintance he greets him with a kiss on each cheek and the salutation, "Christ is risen," to which the orthodox reply is either "Christ has risen indeed," or "And hath appeared unto Simon." Guns are fired from all the batteries and the reports are echoed in the incessant firing of pistols by the soldiery. In the evening a grand ceremony takes place in the square. All persons connected with the government, after attending church service, assemble in front of the residence of the chief executive where they arrange themselves in line. The executive then passes along from right to left and embraces each, giving him the kiss of peace.

In Rome the principal ceremony is the high mass with Papal benediction at St. Peter's. The day is ushered in by the firing of cannons from the castle of St. Angelo, and by seven o'clock the carriages of ladies and gentlemen begin to make their way towards the cathedral. Seated in his chair of state, the Pope is borne from an adjoining hall of the Vatican, attired in the most splendid vestments. On his head he wears the tiara, a tall, round, gilded cap representing the "triple crown," temporal power, spiritual power, and the union of both, and by his side are borne large fans of ostrich feathers interspersed with peacock "eyes," these latter to symbolize the watchful eye of the church, and above him is a silken canopy. After officiating at the mass at the high altar, the Pope is borne with the same ceremony back through the church to the central doorway, there, arising from his chair, and surrounded by his principal officers, the benediction is given. In the evening the dome and external part of St. Peter's are beautifully illuminated and there is a display of fireworks.

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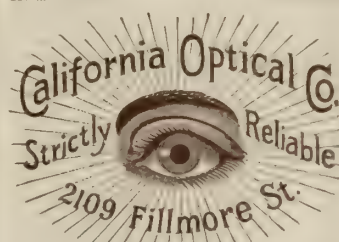
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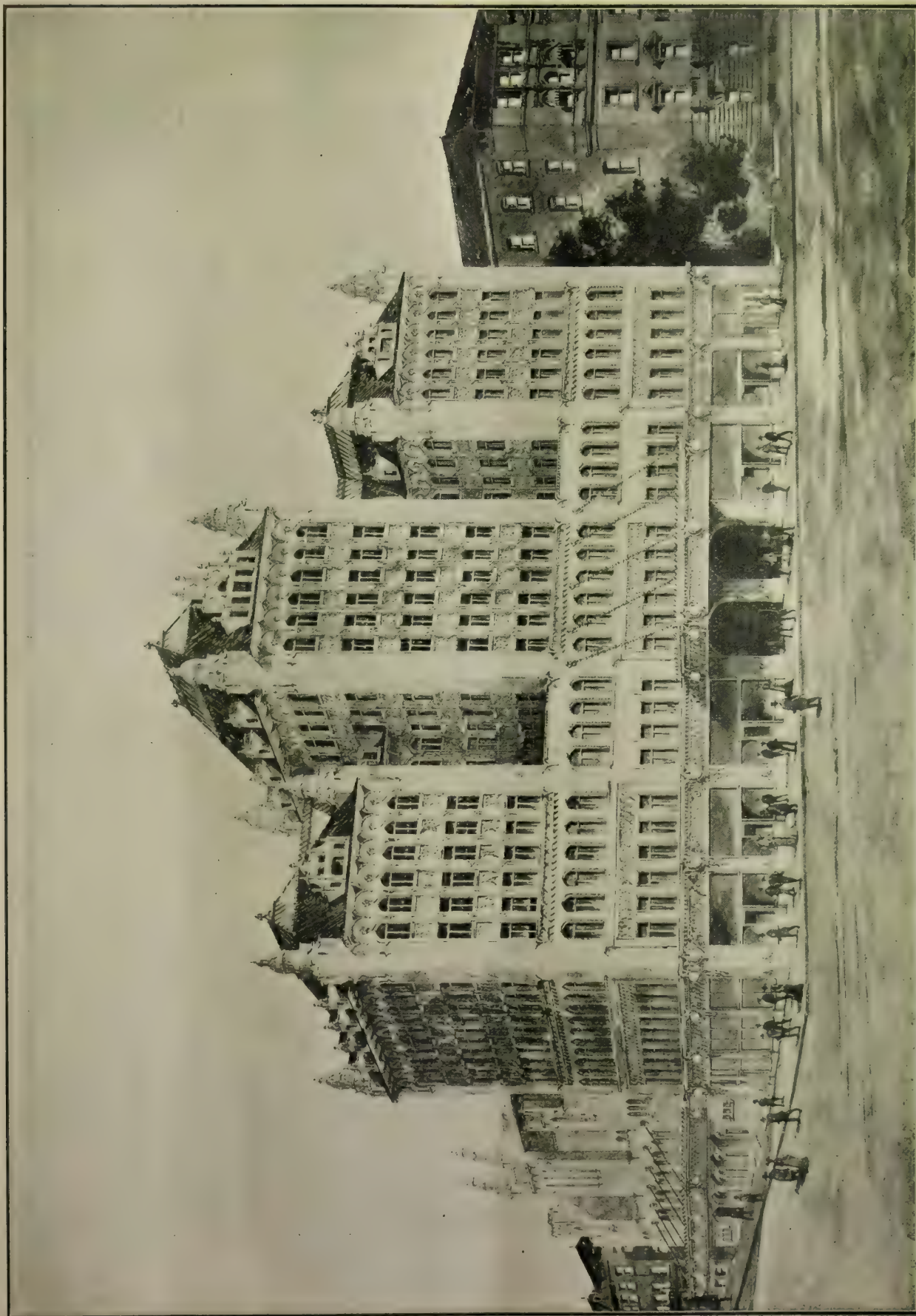
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## The Lesson of The Hour

The downfall of conspicuous criminals in political and commercial life brings home to young men a wholesome lesson. A short time ago there were thousands of young men in this city viewing with an eager curious gaze the careers which have terminated and are terminating so tragically. It was a question in many minds whether honesty was the best policy, whether rectitude was profitable—whether, after all, the rascality which receives magnificent rewards was not the wisest form of activity for a young man cherishing a desire for wealth and power. Who can measure the effects of these pernicious examples on young men? It is well now to call popular attention to the fact that it has been demonstrated that rascality is a most precarious occupation and that howsoever infrequently it receives its just deserts, its advantages are more than offset by its hazards. Honesty is the best policy. A good conscience is preferable to power and pelf. When a man sacrifices personal probity and honor he incapacitates himself from enjoying the sweets of existence. Our corrupt officials bought their creature comforts at an exorbitant price, and in their gayest moments they were ever mindful of the fact that the world they lived in was unsubstantial; they expected and constantly dreaded the day of discovery and retribution.

## An Unwarranted Spirit

While we feel that the storm which has wrecked these men has cleared the sky, that the air is purer and has tone and inspiration in it, and while we feel that much good will result from the punishment of every rogue that had a hand in the debauchment of this city we are inclined to admonish upon the vindictive spirit which appears to have been generated by the confessions of the bribe-takers. We can conceive of circumstances in which it would be quite natural for a community to feel vindictive toward boodling officials who had boodled a city into the piteous plight to which San Francisco has fallen; we can conceive of circumstances in which it would be most reasonable for a community to feel vindictive toward rich rogues who had hired corrupt officials to betray their sacred trust; but the case of San Francisco

is one that, in our opinion, calls for contrition, for humiliation, for a firm purpose to amend—for any thing but vindictiveness. We do not know whether it is moral poverty or intellectual nudity that is responsible for our calm, dispassionate view of the situation, but whatever be the nature of the obliquity it is certain we experience no buoyant thrill of enthusiasm over the progress of Mr. Heney's hunt for evidence against the corporation rogues whose imprisonment is a consummation most devoutly wished by some of our contemporaries.

## The Worship of Ruef

Perhaps this abnormal temperature of ours is due to the fact that we recognize in the pack that is yelping at the heels of the unconvicted corporation felons the familiar faces of certain individuals who were at one time giving aid and comfort to the forces of indecency that were so recently shattered. Perhaps it is because of this recognition that we now hazard diffidently the suggestion that those persons who, for selfish reasons, contributed steadily to the growth of Abe Ruef's power, pretending to be unaware of his iniquities, are far worse than the corporation crooks who are being pilloried in the press, upon whom obloquy is being heaped and who are being pictured as eloquent examples of human ignominy and degradation. Town Talk has been proclaiming Ruef a grafter since the first month of Mayor Schmitz's first term. And though we were alone for a long time in our attitude of hostility toward the Schmitz Administration we never for a moment harbored the hallucination that our complaisant contemporaries were in need of enlightenment. There was never any more doubt about Ruef's character than there is today about Gallagher's. It was known in every newspaper office in this city that he was as guilty as Jack Chretien of the crime of attempting to loot the Sullivan estate. It was known that he was a pettifogger without a conscience, unfit to associate with decent men, and it was known that he was openly bartering his influence as dictator of the Schmitz Administration. The fact is that this community as a whole was aware of the character of Abe Ruef. He surely made no effort to conceal the nature of his official relations with Schmitz when he extorted a half interest in a Market street theatre from its proprietor or when he manipulated the French restaurant deal. It would be absurd to deny that we knew he was a bad man—bold and shameless and vulgar in his badness—one with whom no gentleman could come in contact on terms of familiar intercourse without a sense of degradation. And yet how few were the citizens of this city that scorned to meet him! Nay, how few were they in the heyday of his power that were not flattered by his nod! Abe Ruef was a great man a little while ago. He had power in his hands, and patronage at his disposal and thousands came at his beck and went at his bidding. The power-worshipping multitude and the vulgar seekers for place hung around him with abject and obsequious fawning, and no intelligent man in this community was unaware of the imperative necessity of doing business with Abe preparatory to doing business with the city. Abe Ruef at liberty in San Francisco was in no uncongenial atmosphere. If, as Schopenhauer says, honor on its objective side, is other people's opinion of what we are worth, then Abe Ruef as boss of San Francisco was an honorable man; moreover his methods were sanctified by his usage and those people that acquiesced in them to the extent of paying the tribute that was exacted are underserving of our



execration. Their conduct was in keeping with the spirit of the times and of the place. And though they violated both the moral and penal codes and should go to jail to serve as a wholesome example, it is not becoming in us to gloat over their predicament. Let us not give thanks to God that we who were tolerant of Ruef are not as the corporation publicans. Let us remember that every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled and that he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. When we wax wrathful toward the bribe-givers we exalt ourselves. If we are to be wrathful toward anybody let it be toward our shameless officials. For while we expected them to be bought it never occurred to us that they might not stay bought. The subtleties of perversion which they have mastered were never glimpsed by speculative minds.

### Our Governor's Forbearance

Governor Gillett has just been engaged in the christian task of heaping coals of fire upon the heads of his enemies, but he has done it so unostentatiously that few have taken heed and none has given him the credit for a magnanimous exercise of his prerogative. The Governor has pocketed the measure raising the criminality of libel from misdemeanor to felony, so the libel law will remain as at present for two years more at least. This libel bill was the answer of the legislature to those editors who had excoriated its petty grafts, its subservience to corrupt influence and its neglect of those larger issues on which the eyes of the state were focused. Not satisfied with wreaking oratorical vengeance on their newspaper critics, the Sacramento lawmakers, early in the session, cast about for a more substantial form of revenge and found just what they wanted when their attention fell upon this measure which was framed to inspire outspoken editors with the fear of the penitentiary. The bill passed both houses of the legislature with a whoop, no effort being made to conceal the fact that it was a retaliatory attack on the hostile press of the state. Governor Gillett has had as much reason to resent the attitude of the newspapers up and down the state as the members of the legislature and the smarting solons undoubtedly counted on his signature to complete their revenge. But the Governor had already given proof in his treatment of various measures that broader considerations than personal spite actuated his policy and he disappointed expectation by burying the amendment to the libel law. It must be said that despite their systematic attacks upon him, not even the hostile newspaper proprietors entertained any fear that the libel bill would be signed; they gave Governor Gillett the credit for a liberality in this particular instance which they denied him in so many other matters. His forbearance in this case where a little vindictiveness would have been very, very human, however reprehensible, ought to earn for him greater consideration from the newspapers in the future.

### Another Gillett Surprise

Governor Gillett's treatment of a number of measures passed up to his desk for consideration has been a great deal more surprising than his smothering of this libel bill. No emotion short of deep amazement can have been excited in the minds of the Republican party managers by his independent handling of bills on which the organization and anti-organization forces in the senate and assembly were most bitterly divided.

Contrary to all expectations the Governor seems to have studied these bills solely from the viewpoint of the best interests of the whole state and not at all with the idea of placating certain influences popularly credited with an influence as powerful as it is sinister upon the legislative and executive branches of the state government. No more signal instance of this has been given than his handling of the two anti-trust measures passed by the Legislature. One of these, called from its proposer, the Cartwright bill, was passed through both houses by clever strategy when the Republican party managers were napping. It is an excellent measure from the standpoint of the trust-buster, being neither more nor less than the famous Ohio anti-trust law under which more than a hundred indictments against the Standard Oil Company have already been secured. All the Democrats in the legislature supported it and there is no doubt that it would never have been passed if the Republican leaders had not been otherwise deeply engaged when it came up. There was an immediate rush to save the Governor from what the "wheel-horses" of the two houses thought would be the unpleasant necessity of repudiating anti-trust legislation by a veto of this bill. A measure introduced by Assemblyman Birdsall embodying the provisions of the ineffective Sherman anti-trust law was quickly dug out of its resting-place in the file, rushed through the Assembly and sent to the Upper House for passage. The fight waged against it in the senate by the champions of the Cartwright bill necessitated its amendment in the closing hours of the session, but by putting the clock back it was finally passed before adjournment and the organization men felt that they had saved the Governor from embarrassment by sending him a bill which he could sign without either offending the powerful corporations or exposing himself to the accusation of slighting anti-trust legislation. But in the face of these heroic efforts, with seeming indifference to the frenzied attempts of his supposed representatives in the Legislature to extricate him from an unpleasant situation, Governor Gillett has entirely ignored the innocuous Birdsall bill and has signed the Cartwright measure. If he considered at all

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the possibility of the Democrats making political capital out of the incident, even that has not deterred him from doing what he considered the best thing for the state. Evidently Gillett is not quite so subservient to the powers which are supposed to have placed him in the gubernatorial chair as many of his enemies would have us believe.

### The Surgeon's Knife

The more familiar we become with the enthusiasms of medical scientists the deeper becomes the conviction that we have too much faith in doctors. Every little while we learn that the doctors have been acting on a theory that is entirely wrong, but it is scarcely abandoned before a new one is sprung, and then we again submit gracefully to experimental doses and operations until another authoritative halt is called in the interest of the species. Recently we were told of a drug that was used quite freely to cure influenza and which caused organic heart disease. We have also learned that the X-ray kills oftener than it cures, and that it is something of the true nature of which the medical profession is profoundly ignorant. Very soon after appendicitis was discovered to the medical world and fashionable society began flocking to the operating room some enthusiastic professionals advocated universal application of the knife, arguing that the vermiform appendix was the incarnation of innocuous desuetude, something that had served its purpose in the infant world and that survived through the ages without rhyme or reason. We were told that it was within the discretion of everybody to render life less precarious, and that the man who wouldn't separate himself from his vermiform appendix was in need of a guardian. But medical science has had another awakening. Though the function for which the imprecated appendix was designed is still unknown, the doctors have come to the conclusion that it was in the indulgence of no idle fancy that Nature attaches it to our persons. Cognizance has been taken of the fact that appendixless individuals are less robust than those that have not subjected themselves to the popular scientific emendation. It is also admitted now that in many instances doctors have confounded appendicitis, with the collywobbles and other minor complaints that are readily amenable to a dose of Jamaica ginger. It is high time to draw the line at indiscriminate amputations, to curtail the activities of the eager surgeon with his ever ready scalpel. Just as every pain below the belt line was diagnosed appendicitis, so every manifestation of innate devilishness has come to be attributed to "brain pressure," and in some of the eastern reformatories they have tried to improve temper with surgery. The doctors soberly announced their ability to transform little rowdies and thieves into earthly angels. Observation of some of the patients has caused a reversal of scientific attitude, and it is now admitted that incorrigibility cannot be traced to cranial bumps. But surgery is not to be discouraged by repeated explosions of new-fangled theories. Until public sentiment shall

have become prejudiced against the scientific butcher the operating room will continue to be the doctors favorite theatre of action. There is less money in pills than there is in the knife; therein lies the secret of the dominant inclination of the medical profession.

### Socialistic Colonies

As socialistic colonies always come to grief Upton Sinclair should not seriously mourn the destruction by fire of his co-operative establishment. From Brook Farm and Topolobampo to Bellamy and Kameah the experience was always the same—dissatisfaction, lawsuits, bankruptcy and disruption. There are sincere experimentalists who cast in all they have and invariably there are swindlers who enrich themselves. The fault lies not in the weakness of co-operation as an abstract principle but in the fact that the people do not co-operate. When Bronson Alcott conducted his enterprise at Concord, his daughter Louise records, there was never imperative work to be done—a hay crop to be got in before the storm, or an apple harvest to be gathered or anything else which ceased to be amusing and took on the stern aspect of a monotonous task—but that the spirit would move the sturdy ones to commune with nature or go on a talking tour, and Mrs. Alcott and the children had to kilt up their skirts and take hold. Some colonies are successful, such, for example as the Shaker communities, the Zionites, under the leadership of Dowie, and the Brotherhood at Point Loma, where Mrs. Tingley holds sway, but there is no co-operation in the socialistic sense in the government of any of them. On the contrary, there has been one powerful leader, an autocrat who brooks no criticism and requires strict obedience without a shadow of the latitude of private judgment in the subordinates. No chances are taken on a divided house and it takes a superhumanly powerful faction to effect a successful revolution. Co-operation pre-supposes the subordination of private whims and personal desires to the general good, and it is just the innate perversity of womankind which wrecks every scheme for co-operative housekeeping or management of business enterprises. The Sinclair enterprise has been in existence only a little over four months, and could hardly be said to have had a fair trial, yet the end was inevitable in four months, four years or four decades.

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## After Heine

By Rennell Rodd

Beautiful fisherman's daughter,  
Steer in your bark to the land!  
Come down to me over the water  
And talk to me hand in hand!  
Lay here on my heart those tresses  
For look what have you to fear  
Who are bold with the sea's caresses  
Every day in the year?  
My heart is at one with the deep  
In its storm, in its ebb and flow.  
And ah! There are pearls asleep  
In cavernous depths below.

## New Building Methods

By R. L. Taylor

Since the April fire some remarkable achievements in the building industry have been witnessed in this city. We have seen buildings pushed to completion in less time than it formerly took to construct a foundation, for in the days before the fire our building contractors were a lackadaisical lot. They spent months in grading for a foundation and it seemed as though they never thought of ordering their structural material until the site had been made ready for the work of construction. There were never any signs of hurry on a building job. It seemed to be a maxim of the business that the fewer the mechanics employed the more satisfactory would be the progress made. And every little while all work would cease, and then it would be learned that a strike had occurred and that differences were being adjusted. The James Flood Building, the St. Francis and the Fairmont were fine object lessons in the slow but sure policy of the building industry prior to April, 1906. Great has been the change that has taken place in the last five or six months. It was when we were basing our calculations on the old policy that we estimated that the city would be rebuilt in twenty years. Now we are of the opinion that in five years none of the scars of the fire will be visible.

We first learned of the potentialities for speed in the building industry when we saw how things were being done at the southwest corner of Fourth and Market streets. The spectacle of a large force of mechanics working by electric light caused many of us to pause and wonder whether we were mistaken about the time. It was there that the new and progressive system was first put in operation by the American-Pacific Construction Company. This is not, as many have surmised, an Eastern corporation that came across the continent to amaze us with the new methods that are characteristic of the Yankee hustler. It is a purely local company which was organized after the fire by Alfred L. Meyerstein, John S. Drum and William F. Humphrey of this city and Thomas Vigus, formerly of Los Angeles. It was organized for the purpose of doing a general contracting and engineering business and it is now the most complete and best equipped institution of the kind west of Chicago. The engineering corps is composed of the men who had charge of the work of constructing the Wentworth, the Auditorium and the Hayward Buildings of Los Angeles. In Los Angeles, by the way, greater strides have been made in the reinforced concrete branch of the building

industry than in any other city in the world, and the men employed by the American-Pacific company are the men to whom the credit is due for the notable achievements of builders in the southern city.

To get an adequate idea of the equipment of the American-Pacific Construction Company one must visit its plant at Seventh and Townsend streets, where it occupies the greater part of a block. That block was formerly the site of the American Can Company, and after the fire it was a huge mass of debris. It was estimated that it could not be cleared inside of eight months. Manager Vigus put it in condition for occupancy and erected an immense warehouse, a mill, lumber sheds and offices inside of nine weeks.

At Seventh and Townsend streets the American-Pacific Company does all its own mill work, both for the inside and outside of buildings of any magnitude. The plant includes machinery for twisting steel and derricks for handling structural steel. There is a spur track of the Southern Pacific Company alongside the yards and warehouse and all kinds of structural material are lifted from the cars into the trucks of the building company. And this company, by the way, deals in structural material. It supplies the local market with lime, in which material there has been a famine. The famine was anticipated by Manager Vigus and as a consequence there is no shortage at the works of the American-Pacific Company. The warehouse is filled with cement and the yards are filled with lumber and all the structural steel that is needed this company has ready to hand.

In the circumstances it is not strange that the American-Pacific Company has some of the finest building contracts in town. In addition to the big reinforced concrete structure at Fourth and Market streets, it has the contract for the new Bullock & Jones building at Post and Kearny, the contract for the James Flood steel structure of six stories on the site of the old Grand Opera House, the contract for the reinforced concrete building at the gore of Ellis and Market upon which work was started last week and the contract for supplying the structural steel for the new Columbia Theatre at Geary and Van Ness. And this company is not through bidding yet. With its immense equipment there is no limit to the work that it is prepared to undertake, and with the confidence that the record of its engineering corps inspires it is bound to play a most important part in the reconstruction of San Francisco.



# Milan and the Muse of Anacreon

By Herman Scheffauer

On a Sunday morning I reach Milan, after passing through the cheerful villages of the plains of Lombardy. This splendid and prosperous city, of old so vexed by war, so often despoiled by change of masters, now blooms and thrives under the secular rule of a unified Italy. It arose out of the ruins in which Barbarossa had laid it in 1162, then suffered continually from other powerful German emperors, and from 1714 until 1859 it sparkled in the crown of victorious Austria. But now the patriotic dreams of Mazzini and Cavour are realized and Italy stands powerful and free.

The majestic cathedral here is regarded by the Milanese as the eighth wonder of the world. A won-



HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

derful fabric it is, radiant in beauty and impressive in size. It is built entirely of the purest white marble, which neither time nor climate has discolored. A snowy forest of delicate pinnacles and spires glitters to the sky,—the very slabs of the roof are of marble. It seems as insubstantial as though it had been reared in some miraculous snow-storm whose flying flakes had piled themselves into forms of perfect loveliness under the spell of some vast Aeolean harmony that froze them eternally fast. Might I but at present recall the lines wherein Tennyson has glorified the Duomo of

Milan! Mounting high within the graceful central spire, one beholds the city prostrate in adoration far below, as it were in ashes and gray sack-cloth, while brightly all about, topping the chaste and carven finials and frosted spires, shines a celestial company of angels, warriors and saints,—white against the sky. Within the church, contrasted with the pearly splendor without, all is as night. Heavy twilight lurks in the aisles and under the arches, pierced by the red stars or the little tongues of candle-flames or haunted by the unlighted tapers which shimmer pallidly in the shade like ghosts. The color-masses and decorations are dramatic, all is dramatic, even to the sharp shaft of sunlight that smites the baldachin above the pulpit. Everywhere a marvellous craft and studied artistry is evident. This swooning, mystic sombreness, this theatricality so rich, so impressive, so packed with awe, these swarming echoes of the past and these organ-raptures interwoven with the sensuous censer-smoke,—admirably do they fulfil their purpose in the splendid dramaturgy of Creed. The facade of this wonderful work is not pure in style, for the exquisite Italian Gothic is mixed strangely yet not inharmoniously with details of the Renaissance. There is a beautiful cemetery in Milan with rare monuments by modern artists, and, remarkably enough, there is a crematory too. It appears that the Italians are more solicitous as to how the dead are housed or kept warm than the living. In the church of S. Maria della Grazie is the famous Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, sadly wrecked. The sublime fresco of the great master is quite obliterated and what is left is fast fading away. With a sigh I realized that I was one of the last to feast my eyes upon The Last Supper. Aside from the sentiment with which we reverently regard the original, lamentation in this case, where so many excellent copies exist, is not justified. But sentiment is everything. One day some years ago, while still faithful to the Muse of Architecture, after idly striking random circles with my compasses and dreaming of the pilgrimage to be, I wrote down the following straying thought:

"A man whose life is established in one place and in one daily round is like a point circling about a fixed center, its course tangent, perhaps, with other circles, but displacing neither them nor itself; a man who travels is like that imaginary circling point still revolving, but also endowed with the additional motion of progression into a mass of other circles, fixed or errant, touching them or intersecting them, that is to say, the lives and experiences of other men."

Thus might it be demonstrated geometrically how, in the nature of things, accidents, adventures and encounters more frequently beset the traveler's path than they do his who stays at home. When one is young, amid new scenes, a-thirst with a desire to know all things, to peer into every place and let the vast and various externality of the living world impress its forms upon one, when one wanders, always alone, from city to city, then, almost without search, does circumstance pave the way for many events. And most is this true when one errs idly about in that untrammelled land of love and light and art which is Italy. So it was natural and logical and fatefully inevitable that I, who had met with so many folk of all sorts in many places, should likewise meet with

(Continued on Page 32.)

## San Francisco

By Mabel Porter Pitts

Something hast thou tempting, luring,  
 Something of that charm enduring  
 Near divine;  
 Something vague and yet compelling  
 From a thousand hills comes welling,  
 Thy delights but faintly telling,  
 Mistress mine.

Morn and midday show those graces  
 That the night in sea-loomed laces  
 Round thee spreads;  
 Stars o'erhead all blur and spangle  
 And, like furbelow and bangle,  
 Thine own winking lights entangle  
 In the threads.

Like that Helen, famed in story,  
 Blessing, blighting with her glory  
 Son and sire,  
 So art thou; and each his greeting  
 Gives from loyal bosom beating,  
 In thy soft endearments meeting  
 His desire.

## Perspective Impressions

Ruef thinks that he is being subjected to unusual punishment. So was the city for awhile.

If we are having government by indictment why doesn't Langdon close the Davis death trap?

Strikes and rumors of strikes are once more assuring us of prosperity in the industrial world.

"Incompatibility of temperament" is alleged as the cause of the expulsion of a member of a Berkeley sorority. It appears that she has so much more sense than any of the other members of the sorority that she is not a congenial companion.

"Close the Davis death trap," says the Call. That should be easy if the supervisors are really good dogs.

It has leaked out that Roosevelt solicited a campaign fund from E. H. Harriman. But the President afterwards threw Mr. Harriman down in the interest of the dear pee-pul. The President can do no wrong.

It is said that Pin Head McCarthy will not join in the movement to reorganize the Labor Party until he receives definite assurance of Schmitz's election to the Down and Out Club. The Pin Headed One cannot forecast his own future until he examines his patent horoscope which consists of a piece of bread buttered on only one side.



On His Knees

—Rogers in the New York Herald.



"Shoo!"

—Bradley in the Chicago News.



# The Spectator

## Modest Mr. Gallagher

Who was it that pioneered the way to absolution for the gentlemen that have been sharing with Ruef the wages of Cypria and the loot of crime? I know that the great achievement is generally attributed to Lonergan, but to me it has been hinted that in the cenotaph to be reared in commemoration of the event will be chiseled the name of Gallagher. Far be it from me, however, to extinguish those tapers of glory that for Lonergan flare. Hints are not always to be relied upon, and anyway I am not so partial to Gallagher as to be eager to enrich him with spoils from the brow of the erstwhile bakery-wagon driver. And to Gallagher's credit be it said he is not in the slightest degree envious. On the contrary he is quite willing that the gentleman who played a subordinate role in the carnival of graft should enjoy undisputed the distinction which the dailies have thrust upon him. But I fear that when the thrilling history of these stirring times comes to be written, with Detective Burns at the elbow of the historian, the emaciated figure of that meagre mortal Lonergan will shrink into insignificance within the penumbra of the effulgent head groom of the Augean Stable. But Head Groom Gallagher, who, in the worst confusion emerges, cork-like, unsunk, is above all things a modest man in the sense that he never obtrudes his Machiavellian accomplishments. The only other quality in him comparable with this virtue is his thrift. It was Gallagher, be it remembered, who exacted compensation from each of his associates for distributing the swag. But this man of obscene greed, when it comes to bearing the blushing honors that belong to the first of the informers is like unto the shrinking violet.

## The Cautious Lonergan

Whatever the facts may be the story that with the sorcery of his art Burns contrived to fascinate Gallagher, and that the subsequent trapping of Lonergan and Walsh was schemed in the brain of the Head Groom, is not lacking in verisimilitude. It is explained that Lonergan and Walsh were trapped because of the magnanimity of Gallagher who had no desire to claim the credit for negotiating the terms of State's evidence. And Lonergan himself, by the way, fought shy of the opportunity to win that credit. But the shyness of Lonergan is not to be attributed to his modesty. Mr. Lonergan is not of the Gallagher temperament. Indeed Mr. Lonergan is in a class by himself. When trapped he was as stubborn as a mule with prejudices against the driver. Though caught with the money in his hands he protested his innocence unwaveringly for hours on a stretch. It was not until Burns divined his thoughts that he "came through."

"Of course we don't want the money," said Burns.

"You don't?" asked Lonergan in amazement.

"Why of course not," said Burns; the money doesn't belong to the people."

"An' you wouldn't take it if you knew where it was?" he eagerly asked.

"Certainly not" was the reply.

"Not even if I had it here on me person?"

"Not if you had it in your hand," said Burns.

"Then I'll give up," said Lonergan.

And he did.

## His Terrible Conscience

Lonergan is a man with a conscience, a fact to which he invited attention before the Grand Jury. He explained that after taking a bribe from the Home Telephone Company his inward monitor chided him for his infidelity to the Pacific States Company and to soothe his virtuous mind he returned half the bribe. He sewed the other half up in his mattress and it went up in the smoke of the April fire, after which relentless remorse poured gall into the bitter cup of his great regret at not having returned the whole sum. Lonergan is a man of unique personality but there are others. Walsh is another. When Walsh was trapped he had a jag on and he was inaccessible to persuasion. He was locked up in a room to sober off and throughout the night he kept repeating in a doleful tone: "This is a nice way to treat an honest man." In the morning Lonergan's type-written confession was read to him and he was advised to make a statement but he stoutly maintained that he had no confession to make. Presently Heney entered the room.

"Won't he confess," asked the attorney.

"No," said Burns; "and I've just been reading Lonergan's confession to him."

"Oh, don't bother with him," said Heney; "he wouldn't confess if you read the other six to him."

Walsh's eyes popped out. "Have you got six more?" he asked.

"That's what we have," said Burns without batting an eyelash, and Walsh couldn't get aboard fast enough.

## Buoyant Rogues at Liberty

There is only one distressing circumstance about the confession of the supervisors and that is that it secured their liberty and embarrassed a lot of good fellows who did only what the enlightened experience of the day considered to be necessary. The enlightened experience of the day is a treacherous guide. It is the unenlightened experience of the past that we should have for guide because the consequences are all charted out. Piteous is the plight the bribe-givers are in, while the supervisors have not even a regret save that the graft is at an end. The supervisors never had morals enough to hurt and their sense of shame is a negligible quantity. They have explored depths of iniquity that to measure were as futile as to etch a discord or paint an odor and yet there is still a plentitude of roses bordering their pathway through life. They are neither to be barred out from the large possibilities of a life of luxury nor restricted to the meagre prospects of irksome virtue. They are even now flaunting themselves in public places, all but Lonergan complaining of only one thing—that Lonergan "peached." Exposure has had no depressing effect on their spirits. The past has become no hindrance or burden to them. They had a few bad quarter hours with the Grand Jury and that was all. They are around once more invigorating their energies with the juice of the grape, while the men whose money they are squandering are in aguish mood of cold terror, the prospect before them filling them, their friends and families with sore distress. Strange happenings, these!

### Schmitz's Treasure Box

The newspapers, quick to make any point against Mayor Schmitz and his associates, have not neglected the opportunity afforded by the discovery in his old bedroom of a cunningly hidden coffer which may or may not have been constructed for the purpose of receiving the tainted profits of municipal corruption. No sooner had the eagle eye of William J. Burns pierced the secret of the plush-lined hole in the floor than the fact of its existence was trumpeted to the world as another evidence of the venality and miser-like avarice of our indicted chief executive. Photographs and diagrams with crosses to mark the precise location of this treasure cache have placed the proof of its existence beyond the possibility of cavil, while cartoons and satirical articles have impressed upon the vulgar mind the full meaning of this latest manifestation of the Mayor's hoarding propensities. In the slang of the local room it is a "crackerjack story" and it has been so skillfully handled that its plausibility is almost perfect. As a matter of fact, however, there is no reason why an innocent explanation of the existence of this secret coffer should not be the correct one. It is by no means uncommon for citizens who have no thought of hiding dishonest gains to have caches of exactly this kind constructed in their homes for the purpose of safeguarding their silverware and jewelry. There is no improbability in supposing that Schmitz had this little cabinet built before his sudden affluence impressed upon his mind the advisability of renting a safe deposit box. It is a poor carpenter who is not frequently called upon by fearful housewives to rip a few planks out of a floor or cut a hole in a wall to make a safe depository for the family valuables. This obvious fact has been cunningly concealed by the newspapers and that hole in the floor is now regarded as conclusive proof of the Mayor's guilt. With the known limitations of the popular mind it is not strange that this discovery should have more weight in damning the Mayor than a hundred indictments. Such caches are closely connected in the vulgar imagination with guilt, midnight and mystery, and the newspapers have carefully played upon this association of ideas. In reality the fact that Schmitz considered such a secret receptacle necessary is an indictment, not of his honesty but of police efficiency. So it is an indirect reflection on the Administration anyway.

### The Harrying of Pillsbury

Mr. Evan S. Pillsbury is represented to have been in no amiable mood during his interview with Mr. Francis Heney before the Grand Jury last week. I can readily account for Mr. Pillsbury's somewhat inflammatory conduct on that occasion. Mr. Pillsbury under the compulsion exerted by this particular jury for the facilitation of such inquiry as Mr. Heney might be disposed to make, experienced emotions very much akin to those that agitate a helpless, caged animal when harried by a cruel tormentor. No disparagement of Mr. Pillsbury is intended by this simile. I have fash-

ioned it because it fits his case. Mr. Pillsbury and Mr. Heney are bitter enemies. Their hatred of each other has extended over a long period. It first found expression during the trial of Judge Noyes, the impeached Nome jurist, in the Federal courts. Heney defended Noyes and Pillsbury was on the other side. The acrimonies of that trial were many and long drawn out, and when, some months after it was over, Heney was an applicant for membership to the Pacific Union Club and there was opposition, he suspected that it was inspired by Mr. Pillsbury. But Heney was admitted to membership and doubtless Mr. Pillsbury was disgusted. So the probability is that Heney entered upon the interrogation of Mr. Pillsbury before the Grand Jury with more delight than he had previously experienced during the whole course of the graft investigation. And poor Pillsbury! Fancy his chagrin and rage at being thus compelled to submit to the goads of his enemy.

### Berkeley's Newest Project

The people of Berkeley are living in an epoch of expansion; likewise an epoch of absorption. There is a movement of ideas in Berkeley and there is no telling where it will end. There is no limit to the ambition of the people of Berkeley. It is not enough for them to have the State University and the State Capitol and the Hillside Club; to boast a burg that is at once the centre of state politics and the seat of culture: they must also have in their midst the nursery of the dramatic, histrionic and operatic arts. This latest design of the good people of Berkeley has been disclosed by the Oakland Tribune. According to that veracious journal it is the purpose of Berkeley to "unearth and stimulate undeveloped talent" through the medium of a theatre to be devoted to the operatic and dramatic arts. The names of the patrons and patronesses are not to be disclosed for awhile. Meanwhile they will conduct a vast correspondence with a view to rounding up all the most suitable talent in the estate. Presently they will launch the organization, under the auspices of which an effort will be made "to educate the theatre-going public," by presenting plays that "do not appeal to the popular taste." The company will consist of "the leading professionals of the West." There will be amateurs in the company but they shall have to have "equal ability with the professionals." It is "the ultimate intention to make Berkeley the Athens of America, the place where only the finest dramatic and musical events take place." The men and women behind this grand and glorious project are now "in communication with George Bernard Shaw and hope to be able to announce soon that he will write a play for them." This is important, but somewhat less significant than the announcement that "a play is now being written for them by a young Western playwright, or the equally interesting an-

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nouncement that, "Whenever it is possible the organization intends to use original plays by California authors." That the organization is to be substantially inspired we may infer from the circumstance that "Professor William D. Armes and the English Department of the University are to co-operate with the organization in giving the plays."

### Triumph Inevitable

It is a pleasure to take up this stupendous, beneficent Berkeley project for equanimous consideration. Far be it from me to assume the attitude of one intent upon winnowing the chaff from the grains of wisdom that have sprung up in the cultured soil of the University town. For I am no canny cynic inclined to view the prospect with irreverence. On the contrary, in this instance I am in a most optimistic mood. The prepotency of the prime agency to be employed, in my opinion, makes triumph inevitable. There is nothing like culture to conjure with, especially on the shores of our beautiful bay. And this new temple of art, this Berkeley shrine of the muses is to have Culture with a big C engraved on the corner stone and sculptured in signs symbolic over the entrance. The walls will fairly reek of culture and the news will be widely disseminated that if one desires the hall-mark of culture one must attend the performances of the Berkeley Independent Stage Society. Great are the psychological marvels possible to the suggestion of culture on the shores of San Francisco bay, for here the nouveaux cultives abound. It will be necessary merely to inspire them with confidence in the esthetic supremacy of the Berkeley arbiters of the stage to make the way clear for the exploitation of the triumphs of Californian genius. And with Professor Armes and the whole English Department of the University behind the institution, the inspiration will be easy. So let us get ready to acclaim the self-constituted mentors of the drama, the nurses of the native muses, the guides to the ways of sweetness and light. They cannot lose.

### The Appeal to Shaw

The rise of the suburban theatre into artistic importance is a phenomenon that I will welcome with great enthusiasm and with absolute confidence in one thing—its success from the standpoint of patronage. Of its artistic success I am not prepared to prognosticate, being in ignorance of the personalities behind the project. Professor Armes's connection with it is a guarantee of a happy commingling of tripping speech and precise rhetoric, but whether we shall see trooping to the front dramatists who are masters of sparkling utterance and profound thought is something of which I am by no means unduly sanguine. There may be in this state innumerable mute inglorious Scribes, Sardous, Ibsens, Sheridans, Molières and Echegarays, needing nothing more than the open door of a temple of art to move them to choice utterances; such a temple as is to be founded by the best wits of Berkeley, to be winged and towered by the nicest tastes of the Academic grove and sculptured and colored by the genius of the most cultured professors of our great institution of learning. That George Bernard Shaw will consent to write a play for these patrons of the drama I seriously doubt. George is a sceptical chap

and will be very likely to suspect the Berkeley promoters of art of performing awkward and ludicrous antics on the front-door steps of culture. The very fact of their having invited him, a professional playwright, to write a play for an unknown society, will be interpreted by him as a mark of unsophistication entirely inconsistent with the idea of fitness for the task of elevating the stage. So he will be very likely either to tell them to go to or ask them where in the vast nether regions is the exact location of Berkeley.

### A. Chance For Harris

But the people of Berkeley can afford to scorn Shaw if their main purpose is to develop home talent. I harbor the notion that with their encouragement the native drama will soon spring forth in the glorious blossoms that adorn the stage of the great literary centres of the old world. I suspect that we have in our midst many young playwrights prepared to wing their way at a single flight into the central blue of the theatrical firmament and I am confident that Elmer Harris will seize the tail-feathers of this golden opportunity to make good. Mr. Harris is a native dramatist who went to Europe to win his spurs. Returning home he was the herald of his own foreign triumphs. We learned from him that he had written a play in German that had won a prize in Germany. I confidently expected him to translate it into his mother tongue for home consumption, but for some reason he refrained and took to lecturing to the Higher Culturists across the bay on Ibsen and kindred topics. He also spent a brief season promoting the drama through the medium of an Independent Theatre society across the bay, but never once that I know of did he exploit one of his own plays. Yet he is a dramatist. When last heard from he was collaborating on a play with a distinguished lady novelist in Monterey. I am eager to see one of his plays, a child of his unassisted genius, but in default thereof I will be satisfied with the product of collaboration. Perhaps this is the play that is in process of construction for the Berkeley temple. Or perhaps the glad expectations justified by Mr. Harris's impending parturition are the inspiration of the future home of the dramatic muse, for Mr. Harris is held in very high esteem in Berkeley. He is a prophet with loads of honor in his own home, and I



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have no doubt that he deserves it. But whether or not he comes through with a play, whether or not he puts over a dramatic masterpiece, the temple will be reared, and then will come "plays that do not appeal to the popular taste," plays up to which the popular taste is to be educated. No inconsiderable boon this that Berkeley is to confer upon us; one that should be hailed by the hitherto unrecognized dramatists who have not come into their own simply and merely because of the non-existence of a theatre devoted to the exploitation of plays that do not appeal to the popular taste.

### That Sorority Rumpus

The tempest in the campus teapot which has been raised by the summary dismissal of Isabel McReynolds from the Delta Delta Delta sorority will probably splash over and scald sororities in general. The High School "frat" is in general disrepute but the most vehement enemy of these undergraduate societies has never accused the college sororities of the feline propensities which the "Tri Delt" girls have shown. Contrast the attitude of the California club women toward Mrs. Schiller of unsavory divorce notoriety. A sorority, as its very name implies, binds its members by ties of sisterly love and fealty whereas a club is committed to a cause not bound to personal allegiance. Yet when the California Club was dragged into the case and prominent members were called to testify concerning Mrs. Schiller's connection with the organization these women were careful to testify like "gentlemen"—not one of them indulged in a single comment at Mrs. Schiller's expense.

### It Was Unprecedented

Miss McReynolds is not a parallel type. She has been accused of no wrongdoing, but her "sorority sisters," who do not wear their claws close clipped,

were sweetly careful to make public the fact that she had been expelled from their organization. Only people in touch with college life realize what a drastic measure the "Tri Delt" took when they expelled a member. In the whole history of secret societies at the State University, there is record of but one man who had his Greek letter pin taken away from him. His fraternity brothers were convinced that he was guilty of forgery and they made good his defalcations and hushed the matter up. The youth suddenly dropped out of college, his name was erased from the fraternity roster but so quietly was the matter accomplished that not a dozen people outside of his fraternity knew the real reason why his college career was abruptly discontinued.

### The Reason Why

An intimate friend of Miss McReynolds tells me that incompatibility of temperament is really the only reason for the "Tri Delt" action. One hears diverse theories suggested as pegs to hang justifiable pretexts on, but they are puerile. The simple fact is that Miss McReynolds has the "artistic temperament;" and that is something which prosaic young women who will probably shine in conventional society some day cannot understand. Miss McReynolds has lots of histrionic talent and she loves the stage and its ways, and some of the hopeless mediocrities of the sorority pretend to have been shocked because on one occasion she forgot to take off her make-up. The experience of Miss McReynolds at Berkeley is akin to that which Blanche Bates had in Presidio society. To those that know how sororities "rush" their members it seems remarkable that there are so few exposures of infelicitities. Girls that are believed to have wealth or that have social prominence are zealously solicited by the sorority rushers and as no measuring stick of character is ever used the wonder is that closer intimacy does not develop more misfits.

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### The Smashing of Van Fleet

The California delegation having recommended Judge Van Fleet for the new Federal judgeship it is curious that nobody has seen fit to spring that old familiar story of the decision rendered by him when he was one of the Supreme Court justices. Its value for campaign purposes was demonstrated several years ago, for in consequence of its strategic dissemination and industrious repetition Judge Van Fleet suffered defeat at the polls. And what a cruel piece of injustice that was! Throughout this state Justice Van Fleet was held up to public contempt as an iniquitous jurist for having rendered an infamous decision in which it was held that the life of a poor man's son was of less value than the life of a rich man's son. It were unquestionably a most reprehensible perversion of the law for a judge to differentiate a poor from a rich man in his appraisal of human life, but that is not what Judge Van Fleet did. Nevertheless it was what his newspaper detractors said he did. Moreover it was what his newspaper detractors persuaded many thousands of the voters of this state that he did. And the probability is that many thousands of the voters of this state still believe that Judge Van Fleet is deserving of reprobation for having made that invidious distinction. Yet he did nothing more than affirm a principle of law that is generally recognized by the courts not only of this country but of Europe. The case was one in which a man sued for damages for the death of his son. Now the law does not recognize a parent's sentimental interest in a child. The child, under the law, is entirely of pecuniary value, and when, for example, a boy is killed in a railroad accident, the estimate of his value must be based entirely upon his earning capacity. But it is impossible to say what is likely to be the earning capacity of a youth who has not yet started upon his industrial career. He may be destined for a captaincy in the industrial world, but it is also quite possible that he may never rise above the rank and file. To have some fixed principle upon which to appraise damages the courts long ago decided to assume that a boy would not be likely to excel his father as a wage-earner. That was the principle which guided Justice Van Fleet and in which his associates concurred, and it happened that the father in the case was a mechanic. It was a case that offered fine material out of which to fashion the kind of campaign abuse that appeals to the superior intelligence of the dear people.

### A Worthy Project

Efforts are being made to widen the scope of the work done by the Lion Memorial Home of Alameda, and to establish a hospital to be supported to a great extent by public subscription. The Home heretofore has occupied small quarters, and the managers have interested themselves chiefly in looking after women and girls who are destitute or out of work, and sheltering them until they could be in some way provided for. A good many members at a dollar a month each have been secured, but it has been found that the work done does not cover the field. For that reason it is intended if the money can be raised to secure larger quarters where a hospital also will be maintained. As has been the case in the past, those who can afford to will pay for treatment or accommodations received. It is thought that a sufficient number of members can be obtained to assure the success of the hospital project.

## LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—



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### The Captain Was Rattled

Jack London's little vessel, the Snark, which for many moons has been about to start upon her seven years' journey around the world, is still on the verge of departure. She may come back, but, without wishing to utter a word that might be interpreted as discouraging, I must say that I "hae me doots." Until one morning last week I had taken it for granted that perfect safety would attend the journey. I knew nothing of the personality of the man who is to navigate the Snark to fame, but was told that he was one Roscoe Eames, a relative by marriage of the adventurous London. "If he is a navigator he must be a sailor," I thought. It was because of the interest that I took in the going forth of the Snark that I observed her while on a recent journey across the bay. Captain Eames was in command of the Snark and was evidently getting her accustomed to the feel of the water. Just as we were within hailing distance things began to happen. Captain Eames, dodging across the bow of one ferry boat, dodged under the bow of the other. The tide was strong, the wind was high, the waves rolled threateningly, and the Snark began to have fits. Captain Eames jumped up and began to wave his arms, uttering commands in a hoarse voice. Being no mariner myself, I could not understand all he said, but I caught a few such expressions as "Luff the piston rod," "Weather the port bow," "Man the life-preservers" and "What will Jack say?" It was a perilous moment. The commuters held their breath in horror. The Snark advanced and retreated, backed and filled, and finally worked out of her perilous position. But it filled my soul with misgivings. I don't

believe that Captain Eames is a real for-true navigator. What would happen if he ran into such a bunch of trouble about half way between here and Tahiti, with no ferry-boat deckhand waiting to throw him a needed line. At so great a distance from land ability to swim would be of no avail. Besides sharks have no respect for good swimmers.

### Baker's Straight Talks

One of our Superior Judges has pronounced our Juvenile Court methods of little avail in turning young criminals into the right path. Over in Alameda they have something that beats the Juvenile Court all to pieces and vindicates the old saying about an ounce of prevention being worth a pound of cure. It is not an official affair, maintained by law, but it might be called a private enterprise for the good of the youth of the town. The head and front of it is J. E. Baker, a banker, whose methods are simple. Every Sunday evening he delivers a talk at the Presbyterian Church for the benefit of such boys as care to attend. His talks are on business success and morals. One might not think that boys would flock enthusiastically to hear a discourse on such topics; but the boys of Alameda do, and pronounce their preceptor a "peach." There is many a youngster of that town who will forego almost any pleasure for the sake of this lecture. Several of the boys have been asked why Mr. Baker is so popular with them, and invariably the reply is, "He doesn't preach." Boys do not like preaching, and Baker, realizing this, gives them straight talks on the material advantages of leading a moral life and of honesty in business. Success, of the legitimate sort,

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is often his topic, and he tells them of his own hard struggles to reach a position of prominence in the community. He tells them their duty toward their employers—also toward themselves. "No matter if you are dissatisfied with your job," he tells them, "do not leave it until you get another one." That piece of advice has become a maxim among the Alameda boys. These lectures, which have been kept up for years, have done a world of good in Alameda. They have started the boys to reflecting along lines not usually followed by the youthful mind, and have encouraged many a lad to start out in life with principles that have carried him to honest success. It is noticeable that the boys who attend these lectures are not of the "goody goody" class, but are healthy young animals who do not get brain-fag from overstudy, who are fond of athletics, and who would not hesitate to enter into a good set-to with bare fists in support of principle. One man of Baker's type in a community does more good than a dozen Juvenile Courts.

### A Poet's Rebuke

My diminished head I bow in apologetic submission. Living in the suburbs as I have since last April, waiting patiently for the rents to fall, I have had much opportunity to feast upon landscape, and despite the almost unprecedented rainfall I have noted how sweet, when Winter long hath chilled the scene, buds cheerful Spring's first timid glimpse of green—herald of laughing Summer, life and light, promise fulfilled and satisfied delight. So I was moved last week gently to chide our tardy poets who have failed to pipe their seasonable lays. I asked them why they had failed to sing of the annual phenomena that accompany the movement of the sap and the preoccupation of young men's fancy with thoughts of love. One H. Schmidt has made reply. The name is not familiar. I have not come across his verse in any of the anthologies with which I am familiar, but that circumstance argues not the unimportance of his muse. Mr. H. Schmidt can jingle a rebuke with the best of 'em. Hear him:

Sweet Spring had come. The bard kept mum—  
How did he know that Spring had come?  
Now let me see: But yesterday  
There reigned despair, ennui, dismay.  
For weeks McAdie'd tried in vain  
To put quietus on the rain.  
With what effect? You know it, pard.  
You would not walk across the yard,  
And you sat down, and with your pen  
You flogged the poet. In your den  
You heard the hissing of the gale,  
(You know that morning we had hail)  
To you (excuse a little whack)  
Of import is the almanac  
But to the bard—perish the thought  
To him the almanac is naught.  
Kissed by the muse, Apollo sired,  
A bard has got to be inspired;  
Inspired by sun and flowers fair,  
Not by the moisture in the air,  
Inspired by stars and moonlight sweet  
And not by hail and mud and sleet  
The almanac!—perish the thought!  
To him the almanac is naught.

The Severn, 1050 Geary street, below Van Ness, a restaurant for those accustomed to the best.

### More Lonergan Stories

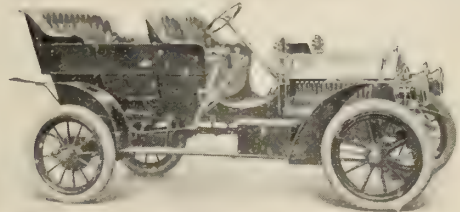
I must revert to the grafters for belated stories are coming in every little while, stories of the aftermath of the confession and of incidents in the brief history of the unsavory gang of officials. One of the stories is of Tom Lonergan, and it is one that indicates that he is not such a fool as his fellow-grafters believe. After the story was published of the trapping of Lonergan the befrizzled blacksmith's helper, John J. Furey, donned his war paint and immediately hit the trail. "If you have told what the papers say you have," hissed the giant Furey, "we'll kill you as sure as you are here." "Jack Furey," returned Lonergan, undismayed if puny, "you take my advice and look after Jack Furey." And it seems Furey did, being one of the first to get a ticket for the immunity bath. Another raconteur relates that some weeks after the earthquake Lonergan came near causing a split in the board by trifling with the vanity of Pat McGushin, poet and boozologist. McGushin had inserted a tribute to a dead friend in the obituary column of a morning paper that contained a couplet of this fashion:

"We mourn the loss of John Joseph O'Reilly.

"None knew him but to esteem him most highly."

A few days later Lonergan met McGushin with the comment: "It was a fine pome that yez had in the papers—"

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"I'm glad ye liked it," said McGushin.

"Yes," continued Lonergan, "it reminds me of 'Here lies the body of little Willy; he was hit by a car and it knocked him silly.'"

"Ye'll not insult me dead friends while I can help it," shouted the bristling McGushin, peeling his coat. And only the prompt interposition of by-standers forestalled the spectacle of a brace of elderly city fathers engaged in a mill in a public street.

#### Our Own "Brooke Farm"

Katherine Williams of this city, who has been a member of Upton Sinclair's colony at Englewood, has written friends that the members have voted not to rebuild Helicon Hall, the fire and its attendant tragedies having served as an extinguisher of communistic enthusiasm. Malicious Fate seems bent upon stirring such experiments with a big spoon and when the bubbles of discontent refuse to rise to the surface, as in the case of the Sinclair colony, a lighted match is set to the scheme. Although it is not generally known, Mrs. Jack London's girlhood home near Glen Ellen was originally a "Brooke Farm" experiment. Her aunt, Mrs. Eames, still lives at "Wake Robin Lodge," which was the main dwelling for the band of hopeful and earnest communists that foregathered there about fifteen years ago to gather "sweetness and light" in that charmed spot. One by one the colonists decided that "right living and clear thinking" did not flourish in a purer form under the Sequoia trees than elsewhere and the colony disbanded. Mrs. Eames's husband, Roscoe Eames, is scheduled to accompany the

Jack Londons on that widely exploited yachting cruise which is postponed with the same unvarying regularity with which the waves make toward the pebbled shore. Mrs. London says she has eaten so many "positively farewell" dinners that she is accumulating flesh. London's literary endeavors are too remunerative to permit the insinuation that this deferred cruise is simply a clever way of evading a board bill but his friends are beginning to "josh" and the "Snark" will either have to set sail soon or the Londons' seafaring reputation will be drowned in a coruscating Niagara of jest and jibe.

#### The Golf Tournament

The California Women's Golf Association will hold its annual championship this year in Southern California. The week's contests will begin April 15 at Los Angeles. The officers of the Association are Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, president; Mrs. E. T. Perkins, vice-president; Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, secretary and treasurer.

#### The Maternity Benefit

The benefit for the San Francisco Maternity Hospital on Tuesday afternoon brought out a good sized audience of society people. Of course Mrs. Lowenberg's sketch was the principal feature, and it was a most enjoyable one. Miss Hilda Clough was a charming leading lady and Mme. Emilia Tojetti was very busy in a vivacious role. There was a "meeting" scene very life-like indeed. The ladies who met looked charming, refined and perfectly natural, and the way

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they stood round and pretended to chat and drink tea would have delighted the heart of a really, truly stage manager whose most difficult task is usually trying to make his mobs look real. Mrs. M. E. Deane's entrance among them evoked applause, as did that of Mrs. Lowenberg, the authoress of the sketch.

#### Of Local Interest

Constance Crimmins whose marriage to Mr. Childs occurred this week is the sister of Captain Crimmins who married Miss Cole. The Crimmins family is not of the smartest set of New York, but its members are very highly respected. Katherine McCann who acted as one of the bridesmaids is well known in this city. She is an intimate friend of Mrs. Fred Kohl whom she visited in this city three seasons ago. Anita Harvey and Florence Cole were both bridesmaids of Miss Constance.

#### Mrs. Peter Will Not Come

The Gusberettes have thrown around a lot of ink about Mrs. Peter Martin's determination to be present at the wedding of her husband's niece, Anita Harvey. According to the Bavardes Mrs. Peter would forego a dinner engagement with the King of England himself in order to assist at the ceremony. But a friend in Paris writes me that the fair Lily has no idea of coming to California this year. She has her sister Blanche with her in Paris and they are considered the most striking pair of young American women in the French capital. Birdie Fair Vanderbilt is a frequent third which proves that Herman Oelrich's will has not made a rift in the family-in-law lute. In fact Mrs. Peter Martin, who has never been a great favorite with "Aunt Tessie," is said to fit more snugly in her graces now than ever. In view of the fact that Mrs. Peter's mother was one of the chief beneficiaries under the will that cut the wife out entirely this sudden friendship is considered rather remarkable.

As Anita Harvey is a very sensible girl without the social ambition cast in her eye she was probably not tearful over the fact that neither Mrs. Peter Martin nor her family were in New York while she was trousseau hunting. But Mrs. Eleanor Martin, who "sets great store" by the Oelrichs infusion into the Martin family, was disconsolate that there was no one to lead Anita into a plush lined seat in the sacred inner circle. The Crimmins family with whom Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and her daughter stayed in New York are muchly millioned but they do not move in as rarified a social atmosphere as the Oelrichs.

#### Our Budding Dramatist

Richard Watson Tully and his wife Eleanor Gates, I am informed by letter, are in Capri and are collaborating on a play. Richard is much encouraged by the success of "The Rose of the Rancho," which as "Juanita of San Juan" was decidedly amateurish, but which the deft hand of Dave Belasco transformed into a picturesque melodrama. It has been reported that Tully is receiving a thousand a month in royalties, but of course this is a pipe dream.

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# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## Mrs. Carolan's Pets

Those who scan the "Female Help" column were very much interested the other day in an advertisement for "a young woman who thoroughly understands the care of pet dogs." I have been wondering whether it was Mrs. Francis Carolan who inserted the "ad" for I know of no one else who keeps a special maid for her bow wows. Of course people who have kennels employ caretakers but the only house pets I know of that have the undivided care and attention of a maid are the luxury loving canines that go satin shod through the Carolan household. Mrs. Carolan has a sensitive feeling for color and her pets are always beribboned in a tone that blends with her own costume. When she came back from Europe she brought a whole trunkful of the latest smart accessories for a fashionable bow wow's wardrobe. The bolts of gorgeous ribbons which are used up on these fortunate canines would stock a ribbon department of a big store. Mrs. Carolan has them designed to match her morning gowns and when her brunette beauty is set off by pink, blue, or what not, the doggies show the same color scheme. As the same jaunty bow never graces their aristocratic necks twice it takes miles of ribbon to keep them immaculately bedecked the year around. At the end of each day the ribbons, and there are usually two changes a day, are burned. Who would object "going to the dogs" if it represented the state of velvet ease which these bow wows enjoy?

## Burlingame's Latest Problem

Burlingame society is very much alive to the fact that "Dick" McCreery is going to bring his bride, the erstwhile Lady Grey Egerton, for a short visit to these parts. What's bothering Blingum is just what sort of a welcome ought to be put into cold storage for use during Mrs. McCreery's visit. In London society is inclined to feel sorry for Sir Philip Egerton, the divorced husband of the present Mrs. "Dick." But in spite of their sympathy for Sir Philip they show no disposition to coldshoulder Mrs. McCreery, who is a most estimable woman. Burlingame wants to do the right thing and it proposes to show Mrs. McCreery that provincialism is not so vast out here as some of our critics would imply. Everyone has been reading up in the Peerage so that no one will commit the faux pas of addressing Mrs. McCreery as "My Lady," that title having been abandoned when she sought a new honeymoon. But the subtleties of the situation are by no means solved with the title question. Mrs. McCreery is still "accepted" by London society but a certain amount of "discipline" goes with the accept-

ance on account of the standing of her ex-husband, and Burlingame leaders wish to show that they know "a thing or two." And so they are preparing a welcome that shall be both "mulled" and "frapped" to the most exacting degree of polite continental society.

## Addie Hasn't "Arrived"

I heard that Addison Mizner has failed in his ambition to become the Harry Lehr of New York society. The circus element in New York society, a correspondent writes me, has become decidedly outre. Addison's greatest ally was Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs who promised to lift him into the limelight and stand sponsor for his wit until the cows came home, but she is now preoccupied with Mr. Black and has no time to devote to the Mizner interests. Addie's boom died a-bornin'. But he wasn't given half a chance, for Addie is unquestionably a wit. That was generally admitted even in San Francisco smart society which frequently made him the theme of its anvil chorus. He recently said to a friend, "I feel as though now I could return to San Francisco with impunity since they have said everything they could about me and have exhausted their stock of deprecatory material." But while there is a Mizner warming his tootsies at the Yerkes' fire-side Addie will be in no hurry to return to San Francisco.

## The Robinson Reilleys

From a San Francisco woman who recently met the Robinson Reilleys in Europe I learn that their adoration of each other is the scandal of their set. Time has in no degree assuaged the ardor of their mutual affection. Mrs. Reiley has grown stouter but doesn't seem to mind in the least the obliteration of the graceful curves that gave such a charm to the figure of beautiful Genevieve Goad. My informant says that Mrs. Reiley has no curiosity respecting San Francisco.

## The Odds Raised

Mrs. Malcolm Henry has announced her intention of sailing for the Orient and those who are alert to every move Cupid makes have raised the odds on the probability of this fascinating young matron's engage-

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Have you made any money in mining stocks lately? You would had you followed my market letter. You don't have to take my word for it, just look up my market letters for the past two months, and see what I have had to say on the market, and then judge for yourself whether I have been right or not. In my next private market letter I am going to tell you the truth, so far as I know it, about conditions in Goldfield, and I think you will agree with me that I come as near knowing as any broker on the Pacific Coast. My information is from personal investigation. I still believe that Monawk Consolidated Leasing Co. is one of the best buys in the market. For my private market letter send your name and address on postal card, and then you will receive it regularly.

**A. J. MOORE**

ROOMS 29 and 30, BACON BLOCK, OAKLAND, CAL.



ment to Dr. Riggs of the Navy. Mrs. Henry will visit friends at the station where Dr. Riggs is quartered, and she will also spend some time in China and Japan, where the Voorhies have friends in the diplomatic service. During her absence her two children will be under the care of their grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Voorhies.

### Jaundice In Society

The fact that three young society girls are suffering from jaundice has given the wags an opportunity to polish up some pertisms. The girls were all scheduled to make their bow to society this year but they decided that it would be a "calamity" season and they would not bud. But as matters adjusted themselves it has been a very happy season and the girls that did come out have had no cause to regret their decision. Wherefore 'tis said the others "have crept into the jaundice state by being peevish" over their mistake. But I am sure Helen Baker, who is one of the sufferers, couldn't be peevish even if the circumstances warranted it, so sunny a disposition has she. Her debut was projected into next season because the Bakers could not find a house in town suitable for entertaining. They are still in San Rafael but poor Helen has been at a sanitorium in town.

### Miss Blair's Activities

Miss Jennie Blair has been so engrossed with business affairs that she has not been so alert socially this season as in former years. I am told that she is an unusually clever business woman and that no big estate has been put on a surer footing than the Blair holdings. The circumstance that much of their property was on Van Ness avenue has of course proved most advantageous. It was in the handsome old Blair home on the avenue that the buds of more seasons than some people care to recall each year had a gala luncheon. This season Miss Blair did not entertain the debutantes. She is an unusually charming hostess and the guests whom she has bidden to a dinner party on the opening night of the Fairmont Hotel are looking forward to a delightful time. "Ned" Greenway will also entertain a large dinner party on that night, and from the number of table reservations made by society people April 19th will be a gilt letter day on the brand new calendar of the Fairmont. The present labor difficulties will probably affect the illumination of the hotel, making an electrical display impossible. But the management will solve the lighting problem in some adequate manner.

### Cafe Chantant For Charity

Mrs. Inez Shorb White has arranged for a novel entertainment in aid of the organ fund of St. Dominic's Church, to be given in the Pompeian Garden of Tait's Cafe on Saturday evening, April 13. The affair will take the form of a Cafe Chantant concert, under the direction of Dr. H. J. Stewart. Many of the best artists in the city have promised to assist, and as a host of society leaders are on the list of patrons success seems already assured.

### Mrs. Gerberding's Play

Mrs. Gerberding has had her play, "The Prize," produced in New York, a correspondent informs me. It was not produced by Frohman, nor is it to be pur-



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A SKATING PALACE

chased by Mrs. Fiske, but it is a clever little play all the same. It was at the Carnegie Lyceum that Mrs. Gerberding was honored by the production of her play. "The Prize" is a one-act drama. It was first presented in this city three years ago by the Spinners' Club. Mrs. Mark Gerstle had the leading role, that of the society adventuress. The other parts were played by Margaret Bender, Dr. Shiels and Fred Healy. The performers in New York were members of the senior class of the Academy of Dramatic Art. Mrs. Gerberding leaves shortly for Europe.

#### A Del Monte Function

My Monterey correspondent writes: "Several months ago the east porch of Del Monte, overlooking Laguna del Rey, was enclosed in glass, and this sheltered spot with its charming view was transformed into a ladies' grill room. Several functions given by the very elite of Del Monte have been held there, and some of the oldest, most historic silver now in the possession of Californians has gleamed from the tables in this charming room. A few days ago decorators, musicians and caterers were hard at work preparing for the most elaborate tea ever given at Del Monte. Mrs. James Colquhoun was the hostess at this delightful affair, and her guests were of the most exclusive of Del Monte's aristocracy. The room was a bower of apple blossoms and pink roses. Smilax festooned the walls. Sweet strains of music indicated that somewhere behind the ferns musicians were concealed. Candelabra with pink shades were on the rose-strewn tables. Mrs. Colquhoun's guests were Mrs. Charles A. Laton, Mrs.

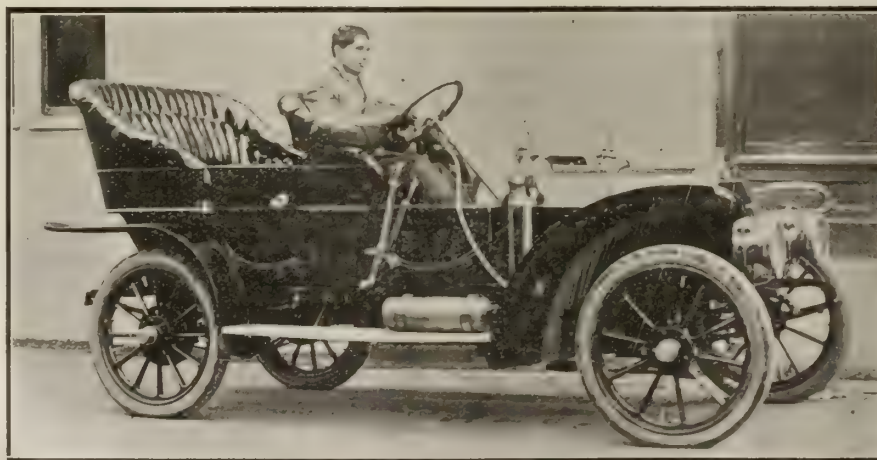
M. C. Low, Miss Flora Low, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Miss Louisa Breeze, Mrs. H. C. Benson, Mrs. Henry Schmeidell, Mrs. J. W. Coffin, Mrs. Henry Clay Quinby, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mrs. E. L. Bliss, Mrs. Frederick Lake, Mrs. B. E. Kinsley of Providence, Rhode Island, and Miss Stearns and Miss J. A. Shoemaker of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Colquhoun's home is in Tunbridge Wells, England. For many winters they have lived at Del Monte. Mr. Colquhoun has large copper interests in Arizona. I believe his title is that of the Copper King. They are delightful Scotch people, and Mrs. Colquhoun has a most fascinating accent, and a very charming and unostentatious personality."

#### Sadler-Mead Engagement

The engagement has been announced of the engagement of Miss Mae Lydia Sadler, daughter of the Charles M. Sadlers of Alameda, and Mr. Louis Risdon Mead, proprietor of Byron Hot Springs. Mr. Mead has a host of friends in this city and he is receiving felicitations on all sides. Miss Sadler is quite a social favorite in Alameda and is noted for her musical talents.

The charity carnival given by the Ladies' Relief Society of Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse was both an artistic and financial success. One of the most pleasing numbers on the programme was a mandolin and guitar duet by Miss Theresa and Miss Lily Sherwood.

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# Stage

## Mrs. Warren Revived

"For eloquent silence," says the New York Sun, "few occasions can beat the revival of 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' Saturday week at the Manhattan. The absence of any effect whatever is about the most damaging condemnation on record of the recent attempt to lay violent hands on the artistic liberty of an enlightened people. When the play was first put on, not so many months ago, you would have thought that it threatened the chastity of all wives, the innocence of all daughters, the utter debauching of the entire male population. The yellowest of the jaundiced screamed a moral scream as loud as its headlines. A Police Commissioner laid aside his professional, and largely futile, struggle against vice in the concrete to exercise, as a work of supererogation, an inquisitorial tyranny upon Literature and the Drama. Blinking at the open debauchery of the Tenderloin, he haled into a court of common criminals two dignified and self-respecting gentlewomen, whom he charged with a heinous offence—they had lent their artistic powers to a open minded presentation of what little can be said in behalf of those wretched women whom he condoned. On the revival of the play the police were powerless, for the Court had already reprimanded them for their presumption; and the Court is now justified by the event. The only people to be injured were the ticket speculators, who had banked heavily upon a renewal of the succes de scandal. By 8 o'clock they were offering fistfuls of tickets below par. Big nicks had been taken out of the edge of their expectations. The organs that had thundered loudest against the original performance maintained a Sabbath silence as deep as if it had been holy. The evidence was absolute that they had raised a tempest in a teapot. Mrs. Warren has been professing nightly, and if she were Wisdom crying in the streets she could not be less heeded. The inference is obvious. As far as those in authority are concerned, an intelligent public can be trusted to look out for its own manners and morals, and had best be left to do so. It is a matter of common proof. Once the managers thought that they could make money by exposing the female figure in the almost altogether. They soon found their mistake. The desire of the gentler sex to see fine frocks from Paris and London proved stronger than anybody's desire not to see them. Once it was thought that fortune lay in exploiting the woman with a past. The past of the woman who has it is like the most candid snow of yesteryear. Or, to quote one of the managers, there's no money after all in adultery. Well, suppose we make fun of impropriety, even of immorality? The French farce is as dead as the nails in the doors about which it was constructed. But if it is intelligent, subtle in its way refined? Alfred Capus's comedy 'The Two Schools' was a gay, spirited, worldly wise presentation of the idea that a wife's best way is to pretend not to know

it when a husband goes out on the tiles. It was a dismal failure.

"None of these plays was interfered with by authority. Bernard Shaw's play was more severely dealt with because it appealed not to any evil desire but to the social intelligence. That made it insidious, poisonous—or so a public and a policeman deemed who were not, as it seems, on the most intimate terms with their intelligence. In point of fact, as it has proved, that was what made it the least dangerous of the lot. Good people do not go to the theatre to exercise their intellects. It hurts them. If the press had raised no hypocritical outcry and the Commissioner had kept on his job 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' would have been recognized from the start for what it is—a clever and stimulating bit of dialectics, but quite negligible as a dramatic presentation of character and emotion, in short as uninteresting to the Broadway public as it is harmless to anybody. Some day 'Salome' will be revived, and then it will be found that as few folks care for the new Adam or the new music in it as for Shavian socialism."

## A Triumphant Soubrette

"Fantana," the Shubert production at the American Theatre, fully realizes the expectations that were inspired by the most enthusiastic advance notices. It is a musical comedy with the Broadway flavor, none of which has been lost in the transplanting, for be it known, the company at the American which has been in process of pruning and grafting (not the municipal kind), for some time, is now in fine flower. The latest blossom that it has put forth is Florence Sinnott, a soubrette, one with twinkling feet and loads of that imponderable quality called magnetism. Miss Sinnott wriggled her way into popular favor on the swell of the first melody that was turned on for her benefit. She has a way with her, a fine alluring way and it is worth going more than a few blocks out of your way to get in touch with it. Miss Sinnott is one of those rare soubrettes that have charm enough to cover a multitude of shortcomings in a piece, but "Fantana" is a piece that seems to go automatically. In other words it has lots of go, enough to serve as motive power for some weeks. It abounds in clever musical numbers and bewitching ensembles. Through it all extends the deft hand of the resourceful stage manager who knows the importance of color effects and keeps a kaleidoscope in constant operation. In addition to Miss Sinnott the company has a new member in the person of Joe Miller, who plays a stage Frenchman in an unstagey way and makes a hit.

Manager Greenbaum announces that he has secured Theresa Carrenno, the greatest woman pianist the world has ever known, for next season.

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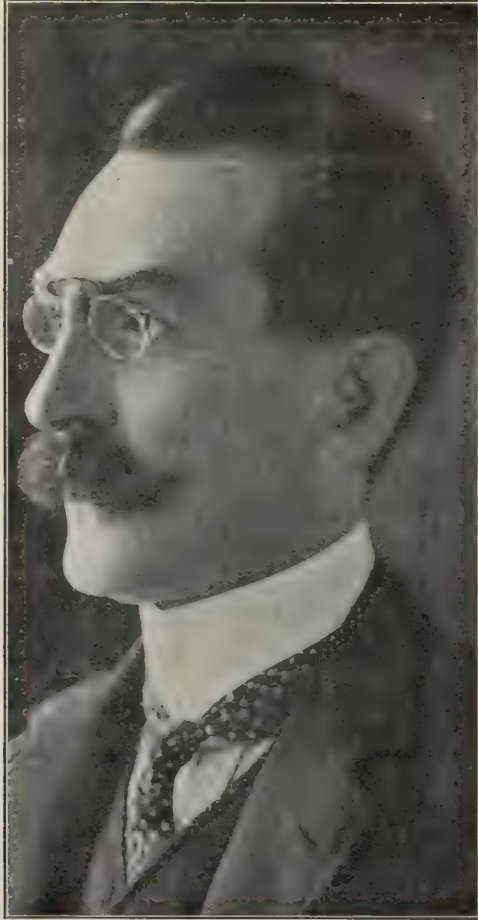
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### The Chicago Symphony Concerts

Will Greenbaum could not have found a more appropriate attraction with which to close his remarkable season than a splendid symphony orchestra. He announces three concerts in this city by the famous Chicago Symphony Orchestra of fifty artists under the direction of Alexander Von Fielitz, an eminent com-



ALEXANDER VON FIELITZ

The Great Composer and Director of The Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

poser and great conductor. Four vocal soloists and two instrumentalists accompany the organization on this tour. Mme. Marie Zimmerman is the soprano, Miss Elaine De Sellem contralto, Mr. E. C. Towne tenor and Dr. Schussler basso. The first concert will be given next Friday night, April 12, at Christian Science Hall, and the special features will be Dvorak's "New World Symphony" and the Victor Herbert Cello Concerto. At the second concert (Saturday evening) the much talked of overture, "The Land of the Mountain and Flood," by the young Scotch composer, Hamish McCunn, will be heard here for the first time. Mr. Foerstel, the violinist, will play the rarely heard Concerto by Bazzini and the symphony will be Raff's "Leonore." For Sunday afternoon, April 14, at 2:30 Manager Greenbaum has arranged what he terms a "Novelty Concert." The programme will consist mainly of works entirely new to us. Villiers Stanford's "Irish Rhapsody," Cowen's "Scandinavian Symphony" and a Suite called "Stimmungsbilder" by Von Fielitz, the conductor of the orchestra. In addi-

tion Mme. Zimmerman will sing the rarely heard arias, "Il Vit" from "Francesca de Rimini," and Dr. Schussler will sing the Prologue to Pagliacci, and the good old Tannhauser will close one of the most interesting programmes ever offered in this city. The orchestra will give a special performance at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, Saturday afternoon, April 13, of which the "Eroica" Symphony of Beethoven will be the principal feature. Selections from Die Walkure and other interesting works will also be given. This will be welcome news to thousands of school teachers, students and others who find it impossible to make the journey to Berkeley on Thursday afternoons but who can easily do it on a Saturday. Take the 1:20 boat and you will arrive in good time. Seats for all of the office will be at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

### Florence Roberts In a New Play

Florence Roberts is playing a very successful engagement at the Novelty Theatre, where her production of "The Strength of the Weak" is playing to crowded houses. This piece will be seen for the last time on Sunday night, as Miss Roberts has decided to stage her new Spanish play, "Maria Rosa," commencing Monday night. This is the piece lately brought out by the talented star in the East and its success has been most gratifying. It is a powerful drama from the pen of the same brilliant author who gave to the stage that intensely interesting story,



DOROTHY DREW

The Charming Singer and Comedienne Who Will Appear at The Orpheum Next Week.





A Pretty Scene in the Ballroom, Second Act of "A Country Girl," to be Produced Next Week at the Van Ness Theatre by the Augustin Daly Musical Company, One of the World's Most Famous Organizations.



Will L. Greenbaum Announces

## The CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Alexander Von Fielitz, Director.

50 ARTISTS, SIX SOLOISTS

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL  
Corner Sacramento and Scott,

Friday and Saturday Evenings, April 12 and 13, at 8:15.

Sunday Afternoon, Novelty Concert, April 14, at 2:30.

Reserved Seats: \$1.50, \$1.00 and 75 cents. Ready Monday at Sherman, Clay &amp; Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained.

This Orchestra in Sacramento, Thursday Evening, April 11, and

### GREEK THEATRE

University of California, Berkeley.

Saturday Afternoon, April 13, at 2:30.

Special Programme, including Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony.

**THE FIRST SATURDAY CONCERT EVER GIVEN HERE.**

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Seats at Sherman, Clay &amp; Co.'s, Kohler &amp; Chase's and usual places in Oakland and Berkeley.

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Corner Turk and Larkin Streets.  
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And **MME. PETSCHNIKOFF**, Violiniste,

Presenting Rarely Heard Works for Two Violins and Standard Solos. Mr. Fred Maurer, Jr., Pianist.

THIS SATURDAY AND SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, APRIL 6-7.  
TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 9.

Seats: \$1.50 and \$1.00. Ready April 1 at Kohler &amp; Chase's, Franklin and Sutter, one block above Van Ness.

Thursday, April 11, University Symphony Concert,  
Greek Theatre, Berkeley.  
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### "FANTANA"

PRICES: \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.

Seats now selling at Box Office and Kohler &amp; Chase's, Sutter and Franklin streets.

Next Opera: "The Tenderfoot."

## COLONIAL THEATRE

McAllister Street, near Market. Phone Market 920  
Martin F. Kurtzig, President and Manager.Week Beginning Monday, April 8,  
Special Engagement of San Francisco's Popular Comedian, L. R. Stockwell, Supported by the Colonial Stock Company in

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Joe Jefferson's Great Success.

PRICES: Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c and 50c. BARGAIN MATINEE, Wednesday—All seats reserved—25c.

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April 15: "Love's Tournament."

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Week and Brilliant Success of Mr. Edwin Stevens

Presenting for the First Time His Original Entertainment, "An Evening With Dickens,"

in Which He Will be Assisted by Miss

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COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 8,

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Fourth Week New Alcazar Stock Company in a Dramatization of Frank Norris' Great Novel,

### "THE PIT"

By Channing Pollock, Author of "Clothes" and "The Little Grey Lady."

PRICES: Evening, 25c to \$1.00; matinees, 25c to 50c.

To Follow: "All on Account of Eliza."

## VAN NESS THEATRE

Van Ness Avenue and Grove Street.

Beginning Monday, April 8, Matinee Saturday,

Mr. J. C. Duff Announces THE AUGUSTIN DALY MUSICAL CO.  
In the Most Popular Musical Comedy in the World,

### "A COUNTRY GIRL"

Company of 75 People. Magnificently Presented. From Daly's Theatre, London and New York.

Next Opera: "The Cingalee."

## NOVELTY THEATRE

Corner O'Farrell and Steiner Streets.

Beginning Monday, April 8, Matinee Saturday.  
FIRST TIME HERE

### FLORENCE ROBERTS

In the New and Powerful Drama

### "MARIA ROSA"

By the Author of "Marta of the Lowlands."

## IDORA PARK OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

Opening of the Summer Season, Monday, April 8.

### "WANG"

One of the Funniest and Prettiest of Operas.

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Direction H. W. Bishop.

The Beautiful Romance of Childhood

### "THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER"

NEXT: "The Cowboy and the Lady."



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"Marta of the Lowlands." The play gives Miss Roberts unlimited opportunity for brilliantly effective emotional work and from all accounts she has made the hit of her career as the heroine of this drama of revenge. Seats for "Maria Rosa" are in big demand and the first night of the piece will see the house crowded to the doors.

#### Stockwell at the Colonial

The announcement that L. R. Stockwell, the old-time favorite comedian, is to return to the stage for a limited engagement, will be welcome news to local theatre patrons, as the veteran comedian has a host of admirers in this city. Mr. Stockwell will open up at the Colonial Theatre next Monday night in "The Cricket on the Hearth," the comedy in which John E. Owens and Joe Jefferson achieved so much success. As he has already appeared as Caleb Plumber, the part will not be new to him. The character is admirably suited to his comedic individuality. The full strength of the Colonial Stock Company will be utilized to assist the star comedian. No pains or expense will be spared in the mounting and staging of "The Cricket on the Hearth."

"Kreutzer Sonata," the great Russian play which is being so well presented at the Colonial this week, will close its successful run at this theatre Sunday night, with Saturday and Sunday matinees.

#### Wang at Idora

The summer season at Idora Park will open Monday evening with a gorgeous production of that mass of fun and pretty music called "Wang." Few of the comedy operas have remained as popular as this one, but then the music is exceptionally pretty and the comedy particularly clever. Ferris Hartman will play the title role and a capable cast of principals will assist. The chorus and orchestra at Idora under Paul Steindorff's direction are alone worth traveling far to hear. Idora Park is a delightful place for a Sunday outing. There is an excellent grill room, mammoth skating pavilion and a dozen other features.

#### The Petschnikoff Concerts

This Saturday and Sunday afternoons and next Tuesday evening the lovers of violin music will enjoy some rare treats at the cosy little Lyric Hall, when Alexander Petschnikoff, the greatest Russian violinist, and his talented wife, who is also a violinist, will render some rarely heard works for two violins and besides which Mr. Petschnikoff will play such important solos as the Mendelssohn Concerto, Wieniawski Concerto, Chaconne by Bach and Viuxtemp's "Fantasie Appassionata." The programmes are all very interesting and should attract goodly audiences for the Petschnikoffs are ranked very high in the artistic

world. Complete programmes may be obtained at Kohler & Chase's, where the seats are now on sale. Mr. Fred Maurer will be the pianist. We have had considerable music this season, thanks to the energetic management of Will Greenbaum, but this is the first time since the disaster that the violinists have had their "innings." These artists will also appear at the Symphony Concert of the University of California next Thursday afternoon, when they will play the Mozart Concerto for violin and viola and Mr. Petschnikoff will play the brilliant concerto by Tchaikowsky.

#### "The Pit" at the Alcazar

The New Alcazar Stock Company will next week present "The Pit," a play that has achieved success throughout the country. It will be the first stock performance and should prove to be of great interest to local playgoers, inasmuch as the author, Frank Norris, was a San Franciscan. His story of "The Pit" was one of the most popular novels presented to the reading public in recent years and the dramatization made by Channing Pollock and produced by Wilton Lackaye has met with great success wherever produced. Mr. Pollock is also the author of "The Little Grey Lady" and "Clothes," which was produced last year by Grace George. The entire action of "The Pit" takes place in Chicago and graphically illustrates the operations during the cornering of the wheat market. The play is intensely interesting and carries with it a love interest that is both powerful and human. The opening act takes place in the foyer of the Auditorium Theatre in Chicago. The great climax of the play comes in the



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#### NO OPERATIONS, NO KNIFE

Drugs or poisons are not used in my famous remedies.

**Father and Mother Write Letters Indorsing Treatment.**

SAN FRANCISCO, March 23, 1906.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Our three-year-old daughter, having been ill for some time and being treated by the most prominent physicians, gradually became worse and was finally given up by them. We were then recommended to Dr. Wong Him. We started with his treatment, and within two months' time our daughter was cured. Respectfully,

MR. AND MRS. H. C. LIEB,  
2757 Harrison street, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 19, 1906.

TO THE PUBLIC: This is to certify that Dr. Wong Him has cured me of lung and stomach trouble, from which I had suffered for many years. I tried many doctors, but they failed to cure me. I consulted Dr. Wong Him, and after taking his Herb Medicine for six months am now permanently cured. I wish to recommend him to the public as an efficient and skillful physician.

CHARLES BAEHR,  
632 Lyon street, San Francisco, Cal.  
SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1907.

TO THE PUBLIC: I had a very severe case of Throat Trouble and general breakdown. Did not sleep or eat for eight days. After trying every remedy I heard of without success, I called on Dr. Wong Him, 1268 O'Farrell street, who by feeling my pulse correctly diagnosed my case. His remedies gave me immediate relief. Cannot say too much in favor of his teas.

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fourth act, which shows the members of the Board of Trade actively engaged during the financial crisis caused by the cornering of the wheat market. This scene not only requires the full strength of the New Alcazar Stock Company but one hundred extra people will be employed to make it realistic in every detail.



SCENE IN ACT I OF "THE PIT"

At the New Alcazar Theatre Week Commencing Monday, April 8.

Bertram Lytell will assume the character of Curtis Jadwin, which was originally played by Wilton Lackaye, and Laura Lang will be seen in the leading feminine role of Laura Dearborn.

#### The Daly Company

At the Van Ness Theatre commencing with next Monday night the Augustin Daly Musical Company will play an engagement of two weeks, the first of which will be devoted to "A Country Girl" and the second to another successful musical comedy, "The Cingalee." The fame of the Augustin Daly musical comedy is world-wide and the organization comes here with two of the most brilliant hits of Daly's New York and London theatres. Among the principals of the organization are Melville Stewart, Sam Collins, Hallen Mostyn, Harold Vizard, Adam Dockray, Edward Earle, Misses Elgie Bowen, Genevieve Finlay, Viola Kellogg, Laura Butler, Grace Gresham and others. "A Country Girl" is said to be an especially fine production. London audiences did not grow tired of the piece until it held the boards at Daly's Theatre for over three years. The runs in New York, Boston and Chicago have been phenomenal. There are many song hits in the piece.

#### In the Limelight

For the second week of their engagement at the Van Ness Theatre the Daly Musical Company will present "The Cingalee."

N. C. Goodwin will probably give a few performances of "When We Were Twenty One" during his coming engagement at the Novelty Theatre.

Lillian Russell will follow the Augustin Daly musical Company at the Van Ness Theatre. She will be ably supported by a strong company in her new comedy called "The Butterfly."

Sam Colins of "The Silver Slipper" fame is the chief comedian of "A Country Girl" cast.

#### Orpheum Vaudeville

The programme at the Orpheum for the week beginning this Sunday matinee will certainly serve to maintain the enormous popularity of this theatre, for it is rich in novel and clever acts and promises a most delightful evening's entertainment. The Bellong Brothers' sensational acrobats and cyclists, who are credited with giving one of the most novel and daring exhibitions in vaudeville, will make their first appearance. Then there will be Dorothy Drew, one of the greatest favorites that ever visited this city, a top-notch singing comedienne. Ferguson and Mack, two of the funniest of knockabout comedians, will present a new act. A. Brookman and the Phillip Sisters, fresh from European triumphs, will appear in what is said to be a remarkably clever and diverting performance. Charley Case, Kelly and Rose and the La Maze Brothers will also be among the performers. It will be the last week of Edwin Stevens, who has achieved one of the most brilliant successes of his exceptionally brilliant career. For the coming week he promises as his offering "An Evening with Dickens," in which he will impersonate Micawber, Uriah Heep, Dick Swivel-ler, Grandfather Small-weed and other creations of the great author. All his changes will be made in sight of the audience and he will have the assistance of Tina Marshall, who will impersonate Agnes Wickfield and "The Marchioness."

—The Playgoer.



MISS FLORENCE SINNOTT

The New Soubrette Who is Making a Big Hit in "Fantana" at the American Theatre.



# The Bonds of Matrimony

By Rosalie Neish

## I.

### The Small Man and the Large Woman

They had not long been united in the bonds that are so often unholy; but already they had taken their assorted places. There had been no gradual and mutual accommodation, none of the matrimonial "settling down" that occurs with the well-regulated married people. He was a small man, red-haired and meagre; she was an immense woman, with a staring blue eye and a chin that was gradually but surely doubling itself.

Being small, he should, according to experience and in fulfillment of the laws of compensation, have been master, and she slave. He should, vulgarly speaking, have been a combination of man and cock-of-the-walk, while she should have been placid, docile, and even lethargic.

The small man in fulfilling these laws bullies the large woman. He, being made of quicksilver is irritable and peremptory. She, being merely made of dough sits in massive state awaiting his kneading of her.

But this couple were different to any I have seen: She was not only massive but irritable and peremptory, while he was small and nervously apologetic. He was a person to be pitied, for the average little man blusters and terrorizes, but he is at least a man, whereas the little creature who is made in the image of man, who is terrorized over and obliterated by a large female, is surely a sight to make angels weep and men regret God's afterthought—Woman. I often watched this couple in public, and sometimes shuddered to picture them in private.

Poor little man!

Once only I spent an ill-timed hour in his, or, rather, her house. Encouraged, perhaps, by my mute sympathy, he ventured to openly contradict an obvious misstatement she had made.

"My dear," began timidly, "I beg your pardon, but you are not quite—"

"Who wants your opinion, you little fool," she muttered in a loud aside. "Kindly mind your own business"; and she turned to me again.

The little man subsided. How could he mind his own business. He had no business—no business to contradict her, no business to an opinion, no business, apparently, even to exist; above all, no business ever to have married her.

Glancing furtively at him as I bid her good-bye, I

fancied I detected on his small face an expression that showed me he had seen himself. He felt, I am sure, a sudden realization of the truth of her words, "you little fool."

It was an obvious truth; but I wondered, knowing women, why, oh! why did he not as well as realizing his weakness, realize also his strength, and turn and rend her?

Nothing, had he but known it, is so easily cowed or so easily terrorized as the "bully woman."

But he—poor little man, did not even suspect that liberty lay within his reach. She was right after all. He was only "a little fool."

## II.

### The Second Marriage

I sometimes think there must be a sad awakening for the widower who, in marrying a second time, takes to himself a girl young enough to have played the part of daughter to the wife of his youth.

I know such a couple, and they are a continual source of wonder, if not amusement.

A friend of mine, young, beautiful, and irresponsible, lately married a rich widower noted for nothing save a large banking account and set opinions.

"He will bully you, Alicia," I said, warningly. "They say he bullied his first wife."

She turned a roguish face over a plump shoulder.

"No man will bully me," she said, cheerfully. "You wait and see."

"But they say he is mean!"

"I am generous enough for two," she laughed.

"But he won't give you any money."

"There are such things as shops and credit accounts."

"He is old-fashioned too," I said, "and early Victorian in his ideas."



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She shook her head gaily—like a young colt who fears neither bridle nor curb.

"I am modern enough to outweigh the balance."

Six months later I went to stay with them.

He was meaner than ever, sterner, colder, more unsympathetic, and a would-be tyrant and grumbler to boot; but she was still radiant and still wholly irrepressible.

She had an art in managing him all her own. She ran up the housekeeping books to entertain her friends, and sending away his furniture, ordered in her own. She burnt the green rep curtains that dated from his honeymoon; but dressed deliciously, leaving him to pay for the clothes.

In vain he stormed and raved and sulked; she only laughed, and threatened to go to a hotel until he grew calm again.

He was helpless, for the gods he worshipped were respectability and his position in the city; and she traded on this knowledge, knowing he would shrink from nothing so much as publicity.

The curious part was that she enjoyed life immensely.

"My dear," she said, "I am perfectly happy. I want neither his sympathy nor his approval." She made a grimace that was rebellious but charming. "I only want his money—and I have got it."

"He will pillory you in the papers," I said.

"He daren't."

"He will leave you nothing in his will."

"I have a settlement," she replied gaily. "Besides, I shall marry again."

She was quite hopeless in every way; hopelessly young, and hopelessly happy; and he, having made an enormous income, might as well have been a bank clerk on \$5 a week for all the fortune he could save.

He had married a young girl with a view to forming her mind and teaching her to help him accumulate his money.

He found himself attached, "until death parted them," to a butterfly whose one idea was to seek life's sunshine and scatter with her delicate wings the pollen of his fortune.

W. C. Walker of Hartford, Connecticut, president of the Pope Automobile Company, arrived from the East yesterday to look over the local field. The automobile business in California has grown to such great proportions recently that the big Eastern manufacturers are giving their personal attention to it, and Walker's visit probably will result in an extension of the business of his company on the Coast.

Denver opened its eyes the other day at the sight of an elephant enjoying a motor car ride. The favored pachyderm was on the bill at a vaudeville theatre and late working hours had necessitated an outing for the benefit of his health. To insure the elephant's safety his owner chose for the ride the car of tested materials—a Winton.



The crew of the Oldsmobile as it finished the \$6,000 Challenge Race from Los Angeles at Twelfth and Broadway, Oakland, on last Saturday morning. At the wheel is Ralph Owen, who drove the car all of the way. Beside him is H. O. Harrison. In the tonneau are R. G. Emmons and W. A. Peck. Mr. Owen never left the wheel for the forty-six hours of the run and none of his crew had a wink of sleep during that time. As the Oldsmobile drove up to the finish Fernando Nelson turned to E. P. Brinegar and said: "I guess I can draw a check to your order for \$6,000." And this he did, the last official act of the race. This is the longest competitive automobile race ever run, and great credit is due the Pioneer Automobile Company and to the endurance and good judgment of Mr. Owen and his crew, and the splendid behavior of the car, for the success of the race.



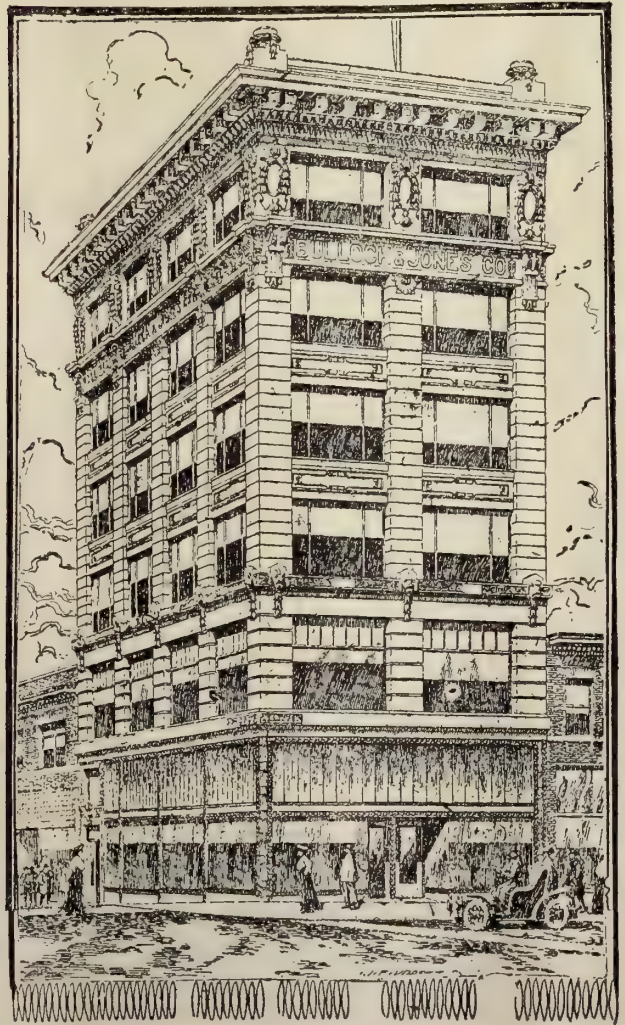


FLORENCE ROBERTS  
At the Novelty Theatre.

#### AN ARIZONA STORY

In "Pardner of Blossom Range" Frances Charles has gone back to the scene of her first success, Arizona. The period is now, happily, well in the past, that time in the history of the territory when Indian outrages were the rule and the venturesome settlers never safe for twenty-four hours together. The scene of the story is a fertile valley in the south-western part, near the Mexican border, and therefore the more liable to attack. The owner of the claim is a child-like and loveable old man known to everyone as Jeddy Blossom,

and in contrast to his garrulous good nature there is his cook, Marathon Alden, called Molly, cantankerous and crank, but tolerated because he was a schoolmate of Jeddy's, when they were both boys in Missouri, two score and more years earlier. Jeddy was only nominal head of his ranch, however, for his granddaughter Holly ruled him and everyone else, though with such a gentle, if firm hand, that few suspected they were under petticoat government. Holly was called Holly Blossom, though her real name was Holly Judd. She was the only one of her sex in the establishment; her mother and grandmother both having died in her infancy, and, like girls raised by and amongst men, she had a different standard of honor and a more straightforward manner than most women, though, and naturally enough considering her youth, she had not learned to consider both sides of a story before giving judgment. This girl is the motif of most of the sentimental element of the story, and she is the heroine of the romance which deals mainly with the stirring affairs of men, such affairs as are characteristic of the border drama and which are invariably interspersed with thrills. Army officers and cowboys contribute much of the life that is dealt with in this very interesting story. Published by Little, Brown & Co.



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## Milan and the Muse of Anacreon

(Continued from Page 9.)

Bianca (and her mother) during my brief harboring in Milan. It is pleasant, now and here, in the smoke-shadows of London, to think of Bianca (and her mother). What if I had gone to another hotel!

The Milanese are a pleasant people, more open, frank and honest than the southern Italians, due, perhaps, to their descent from the German Lombards who mastered the north of Italy in 568, abandoned their Arian faith and became Italianized. This greater probity may likewise be due to their proximity to the good Switzers. Their cookery, too, is better here, for they use butter instead of the abhorrent oil. It was in the dining-room of my hotel. Full of distrust of the menu and to make doubly sure, I was painfully explaining to the waiter: "Voglio avere i cibi con burro, non con olio"—simple words expressed in most academic Italian. The waiter, strangely enough, though an Italian, did not understand. For he was an Italian Swiss and my rich southern accent so arduously acquired in Sicily under the tutelage of the good French Abbe Boivin was utterly wasted upon him. French produced a shrug, German a shake of the head, English a smile and outstretched arms. In vain! in vain! Was I to starve amidst plenty? The usual placards hung about the walls.—English is spoken. Man spricht Deutsch. On parle Français. The waiter who did so was always "out." A very soft laugh came from the adjoining table. A dark, middle-aged lady dressed in widow's weeds was seated there and a young girl of some seventeen years. The signora rippled forth a cascade of fluent syllables to the waiter whose perplexed face broke into smiles, whose body unhinged in many bows. And soon I had my dishes cooked a la Milanese. But that laugh! it had fallen from the rich, red lips of that incomparable Italian maid. She was not one lightly to be overlooked. Let me endeavor to describe her. It is little to say that her eyes were full of the mystical midnight which haunts the eyes of da Vinci's Mona Lisa. Her ringletted hair was dressed in a strange old-fashioned manner. She looked like a full-blooded incarnation of Anacreon's Muse or the living embodiment of some Raphaelite vision. She was not only beautiful in the simplest sense of beauty but also wonderful in the richest sense of wonder. The magic of opulent centuries concentrated in this rare, classic child, this sweet flower and essence of the Italian earth. Upon her full and flushing cheeks perennial freshness seemed to bloom; no modern lassitude or pallor blighted her joyous health. It was something like genius shining visibly, some exaltation expressed in archaic perfection of lineament and dwelling in the light of eyes. These eyes, which were uncommonly large and dark, were filled with enigmas like those of a radiant sphynx, frustrating all endeavors at solution. Not alone her eyes but all her features seemed expressive, as though a light shone through from within. Of course, dear thing, she was unconscious of it; never, perhaps, felt her kinship with the gods of old. And it was she who had laughed when I ordered my bistecca fried in butter instead of oil! The mother, upon whose upper lip a delicate moustache grew, smiled pleasantly; I bowed and raised my glass of Marsala wine, for in Italy even poets may always drink wine. The next morning at breakfast, by gracious invitation, I was requested to seat myself at the table of Signora ——— and her

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daughter Bianca. Our conversation, be sure, was limited in intelligibility, but intense in style and expression. We discovered that we understood one another far better if, after several oral attempts, we wrote down our phrases. So all the menu-cards in the place were scribbled full, for which the Swiss waiter had to be appeased with an extra tip. Much laughter, entrancing talk, despairing search for words, many radiant smiles—and the signora sitting between.

That night we three went to the grand Teatro La Scala, the largest, I believe, in the world. Six of our little American play-boxes could easily be packed into it. Balcony rises upon balcony unto dizzy regions of the roof. A vast, chaotic gloom thronged with shadowy thousands above and below, white gas-globes glowing like wan little suns around the red plush-covered loges, a low, multitudinous murmur everywhere in the semi-darkness, stray notes flying about in the auditorium like bats or birds or bees from the instruments being tuned in the gigantic orchestra below the obscurity of the stage,—lo, our seats!—and the signora sitting between. And there was light, a flowing swell of music, the enormous curtain rolled upward and Donizetti's merry opera of "Don Pasquale" ran sweetly on in melody. After the opera came a magnificent spectacle and ballet called "Luce," a most wonderful affair lasting for two hours. There were endless stage-pictures, marvelous splendors of light and color, a never-ending revel of kaleidoscopic figures, ever-changing and ever-new in costumes, color, scenery and symbol. The stage swarmed with its dancing hundreds and swam in a blaze of glory, the music raved, the graceful prima ballerina capered with fairy lightness on fatigueless toes before this shifting, dazzling background, and radiant Luce with her star-tipped wand forever defeated the fell designs of the Prince of Darkness. Anacreon's re-incarnated Muse sat with calm yet shining eyes and exquisite profile luminous in the reflected glare from the stage. No doubt to her it was nothing entirely novel, but all vague and mystical with remembrances of olden rites in temples of Greece or groves of Thessaly, when she gazed in perfect peace upon her dancing worshippers and cymballing corybantes, or, hearing the rapturous lyre of the sun-god joined in the dance herself with the priests and her resplendent sisters. In Naples at the great Teatro San Carlos I had seen a similar fantasia after the initial performance of "Adriana Lecouvreur" (it lasted until three o'clock in the morning) but never before had I seen the great eyes of an heathen nymph of ancient times bent complacently upon the modern splendor that is sham and the modern merriment that frolics in the shadows of superstition and amid the ceaseless sighs of humanity. And no Luce with her starry wand can ban these shadows yet, Muse of Anacreon, and bring back your golden days of joy to this harried world. You yourself, deep-eyed divinity, will kneel to-morrow in the great marble Duomo before beautiful plaster saints and marble madonnas painted and gilt. You will offer up prayers to the victorious new god that deposed you and firmly believe that the new Elysium is not far beyond the clouds, and the awful region of the new Orus but a little way underfoot, and that assiduous flattery of this new benevolent deity will secure you bliss forever. Should I, to secure bliss for an hour, (in beholding you) consent to accompany you and your mother to mass, your mother, as we take our seats, will be found sitting between us. And I who am a lesser heathen, a free barbarian from the West, recognizing all that is so heathen and so Hellenic in you,

shall be debarred from the happiness of your pacific presence by the ever-intervening bulk of your mother. I do not believe in worshipping from afar nor in absent treatments do I believe! No, to-morrow at the hour of high-mass, I shall promenade in the fine Galleria Vittorio Emanuele and in the market-place where flowers are sold and where pigeons flutter.

My trade being soon cunningly discovered, I was requested to exercise it and write a poem as a souvenir of our acquaintance. That was something which I promised quickly enough and in this instance as quickly performed. Indeed, whoever, in the light of such inspiration had not done as well or better than I, should have been hamstrung, or doomed to write enough lines of minor magazine-poetry to stretch from the Earth to the moon. These verses are to be read only in Italy and only by the light of such eyes and of such a smile as shone in the ravishing features of the young nymph. Nor is the name Bianca to be pronounced "By-ank-er" as I heard one of a group of New England school-mistresses pronounce it before a painting in a gallery a few days before, but softly in

(Continued on Page 37.)

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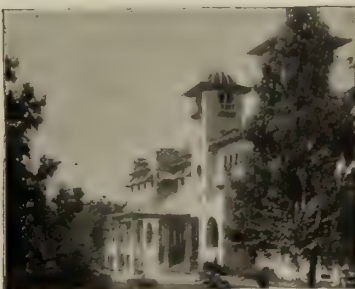
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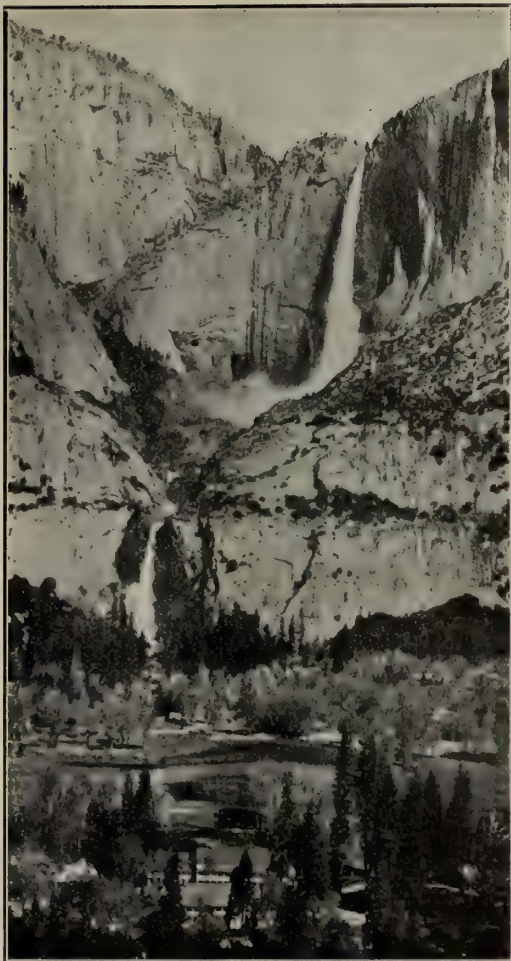
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## A GIRL'S BOOK

"Kristy's Rainy Day Picnic" will prove a welcome addition to the little girl's shelf of the book case. Kristy was one of that numerous band who "could listen to stories all day, and all night, too." She was to have celebrated her birthday by a picnic, but the morning of that anniversary dawned with leaden skies and sheets of falling rain. The little girl's not unnatural repining reminded mamma of a story, and one led to another. Mamma, who thought she had intercepted a knowing wink from the weather-man, allowed herself to be committed to a bargain by which she was to tell stories till it stopped raining. During the afternoon, a neighbor came in with her sewing, and relieved guard for a while, and in the evening the importunate little miss was still unsatisfied. Just before bed time Uncle Tom came bringing with him a girl cousin who had been out to San Francisco, and she added her quota by telling of her experience in the earthquake and fire, so that the "little pitcher" had in all sixteen new additions to her lore. The stories cover a wide range of subjects and are all related with the personal touch which delights children who importune to be told about "when you were little." Olive Thorne Miller has observed two cardinal rules of the good narrator. She has not "written down," and her morals are not "rubbed in," something which children never forgive. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have made a very acceptable little volume, with end papers and colored illustrations, and what is of infinitely more importance, good print and paper.

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## Milan and the Muse of Anacreon

(Continued from Page 33)

the Italian fashion, "Bee-ahn-kah!" Follows my unworthy exercise.

### ALLA BELLA BIANCA DI MILANO

Bianca! Bianca!  
Thine eyes are like a sibyl's eyes  
For they are molten with the night;  
They guard a strange, sequestered light  
That to some golden future flies  
From out some golden past.  
Yea, they are overcast,—

Bianca!  
With mystery and stellar sheen,  
Calm, liquescent, vespertine!

Bianca! Bianca!  
Thy mouth is like a muse's mouth  
Of coral to a flageolet,  
A chanting muse whose lips are wet  
With nectar never knowing drouth,  
And when, immersed in dreams,  
Their music stifled seems,

Bianca!  
They make a living harp that hoards  
Old memories in its silent chords.

Bianca! Bianca!  
Shouldst thou unleash thy trammelled hair  
And crown thee with a myrtle crown,  
And sable torrents rushing down,  
Blot ivory shoulders warm and bare,—  
Lo! pipes of Pan would call  
Thee to his festival,

Bianca!  
And thou wouldst dance away and leave  
The saddened world and me to grieve!

At dinner I read it—nothing but empty Saxon sound—to mother and daughter. But, at the title and the frequent repetitions of her name, Bianca laughed silverly and clapped her hands until the large golden hoops in her tiny ears danced and swung. The dim memories of days when greater poets had written of and to her came back, no doubt, from beyond the centuries. I folded the sheet and reached it across the table to her. But the mother, sitting between us, swiftly put forth her hand and, courteously enough, took the paper, at the same time knocking over a tall straw-bound bottle of wine on the snowy table-cloth. That was a good omen, they said, and instantly I thought of ancient oblations to the gods and the custom of spilling from the goblet a few drops of wine upon the ground to appease the powers of Olympus. But I do not believe it was a good omen, I do not believe it. Signora ——— (the dash stands for separation) read the poem or rather regarded it blankly, then handed it to her daughter. Bianca fed full on her name and the exclamation points and tucked the manuscript in the bosom of her dress—rare sanctuary where vestal purity lived enshrined. Yet this muse was not content with a mere tribute of verse at her altars. The sight of my sketch-book evoked a request for a drawing of her head, the sight of my camera for a photograph of herself "e mia madre." My pencil staggered at the attempt and though the sketch was but a caricature, it resulted in mellifluous raptures from muse and mother. Three months afterwards, as I was developing my photographs, I discovered, with infinite regret, that the jealous sun-god, unwilling that I should possess the features of his beautiful handmaid, had, alas! blasted the film with haloes of excessive light and shadows of Stygian darkness. Very often I think of these two, of Bianca (and her mother), of this encounter of no significance but of lasting charm. They formed one of those blessed

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isles of Friendliness set in great desert seas of stranger-folk, wherein the solitary wanderer may while for a time and feel himself akin to his kind. Lonely enough was most of the journey to one who could be merely a spectator, and if these few bright points did not dot his map, then the most splendid cities of Earth would resolve themselves to sheer barren masonry and stony, inhospitable paves.

The glowing Muse of Anacreon sometimes rises in my vision; her young face and still but lustrous eyes bring back all Italy, yet she never appears singly. Where Bianca shines, her mother looms. In my memory they remain indissolubly united. I could not but resent a certain needless emphasis placed upon the chaperonage of this charming acquaintance. The chaperon is the invention of the devil. Easily I bow to the customs of different countries, nor would I, in this instance, murmur much against the excessive vigilance of that gracious Italian lady, the mother of Bianca. All honor to her—for being the mother of Bianca. But the Argus-eyed chaperon is the invention of the devil. The custom assumes that all men are designing scoundrels and all women feeble fools. So do customs become curses and fall upon the just and the unjust and so it must, I fear, remain,—until there be found a way "to read the heart's construction in the face." Until then, relentless duennaship and close-guarding of Hesperidean treasure shall prevail. The unremittent chaperon is the invention of the devil. However:—

I said farewell to Bianca (and her mother) and went to the Italian lakes. Northward by train from Milan for an hour or so into the hills, then, behold! the mountains uplift themselves and one is in a different land and a different clime. The white peaks lay close-packed above the green ones in this Italian Switzerland, but the weather was warm as in summer. At Chiasso the swift St. Gothard expresses come rushing down like avalanches out of the ice-bound mountains and the prolonged gloom of the great ten-mile tunnel. The new Simplon tunnel had just been completed, a marvel of modern engineering, piercing the insurmountable mass of the Alps with another tube of communication between southern and northern Europe. This is one of the great material achievements of mankind and modernity. I thought of Carthaginian Hannibal rending and blasting his way through the rock-ribbed mountains and impasses and fastnesses of snow and ice with his fires and his vinegar. And now the pampered tourist flies through the core of the ever-lasting ranges in a palatial car electrically lit, and feasts daintily as he flies. From here it is but a step back to Italy.

The Lago di Como, ethereally blue, gleamed in the sun and the pure air like lapis lazuli amidst folds of emerald plush. Nothing more enchanting can be conceived than a trip about this beautiful lake and its connecting basins, on one of the swift little steamers which run from village to village along the shores, touching briefly and lightly at each, like a hummingbird visiting flowers. The steamer foams along, square-sailed boats with round framework move slowly over the still waters, peaceful little hamlets with their picturesque church-spires emerge and fade away with tinkle of bells, on the banks washerwomen beat white linen on the stones, brave peasants are seen and lusty mountaineers, castles rise upon the hills against the sky, the lofty Brumate Kulm with its great hotel and steep cog-wheel railroad mounts imposingly above the lake. So before all this beauty at Lake Como I sat down upon a gigantic boulder, and to test

my loyalty to California, wrote a few verses upon my leaving it, for I knew that loyalty could stand no greater strain than before all this temptation to be disloyal. Then downward to Milan again, where I saw Bianca (and her mother) not any more, but went to Verona.

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# TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 763

San Francisco, April 13, 1907

Price, 10 Cents



A Glimpse of the Shore Line of Lake Tahoe



# TOWN TALK

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## The McCarthy

The wheels of industry at the Fairmont were stopped last week that the Hon. P. H. McCarthy might have the important question of his supremacy determined. By this episode the salient personality of the imperial labor leader was once more thrust upon our notice. In our preoccupation with matters affecting our keenest apprehensions respecting the welfare of this city we were absolutely indifferent to the existence of the great Dictator. And yet it is most difficult to bring oneself to a state of mind from which consideration of McCarthy is excluded. It is as hard to render oneself oblivious to the Boss of the Building Trades as it is to achieve insensibility to the aftermath of a gasoline wagon. But when the collapse of the municipal graft machine occurred we assumed that its principal gear-wheel would cease from whirling. Absurd assumption! We should have known that McCarthy generates rotatory power upon his own person. As nothing can stop him, why should he subside? True, he stood sponsor in the councils of organized labor for Schmitz and Ruef and kept his formidable tongue unsheathed in their defense even unto the last ditch, but no such small disaster as that which has occurred could reduce the temperature of his soul. He is just as exuberant and active as a man of his irrepressible nature might be expected to be. Schmitz and Ruef have been rendered innocuous, but that circumstance will have no effect on the brilliant career of the invincible Dictator of the industrial world. The McCarthy will continue to impose his ebullient temperament and capricious nature upon all matters affecting the employment of labor. When Abe Ruef was complaining of the tough fare vouchsafed him by Elisor Biggy, the McCarthy was gorging his stomach with the fat of the land by way of attesting his gratitude for escaping the many calamities with which Heaven has confused his confreres. The McCarthy affords a striking illustration of the privileged and superior station of the successful labor leader as compared with the mere citizen or employer of capital for the promotion of industry. He is truly representative of the Aristocracy of Indolence, a new class which must be reckoned with by politicians and political economists.

It comprises the elect of organized labor—the walking delegates and the officers of unions. Long may it flourish!

## The Labor Cormorant

Fully as strong as the prejudice existing all over the country against the Plutocracy is that which has grown up in this city against this new Aristocracy of which the Hon. P. H. McCarthy is an effulgent luminary. This purely local prejudice is due entirely to the fact that we are in the grip of the cormorant of labor. This cormorant has an appetite which adjusts itself to the size of the spread. And it must be indulged. That is why we are having strikes and rumors of strikes and dissensions among the unionists. That is why a halt was called the other day on the triple shift system in building operations, an incident which has not been discussed in our cautious dailies despite their eagerness for the speedy rebuilding of the city. For awhile many of our enterprising men of wealth were employing mechanics in three eight-hour shifts. When the unions saw how desirable were these enterprising citizens of rushing their buildings to completion they decided to charge them at the rate of an hour and a half for every hour's work done at night, though, so far as the night-shifts were concerned the work was not properly designated over-time, since each shift worked but eight hours. This increase in the schedule caused some builders to discharge their night shifts, but some there were that submitted to this species of rapacity. By this submission the unions were encouraged to give the wage schedule another hoist. It was decided that after the electric lights were turned on wages should increase one hundred per cent. This turn of the thumb-screw was more than the builders could stand, and as a consequence many men were thrown out of employment. But this may not be the end, for the unions have a remedy: it is their privilege to supply day labor in consideration only of the employment of night labor according to the terms heretofore specified. Why should greedy capital be permitted to throw men out of employment? In this city at present the supply of labor is greater than the demand, a circumstance due in a measure to the fact that many of our capitalists prefer that their money should lie idle than that it should be used to appease the appetite of the labor cormorant. Obviously there is a lack of the altruistic spirit in the Plutocracy.

## Unbecoming Prejudices

No sane man, says a contemporary, has any prejudice against organized labor. This postulate is somewhat inaccurate. For there are many sane men whose passions breed prejudices. There are moreover many sane men who, though they have no prejudice against the organization of labor, are intolerant of the abuses that grow out of labor organizations. Because unionists have their little tiffs and misunderstandings which must be adjusted by a McCarthy at the expense of an innocent third party; tiffs and misunderstandings which cause much damage before the chromatic effulgence of the rainbow glows in token of the passing of the storm and of the splicing of the tie that binds; because of these things, we say, the McCarthys of the Aristocracy of Indolence are charged by prejudiced men with being a menace to the peace and prosperity of the city greater than the forces of graft. These prejudiced ones are manifestly suffering from the blight of an obsession. They invariably take Mc-



Carthy as a symbol because he has an ostentatious way of exalting in his own person the dignity of labor. It is painful to them to observe the ceremonials for which McCarthy is a stickler. If his were a more graceful personality it would be easier to take him as seriously as he demands, but it should be remembered that he is not a man of education. He came from the ranks and he abounds in that pride of position which is characteristic—to use a homely but not necessarily offensive figure—of the beggar on horseback. He justly feels that he incarnates the dignity of American Labor, that he is, moreover, the architect of his own fortune, and therefore that Capital should humble itself in his august presence. But considering his exalted station Capital should not feel that it sacrifices its self-respect in approaching him sinuously on its belly and hearkening deferentially as he sternly makes announcement to the accompaniment of a snap of his finger that he possesses the power to tie up the whole city with a word; nay, with a nod. It is no disgrace to make obeisance to Power. Admitting that he is a little overbearing at times after the manner of those drest in a little brief authority, the circumstance does not justify the wish that he were marooned on a lonely Pacific island. We should remember that power intoxicates the best of hearts, as wine the strongest heads. Capital should cultivate a spirit of humility. Capital should assuage its prejudices. When McCarthy spouts Roman history in broken English during a purely business interview, Capital should school itself to patience, for the Dictator has been improving his hours of indolence, and should be indulged in his passion for display. McCarthy is all right. A man of parts is McCarthy; especially, a man of head, and he truly symbolizes the dignity of organized labor.

### The Roosevelt-Harriman Controversy

If the Bellamy Storer correspondence (which introduced dear Maria to a de-lighted world) and the Harriman letters are adjudged competent evidence on which to base an opinion it may be asserted with some appearance of truth that when President Roosevelt condescends to match epistles with an adversary he generally gets the worst of it. A careful reading and a painstaking comparison of the letters made public by both principals in the controversy which waged over the removal of the late ambassador to the court of Vienna resulted in the embarrassing discovery that the President had stooped to the suppression of vital parts of the correspondence and to the reconstruction (to speak euphemistically) of other portions in order to vindicate his motives and justify his actions. Furthermore it must be admitted, however reluctantly, that a collation of the available texts in the current unpleasantness between the President of the United States and the President of the Harriman system of railroads points to the employment of similar methods. Letters given out by the railway baron contain pregnant sentences that are entirely lacking in the copies of the same letters issued from the White House. There seems to be no denying also that the President resorted to a pitiful quibble in his denial of Harriman's story that he had been asked for a campaign contribution. All of which is food for much thought of a more or less obvious kind. But one curious phenomenon that has not received attention so far may be pointed out. It is this, that while evidence beyond dispute shows Harriman to be correct in his startling assertion that President Roosevelt sent for him and requested

him to help the treasurer of the Republican party out of his desperate straits and while it seems equally clear that the President was far from ingenuous in his reply to the Harriman charge, nevertheless the weight of popular approval remains overwhelmingly on the side of the Chief Executive. Harriman may be correct, but none sympathizes with him. Roosevelt may have been inconsistent (to put it mildly) in exacting a campaign contribution from the chief of a great corporation and then hurling the most destructive engines of the government against that corporation; and he may have deserved unstinted blame for the manner in which he has met his accuser when these transactions became public; but notwithstanding all this, it is generally believed that he was actuated by praiseworthy motives, that the defects he has shown are the defects of his biggest and most valuable qualities and that no matter what embarrassing position Harriman may drive him into, the railway magnate is an exponent of the most dangerous theory of frenzied finance and as such entitled to absolutely no consideration. This may not be the attitude most consistent with cold logic; it may not commend itself to the thinker who sees the shades of color that prevent any character from being jetblack or lilywhite; but it is the general attitude and in such a controversy as this where the academic question is unimportant the general attitude is the one which counts.

### Senatorial Prestige Fading

Time was in this glorious commonwealth when the United States Senate could substantiate a plausible claim to the appellation of "the most exclusive club in the world." There is a something of splendid exaggeration in this term that appeals even now to the rather slow-working mental processes of the average American person; it is a glittering tag which the populace hates to see removed, much as a decaying family hates to see the old and polished name-plate unscrewed from its ancient oaken door. But the day has come when this proud distinction must be surrendered. The Senate is still a club of very tolerable exclusiveness; the initiation fee is still beyond the paying of most of



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us, the elderly traditions still linger, the old atmosphere of ponderous dignity may still be breathed there. Yet is the Senate not just the same as it used to be. For one thing the English Parliament is threatening its long-unchallenged supremacy. Since muck-raking has spread to England and its noisome champions have invaded the sacred precincts of the House of Lords, it has become suddenly known that that refuge of titled drones is by no means lacking in the qualities on which the Senate has thus far based its claim to the haughty title. Among the lords as among our own wearers of the toga mammon has come to be the test of exclusiveness; the corporation champion, the trust knight, the hero whose lance is ever in rest to defend monopoly has come to be the very backbone and sinew of the British witenagemote. Sheer ability, unqualified brains, stark originality and naked worth have come to be frowned upon there to an extent which may excite the choler of a parvenue like Campbell-Bannerman but must command its proper meed of respect from every man who admires the negative virtues necessary in an American senator. However, if no more serious rival than the English House of Lords disputed the right of the Senate, that august body might still make weighty claim to the boast of being the most exclusive club in christendom. But there is another rival to be reckoned with, a rival whose claims must be acknowledged in silence or only disputed with disastrous consequences. This is none other than the Ananias Club. It was instituted by the highest power in the land, received its constitution and by-laws from that power and its membership, limited so far, to a bare eleven, is determined from the same sublime source. True, it has no local habitation, its members are scattered up and down this country of magnificent distances and most of them are unknown to one another in that fashion of clubable intimacy usually deemed necessary for a perfectly knit society, but none the less is it a true club of the most perfect exclusiveness. E. H. Harriman is its latest acquisition. His initiation fee was exactly \$50,000 plus an amount of trouble that has no equivalent in trade symbols. With him in the club are Bellamy Storer, Alton B. Parker, Senators Chandler, Platt, Tillman and Bailey, Herbert W. Bowen, John F. Wallace, Henry E. Whitney and George O. Shields, surely as dazzling an array of manhood as was ever gathered together by common sympathies and similar achievement.

### An Aristocracy of Liars

It is the enviable distinction of Mr. Harriman to have been branded by the President as a wilful and deliberate liar; Mr. Storer is acclaimed by the same authority a perfidious liar; Judge Parker is an atrocious liar; Chandler an unqualified liar; Whitney a deliberate liar; Bowen a disingenuous liar; Shields an inventive liar; Wallace an utter liar, and the others are of varying degrees of mendacious achievement delicately shaded and happily denominated as only a litterateur of President Roosevelt's exuberant diction could properly characterize them. Of course it must be understood, thoroughly to appreciate the exclusiveness of the club to which these gentlemen have been admitted, that their lying is not of the vulgar variety which consists in the unimaginative process of distorting truth to suit untoward circumstances. Biblical authority makes all men liars in that bourgeois sense which would destroy at once the exclusiveness of the Ananias Club. To lie, in the Rooseveltian sense, is to

disagree with the President in a statement of facts and to substantiate your position by letters or other proofs of unquestioned authenticity. In this manner Mr. Harriman lied when he gave the country an insight into the inmost mysteries of campaign contributions; so he passed at once from that sphere wherein ordinary mortals are not privileged to breathe to the bosom of the Ananias Club. In this manner, too, Mr. Bellamy Storer lied when he and dear Maria left the gay court of Austria. In this manner Bowen lied when he came up from Venezuela and Wallace when he returned from Panama. And so with the rest; they have had the temerity to dispute facts with the President who of course cannot lie, being hedged about with a privilege of veracity that no documentary evidence can violate. Their audacity has been rewarded; their names will be linked forever with that of the unfortunate individual whose divagation from the straight road of truth-telling angered an Authority to whom President Roosevelt occasionally bows. They wear a decoration compared with which that "badge of success, the indictment" (to quote Mr. Hayman of the theatrical trust) is as a leather medal to a Golden Fleece. Even the "criminaloid," the illustrious pet of Professor Ross, is not to be included in the same class with them. Some day perchance they will insist that President Roosevelt shall willy-nilly become their president. Nor will they be entirely illogical in this, for it would seem that the President too has lied in the Rooseveltian sense, that is to say, that the President has disagreed with the President in statements of facts. When the day of his election to the Ananias Club comes President Roosevelt may solve one of the enigmas of the ages by answering Pilate's question.

### Vicious School Societies

The suicide of a foolish school girl some time ago brought to a head the opposition of the educational authorities to the fraternities and societies of the high schools. From the recent action of a university society in the case of a member whose temperament was not agreeable to her associates we should judge that the authorities higher up might consider the advisability of putting it beyond the power of a clique of pupils to put a stigma upon the character of any of the student body. It has been obvious to the more earnest of the teaching profession, for at least fifteen years, that these secret organizations are an evil, that they encourage snobbishness and the pride of exclusiveness and other affectations that have no place in

## Send for My Market Letter

Have you made any money in mining stocks lately? You would had you followed my market letter. You don't have to take my word for it, just look up my market letters for the past two months, and see what I have had to say on the market, and then judge for yourself whether I have been right or not. In my next private market letter I am going to tell you the truth, so far as I know it, about conditions in Goldfield, and I think you will agree with me that I come as near knowing as any broker on the Pacific Coast. My information is from personal investigation. I still believe that Mohawk Consolidated Leasing Co. is one of the best buys in the market. For my private market letter send your name and address on postal card, and then you will receive it regularly.

**A. J. MOORE**

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any institution supported by general taxation. Pupils of the present generation, and their parents, also, misapprehend the purpose of the public school system. The State does not educate individuals for the benefit of individuals, but for the benefit of the State. Discipline is an important element of education and no education is complete in which that element has been neglected. But nowadays parents and pupils act upon the theory that education is merely a matter of equipping boys and girls with a knowledge of certain subjects which will facilitate their journey through life. If such were the only purpose of education bachelors and parents who are able to educate their own children, would be justified in protesting against being assessed for the support of a public school system. This is a point that

it might be well for the school authorities themselves to ponder whenever they feel inclined to grant concessions to pupils at the instigation of parents. They should remember that their authority proceeds from the State and not from mothers and fathers. We have wandered too far away from the principle that inspires public education. It is the principle that was first advanced by that wisest of lawmakers, Lycurgus, who prohibited parents from rearing their own children and who provided that the State should take full charge of the young Spartans and subject them to the severest discipline of a character designed to render them serviceable to their country. Lycurgus was a hard taskmaster, but he produced more wholesome results than any other ruler ever achieved.

## Perspective Impressions

It is Mr. Roosevelt's deftness in picking his enemies that makes for him many friends.

"There is trouble in Guatemala," says a contemporary. Why not also inform us that there is water in the ocean?

From latest developments it appears that the Hon. Fairfax Wheelan has always the attributes of a Performer as well as of a Reformer.

Supervisor Lonergan would like to be back on the bakery wagon. We haven't heard what the others would like, but we suppose Davis would like to be back behind the snare drum in the Tivoli, that Coffey would like to be back in the hack and that Gallagher would like to be back handling the boodle with no storm clouds in the sky. For Gallagher is incorrigible.

Another officer—this time a civil one—has been charged with speaking disrespectfully of Major-General Wood. The General is unreasonable. He doesn't reflect that the provocation is overwhelming.

The Independence League of New York is reported to have made arrangements for a banquet to Mr. Hearst. As it is of record that what the Independence League does Mr. Hearst pays for, we infer that the principal feature of the arrangements was the signing of a check by the noble Editor.

In his argument to the jury Mr. Delmas was most generous with his praise of Jerome. Perhaps it would have been somewhat different if Mr. Delmas had the closing as well as the opening argument. It's always well for the attorney for the defense to remember that the other fellow has the last word.



"You Can Lead a Horse to Water, But You Can't Make Him Drink."  
—Sullivant in the New York American.



And They Tried to Frighten Him With "Bear!" How the President Probably Received the Recent Bear Bluff.  
—Bradley in the Chicago News.



# The Three Elms

By Henry Normanby

They were of equal age and beauty, the three elms, and the memory of man failed and became extinct before it reached back through the years to the hour of their nativity. They were gracious to the sight, and their leaves made slumbrous music in the soft night breeze. A great brotherhood of soul was theirs, a sublime patience, an unfailing charity to every living thing. They stretched their arms hospitably, and the birds of the air came into them and made them their home. They lifted their heads in the sunlight and whispered their secrets beneath the moon. The compassionate rain brought them their peace and the harsh winds of winter moved them not to anger. In the days of their youth young children climbed about them and made merry in their branches, and in the fullness of time grew up to manhood and went their ways, forgetting them. But the three elms went not away, but remained and remembered.

Together they grew in their stateliness and strength, and toil was not theirs, neither sorrow, nor suffering. War and strife passed by them unheeding, leaving them to their august repose. Theirs was an added glory to the landscape, a culminating beauty to the wide stretch of verdurous earth. In the deep shade bestowed by them tired cattle found coolness and rest, and young lambs nestled therein, and the wayfarer unburdened himself and slept. Beneath them, in the rich autumnal noondays, aged children of the earth sat in contentment, becoming drowsily reminiscent, telling of the days of their adolescence, far back in the hazy region of the past.

Removed from all discord of commerce, they towered high and broadened nobly, and the green of their leaves was unsullied by the mire of cities and the noxious exhalations of factories. In the long June nights the benediction of their arms was given freely to the lovers who plighted troth in their spacious midst, and at eventide, in the great silence of winter, having cast off their garment of leaves, they slumbered, sleeping the dreamless sleep.

It was theirs, each one of them, to have an austere destiny, to take great part in the triumphant march of the world, to determine the tragedies of the lives of men, to be the agents of love and sorrow, of despair and death. They knew it not, the three elms, as they grew together in the sunlight, stretching out their long arms, touching and caressing each other.

The slow years passed away, beckoning to the children of the earth who unwillingly followed them, and the three elms grew old. Many generations of men had lived and died, and the hand of Change lay disquietingly upon the land. A railway had marred their peace and broken their solitude and the horrible din of machinery drowned the sibillant lisp of their voices. These innovations weighed upon them with exceeding heaviness, and their brows became furrowed and wrinkled, and their limbs bent and distorted, and the bright green of their leaves dull and discolored, their hands trembled as those stricken of the palsy, and they nodded feebly and without meaning.

Yet high above the discordant railway and the reverberating workshops they towered magnificently. Still they stretched out their majestic arms, and still

they gave an added glory to the landscape, a culminating beauty to the verdurous earth.

At length, in the full blaze of high summer, men approached the trees and stood in their serene shade. They spoke together long and earnestly, as those who do business in merchandise, and measured them with tapes and rods. With coarse speech and rude jest they laid sacrilegious hands on the fathers of the forest, and the three elms knew that their hour had come. Sublime in their stately grace and dignity they asked no mercy, no consideration. It was sufficient that it had to be. Presently the men returned with axes with which they struck at the trees, foully and insolently. The other trees looked on in dull amazement. Blow after blow the men struck, paused to rest awhile, then smote again and again. For a space the Patriarchs gave no sign, then the wind blew upon them and they groaned, for the wind, which hitherto had assailed them in vain, now had power upon them and wrought with it grievously to their undoing. Still the men went on striking and cutting into them, deeply and cruelly, and the wind, gathering in resolution, pressed heavily and bowed their majestic heads. They swayed awhile, leaned widely, then, with a stupendous uproar of tearing wood, fell lifeless upon the earth. Side by side they lay in their calamity, even as they had stood together in their strength and beauty.

Nevertheless, it was supremely theirs to have an austere destiny, to march magnificently through the centuries, to symbolize the tragedies of the lives of men, to be the august agents and accomplices of love and sorrow, of hope and despair, of desolation and death.

Their broad, beneficent arms no longer stretched widely; their bright green leaves no longer whispered sweet secrets beneath the moon; their majestic crests no longer towered above the world. Shorn of their strength, mutilated, disfigured, and humiliated, they lay silent and sorrowful upon the moist green earth.

Presently they were borne away in carts to the railway, chained ignominiously to vile trucks, and dragged swiftly through the peaceful country to a great and turbulent city. Here they were separated. It was the last of their associated misfortunes. Through all the changes of the fateful years they had grown up together. Every joy and every sorrow, every triumph and every vicissitude, had been equally shared by them. The same benign showers had fallen upon them; the same soft winds had caressed them; the same flowers had breathed over them; the same fair children had gambolled beneath their branches; the same dews had cooled them; the same birds had slept in the shelter of their leaves. Now, in their death, they were divided; the Fates had spoken and the austere destiny of each was about to be fulfilled.

The first was taken to a large prison, and of it was builded a gibbet, whereon doomed men, haggard-eyed, were strangled. It was cast about with horror and darkness and desolation. Men passed it shudderingly, with averted eyes; women wept at the thought of it; children were not allowed to look upon it; the very hangman hurried away from its appalling presence. The lost men who were taken to it saw in its face the abandonment of hope. The light of the sun never

(Continued on Page 29.)



# A Marriage of Convenience

By W. S. Maugham

I don't know why the desire seized me once, in my youth, to take a voyage on a Spanish cargo-boat. I was staying at Cadiz, with nothing in the world to do—O most delectable condition!—and going down one day to the harbor saw a rather shabby steamer loading vast bales of merchandise. I began to talk with a sailor-man who lounged idly on the quay, and learned that she was bound for Valencia, Tarragona and Tunis. The blue of the sea was as deep as the blue of the heavens, and Romance, that jade of flattering insincerity, put out a beckoning finger. Before I knew what had happened my soul was aflame with the desire for unknown lands, and when the second mate—for such I discovered was the garrulous seaman—told me they sometimes took passengers, I made up my mind to take the journey. My traps were soon gathered together, my passage booked, and next morning we started on our leisurely tour of the Spanish coast. For some time things went well enough. I spent the day reading such books as I had, and the evening playing cards with the skipper. We stopped at one port after another, loading and unloading with truly Spanish deliberation. Presently, leaving the shores of Spain, we crossed to Africa, and one morning, very early, when I got up I found that we had cast anchor in the harbor of an island off the coast of Tunis. The sun shone with dazzling brilliancy upon the white houses of a little town, and here and there tall palm-trees rose into the air. We were to stay but a few hours, for the place was not on the steamer's route; and the captain called there only by chance, to execute some commission. I had determined not to go on shore, but I know not what there was in the smiling, sunny town that exerted on me an odd fascination; the more I looked at it the greater was my desire not only to visit it, but to stay there. In all probability the immortal gods would never again bring me to that island, and I dared not risk the regrets which must be mine if I missed the present opportunity. I discussed the matter with the captain, who assured me I should only be disappointed: the town had nothing to attract travelers, and the only Europeans were the French Consul with his wife, a sergeant, and a dozen soldiers. I looked across the harbor once more, and the white houses seemed to whisper a welcome to me; I felt on a sudden that I was transported to the Arabian Nights, and this was a magic isle from which wonderful things might be expected. Hitherto my journey had been very barren of the romance I sought, for nothing could be more matter-of-fact than the cargo-boat in which for three weeks I had lived: here lived enchanted damsels singing sadly to their lutes, and the very beggars were kings fallen from their high estate. I shut my ears to the skipper's admonitions, packed my things hastily, and summoned a boat from the shore. My friends on board, thinking me mad, shook my hand, with solemn warnings that I should regret my folly, and in a quarter of

an hour I found myself landed, with all my belongings, on the beach.

I was at once surrounded by a score of swarthy Arabs, who apparently discussed me and my concerns with considerable interest, and one, who spoke broken French, asked if I wished to see the Consul.

"No," I said; "I want to go to the hotel."

I confess I was a little dismayed when he answered that there was no such thing in the place, but now I would not for worlds have returned, crestfallen, to the steamer; and I asked if I could nowhere get lodgings. The Arab, with much gesticulation, talked the matter over with his friends, and presently suggested the house of a certain lady whose name I have forgotten. He shouldered my bag, and I followed him down one winding, narrow street after another till we arrived at a little white house at which he stopped. He knocked repeatedly, and at last a woman opened. When he explained what I wanted, she looked at me curiously, but in due course agreed to let me have a room. I bargained for the price and entered.

Having made myself as comfortable as possible—which was not much—I sauntered down to the shore and watched my good cargo-boat set out to sea. I was alone on a foreign island, where I knew no soul, and the weekly packet that ran between the little town and the mainland was not due for five days. Presently, while I watched the sea, smoking a cigarette, I saw my friend of the morning in conversation with a Frenchman, who, I surmised at once, was the sergeant of whom I had heard. They came up to me, and the sergeant, saluting politely, began to talk. Somewhat to my amusement, I found that he regarded me with considerable suspicion, and he asked me question after question. I did not gather the general drift of his inquiries, but answered everything readily enough.

"But frankly," he asked for the tenth time, "why have you come here at all?"

"A mere whim, cher Monsieur," I answered. "Curiosity, nothing else."

He evidently found my explanations unsatisfactory, and I cannot say that I took much trouble to make my motives clear. He informed me at last that he would report my presence to Monsieur le Consul.

"By all means," said I. "And pray add that I shall give myself the pleasure of calling on him tomorrow if my throat is not cut tonight in the unsavory den which appears to be your only substitute for a hotel."

He left me, and I spent the rest of the day in wandering about the Arab streets, looking at the people, and feeling, indeed, something of that thrill I had expected. At night my hostess provided me with food, of which it could only be said that it performed the first office of edible substances—it allayed the pangs of hunger. But beside it the dinners on the cargo-boat, and they had seemed bad enough in all conscience, were tooth-

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## The Spectator

### When Newspapers Disagree

Evidence that the world has not spun far enough down the ringing grooves of change to be appreciably nearer the millenium than it was a year ago is supplied by the changing attitude of the newspapers toward one another and toward the graft prosecution. For months the four leading dailies worked shoulder to shoulder to help Francis J. Heney and William J. Burns accomplish their gigantic task and they studiously refrained from publishing news which would embarrass the plans of the Grand Jury. Rivalry seemed to be forgotten and all men who had the success of the campaign against corruption at heart acclaimed the unique situation of sincere co-operation in which four erstwhile enemies found themselves. To say that this admirable condition has ceased is only partly true. The four newspapers are still a unit on the larger issues of the anti-graft crusade, but the wedge of politics is beginning to force them asunder.

### How the Trouble Started

The first rift in the newspaper lute which up to that time had been strummed in true harmony came when the Chronicle published the story of the trap laid by G. M. Roy for Supervisors Lonergan and Bixton. That story was known to the editors of the Call, Examiner and Bulletin, but they carefully refrained from using it because the prosecution was not yet prepared to have the calcium thrown on its thrilling supervisory drama. But the Chronicle was in a peculiar position. It did not enjoy the confidence of the prosecution, so while the Call through the improved relations existing between Rudolph and John D. Spreckels, the Examiner through J. J. Dwyer and the Bulletin through Fremont Older fully understood what was going on and sacrificed valuable news to assist Heney and Burns, the Chronicle remained uninitiate and when one of its star reporters stumbled on a "tip" which ultimately yielded the whole story of the Lonergan and Bixton confessions, it had no compunction about publishing it.

### An Untimely Exposure

Had a bombshell been dropped by Abe Ruef on the shingles of the Red House where Heney and Burns

have their offices it could not have created a warmer atmosphere than that which was generated about the prosecution and the newspapers which enjoyed its confidence on the morning when the Chronicle story appeared. Heney was furious; Burns was furious; the editors of the Call, Examiner and Bulletin were furious; G. M. Roy was furious, but that is another story. Some idea of the feeling excited may be drawn from a brief passage-at-words which took place that same afternoon between Heney and the Chronicle man who had obtained the "scoop." "How did you happen to smell this out?" demanded Heney with a smile that was anything but friendly when he encountered the Chronicle reporter at a session of the Grand Jury held rather unexpectedly that afternoon. "It is not difficult to track the elephantine footsteps of the prosecution," answered the undismayed newspaperman." That night the Bulletin had a denial of the Chronicle story couched in the most positive terms. Roy denied it, Burns denied it, Heney denied it and Langdon swelled the chorus. The Call and the Examiner ignored the story next morning. Of course the story was true, but it was most untimely.

### Hearst Doing Politics

After that the Chronicle was inclined to be rebellious and found in the immunity promised to the supervisors the pretext for a number of articles which obliquely attacked the prosecution. These manifestations have ceased recently and the close reader of newspapers may observe that now the Chronicle is never behind, while it is sometimes a little ahead of the other papers in its news about the graft prosecution. But the trouble has broken out in another place and those who care aught about the squabbles of the journals are watching with concern the editors of the Bulletin and the Examiner reaching for each other's throats. Because William H. Langdon, who was the Examiner candidate for governor at the last election, will undoubtedly figure prominently when the political cozzettes begin casting the horoscope for the next municipal campaign, Hearst has been careful to accentuate the position which the district attorney occupies in the prosecution of the grafters. And as he is constitutionally incapable of refraining when an effective bit of politics can



be done Hearst has twisted the threads of the investigation into a cord which is gradually lifting Langdon into his familiar position on a Hearst platform.

### Riling the Bulletin

Besides this Hearst has unfairly claimed the whole credit for the prosecution of the municipal grafters in two Sunday editorials of the sensational Brisbane kind which were published in all the Hearst papers throughout the country. The persistent boosting of Langdon none takes exception to, for Langdon deserves the credit of doing a big thing when he appointed Heney as an assistant in his office and loaned him the machinery of the law to work with. But when to this was added the claim that the Examiner assumes responsibility for the indictments and confessions obtained so far, the gorge of at least one editor must have risen. Of the graft prosecution Fremont Older might say as did the pious Aeneas of the doings about Troy—"quorum pars magna fui." No one can forget that the Bulletin was training its heaviest fire on Schmitz and Ruef at a time when the Examiner had none but kind words for the "labor mayor." The Examiner has also seen fit to lay as much stress as possible on the fact, brought out in the Grand Jury, that the fusion campaign committee on which Fairfax Wheelan and Gavin McNab worked side by side, took money from Detweiler, the indicted bribing agent of the Home Telephone Company. The Call also has gone out of its way to kick the fusion corpse. The Bulletin, it will be recalled, was enthusiastically committed to the fusion ticket, lending it a passionate support when the other papers were inclined to be lukewarm.

### That Ballot Box Story

No doubt it was merely one of those capricious freaks of chance which will occur and of which the resourceful are ever swift to avail themselves, that immediately following this accumulation of irritating circumstances Honest Blacksmith Graney implicated Editor John P. Barrett of the Hearst forces in a ballot-box stuffing transaction. Certainly the Bulletin was not slow to herald the fact that Hearst and one of his editors were about to receive the attention of the Grand Jury nor was it backward in calling reverential attention to recently uttered words of District Attorney Langdon which imply that he will not show any partiality in his distribution of true bills. All of which goes to show that the lions and the lambs of local journalism can repose peacefully side by side until the ugly specter of politics rises between them. It is just possible, of course, that the liberal and high-minded policy which informed newspaperdom at the beginning of the present prosecution may be reasserted before reprisals and recriminations become too bitter. For the sake of the great work that is still to be done and that cannot be adequately done without the harmonious co-operation of the press, it is to be devoutly wished that all their differences will be adjusted.

### "The Honest Blacksmith"

In justice to Editor Barrett it should be stated that Graney's story is absolutely discredited by everybody familiar with the history of the primary election at which the Hearst forces tried to capture the Democratic machine. The services rendered by Graney in that election were rendered in expectation of winning the friendship of a newspaper and because his inter-

ests were prejudicial to the political faction against which his corrupt practices were directed. From the beginning of the graft investigation Graney has been kept very busy trying to conciliate the men behind the prosecution. This perhaps would not have been a very difficult task if the honest blacksmith had not tried at the same time to persuade Ruef that he was absolutely invulnerable to the Heney probe. Graney has an abundance of cunning but he was scarcely resourceful enough to command the confidence of both sides. He has told many stories in private which he was reluctant to repeat before the Grand Jury and his shiftiness long ago disgusted the attorneys for the prosecution. Most ludicrous is the figure that he has been cutting on the anxious seat, and the Examiner has made frequent reference to his awkward side-stepping. For all this unkind newspaper attention he has held Editor Barrett responsible, and when he told the story implicating the newspaper man in the election scandal it was to indulge his spirit of vindictiveness.

### The Glorification of Langdon

Not less amusing than the antics of the honest blacksmith is the grotesque posing of District Attorney Langdon in the role of inspirer of the prosecution. Langdon, as everybody knows, made but a feeble effort to interfere with the operations of the big graft machine. He was tame enough for awhile to eat out of Schmitz's hand, and the only time that he made it quite clear that he was not a complaisant official was when he made a raid on the gamblers. That was preliminary to the launching of his gubernatorial boom. It was a fine bit of theatricism and was most effectual. It proved, at least, that Langdon was not one of the gang, that he was not sharing in the graft that was being so generously distributed. But this evidence of honesty was unaccompanied by any proof of ability or of zeal for the public interests. It bore very much the aspect of a spectacular appeal to public confidence designed to further the political interests of Mr. Langdon. Never for a moment did Mr. Langdon threaten the peace, quiet or prosperity of Abe Ruef. These are no wanton animadversions flung into print in the indulgence of a cantankerous mood. I have no prejudice against Mr. Langdon. But I feel that he occupies a



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very exalted position and is at this moment identified with a most beneficent movement in the interest of this community, and I think that he should realize the dignity of his official station and the seriousness of the business in hand and discourage those of his zealous friends who are actively engaged in making it appear that the prosecution of Schmitz and Ruef is nothing more than an enterprise for the glorification of a job-chaser. Those friends are unnecessarily bringing discredit on Mr. Langdon by their extravagant misrepresentations respecting his achievements.

### Dwyer's Eulogy

For example the Hon. Joseph J. Dwyer, in an article signed by him, which appeared in the Chicago Examiner of March 24 says: "The whole band of boodling supervisors have been trapped by the skill of District Attorney Langdon and his assistants and the able corps of detectives whom he engaged in the work under the leadership of the famous secret service agent, William Burns." Mr. Dwyer knows that the supervisors were not trapped by Langdon. He knows that Langdon did not employ any detectives. He knows that had it not been for Rudolph Spreckels and Francis J. Heney the forces of graft would still be operating with impunity, but he credits Langdon with having taken the initiative in the present movement and he attributes the downfall of Ruef entirely to the perseverance and genius of the District Attorney. He is even so reckless in his assertions as to represent that "Langdon came right back from his stumping tour to represent the people in the selection of the new grand jury," and that it was for doing so that the grafters tried to throw him out of office, whereupon he named Heney as his chief assistant and called to his aid Burns and Rudolph Spreckels. The facts are, as Mr. Dwyer knows, that all the plans for the drawing of the grand jury and for the indictment of Schmitz and Ruef were completed before Langdon was taken into the confidence of Spreckels, Burns and Heney, and that no attempt was made to remove Langdon from office until after he had been persuaded to clothe Heney with the power to proceed against the grafters. Mr. Dwyer should assuage himself. His exultation over Langdon's achievements is difficult of justification. When Langdon ran for Governor he incurred liability of election and if he had been elected the office of district attorney would have fallen into the hands of Abe Ruef and the grafters would still be having a monkey and a parrot time.

### He Wouldn't Be a Lobster

Billy Burns is perhaps the shrewdest detective in this country, but he has had his disappointments. One that rankles with him was his failure to secure a confession from Dimmick, who is now serving a term in San Quentin for stealing \$30,000 from the local Mint while employed in that institution. The hiding place of that \$30,000 has never been discovered, but that is not the fault of Burns. He labored hard with Dimmick to secure a confession from him, and was just on the point of success when one of his assistants, who thought he was making a shrewd move, spoiled the game. Dimmick and Burns were alone together, and the former had been worked up to the point where he was ready to tell all he knew. Just then Burns's assistant came in. He had in his hand a copy of an evening paper which contained a confession made by a man who had robbed the Selby Smelting Company of a large amount of gold. The story was spread all over the front page, and the headlines referred to the man who had confessed as a lobster. The assistant, probably with the idea that the article would have the proper psychological effect on Dimmick, laid it on the table. Dimmick picked it up and read the story with interest. Burns, who was choking with rage, knew what the result would be. When Dimmick had finished he laid the paper down, and looking across the table at Burns said, with a significant smile: "Nobody will ever get a chance to call me a lobster." From that time forth his lips were sealed.

### Carter to Retire

"Just about as the sugar planters had made up their minds that Governor Carter was the man they wanted for another term as governor of Hawaii," says my Honolulu correspondent, "it was announced (unofficially, but none the less convincingly), that Carter would not be reappointed. Two years ago Carter announced that he had resigned. He went to Washington, had an interview with the President, withdrew his resignation—if he had ever tendered it—announced that he was a changed man and took up the gubernatorial burden again. The tip then was that at the suggestion of the President he was going to serve out his term of office. Last November he gave out several interviews the burden of which was 'that under certain circumstances' he might accept a second term. This was accepted by the community as an intimation that he would seek reappointment. About the same time it became known that the planters, who had not al-



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ways been satisfied with him, had made up their minds that he was the most satisfactory man for the place so far as their interests were concerned and that they would use all their influence to secure his reappointment. One of the incidents accepted by the discerning as most conclusive of the attitude of the planters was the action of H. E. Cooper. About this time Cooper, who has been a perennial candidate for governor, announced that he was no longer an aspirant for the office. After continuous office holding almost from the time he arrived here fifteen or sixteen years ago until about three years ago, he retired to practice law. Since then he has been employed by planting interests in a number of cases in which his official experience was of value, notably in the recent deal by which the Island of Lanai was traded off. These employments were looked on as putting him in a position where he would know what the planters wanted, and when he announced that he was no longer an aspirant for the office of governor he was credited with knowing that the planters had fixed on another man.

### A Friend of the Planters

Carter has not always been satisfactory to the planters. He is an impulsive man, and where his own interests are not involved, a man of generous impulses. After holding back for a good while he finally accepted the President's announced policy of making this an American territory instead of a planters' oligarchy, and it looked for a time as though he purposed upsetting some of the planters' plans. But his ardor cooled off, and after he had given away some remnants of public lands that included about four hundred acres of fine cane land and the site of the entire village of Waianae to the Waianae plantation, and had traded off some forty-seven thousand acres of public lands on the Island of Lanai to another opulent interest, the planters came to believe that he was not after all so anxious to bring in a white population to settle the public lands as they had feared he was, and hence their willingness to accept him as governor for another term. Now it is all off again. The conjecture is that the tip came from Washington that after his break about being willing that his daughter should marry a Japanese, he was no longer on the list of eligibles; that there would be too much opposition to his confirmation in the senate.

### Probable Aspirants for the Job

Whatever the basis for the belief that he will not be reappointed, it is accepted by the community. Carter himself refuses to say anything, and there is plenty of talk about a successor. It is rather accepted as a political fact that he will have considerable to say in the selection of a successor, and J. M. Dowsett and E. Faxon Bishop are both talked of as men who are likely to get his backing. Dowsett is a part Hawaiian, but a keen, shrewd business man, wealthy, being the owner of Waianae plantation which was the beneficiary of Carter's largess when the site of the Village

of Waianae was given away. He is a member of the senate, and generally well liked. Bishop is a nephew, and has always been a protege of Charles R. Bishop, now of San Francisco, and is an official of C. Brewer & Company, one of the biggest sugar agencies in the Islands. He too is a senator. He has little of the personal popularity of Dowsett. Each is thoroughly identified with the plantation interests and would probably be satisfactory to them. Secretary of the Territory A. L. C. Atkinson was for a long time looked on as Carter's political heir apparent. He it was that really inaugurated the policy of seeking to turn back the tide of orientalization by bringing in white immigrants and seeking to settle the public lands with citizen settlers. But it has been evident for some time that Carter would seek to disinherit him, though that circumstance enhanced the wide popularity throughout the Islands which Atkinson enjoys.

### Our Colonial Secretary

The daily papers, in their mad scramble after graft news, neglected to mention the recent presence here of a notable man—Dean C. Worcester, Secretary of the Interior for the Philippines, and a member of the Philippines Commission. Mr. Worcester spent only a short time in the United States, but while here he conceived the idea of forming an organization with headquarters in San Francisco, the object of which will be to call attention to the Islands and their resources. This idea came about largely through his attention being called to the California Promotion Committee and the work it has been doing. He will bring the matter up immediately on his arrival in the Islands. When he went home he took a suit-case of literature issued by the Promotion Committee and its affiliated organizations throughout the state. He has already caused to be sent hither a large commercial exhibit of Philippine products, and this will shortly be thrown open to the public.

### An Old Familiar Story

Mr. Worcester has been identified with the government of the Islands during the entire period of our occupancy. He is the senior member of the Commission, and probably has a wider knowledge of the archipelago as a whole than any other of our administrators. Years ago, long before Admiral Dewey made junk of the Spanish fleet, Worcester spent two years among the Islands investigating their rare fauna and flora. The result of these investigations was a general book on the Philippines which because of its tolerant and accurate views of the Islands and their affairs and its avoidance of tedious political discussion was perhaps largely responsible for his election as a member of the Commission during the early years of American occupation when it was necessary to have repre-

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representatives who were familiar with the manners and customs of the people. Since his appointment, Worcester has enlarged his knowledge of the Islands, traveling over and familiarizing himself with all districts. His collection of photographs runs into the thousands. In addition to all this, he has put through a number of important projects some of which were strenuously opposed. One of these is the Benguit road, a costly bit of highway leading from the lowlands up to high, cool mountain regions where a sort of "Simla" or summer headquarters for the Commission, civil officials or anyone else who wants a breath of fresh air has been established. Time alone will demonstrate the wisdom of the Benguit road from a financial standpoint, but it is already being pointed out as a fine sample of characteristic American political achievement, for though the estimated cost was only \$75,000, it has already cost two and a half millions, and the annual cost of maintenance is not less than the original estimate of the cost of construction. However it affords our hard-worked commissioners opportunity for rest and recreation.

#### A Manila Editor

Another prominent resident of the Philippines came to town the other day. I refer to Frederick O'Brien, editor of the Manila Cablenews, the leading daily of the islands. Mr. O'Brien is well known to San Francisco newspaperdom but he is equally well known to the profession of half a dozen other American cities, for he is one of the most restless of representatives of the Fourth Estate. He is as familiar with the inner workings of the New York Herald office as with those

of the San Francisco Chronicle, and he knows the news field of Honolulu as well as he knows the news field of Manila. O'Brien was the founder of the original San Francisco Attie. His Attie at Clay and Kearny streets was the snuggest in the city, and none was more artistic in appointments. Though he went to the Islands four years ago O'Brien never surrendered possession of his Attie, and now he mourns the loss of all his curios, bric-a-brac and paintings which were destroyed in the fire. Among the works of art were many of the salon pictures painted by his wife. O'Brien has been making a trip around the world and now is on the last leg of his journey.

#### A Bit of Local History

Sarah Connell writes, apropos my recent inquiry respecting the whereabouts of the flag that inspired Francis Scott Key: "I don't know where the original Star Spangled Banner is to be found, but can locate the first American flag made in California, as it is a bit of family property, made for my father, who was young and enthusiastic enough to indulge in processions when the State was admitted into the Union. It is about the only relic left now, since the Bear Flag and other original memorials were lost in the fire. Our flag is made out of the scraps which a dressmaker happened to have in her piece-bag. The red was never the proper brilliant scarlet, but more of a cherry shade. It has long since faded to pink on the exposed side. There was not enough of one kind of white to make both sides the same (the flag is double, the two pieces put together with a cording of the red), and such as it was, has taken on a cream or ivory tint. The stars are

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of linen, and the whole is hand-sewed in cotton thread, most likely because there was no sewing-silk to be had. The history, as far as I know, is this: My father was the chief messenger of the Adams Express Company, and they wanted to be represented in some special manner in the parade, and hit upon having their "man" carry an American flag. It seems a childish device now, but evidently was an innovation then, for when they came to look for what they wanted, nothing was to be had. All the national flags procurable were either ships' flags or such as were suited for decorative purposes or to be hoisted on flagstuffs. The manager of the company set out to have one made to order, and was "up against it" again, for there were neither regalia-makers nor materials to be had for the purchase, much less the asking. By some means or other he was directed to his seamstress who did her best with what she had, and the result was a flag just a yard in length, though some of the stripes are pieced out. The manager was Daniel Haskell, then a man of wealth, and he paid a fifty-dollar slug for his prize. My father had the pleasure or honor of carrying it and after the parade it was given to him as a souvenir. I never heard the name of the maker. Later on, when the Adams Bank went to eternal smash, some time in the middle fifties, I think, Haskell sacrificed his private fortune trying to bolster up the concern, but the express company went down with it and Haskell died in the Alms House."

### The Library Loafer

The following letter of complaint is of some interest: "Dear Spectator—For years past, in fact since the establishment of free public reading rooms, the eastern papers have from time to time deprecated the fact that they were to a great extent only public lounging places. San Francisco, not having had the lesson of experience, could afford to neglect the hints and warnings, but she cannot do so, any longer, for though the genus tramp is still missing, it is evident that we are developing a new species, the library tramp. Every day in the week and all day long the branches of the city library are thronged with men and half-grown boys who should be employed at some useful occupation, but who find the warm stove, the shelter and the newspapers and periodicals an unresisted if not irresistible temptation. There is nothing of the scholar or student about them, nor are they of a class indulging in an occasional 'spree' of reading, but they bear all the marks of having settled down to a long debauch of physical and intellectual loafing. The probabilities are that a goodly percentage are products of the refugee camps, trained, during the past eleven months to a system of shirking every duty, content if their bodies are warmed and their stomach filled, to half doze through existence, even without their cigarettes. A new magazine scarcely finds place in the rack before

it is seized upon, and by the time the librarians and assistants find a few moments to restore some semblance of order it is dog-eared and dirty, with every chance that the cover has been removed so that the next reader must pry into its center in order to discover the brand and examine each page to learn the contents. Every chair is occupied, every table littered, and those who display every mark of illiteracy are found in possession of the reviews and quarterlies which they would not read under any conditions, but which enable them to retain their places by a show of occupation. It used to be said and not without reason, that our public libraries were but clearing houses for novels, and patronized only by women and school children, but it is a brave and bold woman who can penetrate today. The Salvation Army discovered, years ago, the temptation which free reading rooms placed in the way of the weak-willed who, though lacking the more robust inclination for saloons and pool rooms, were equally as far from initiative in the opposite direction, and made it their rule that recreation halls and reading rooms should be closed during working hours. No one will be so captious as to deny the right of men to look over the daily papers or to read a magazine article which interests them. No one can object to the occasional hour in a library, but to spend the whole day and every day dawdling, and dodging work, is another story altogether. The library habit is just as much to be condemned as the saloon habit. Both are exemplifications of idleness and uselessness."

—A Reader.

### The Hebbard Investigation

I hear that the committee appointed by the Bar Association to investigate certain charges against Superior Judge Hebbard is having a hard time of it. There is gossip galore, but no evidence. Attorneys and newspaper reporters who have been free with their tongues in the matter are clams when it comes to making a statement in writing for the benefit of the committee. Yet they do not hesitate to say in private that the Judge seemed of late to be more interested in John Barleycorn than in legal questions. There is no doubt that his conduct has been quite erratic on the bench as well as in private life, but it is not easy to procure evidence against him, for he has the sympathy of all that know him. Even those that deprecate the most the lapses to which his in-

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Evening of April 19th

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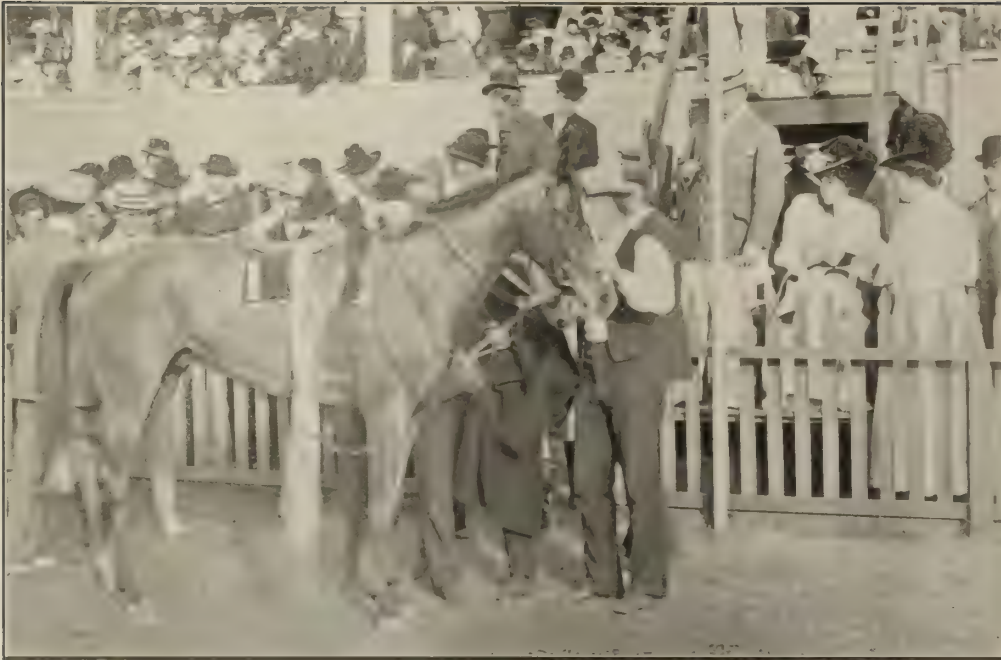
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Photos by H. R. Fitch.

**CHARLES W. CLARK'S "JOE ROSS"**

Winner of A. B. Spreckels Challenge Cup. Marsh, Jockey. Mrs. Francis J. Carolan and Mrs. Alex. Hamilton in the Judge's Box.

The Four Photographs Shown Here Were Taken on the Grounds of the Coronado Country Club During the Recent Athletic Club Tournament.

**FRANCIS J. CAROLAN**

Of the Burlingame Polo Team.

firmities led him are indisposed to give testimony that might put an end to his career. They remember the days when he was one of the ablest and most popular men on the bench; they have not forgotten that he was a man of infinite sympathy, a steadfast friend, and a foe so generous that he spent years in obtaining for his most bitter enemy a pardon from the penitentiary; these are the things that throng recollection today and that constrain men to silence when sum-

moned before the investigating committee. Judge Hebbard appeals to the leniency of all that knew him in the heyday of his career. They would like to see him get one more chance.

**Breezes That Make Men Crazy**

Chicago scientists have discovered that crime is inspired by the East wind, which fills people with distress and madness. It breeds influenza and a desire for suicide. It creates brain storms, under the influence of which wind-crazed people go out and butcher their neighbors. It influences the burglar, who, when the East wind blows, can think of naught but climbing porches, jimmying doors, and looting silver chests. When the wind is in the East the footpad grasps his trusty blackjack and lurks in shadows waiting for people with well-filled purses. It is a terrible thing, this East wind, under the influence of which bank presidents juggle funds and clerks rob safes in order that they may play the races. Criminals rich enough to hire eminent counsel will have a new defense. "Your Honor," the attorney will say, "I propose to prove that on the day my client murdered his entire family—which act we are willing to admit—there was an East wind blowing under the influence of which he could not resist the impulse to butcher his relatives. Science will support me in this." Then will be a time for experts. Weather men will be called upon to testify as to whether the wind on that day was really from the East, or was nor' nor'-east—which would make the difference between hanging and going with an unstretched neck. And windy scientists would revel in the opportunity to air their knowledge. This wind theory is likely to receive support in San Francisco, especially if the streets go unsprinkled much longer. Any one who has battled





AMONG THE AUTO PARTIES AT THE RACE TRACK OF THE CORONADO COUNTRY CLUB.

From left to right: William Ramsey, Mrs. Martin Chase (at wheel), Martin Chase of Riverside, Mrs. Samuel Nave, Mrs. Fleischman, Julius Fleischman of Cincinnati, Mrs. S. F. Nave of Riverside, J. A. Hayes and H. R. Stephens.

against our trade winds, which bear blinding clouds of dust, ashes and debris, will be willing to believe in the theory of breezes that "madden to crime."

### They Water Their Butter

A Eureka correspondent writes me that some of the creameries of Humboldt County are getting tangled up with the pure food law. Watered milk is something that we city people are perfectly familiar with, but it seems that the foxy creamery man also waters his butter. Of course one of the component parts of butter is water, but the new pure food law provides that it shall not be more than sixteen per cent. All over that the creamery man must pay the government for at market value—the price of a pound of butter for every pound of water over the prescribed amount. There is a fine besides. This water-working business has become a specialty at some of the creameries. The more water a butter-maker could get into the butter, the higher his wages. Some of the expert ones could work in as high as thirty per cent. With butter at twenty-five cents a pound, there was quite a profit in this extra fourteen per cent of water, especially in a creamery that was making half a ton of butter a day. The government has taken cognizance of all this, and one of the big creameries of Humboldt County has been stung for about \$15,000, which includes the fines imposed. But it does not intend to yield without a fight, and has sent a representative down here to see if he cannot adjust things. The enforcement of this law means a loss to the dairyman as well as to the creamery owner. The dairymen are paid for their milk according to the amount of butter fat in it. But there has been so much competition among the creameries that they have been paying more than the milk is really worth, depending



WALTER S. HOBART

"Back" of the Burlingame Polo Team.

for their profit on the water they could work into the butter—the water that you and I have been buying for the benefit of the oppressed farmer. On the front steps of any country general merchandise store you can find a bunch of whiskered oracles who have resolutions for all governmental and financial problems. They know just what should be done to the trusts, and are loud in their denunciations of corporations that water stocks. But they seem to see no harm in watering their butter.

### Another "Rumpus" at the U. C.

The Prytannean Society of the University of California has been caught in the tide of discontent which is sweeping over the college campus. The Prytannean is an honor society to which the most prominent girls in college belong and they were instrumental in recently founding a hospital where students could receive medical attention at a minimum cost. The hospital is in the charge of Dr. Rheinhard who has long been connected with the university. Now it is whispered that the founders of the hospital are highly displeased with the doctor's management of affairs and as the medico refuses to comply with their wishes there is a lot of tongue-wagging in the college town and the gossips are alert for another lively college row. Evidently the bird of ill omen is nesting on the college housetops, for petty strife and scandal seem to hold high carnival in the halls of higher education. Before one "rumpus" has been given decent burial by the public some new scandal bubbles to the surface.

### A Noted Chinese Exile

The local branch of the Chinese Educational Society is preparing to give Kang Yu Wei a big reception on his arrival, for Wei has been heard from after a long absence. It is said that he recently arrived in New York from Europe and is coming hither. Wei was formerly a resident of our Chinatown, and it was here that he started the Chinese Reform Association of which he is still president. He is now one of the most conspicuous figures in Chinese affairs. For more than twenty years he has been an exile from China with a price on his head, and to keep that head on his shoulders he has found it necessary to make frequent changes of scene. He has wandered all over the world, but during all the period of his wandering he has kept in touch with his country and one by one have the reforms which he agitated been woven into the fabric of Chinese national policy. In 1898 he was in favor near the throne. Indeed he had the complete confidence of the young Emperor, who was induced by his zealous and patriotic mentor between June 11 and September 15 to promulgate twenty-six decrees announcing reforms of the most revolutionary character in the policy and government of China. A week after his last decree the Emperor was swept aside by the Dowager Empress, Kang was a fugitive and several of his colleagues had been executed.

### A Prophet Without Honor

This great Celestial was right in his ideas of the needs of China and of the reforms the empire required; but the hour had not quite come. He was more zealous than judicious; he was precipitate when patience and caution would have served him better. He admitted the following year that he had been too fast. With a price on his head he has always credited the Dowager Empress with liberal tendencies, though she believed the time was not ripe for radical political changes. The world now sees that eminent woman in a rather different light from that in which she appeared when she suppressed the Emperor and encouraged the Boxers. There is evidence now that she believed reformatory measures were absolutely necessary, but they should be carried out slowly without startling the country by a large programme of innovation; and she encouraged the Boxers not because she expected to drive foreign influence out of China, but because,

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## Spring's New Costumes

Surely time now to approach in earnest the subject of a gown selection for the new season. May take a little more time than in past seasons—there is so much more that is novel and stylish. But this is an additional guarantee that you will find just what you seek, just that particular effect that you have already decided you want.

Really, the guides of Fashion should have given this season's beautiful styles some new names. To talk of Etons, Pony Suits, Jacket Suits and the like does not do justice to the handsome gowns that we are now displaying. The general principles of these popular models are followed, but that is all.

The mixtures are new, the colors are new, the trimming designs are new—there is a new satisfaction in every detail.

The new season's Tailored Suits present a choice of all the new solid colors, the very best only of the novelty mixtures, checks and plaids. The materials are Voiles, Panamas, Broadcloths and novelty weaves.

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\$35.00 and to \$60.00**



alarmed by the encroachments of the Powers upon Chinese soil, she believed the Boxer uprising might convince the Occident that it would cost more than it was worth to violate the territorial integrity of the empire. The seed sown by Kang and his party is already bearing fruit. The reforms which he induced the Emperor to announce are the very measures that have been proclaimed by the Government of China. The education abroad of picked students preparatory to taking official positions, the abolition of classical essays as a part of civil service examinations, the study of Western science, legal procedure, administrative methods, systems of military drill and organization, the translation of scientific books and the opening of schools to use them as texts are all among the reforms announced in the Emperor's decrees. Some of the remarkable innovations now seen in China were not included in the Emperor's programme of 1898. The Reform Association of which Kang Yu Wei is the head has a membership of 3,000,000.

#### Passing of Mrs. Mary Greet

Mrs. Mary Sandelande Greet, third cousin of Empress Eugenie, and a lineal descendant of James the First of Scotland, passed away at Pacific Grove last week after an illness of many months. Mrs. Greet was the granddaughter of Lord Torphi, who was Premier of Scotland. Born in Scotland, she came with her parents to the United States in 1830. After living for two years in New York, the family moved to Canada, where she married Richard Greet, whose people have been in the British Navy since 1600. Mrs. Greet had a very modest and unassuming nature, although she was a deep student and had a surprising knowledge of the history and politics of every country. She often said that a woman's name should appear in print but three times during her life—at her birth, on her wedding day and at her death. Mrs. Greet was the aunt of Ben Greet and leaves two sons, Alexander and Richard Greet, and two daughters, Miss Emma Sandelande Greet and Mrs. T. C. Innes, who lives abroad. Her three granddaughters and Miss Greet were with her at the time of her death. Mrs. Greet desired that after she had passed away her body should be laid beside that of her late husband's in Guelph, Canada, and Miss Greet has already started on that sad mission.

Mrs. James Lenox Banks, Lenox Banks, Miss S. B. Colt and Miss Jane B. Colt, all of New York, are now at Del Monte.

Other New Yorkers there at present are Mr. and Mrs. James Foster, Mrs. A. P. Fitch, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Mard, Miss Wilkington, Mrs. G. A. Spaulding, Miss Spaulding, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Lovejoy, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Rice Jr., Mrs. Mabel Rice, Dr. and Mrs. C. McBurney, Miss Howard, Harry S. Parker, Francis M. Weld, C. L. Barstow, A. C. Schuyler, M. C. Burrell, W. S. Myers, Lambert Myers, W. Carey Taylor, Howard Agnew Johnston and Esmonde Whitman.

Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Mrs. H. Sherman, wife of Dr. Sherman, and the two children, Mrs. B. H. Dibblee and J. Anderson were at Del Monte for the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Marx (Miss Reine Weill) are enjoying honeymoon days at Del Monte.

There will be a grand concert in the Pompeian Garden at Tait's on the evening of April 18 to celebrate the anniversary of the rise of the new San Francisco.

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# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## Why the Marriage is Delayed

There has been a great deal of speculation over the announcement that Anita Harvey's nuptials have been delayed. Mrs. Harvey and Anita are still in New York, and a friend there writes me Anita is very ill and society need not look under the rose for any other reason for the postponement. She is suffering from the effects of an unusually severe cold which left her ear impaired and she is being treated by some famous Eastern specialists. Her wedding to Oscar Cooper, which was to take place on April 17, will probably be a June affair. Owing to a difference in religious belief the wedding was to be a comparatively small affair—only two hundred guests were to receive cards. But as the Harvey social position is all wool and two yards wide, the list of invited guests was skimmed from the very cream of society. People had already begun to preen their feathers for the event and a number of wedding presents have been sent, so the necessary postponement is a disappointment to their friends as well as to the bride and groom.

## Martin Family History

Miss Genevieve Walker of Philadelphia, who is a cousin of the Harvey girls, will come West with Mrs. Harvey and Anita as soon as the latter is able to travel. She will divide her time between the Harvey home and Mrs. Eleanor Martin's residence. She is a granddaughter of the dowager leader of society, so her social success is assured. The ramifications of the Martin family are a Chinese puzzle to those whose memory does not go back to the "Foreword" of the social history of this city by the Western sea. Mrs. Martin had children by her first husband, Mr. Harvey, and when she married Mr. Martin he was a widower with a young daughter of his own. Mrs. Martin launched her in society and arranged a brilliant match for her but she disposed of these well meant plans by quietly slipping away and marrying a man of her own choice. Her husband hailed from Portland, Oregon, and they went there to live. The marriage proved a very happy one but the young wife did not long survive the birth of her only son. When Mr. Martin died a large share of his estate was left to this child. This young man is even less known in San Francisco society than the Walker branch of the family.

## Gossips Still Guessing

Insistent Rumor which brackets the names of Genevieve Harvey and Harry Stetson will have to put on its guessing cap and await developments. The clairvoyant matchmakers who have insisted that this engagement will be announced at the Harvey-Cooper wedding must let their curiosity cool its heels now that the wedding day has been postponed. Personally

I hail from Missouri whenever a gossip whispers in my ear that Genevieve Harvey is "really, truly" engaged. I preserved the same "show me" attitude toward the now defunct rumor that Emily Wilson would spring an engagement surprise at the wedding of her sister Charlotte to George Cadwalader. I should not be surprised to hear that both of these charming girls have capitulated to Cupid but I fancy the match-makers are not in the secret of announcement dates.

## Society's Forthcoming Parade

Although the Easter dress parade long ago became a derelict, every year bonnets and sonnets are aired in the papers. As a matter of fact, really smart people no longer don purple and fine linen on that day. Not one of the fashionable Blingumites appeared at Easter service in the bright new trappings of spring. They were all scrupulously careful to wear gowns and hats that would belie the Easter fallacy. Even now very few fashionables are wearing summer headgear and the few new chapeaux that I have noticed are all black affairs. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels is wearing a lovely big, befeathered black hat with her smart black and white walking frock. It is the most becoming hat I have ever seen on this handsome young matron. Mrs. Gus Taylor is also wearing a stunning black hat—a conspicuously chic affair. However not until the opening of the Fairmont Hotel will full blown spring finery make its appearance. At the charity fete on the 16th and the dinner on the 19th one will see the very latest in gowns and hats, for society is going to make a dress parade of these affairs. Among those who will be dinner hosts on the 19th are Miss Jennie Blair, Edward M. Greenway, the Parker Whitneys, the Herbert Moffats and a number of other society leaders.

## Mrs. Vanderbilt's Short Visit

Society people who had hoped to entertain Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Sr. are grievously disappointed over her determination to spend but one day—April 20—in San Francisco. Mrs. Eleanor Martin, who met Mrs. Vanderbilt while she was visiting in New York, had planned to give a dinner in her honor. Mrs. Vanderbilt is traveling west in her private car and has a dozen guests with her. Since all interstate railway passes have been abolished full fare must be paid for every person riding in a private car, which means that only people affected with sudden rushes of generosity to the head will hereafter fill their private cars with guests. A Milwaukee millionaire who passed off his friends as maids and valets and took them on a jaunt in his car is now being investigated—which proves that even the muchly-moneyed resort to questionable devices to evade this irksome law. As very

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few San Franciscans own private cars they do not particularly feel the burden of the new rule. Jennie Crocker has her own car but evidently she does not screw the lid on her coffers very tightly, for right after the law was passed she took a party of eight to Mexico.

### Still Slashing Fine Gowns

The "skirt slasher" is stalking the land again and the satin shod step gingerly these days for fear of running into his knife. A week or two ago he made his presence known on the Oakland ferry boat by surreptitiously following several ladies who were returning from a tea on the other side of the bay, and at the opportune moment, zip! he slashed a skirt from knee to hem. I was told that the lady whose gown was thus ruined was Mrs. Herbert Law, but as she made no outcry over the affair the man escaped.

### Has a Sartorial Brain Storm

The particular brand of "brain storm" which sweeps over this fellow's gray matter carves sartorial destruction in its wake and the police should make concerted action to capture him. Several months ago he terrified the smartly gowned by slashing skirts right and left but suddenly he disappeared and it was thought that he had departed for other fields where chiffons wave as proudly as here. But evidently he is once more abroad and is as difficult to catch as a slippery grafter.

### Silk Lined Society Nervous

It is patent that the man has a crooked philosophy which has unsettled his reason. The fact that he does not slash at shabby or even moderately fine apparel proves that he has a distorted socialistic viewpoint. That some of us must travel through life in "rags, and some in bags, and some in velvet gowns" does not appeal to his sense of justice and so he goes about knifing the velvet gowns. Silk lined society will rustle more contentedly when he is captured.

### Miss Extravagance Being Disciplined

Several smart shopkeepers, modistes and milliners were notified this week that a very prominent and wealthy matron would no longer be responsible for her sister's debts. The young lady is one of the most popular girls in society and is always very smartly gowned. Her sister's husband is a very rich man and when her creditors became too insistent the young lady would pass her bills up to her married sister, who would make the rounds and pay up. So of course the young woman was given unlimited credit by the shopkeepers. But this year her bills overstepped her sister's complacent generosity and she is being disciplined into economy.

### Bessie Bowie In Paris

Bessie Bowie begins her professional career late this Spring. I hear she has been singing in the drawing rooms of her friends in Paris during the past winter and has made considerable money doing so. She expects to sing in London during the season and will probably make her debut at Whitelaw Reid's or Lady Cheylesmore's. Lady Cheylesmore, who was Miss French of New York City, is one of the most influential patrons of music in the London smart set, and



CAROLINE B. NICHOLS

Conductor of The Fadettes Woman's Orchestra of Boston,  
Who Will Begin An Engagement at The Orpheum  
This Sunday Afternoon.

she has brought out many American song-birds in her drawing-room. She is popular with vocal debutantes for the reason that she always pays for the privilege of having them sing, whereas many of the London hostesses consider that the singer is sufficiently paid by the prestige she gains by singing her first songs in their exclusive drawing-rooms. Another San Francisco singer who will probably rival Miss Bowie in London this Spring is Pearl Ladd who made her drawing-room debut in London last season. Miss Ladd is ambitious for an operatic career and probably will return to the United States this year. Miss Bowie is also an aspirant for histrionic honors but as her health is not robust she will probably not attempt it. In Paris she recently appeared in a concert given by Mrs. Younger of this city.

### The Fairmont Promenade Concert

The big event of the week, in fact the biggest charitable event in the history of San Francisco will be the promenade concert, under the direction of Dr. H. J. Stewart, at the Fairmont Hotel, on Tuesday

evening, April 16th. The concert is for the benefit of The San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, The Doctors' Daughters and San Francisco Polyclinic, and will doubtless attract the largest and most representative assemblage since the fire. Among those taking part in the musical program will be the Stanford and Berkeley Glee Clubs, the De Koven Glee Club, The Swedish Singing Society, the Fairmont Hotel Orchestra, Mrs. Bermingham, Miss Helen Heath, Miss Camille Frank, Mrs. Charles Camm, Mrs. Markt, Miss Virginia Pierce, and Mr. Romeo Frick. The arrangements for the concert have been made by a joint committee of ladies from the three charities interested, of which Mrs. M. H. de Young is the head.

The following registered at Byron Hot Springs during the past week: From San Francisco, Mrs. E. H. Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Pike, Dr. L. D. Bacigalupi, Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewett. Oakland, Captain and Mrs. I. Z. Thayer. Blair, Nev., M. L. Effinger.

### McKee Has Caught On

"Robt." McKee who is well known in this city has become quite a figure in the artistic life of New York City. He is now established as one of the chief interior decorators of the metropolis. His studio teas are famous in certain circles and one is always sure to meet interesting people there. Mr. McKee is a personal friend of Clyde Fitch. He planned the furnishings of one of the most elaborate rooms in the playwright's house.

### Sauret Honors Landsberger

Mr. Nat Landsberger is being felicitated by his friends on the great honor conferred on him recently by his old teacher, the famous Emile Sauret, the news of which was received a few days ago. The great violinist has dedicated a beautiful composition "Andante et Caprice de Concert op. 67 to the local favorite. Sauret is at present in Geneva, Switzerland. His exquisite playing doing his engagement in this city a year ago is remembered with keen pleasure by music lovers.

The Frank McComases are in Greece.

The first recital of La Prova Club at Calvary Presbyterian Church which took place Thursday evening occurred too late to be reviewed in this week's issue.

The last of the dances for this season of the Friday Evening Dancing Club took place April 5 at the Paris Tea Garden. The attendance was very large, many guests being asked by the members on this occasion. The club has proven itself a great favorite among the younger set, thanks to the kind interest of its patronesses, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Louis Monteagle, Mrs. Geo. Ashton, Mrs. Potter Langhorn and Mrs. Geo. Moore. A charming dance was given last Thursday night at the Paris Tea Garden for the members of the young set who will soon make their bow to society. The affair was arranged by the Misses Slack, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Frances Martin, Miss Marie Bullard and Misses Wheeler. A dainty supper was served after the dance and the young people spent a most enjoyable evening. The patronesses receiving the guests were Mrs. Edgar de Pue, Mrs. John Martin, Mrs. E. Bullard and Mrs. Chas. Slack.

The Severn has just scored another triumph by the addition of a very excellent male quartet to its many fetching attractions. The best proof of its exceptional success is in the smart people seen dining there right along.

A very popular Chicago man who has been many times at Del Monte was welcomed back last week. C. T. Boynton is fond of trout fishing and probably will remain until May so that he may have a chance at some of the sparkling beauties at the Rancho Del Monte, which has one of the best trout streams in the country. With Mr. Boynton is Major I. M. Bean of Milwaukee.

## Announcement

Spring and Summer

We desire to announce that our complete selection of strictly confined Imported and Domestic Woolens, consisting of unusually attractive patterns in popular weaves and fashionable materials, is now ready awaiting inspection.

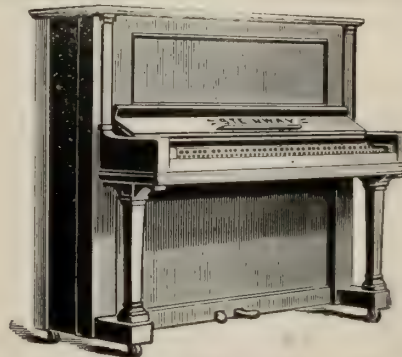
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# Stage

## Petschnikoff and His Individuality

A certain cachet of old world art for art's sake pervaded the three concerts of Alexander Petschnikoff, the young Russian violinist and his artiste wife, and the mere excellence of the playing alone was not responsible for this atmosphere. Petschnikoff is the most unvirtuoso like of the great violinists, for though his mechanical skill is amply sufficient to enable him to play such compositions as the formidable Bach Chaconne with consummate technical perfection it is the exquisite musical beauty of his interpretations, the exotic charm of his Cossack temperament that make him a distinct and individual figure in the violin world. Practically every one of the great violinists, barring only Joachim and Burmester, has visited San Francisco, and each has given us his version of the Wieniawski D minor Concerto, and yet with all that array of precedent, who will be able to forget Petschnikoff's rendition of it, the indescribable and haunting sweetness of his tone, the subtle charm of his romance. Likewise the Mendelssohn Concerto, probably the most played of any violin concerto, was invested with renewed freshness by Petschnikoff, whose spontaneous warmth in the Allegro and Molto Apassionata was irresistible. The numbers for two violins presented by Mr. and Mrs. Petschnikoff revealed to us a new order of musical enjoyment, for we have never before had an opportunity of hearing these fine compositions rendered by artists of such calibre as this unique young couple. Mrs. Petschnikoff's playing is in such perfect accord with that of her husband that often the individuality of the instruments was indistinguishable and naturally the perfection of ensemble was absolute. Their Bach and Spohr numbers were hardly less novelties to us than the Suite of Zilcher, a German of pronouncedly modern tendencies. A most interesting composer, this Zilcher, one of the very few moderns who have real melodic invention, and it seemed a pity that the Petschnikoffs did not give us the Suite in its entirety instead of only two movements. The very small attendance at these concerts would indicate a most lamentable indifference to music on the part of San Franciscans were it not that the lateness of an unusually perturbed season, i. e., calamity times, gives us an excuse with which to atone for our delinquent patronage of such high class art. Mr. Greenbaum, by the bye, who persists in bringing us season after season the very best artists of the world in spite of occasional financial loss to himself, is really entitled to more consideration on our part, for he has kept faith with us

far in excess of our deserts, and but for his personal enjoyment of the music he imports westward we of the musicianly ilk would probably be much less well plied with the contemporary caviare of our art.

## "The Tenderfoot" at the American

Commencing with the matinee on Sunday, April 14, and continuing for two weeks the San Francisco Opera Company will present at the American Theatre Richard Carle's great comic opera success, "The Tenderfoot." It is universally acknowledged that this is one of the best of our native productions in comic opera. The locale of its action is the wild and woolly West along the Texas frontier. The book is filled to the covers and overflowing with good wholesome comedy. Among the musical gems that never fail to score big hits are "Marriage is a Lottery," "A Gay Lothario," "A Soldier of Fortune," "I'm a Peaceable Party," "My Alamo Love," "Adios," "The Tortured Thomas Cat," "Fascinating Venus," "Only a Kiss" and "Marriage Bells." Aida Hemmi has recovered from her recent illness and returns to the cast in the role of "Marian," the part in which she scored so strongly at the Tivoli Opera House. George Kunkel will be the lovable old professor, and Teddy Webb the boisterous Sergeant Barker. Mr. Haydn will play the gallant captain of the Texas Rangers who wins and tames the wilful Marian. Mr. Wallerstedt will play the part of Honest John the gambler, Miss Leicester, Flora Jane Fibbey the authoress; Mr. Rogers, Hop Lee; Ruby Norton, Patsy the waif; Mr. Stokes, Mr. Mills and Mr. Farrell, the officers of the Rangers, and the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus in the roles of Cowboys, Cowgirls, Texas Rangers, Mexicans, Bridesmaids, Soldiers and Indians.

Annie Russell, who has always been seen in the past in sweet and girlish roles, has gone in the opposite direction this season and as Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which she will be seen at the Van Ness Theatre, the fortnight beginning April 29, she appears in a grotesque makeup. This step has proved to be a distinctive artistic success for the actress who has made many sacrifices to the cause of art.

Henrietta Crosman will have three plays in her repertoire when she appears at the Van Ness Theatre a few weeks hence.

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### Orpheum Vaudeville

The program for the week beginning this Sunday matinee has for a top-liner the Fadettes Woman's Orchestra of Boston, twenty-two in number, whose conductor is the clever musician Caroline B. Nichols. The musical ability of this splendid organization has apparently no limit. Its members are equally at home in Sousa's rattling "Semper Fidelis March," von Suppe's "Pique Dame" Overture; the sextette from Lucia, the allegro moderato movement from Schubert's "Unfinished Symphonic," the sparkling Caprice by Epinossa and Tobane's rollicking humorous and descriptive piece, "Coney Island in the Old Days." The Fadettes' imitation of a German band is deliciously comical and their paraphrases on Seidi's Orchestra and Gilmore's band are capital. Louise Agoust and her company will present a French vaudeville bit called Mlle. Foulard. Mlle. Agoust is a very beautiful woman and a most skillful juggler. Cartmell and Harris, one of the cleverest teams in vaudeville will make their San Francisco debut in an artistic singing and dancing specialty. Mr. Cartmell both sings and dances well, and Miss Harris is described as a danseuse such as poets write about; pretty, petite, graceful and airy. William Morrow and Miss Schellberg, clever singers, mimics and portrayers of life on the plains, complete the list of new people. The hold-overs are Ferguson and Mack, Dorothy Drew, Brockman and the Phillip Sisters and the wonderful Bellong Brothers. There will also be new Orpheum Motion Pictures.



MADELAINE MAXWELL  
At Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

### The Colonial to Produce "Friends"

For the week beginning Monday night, April 15, the Colonial Stock Company will be seen in Milton Royle's successful four-act comedy-drama "Friends," the play in which the author himself scored such a big hit when it was first produced. "Friends" is an intensely inter-

esting play of American life in New York. Monday night will also mark the local debut of Morgan Wallace, the new leading man engaged by Manager Kurtzig to replace Wilfrid Roger, who is now starring in "Salome." Mr. Wallace has played with some of the



THE DANCING TEA GIRLS

In The Augustin Daly Musical Company's Production of "The Cingalee" Next Week at the Van Ness Theatre.





SCENE FROM LEO. DETTRICHSTEIN'S UPROARIOUS FARCE, "ALL ON ACCOUNT OF ELIZA"  
At the New Alcazar Theatre Week Commencing April 15.



A SCENE FROM FLORENCE ROBERTS' NEW PLAY, "MARIA ROSA"  
To be Presented at the Novelty Theatre Commencing Next Monday Night.

greatest stars on the American stage and has made his mark in the theatrical world. He should add considerable strength to the already strong stock company now playing at the Colonial. Izetta Jewell, the talented leading woman, will also be in the cast, as well as Frank Bacon, A. Burt Wesner, Norval McGregor, Walker Graves Jr., R. Peralta-Galindo, Bessie Bacon, Jane Jeffery and the balance of the company.

### Florence Roberts in a New Play

Florence Roberts is to offer for the approval of San Francisco theatregoers, at the Novelty Theatre, next Monday night a play entirely new to this city and one

which has but lately received its premier. The actress has in this play, "Maria Rosa," as strong and virile a work as has been seen in years on the American stage. "Maria Rosa" is in three acts and its author, Angel Guimera, well known by his other work, "Marta of the Lowlands," has furnished a plot at once interesting, well conceived and carried out by a number of cleverly drawn characters. The title role as played by Miss Roberts holds the interest of the audience at all times and her story of love and revenge is surrounded by a picturesque stage setting. The leading male role, that of the treacherous Ramona, will be played by Thurlow Bergen, while Chas. Kent will surely prove an immediate success in the part of

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Martin P. Kurtzig, President and Manager.

Week Beginning Monday Night, April 15,  
Milton Royle's National Success,

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First appearance of Morgan Wallace, supported by Izetta Jewell, Frank Bacon and the full strength of the Colonial Stock Company.

PRICES: Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c, 50c; Bargain Matinee Wednesday, all seats reserved, 25c. Branch Ticket Office, Kohler & Chase's, Sutter and Franklin streets.

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### "ALL ON ACCOUNT OF ELIZA"

As Played by Louis Mann and Clara Lipman.

PRICES: Night, 25c to \$1.00; Matinees, 25c to 50c.

To Follow: "There and Back."

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April 22: Lillian Russell.

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### FLORENCE ROBERTS

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### "MARIA ROSA"

By the Author of "Marta of the Lowlands."

## IDORA PARK OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

Every Evening, Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

### "WANG"

In Preparation: Sousa's Best Work, "El Capitan."

## Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop.

This Week, "The Prince and the Pauper."

Commencing Monday Evening, April 15.

### "THE COWBOY AND THE LADY"



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Hunch. Others in the cast are Florence Robinson, C. Jay Williams, Lucius Henderson, Frederic Hand and Clinton Maynard.

#### At The New Alcazar

The New Alcazar Stock Company will make its first appearance in a farcical piece next week, when Leo Detrichstein's "All on Account of Eliza" will be presented. The theme of this piece is the puritanical prejudice of a rural community. It is inspired, in this instance, by a school teacher who outwits her tormentors and marries the son of the President of the School Board. The piece abounds in humorous situations and it is not without sentimental interest.

Miss Laura Lang, the leading lady of the company, will appear to especial advantage, it is said, in the role of the city school teacher for comedy is her forte and she has not as yet had a real opportunity to demonstrate that fact at the Alcazar. Bertram Lytell, the handsome leading man is cast for the part of Walter Hochstuhl, the successful lover.

John B. Maher, the comedian and the great favorite in the days of the old O'Farrell street house, will be seen in the first real "fat" part he has had since Belasco and Mayer threw open the doors of the new theatre. As Frank Hochstuhl, president of the village school board, he has ample scope for his powers of fun making. Hochstuhl is an eccentric German-American with a delicious dialect. Louis Mann made the part famous but the admirers of Mr. Maher believe that he will fill the role to equal advantage.

Lillian Russell will be the stellar attraction to appear at the Van Ness Theatre one week from Monday.

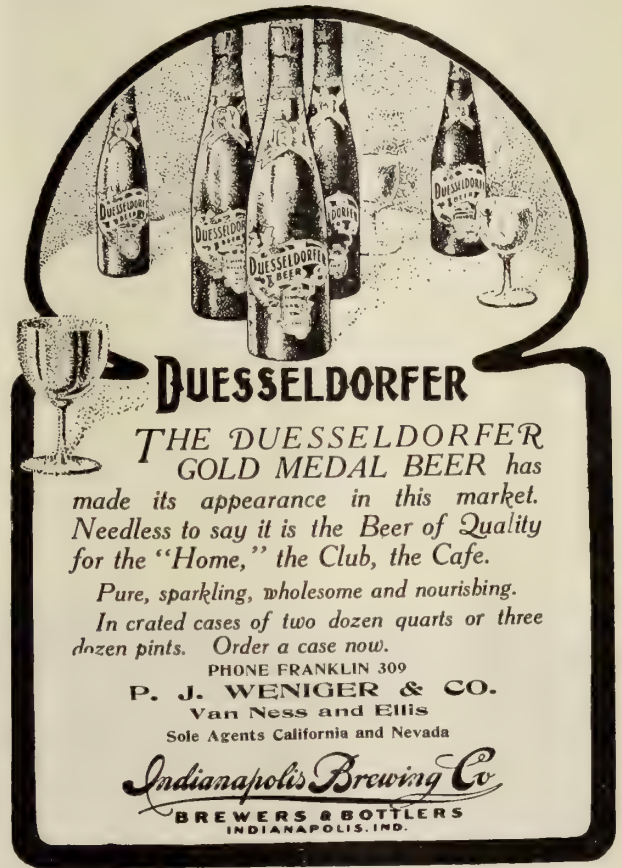
Florence Roberts will produce "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" during the fourth and last week of her engagement at the Novelty Theatre. This is probably the actress's greatest comedy hit.

#### Bright Production of "The Cingalee"

"The Cingalee," produced on a very elaborate scale will be the attraction at the Van Ness Theatre commencing next Monday night. Tropical isles, gorgeous scenery, rich costumes, complicated plots, involving natives as innocent as children and rolling in wealth for the background. In this new musical comedy interest centers about Nanoya, who is half English and half Cingalee. She has been married at the age of four to a native noble, but runs away and falls in love with an English tea planter. She is found by her husband and carried off. The stage is filled with natives and visitors, who get into a wonderful wrangle that supplies the writer of the book with several subplots and the auditors with much amusement. The cast includes all the excellent members of the large company. Genevieve Finlay will be heard in the title role of the piece while Sam Collins will appear as E. Z. Breeze, a comedy role full of fun making. Melville Stewart, Hallyn Mostyn, Harold Vizard, Grace Gresham, Viola Kellogg are among those cast to special advantage.

Lillian Russell is to play a special engagement limited to one week at the Van Ness Theatre commencing Monday night, April 22. Miss Russell has been appearing this season with pronounced success in straight comedy without music and her play called

"The Butterfly" is credited with having had the stamp of approval placed upon it at the very first performance.



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### Chicago Symphony Concerts This Week

The festival of melody to be offered us this week by Will Greenbaum through the medium of the famous Chicago Symphony Orchestra and its renowned conductor, Alexander Von Fielitz, will probably attract the biggest concert audiences of the season. The first concert of this brilliant aggregation will be given Friday evening at Christian Science Hall. The second evening concert will be given at the same place this Saturday evening, April 13. Attractive programmes have been arranged for both affairs. Saturday evening Raff's "Leonore" Symphony, Hamish McCunn's overture, "Land of Mountain and Flood," and a waltz by Glazounow will attract many. The soloists will be E. C. Towne, tenor, Miss De Selem, contralto, and Mr. Foerstel, violinist.

The first Saturday afternoon orchestral concert ever given at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, will be the one given by this organization. This will afford an opportunity for the thousands who cannot attend the Thursday concerts to hear one of the Greek Theatre concerts. Take the 1:20 p. m. Key Route or Broad Gauge from San Francisco. The programme will be a glorious one, including Beethoven's greatest symphony, "The Eroica," Tannhauser Overture, a "Suite" by Von Fielitz, a grand selection from "Die Walkure."

The last concert will be given Sunday afternoon at the new and commodious Van Ness Theatre. This will be a genuine "Novelty" concert. Important works will be played here for the first time. Prices are moderate, ranging from \$1.50 down to 75 cents. On Sunday the box office will be open at the Van Ness Theatre from 10 a. m.

### Idora Park

"Wang" is attracting large crowds to Idora Park, and it looks as if that popular place would permanently be the home of light opera in Oakland. It is well worth taking a trip over to see the splendid performance, visit the fine skating rink and enjoy a day's outing.

—The Playgoer.

A distance of sixteen thousand eight hundred and thirty-five miles in rental service, and still doing business every day, is the record of a Winton Model K owned by the Hub Rental Company at Los Angeles.

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THE FADETTES WOMAN'S ORCHESTRA OF BOSTON  
Twenty-two in Number, Who Will be Heard at The Orpheum Next Week.



## The Three Elms

(Continued from Page 8)

more fell upon it; no longer did it hearken to the sound of laughter and song; not once again did the pure air of heaven whisper its benison over its head. It stood silent, in terrible solitude, shunned, feared, and abhorred, wet with the bitter tears of hopeless men.

Yet, since it stood as the dread symbol of human justice, since by its means was carried out the due punishment of sin, and since it alone heard the last whisper of dying men, its destiny was austere.

The second was purchased by a shipwright, and of it was fashioned a fishing-boat. It was dedicated to the high office of Toil, and by night and by day, in summer and winter, sunshine and rain, wind and bitter sleet, it sailed the sea, spoiling it of its treasure of food, doing battle with it valiantly for ever. It was the home of lonely men, going with them where-soever they went, protecting them from the violence of the tempest and the unreasoned raging of the sea. It carried for them that which they perilously wrested from the clutch of the waters, and they put their trust in it, placing their lives in its keeping, loving it. In no wise did it betray their sublime faith, for, when at length, after long years of patient labor, borne always without anger and without complaint, the might of the sea was greater than it could withstand, and the wild rush of the wind swifter than it could out-flee—when, on a tempestuous night, its strength failed and the sea conquered, it perished with them. Together they went down into the uttermost deeps of the sea, lying cold and forgotten in the hiding-place of the great waters.

Yet, since it performed its task nobly and without hope of reward, since women blessed it and men trusted to it not in vain, and since, at the end, it perished without fear and undeserving of reproach, its destiny was austere.

The third and last elm was hurried away at night to the most squalid part of a squalid town, where dwelt an old man—ragged, mole-like, cadaverous. He worked long and arduously, and often into the deep watches of the night, for the merchandise wherein he had dealings was in constant and hurried demand. His work-place was a cellar, damp and dreary, and ill-lit by a dingy oil-lamp. He had a wife and children, and he buried the dead to support the living. Day after day, and month after month, and year after year he toiled, this old man, making coffins of elm, wherein were hidden the dead, that men might behold them no more. His customers were the poor and broken in spirit, and his cellar was wet with the tears of the afflicted. With a rare foresight he made his own coffin, that his widow might be spared the expense of purchasing it. To him came the tree, fresh from the fragrance and living sweetness of the sunlit fields. He cut it up into short pieces, and of them fashioned his wares. It made many of them, and many was not enough. And so, bit by bit, it was taken away and returned to the earth whence it came; and the last coffin that was carried out of that dreadful cellar took with it him who had fashioned it.

Yet, since it alone assuaged the suffering of their pain, lifted the burden from the heavy-laden, and brought the weary into their appointed rest; since its place was the place of mourning and lamentation, its speech the low cry of the afflicted, and its silence the unbroken stillness of the grave; since for ever with it marched surely Death, its destiny was austere indeed.



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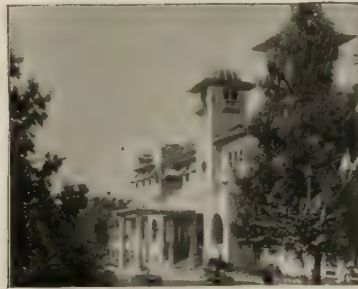
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## Letters

### Wister on Spelling Reform

If the most infallible method of putting a scheme to death consists in making it ridiculous, then, Owen Wister's skit, "How Doth the Simple Spelling Bee" should dispose of the efforts of the spelling reformers during the lifetime of the present generation. But the movement was so absurd in itself that our author had no easy task to "go them one better at their own game." Mr. Wister presents to us a busy author in the midst of his own work, who is harassed into accepting a position on the Simplified Spelling Board brought together by Professor Masticator B. Fellows of Chiclé University, on the principle that women have been known to accept a persistent suitor, "to get rid of him." The delegates who are to re-create the orthography of the English language hail from all points of the compass, and as might be surmised, they soon begin to go to pieces on the rock of phonetics, for what is phonetic to one is not so to the others. They cannot recognize each others' "improvements," and by the end of the first session of the board, no two are on speaking terms with each other with the exception of Professor Jesse Williams and Miss Appleby, who, it is early surmised, are more interested in each other than in the vagaries of the language. Mr. Wister gently hints that the whole movement was an advertising scheme; and whether it succeeded or failed it called attention to certain people. "The Simple Spelling Bee" illustrates not that side of Mr. Wister which gave us "The Virginian," and "Lady Baltimore," but rather, that other little absurdity, "Philosophy Four." Illustrations, which really illustrate, are by F. R. Gruger, and the brief hundred pages of pure fun are given to us through the Macmillan Company.

### When I Was a Girl in Italy

Marietta Ambrosi's addition to the Children of Many Lands Series, one of the enterprises of the Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company, will meet the approval of those for whom it is designed, the little girls of other lands than Italy. The story is written from the standpoint of the child, and gives all the details which the little folks crave. This little girl's mother was born in America, her family returning to Italy when she was about fourteen, and Marietta herself was distinguished as "The Daughter of the American," to account for all her vagaries. She tells of the customs, industries, costumes, pleasures and religious festivals of the common people, the middle classes who most truly are representative. She was a busy and active little maiden who managed to see about all there was to see and to take part in most of it. How she helped to make lint for the soldiers in the Croatian war, what she saw of Garibaldi, and the many and various "shows" which she organized and directed will appeal both to boys and girls. Her experiences with the silk worms will prove of especial concern to Californians, old and young, since it is one of the industries put forward periodically as easy, pleasant and remunerative. Only to read of it as experienced by this little girl, makes us echo her own conclusion, "I was glad the butterfly season was over, any way." "When I was a Girl in Italy" is one of the best written of the series. Marietta Ambrosi has not forgotten what it was like to be a little girl. She confesses without shame that she kept her doll until she was eighteen, an infallible indication that she was not in any haste to be grown up. The same matter in other form has been published before, but the publishers have recognized the value of the material and the author has revised and rewritten to suit the present demand. The price is 75c.

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## A Marriage of Convenience

(Continued from Page 9.)

some and sumptuous. I was very tired, and going to my little dark room, surveyed, not without misgiving, the bed on which I was to spend five nights. I was just beginning to undress when I heard a great knocking at the street door. In a moment my room was burst violently into, and before I had realized what on earth was happening, I found myself seized by two soldiers, while the sergeant, so friendly and polite in the day, looked upon me with triumph. I was really so taken aback that for a moment I had nothing to say; then with some irritation I asked him what in Heaven's name he was up to.

"Monsieur le Consul has ordered me to arrest you. You will be lodged in the gaol tonight, and tomorrow morning he will examine you himself."

"But it's absurd," I answered, and I could not help laughing at my ridiculous situation.

"It's no laughing matter, Monsieur," he said sternly.

"You need not be disagreeable about it," I remarked. "Tell these men to let go of me and I will accompany you wherever you like. I am quite willing to spend the night in your prison if it amuses you, and I feel sure the bed with which you intend to provide me will be no more objectionable than this."

The sergeant hesitated for an instant, and then seemed to make up his mind that I did not look a very dangerous ruffian.

"Very well," he said. "Take your hands off Monsieur. Follow me."

There was no one about to see the edifying spectacle which I presented as I marched through the streets, thus escorted, to the local gaol. They put me in quite an agreeable little cell, locked the door ponderously, and so left me to my own reflections. I admit that the night seemed endless. It was very dark, and I felt that horrible things were crawling over me. There was a fetid, oppressive smell. I sought in vain for the diverting side of the incident, but I was too uncomfortable, and I freely cursed my craving for the romantic, which had driven me to this inhospitable place. I cared no longer for the lovely damsels whom my fancy had presented plaiting their long black tresses or darkening their eyes with kohl; and if there were any in the neighborhood I only wished they would free me from the cruel beasts that were biting, biting. But in the morning a soldier brought me some excellent coffee, and I induced him to get me also the wherewithal to wash and a barber to shave me. These things performed, feeling fresher and more contented, I looked forward to my interview with the Consul with curiosity and interest. I was told this official would see me at half-past ten, and then I should discover for what monstrous crime I was thus evilly entreated.

In due course the sergeant came with two soldiers and told me I must now go to the Consulate. Between them, doing my best to look accustomed to the process, I stalked through the winding alleys till we came to a long, low, handsome building with a verandah, neat iron railings, and a charming garden. At the gate stood a sentry, and above waved the tricolor; upon my word, except for the Arab gardener busily at work, I might have been suddenly transported to France. I was taken into a large, cool room, barely furnished, but with masses of flowers everywhere. They suggested a woman's taste and forethought. At a desk, littered with papers, sat a little man with grey hair, cut very short, and a large grey moustache, excessively fierce and bristling; he was dressed in white, dapperly,

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and his figure was trim and neat. I found afterwards that his eyes were very alert, and he gesticulated in conversation with much vivacity. He was writing as I entered, and did not look up when the sergeant duly announced me. He passed his hands impatiently through the many papers, looking for the sergeant's official account of my arrival and arrest.

"Approchez," he said, then glanced at me quickly. But the glance lengthened into a stare, his face fell; and then, recovering himself, his eyes began to twinkle.

"But Monsieur isn't a spy, sergeant," he cried.

"Is that it?" I said, and began to chuckle.

I don't know why my amusement should have had such an effect on the Consul, but immediately he burst into a roar of laughter; he threw himself back in his chair and held his sides. But though he evidently found it a huge joke, the sergeant's face grew longer and longer. "Monsieur's conduct has been most suspicious," he said. "He walked round the town yesterday and was seen to make notes of all he saw."

The sergeant produced my note-book and gravely handed it to the Consul.

"Will you allow me to look at it?" asked he politely.

"By all means," I answered, somewhat surprised that he understood English.

And while he turned over the pages the sergeant repeated every one of my movements on the preceding day. It was unheard of that an Englishman should arrive in a Spanish ship and come on the island to stay. What could be my motives except to discover whether it was fortified and if men-o'-war could enter the harbor with safety. Without the shadow of a doubt I was a spy of the most dangerous class, and Monsieur le Consul would regret that he had not listened to the sergeant when the British fleet bombarded the town.

"But, sergeant," answered the Consul, "it will not assist the English Admiral in the least to learn from this gentleman's notes that the women here have magnificent eyes and that the Jews are as picturesque as they are dirty."

"Monsieur has, no doubt, written his observations in cypher," said the sergeant.

The Consul turned to me.

"Would you be so obliging as to tell me your name?"

I said it, and he repeated it thoughtfully.

"I wonder where I've heard that? Ah!" He gave a cry and seized a number of the Journal des Debats which lay on the table. "Is this you?" He passed over the paper, and, to my great joy, I saw an article on a little book of mine.

I acknowledged that I was the blushing author of that work, and, with a bound, the Consul sprang up, dashed round the table, and seizing both my hands, wrung them violently.

"But I'm delighted to make your acquaintance. My wife is devoted to English novels—she's Swiss, you know, she comes from Geneva—the best place in the world to find a wife, a hive of young ladies, my dear fellow—and she loves your English novels because they're so pure. She will be charmed to see you and you shall talk English to her. My wife is a linguist, Monsieur, a wonderful linguist. And there is the luncheon bell. Excellent! Come to luncheon."

I was perfectly overwhelmed by this stream of verbosity hurled at me in one breath, and before I could answer the Consul had turned to the sergeant who stood helplessly by.

"You are an idiot. You, with your mania for finding spies all over the place. Monsieur is not a spy any more than you are. He is a man of letters, and my



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wife has read a book that he has written. You are an imbecile, sergeant. Come, Monsieur, or the eggs will be cold."

He seized my arm and dragged me away, leaving the sergeant and his myrmidons astounded and perplexed. The Consul led me to a charming dining-room where stood a tall, rather stout lady of forty-five. Her hair, of a pleasant brown, was very simply arranged; her features were placid and handsome; her soft grey eyes suggested infinite good nature. She was by no means beautiful, but gave one the impression that advancing years had only added to her attractiveness, and there was about her a staid gracefulness which was very comforting and restful.

"Allow me to present you to my wife, Madame de Pornichet," said the Consul with a flourish.

In one breath, voluble as ever, he related the whole story of my misadventure, told her who I was, and added that he had asked me to stay at the Consulate for the rest of my visit to the island. This was the first I had heard of such an invitation, but when it was seconded by the amiable, stately lady, I made no difficulty in gratefully accepting. It was as delightful as it was unexpected to eat in that distant spot an admirable French luncheon; and everything was so fresh, so clean, so dainty, that I felt amply rewarded for my trivial sufferings. My hostess was not talkative, nor was this strange, since her husband monopolized the conversation; but now and then she put in a little kindly word, whereupon he stopped suddenly and looked at her as though some precious feast of wit had fallen from her lips. And while he rolled out anecdote after anecdote, fact upon fact (all of which I discovered later was highly unreliable), with regard to the island he governed, her eyes rested upon him with a tender smile of almost maternal affection.

Coffee and liqueurs were brought in, and we lit our cigars.

"I'm sure it's very good of you to be so hospitable," I said. "I was looking forward to abominable discomfort on this island."

"Good!" cried the Consul. "You don't know how pleased I am to have a civilized man to entertain my wife. I always fear that she will be bored to death, for there is no one here to amuse her but myself."

"And I'm sure you do it very well," I answered.

Madame de Pornichet gave me a radiant smile of gratitude.

"Ah, you are right," she said. "No one could be bored in Lucien's company."

"Come, come, my dear," said the Consul, deprecatingly but delighted.

She stretched out her hand, and most gallantly he kissed it.


"Mon petit chou," she said, and tears of happy love actually glistened in her eyes. She turned to me. "You see, love sometimes comes before marriage, and sometimes after. But when it comes after it lasts till death."

"Sophie, ma chere enfant," said the Consul, and it was rather amusing that he should so address her, for she was a great deal bigger and more imposing than he. "I must tell Monsieur how I had the good fortune to make your acquaintance."

"It is insupportable," she answered, to me, smiling. "He tells this story to everyone he meets."

It was evident, however, that Madame de Pornichet was not unwilling I also should hear it, and the Consul settled himself more comfortably in his chair.

"Well, you must know that the best years of my life were spent with our Colonial Army in Algeria, in



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Senegal, in Tonquin; and I was successively Lieutenant, Captain, and Major. But, my dear friend, I succumbed at last to a pestiferous climate, and at the age of forty-five my health forced me to leave the service. That was twelve years ago, and I am still an active man, not unfit for work nor unused to it. I applied for a colonial appointment, I had some influence, and in due course the Minister sent for me to offer the governorship of this island. The post was one that exactly suited me, the salary was adequate, and it was not so far from civilization that I should feel myself cut off from all my friends. I accepted there and then, and told the Minister I was ready to start whenever he chose.

"'Very well,' he said 'You will take up your duties in six weeks from now. That will allow your wife time to make all needful preparations.'

"'But I have no wife,' I said. 'I am a bachelor.'

"'What?' cried the Minister. 'But that is very unfortunate, for I make a point of never sending an unmarried man to such a place. For a hundred reasons it is essential that you should be married.'

"'I regret enormously,' I answered.

"'I am afraid I cannot break an important and salutary rule. You must marry at once.'

"'I?'

"'You can imagine my consternation, for nothing of the sort had ever entered my head,' and I ventured mildly to expostulate. But the Minister would not listen to a word.

"'Voyons,' he said, 'you have six weeks. In that time you can easily find a wife.'

"He dismissed me and I walked away sorely troubled. On the one hand I was delighted with my good fortune in getting precisely the post of all others which I should have chosen: on the other I was dismayed at the thought of marriage. An old bachelor of my age would have great difficulty in changing his habits to those of a matrimonial life. Fortunately, I met an old friend of mine, a professor at the Sorbonne, a native of Geneva, and I told him at once of my great perplexity.

"'But don't hesitate, my friend,' he said. 'Of course you must marry. Du reste, at your age it is fit that a man should settle down and live a respectable life.'

"'But, mon Dieu, where am I to find a wife in six weeks? You cannot expect me to advertise in the Figaro.'

"'Why not? It is as good a way as another.'

"The result of this conversation was that within twenty-four hours an advertisement appeared in that

widely circulated paper, stating my age and position, income, and giving as flattering an account as I honestly could, of my personal attractions. Then began my troubles. I went to the office of the Figaro next day to call for any replies that might have come, and the clerk brought me a sack—a large sack, Sir.

"'Here are the answers to your advertisement, Monsieur,' he said, with a malicious grin.

"I staggered, and gave a cry of horror. However, in a moment I regained my self-possession, seized the sack, and, laden like a coal-heaver, hailed a cab. I drove to my hotel, and once in my room emptied it out on the floor. Monsieur, seven hundred and forty-eight ladies desired to marry me. I spent two days reading the letters, in which they described their charms, and examining the photographs, which, according to my request, they had sent me. They were of all years, from sixteen to those who described themselves as of

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a certain age; they were fat, they were thin, they were dark or blonde, they were of every station, from sempstresses to the widows of noblemen. They were single, or divorced, or widows; and some were betwixt and between. But all offered a loving heart and a sincere devotion. At the end my brain reeled. My Swiss friend came to see me, and when he saw the piles of letters, the piles of photographs, he laughed as though he would never stop.

"'But it is a serious matter,' I said. 'Time is flying and I have but five weeks and four days to marry a wife. You cannot expect me to interview seven hundred and forty-seven palpitating hearts.'

"'What will you do then?'

"'I will send back all their photographs, and write to the Minister that what he asks is impossible. I must lose my island.'

"'Now listen,' answered the professor. 'You know I was born in Geneva, and I have relations living there. It has suddenly occurred to me that my cousin Sophie Vienque would exactly suit you. She is no longer quite young; nor are you, my friend; she is thirty, of pleasing appearance, and unmarried.'

"'But what makes you think she would marry me?'

"He shrugged his shoulders.

"'I do not see why she shouldn't. She has had time to grow bored with a single life, and I daresay will be pleased with the thought of an establishment of her own. You have much to offer. I can say without flattery that you are an agreeable man, robust still, and not lacking in intelligence. Anyhow, you can try.'

"'But, mon cher, how can I see her? On what pretext? I cannot call upon your cousin and take stock of her as though I were buying a horse.'

"The professor meditated for two minutes.

"'I have it. You will go to Geneva and offer her a box of chocolates from me. That will be an introduction. You can talk to her, and if she does not please you, all you have to do is to go your way. She will think you have merely come to make a trifling present on my behalf, and no harm will be done. On the other hand, if you like her it is easy for you to prosecute the acquaintance.'

"'I was delighted with the idea. We went out at once, bought the chocolates, and I took the next train to Geneva. I assure you a lover of eighteen could not have been more excited than I was. I arrived early in the morning, and, having attended to my appearance at the hotel, went about ten o'clock, the box of chocolates in my hand, to the address my friend had given. I was so fortunate as to learn that Mademoiselle Vienque was at home, and, being shown into the drawing-room, found myself in the presence of a very fine young woman. Tenez—I need not describe her, for there she sits before you; and, though twelve years have passed since then, she has altered only to become more ravishing each day.'

"'Voyons, Lucien,' expostulated Madame de Por-nichet. "'Monsieur will think you perfectly ridiculous.'

"'Well, I executed my commission, received her thanks, and told her the professor was in the best of health. We began to chat, and the conversation went so easily that I was astounded when the clock struck eleven. I said to myself at once that if this charming lady was able to talk for an hour to a perfect stranger so that it seemed to him no more than five minutes, on closer acquaintance she could not fail to be entertaining during a lifetime. Everything about her pleased me. She was evidently fitted for the duties of a Con-

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sul's wife: her attractive person, her amiable conversation—"

"How often have I told you, Lucien," interrupted his wife, "that you talked so incessantly on that occasion that I was not able to make one observation?"

He smiled and patted her hand.

"I rose to my feet," he continued, "and addressed her as follows: 'Mademoiselle, it will have occurred to you that I did not take the long journey from Paris to Geneva merely to present you with a box of chocolates.'"

"Evidently," said she.

"I came, in point of fact, to make you an offer of marriage."

"Before she recovered from her astonishment I explained the circumstances, told her my position, and so far as possible sketched my character and my idiosyncrasies. Finally, I proposed that we should be married in a week from that day."

"But, Monsieur, I don't know you," she said.

"You will have abundant opportunities of making my acquaintance when we are settled on our island. There will be nothing else to do."

"I saw that she did not dislike the idea, and I ventured a little to insist."

"Well, I will consult my father," she said at last.

"But, Mademoiselle, though Monsieur your father is without doubt an excellent man, it is not he whom I wish to marry, but you. Do I displease you?"

"No," she admitted, "not precisely."

"Then why should you refuse me?"

"Give me till tomorrow to think it over."

"I regret infinitely, dear lady, but as I tell you, my time is excessively limited. I beseech you to give me an answer now."

"This minute?"

"This very minute."

"She smiled and reached out her hand. 'Very well, Monsieur, since you insist—I accept.'"

The Consul drank a glass of wine.

"Monsieur, fourteen days after my visit to the Minister, I was a married man, and I discovered that I had never known happiness before. My wife is a treasure, a jewel, and I think she loves me."

"Mon petit chou," said Madame de Pornichet tenderly.

"And if you are a bachelor, Monsieur, go to Geneva. I assure you it is a bee-hive, a veritable bee-hive of young ladies."

The Consul thus ended his story; and I, who had come to this curious island searching for romance, felt that I had found it, and, of all places, in a marriage of convenience.

Curious things are sometimes responsible for changes made in the design of a motor car. An instance of this came when one of the staff that designed the Thomas Flyer was walking along a Buffalo street last summer and saw one of his cars running on Delaware avenue carrying fourteen people. Four of them were standing on the running boards, two on each side. It immediately occurred to him that there was a possibility of someone being hurt should the car strike a bump and one of the running board supports break. As a result drawings were made the next day by which the running boards of the 1907 cars are all equipped with three instead of two drop-forged braces.

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SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 19, 1906.

TO THE PUBLIC: This is to certify that Dr. Wong Him has cured me of lung and stomach trouble, from which I had suffered for many years. I tried many doctors, but they failed to cure me. I consulted Dr. Wong Him, and after taking his Herb Medicine for six months am now permanently cured. I wish to recommend him to the public as an efficient and skillful physician.

CHARLES BAEHR,

632 Lyon street, San Francisco, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1907.

TO THE PUBLIC: I had a very severe case of Throat Trouble and general breakdown. Did not sleep or eat for eight days. After trying every remedy I heard of without success, I called on Dr. Wong Him, 1268 O'Farrell street, who by feeling my pulse correctly diagnosed my case. His remedies gave me immediate relief. Cannot say too much in favor of his teas.

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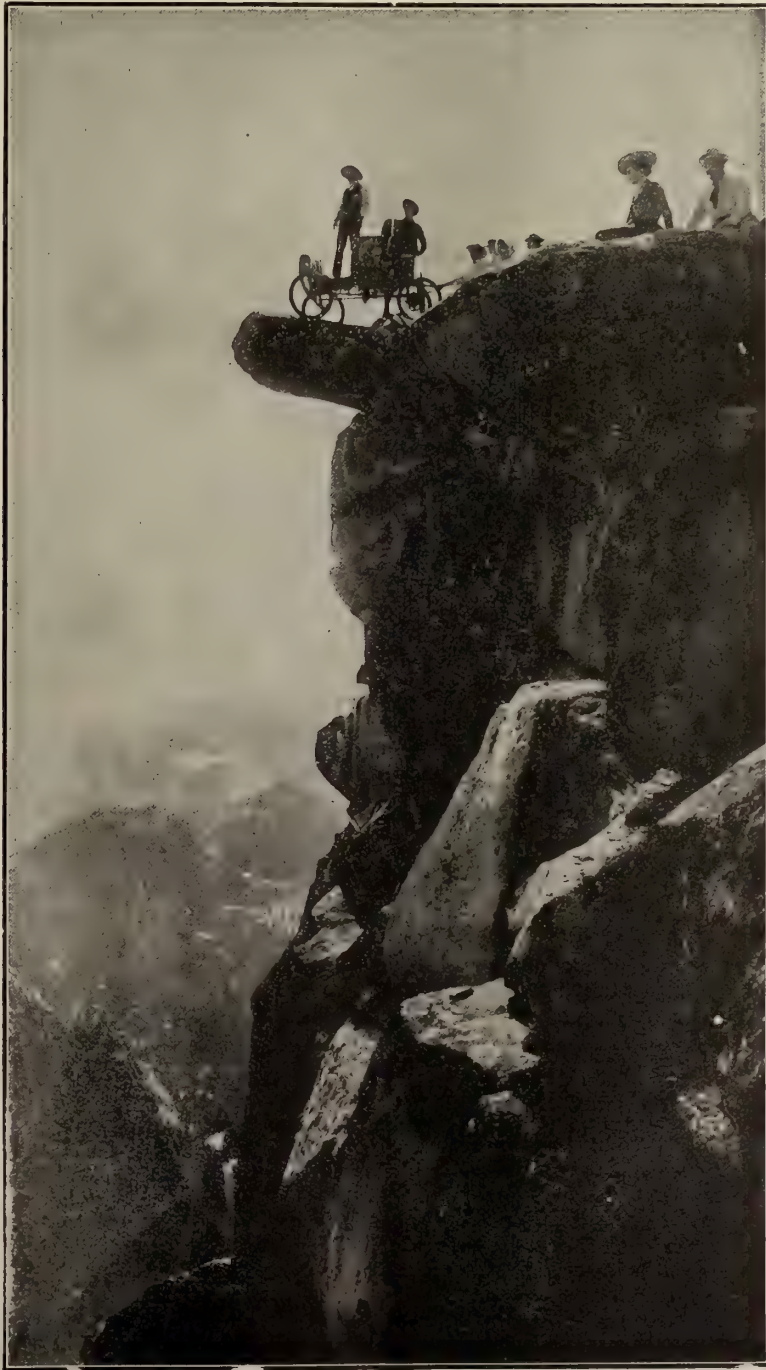


# TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 764

San Francisco, April 20, 1907

Price, 10 Cents



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# TOWN TALK

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## The Thaw Verdict

Disappointment mingled with a great deal of satisfaction occupies the mind after due consideration of the result of the Thaw case; disappointment that a verdict could not have been obtained after so protracted and so expensive a trial and satisfaction that a majority of the jury favored a verdict of murder in the first degree. When the crime was committed much was written in the press of this country and Great Britain about the probable fate of the millionaire slayer. It was pointed out, and very correctly too, that not Harry Thaw merely but our whole criminal system would be on trial when the slayer of Stanford White was arraigned. Cynicism asserted that no jury in America would hang a millionaire, no matter how inexcusable and cold-blooded his offense; the wisdom of experience had it that the combination of circumstances surrounding this particular case—the position of Thaw, the character of White, the beauty of Evelyn Nesbit and the nature of the story which supplied the motive for the deed—precluded the possibility of such a verdict as would be certain were the people involved obscure and commonplace. This latter opinion contains perhaps more than half the truth of the matter and so far, it is an indictment, not so much of our American institutions as of our human nature which never inclines steadfastly to pure justice, but sees in every case something which seems to demand for it a little different treatment from all the rest. Considering the sort of defense made in the Thaw case, it is really remarkable that the balance in the juryroom tipped to the side of conviction. From first to last the appeal of the attorneys who defended Harry Thaw was to the strongest passions and prejudices that possess the ordinary American. Whether true or false the story so skillfully unfolded on the stand by the beautiful child-wife was calculated to unseat impartiality and substitute a strong leaning toward the defendant in the minds of every one of the jurors. The insistence on the “unwritten law” and “dementia Americana” might have been expected to work powerfully on the feelings of such men as are usually chosen for jury duty in criminal cases, for there is a strong plausibility about such pleas which appeals to the chivalric instinct and outwits reason when extreme

caution is not exercised. Despite all this seven men voted to send Harry Thaw to the electric chair and the other five placed themselves on record as favoring his acquittal only because they were not convinced of his sane responsibility for his deed. No study of this result will justify the assertion that the jury was swayed by the wealth of the defendant and on this fact we may well congratulate ourselves. Melancholy as may seem the satisfaction of knowing that a millionaire slayer has received exactly the same consideration as would have been accorded any other murderer who was in a position to make a similar defense, it is justified in view of the increasing tendency to idolize money and set those most successful in accumulating it above the common statutes which is observable everywhere in this country. Harry Thaw's millions undoubtedly enabled him to make such a fight for liberty as would have been impossible for a poor man, but no matter how much his expensive attorneys juggled with the evidence, they were not able to cloud the issue so effectually as to secure his acquittal. It would be an unwarrantable comparison of small things with great to argue the attitude of the majority of American men toward such a crime from the attitude of the majority in the Thaw jury, but we may be allowed to insist that the preponderance of sympathy throughout the land continues on the side of the fifth commandment.

## A Welcome Release

To the man who considers himself obligated to keep abreast of current events, the conclusion of the Thaw trial comes as a gratifying surcease from misery. Now that it is all over for awhile the newspapers will have from one to three pages daily at their disposal for the publication of news of real importance, using the phrase in a sense which precludes its application to the lengthy accounts of the Thaw case. That the public taste demanded all that the papers supplied of the trial of Harry Thaw goes without saying; editors are too wise to incur the expenses which the Thaw trial has entailed upon them unless it is both necessary and profitable for them to do so. All the newspapers of this city had increased circulations during the progress of the case and the increase was in proportion to the fullness with which they reported it. It is extremely difficult to nauseate the gross common taste, but it is debateable whether the public was not nearly sated when the trial came to an end. Day after day it had served up to it column on column of sickly sentimental gush, the most salient characteristic of which was its deadly monotony. The special writers in New York seem never to have tired of describing the girlish costume which Evelyn Thaw almost invariably wore in the courtroom (very probably on the advice of the astute Delmas); they had an apparently inexhaustible supply of adjectives at command for the description of Harry Thaw's appearance. They were ever ready to suffer a literary brainstorm when anything in the proceedings aroused the emotions of the defendant's aged mother. They were no mollycoddles, these young men who sat day after day and listened to the wranglings of Delmas and Jerome and the unintelligible patter of the experts, for they wrought thousands after thousands of words out of each day's incidents and seemed as fresh and enthusiastic on the last day of the trial as on the first. But though they were indefatigable it must be admitted that their readers tired of it all. There was no variety to spice it. The most approved journalistic methods demanded that the side of the murderer and his wife should be



espoused and that no word of defense should be uttered for poor Stanford White, a man whose glorious artistic achievements made him worth a thousand Harry and Evelyn Thaws but whose libertinism lends itself to the disingenuous uses of popular newspaper policy. It was an extremely fortunate thing that Justice Fitzgerald had the foresight to lock up the jury during the whole trial and to keep from their eyes all that the papers published about it. If they had been permitted to see the case through the eyes of the New York editors the outcome might have been different. One hears much nowadays of trying cases in the newspapers and our legislative solons have been at work to put a stop to what is considered a menacing evil, but the twelve men who held Thaw's fate in their hands were uninfluenced by editorial utterances. They are probably the only men in the country who have any curiosity to see Harry Thaw's name in print. The rest of us are weary of the subject and long for some absorbing news of a healthier sort.

### Our Unspeakable Grafters

It would be hard to find anywhere in the annals of municipal government a more anomalous situation than that which the self-confessed boodlers who constitute the legislative branch of the administration are occupying. With an affectation of graceful ease which cannot conceal their self-conscious awkwardness they take their accustomed seats in the supervisory chamber and proceed with the business of the city as though incorruptible integrity and stern civic virtue were the qualities they treasured above all others. Calm deliberation seems throned upon their brows; enthusiastic zeal for reasoned economy appears to be with them the consuming passion. Theirs is the bearing of statesmen whom no unworthy considerations can sway from the path of rectitude, who insist on being the captains of their unstained souls no matter how strait the gate, how charged with punishment the scroll. They have stricken sinecures from the municipal payroll; they have lopped dead and useless timber from the spreading administration tree; they have advocated the passage of good laws, thundering out the platitudes of civics with all the zest of amateurs. They are doing these and many other things which in the abstract would be admirable and praiseworthy, yet is no man misled or dazzled by their performances. As false now as when their sins had not publicly found them out and the ignorant still had confidence in their probity and unselfishness, they are maintaining a sickening semblance of honesty and integrity which deceives nobody and only intensifies in the general mind that pessimistic distrust of all the appearances of good which follows the knowledge of widespread depravity. Used to hypocrisy and dissimulation they are now at no loss to counterfeit the presentment of innocence and their souls are at once so petty and so hopelessly damned beyond the possibility of good that they know no shame, can summon no blush to palliate the starkness of their nakedness. Operated like grinning marionettes by the unseen hand of their nemesis, they would pretend if they could that their actions are their own, that whatever credit is due for their recent reformation belongs to themselves. Hence have they risen in their places to repudiate Mayor Schmitz and Abe Ruef as the twin-tempters who wove malign spells about their souls, holding them in thrall until counter-magic had released them. And if they could they would have us think that this

is their declaration of independence, that henceforth they are to call their souls their very own and serve their city with singleness and loftiness of purpose. But a grotesque fate has decreed that these men shall never be free. It was written somewhere that they should pass from the ownership of a boss who trafficked criminally in their weakness and venality to the ownership of a public prosecutor who is bending their crooked wills to the performance of his plans for the weal of the city. When they have served his turn they will be flung to the dunghill where they belong and a loathsome infamy will fight with oblivion for their memories.

### Scientific Teaching

The teachers of San Diego County, in institute assembled, have declared by vote that grammar is a useless study which they would like to discard in favor of "practical lessons in English," another way of saying that they have made a failure of teaching grammar, and would like to see the relics of their botchery buried out of sight. Grammar, in the old fashioned sense, was long ago discarded for what was called language lessons, and language lessons having proved a failure some other substitute for shiftlessness must be sought out. It would be interesting to know what the modern scientific educator does not consider a "useless branch." Elliot Flower's remark concerning scientific motherhood, that the scientific wouldn't do any harm if there were some mothering to go along with it, is applicable to scientific teaching as well. It may be beautifully scientific, but the unalterable fact which faces us at the end of the experiments is that nothing has been learned. Time has gone by, material has been wasted, pupils have grown from infancy to maturity, the "system" has been perfected, but the practical result is a series of cyphers. All over the country, from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific Coast, from the Mexican line to the Canadian border, parents are giving voice to their opinions concerning "scientific" teaching, all to no purpose, and the result is that those who take a serious interest in the advancement of their children are sending them to private



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schools, where the sequence of the alphabet, the multiplication table, and the substantial spelling lesson are not neglected; where "literature" is not polluted and diluted by unliterary teachers who never open a book of any kind voluntarily. In the March "Sunset," Mrs. May Cheney has voiced what she calls a protest against the cry of "The common schools for the common people." Apparently she imagines that when "the common people" complain that the three R's are neglected they are objecting to the maintenance of the State University out of the common funds. The people do not object to a State endowed university but they do decidedly and emphatically object to a school system which fits pupils for a university and for nothing else on earth. The mechanic and the day laborer know full well that their boys and girls, whatever position in life they may fill, will need to be able to read plain print intelligently, to add a column of figures accurately and to express themselves clearly. They know equally well that not one in ten thousand will ever have occasion to paint a picture or lead an orchestra. Professor Hugo Munsterberg puts his finger on the sore spot when he says the trouble with our American teaching from the first day to the last is lack of thoroughness, that approximate results are accepted instead of accuracy, and that the American child knows not the meaning of the word **must**. In connection with the defunct spelling reform, and the supposed advantages enjoyed by the German pupil, who, it is assumed, has no spelling problem though in point of fact such is not the case, the eminent psychologist says that the multiplication table must be much simpler in German also, and the maps in the German geographies modified in subtle fashion, in order to enable the children to stand two or three years further advanced than those of the same age in our country. The simple, plain fact is that we sadly need old-fashioned teachers, and a return to the old order which assumed that in order to learn studying must be resorted to. Our stream is too wide and is consequently shallow in proportion. We are erecting pyramids with the apex downward. There is no use in applying a coat of luminous paint to the atmosphere and trying to persuade ourselves that it is a solid wall. The San Diego teachers and their colleagues who think they can cover up their own deficiencies by discarding grammar should bear in mind the experience of the young housewife who carried out and buried her batch of dough that refused to rise, only to have the warm earth promote the process of fermentation so that she had not only to make her deferred explanation, but to provide another sepulture for her ghost that would not down.

### The Inanity of Our Fiction

One of the explanations put forth for the inconsequence of most of the novels of the day is that the writers are so young. They have not acquired the necessary experience and knowledge of life, nor the distance from events which would furnish them with perspective. Example is cited in the case of the earlier writers, referred to as producers of classics, most of whom began to produce fiction after their fortieth year. No doubt there is some truth in this view, but it is to be remembered that there were young writers then as now. There has been time to forget even the names of the nonentities who were producing the popular reading when George Eliot made her first essay, and in forty years there will have been time to forget the names and the authors of this year's crop of best-sellers, too. The trouble with these seemingly "young"

writers is that they make a habit of remaining young. They write one book which pays expenses and they are so elated with the success (?) that they never venture on anything better or different. There are scores of popular novelists whose books follow as closely on the same beaten track as though they were cows coming in from the pasture. They step aside in precisely the same place, crop the same buttercups, and bring up against the same bars; and the readers who regale themselves on such fare would not have it otherwise. It is not that the writers themselves are so young but that the readers are chiefly of the class in which there is no mental development. These readers are content to remain in one groove forever. They are of that Philistine middle class that Matthew Arnold loved to write about. They abound in the insurance and banking circles of this city. One meets many of them on the trip to Sausalito and along the roads in the neighborhood of Ross Valley. They are the fashionable illiterates of San Francisco society. Magazines that were once reputed to be high-class and that are known to be highly respectable but that are now moribund and dull they expose to view as though they were hallmarks of culture. These people are the omnivorous readers of current fiction. In manufacturing novels, as in making gloves or shoes, the needs of the purchasers are to be considered. There are not enough people with six fingers or double heels to make it worth while to provide for them, though it might pay someone to establish a factory to cater to their needs. Literary mechanics, likewise, do not care for fancy custom. The average reader wants to know whether She gets Him in the end, or whether, securing Him in the first place, She can hold to her possession for four hundred pages. Someone once said that all the novels in the world are comprised in the formulas, one man and two women, or two men and one woman. Your hack writer makes his selection of one or the other, decides whether the marriage shall come in the first chapter or the last, and sets himself to pad out his pages accordingly. A century ago the lovers were given to horseback canter or drives in coaches. Today they go about in an automobile. A decade or so ago they were devoted to bicycling. Once the fair one's charms were displayed by the radiance of a wax candle, but now she beams under an electric light, and the fashion of her frocks varies in the same way. Today she talks the latest slang, and where once the dear creatures swooned at every opportunity now they display muscular arms and charm by the grace of their athletic gait. Writers that turn out this stuff may be fifteen or fifty. They require nothing but the muscular strength to wield a pen or pound a typewriter. It is a species of unskilled labor at which youth may be as expert as age, and like other machine-made products, gives no evidence of any individuality on the part of the one who turns the crank. As people who are long confined in narrow spaces become short sighted, so these writers who never look beyond a fixed point never acquire a new standard by which to measure their achievements. Admitting, for the sake of argument that "one must live," it does not follow as a corollary that one must live by any specified employment. The remedy for the faults so obvious in the body of our fiction will not be brought about by the addition of years, but by the improvement of popular taste.

Dick Hunt and the Severn Quartet are crowding The Severn restaurant nightly, at 1050 Geary street, between the hours of 10 and 12:30.



## The Castle of Silence

By A. S. Adcock

It seemed its strength would ne'er decay;  
Unshaken as the seasons rolled,  
It stood today as yesterday,  
And yet the years have made it old.

For still where age begins at last  
No warning mile-stone marks the spot;  
Without a sound our years go past,  
And we grow old and know it not.

Grey ruin gaps the castle walls;  
A silence, moss-like, o'er it stole  
When life departed from its halls  
As from the body goes the soul.

In festal nights whose moons are set  
It throbbed with love and laughter sweet,  
But now its mouldering floors forget  
The music of the dancing feet.

## Perspective Impressions

Conservative figuring shows that Abe Ruef has become liable so far to imprisonment for not less than three hundred years. The prosecution might stretch a point and lop off one hundred of these on condition that he confesses and implicates Calhoun.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller's most recent contribution to the cause of education being slightly in excess of the amount which a jury has found that he owes to the State the question now arises whether he over-estimated his indebtedness to the conscience fund or the jury erred in its calculations.

While the world of petty thieves and two-penny-halfpenny fires points the finger of scorn at us, incapable, as it is, of understanding the largeness of the Pacific Coast, let not the wounded soul of our local patriotism forget to apply plentifully to itself the pleasant unction exuding from the thought that the criminaloid of California is to the criminaloid of elsewhere as the sequoia gigantea to the pot pine of Japan.

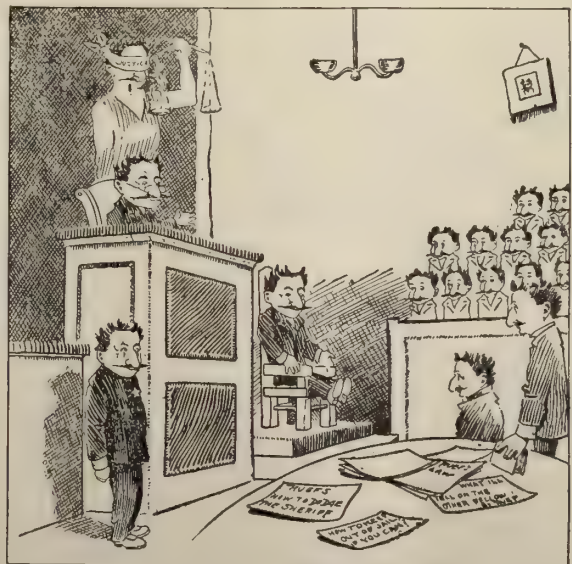
That personification of the strong arm of the law, Hercules Heney, is certainly taking its time in bringing to a close its labor of cleansing our political mews. Meanwhile heaven is holding its nose.

The lawyers for the defense in the infamous Thaw case are to be congratulated. They have at last succeeded in doing what from time immemorial the learned sophists of the law have mightily desired but vainly tried to do. They have proved to the satisfaction of the world, in behalf of their client, that White was black.

Having had such success with the Ananias Association which is now safely launched on the seas of clubdom, our versatile president ought to turn his attention to the formation of a woman's club, designed for the sole use of those ladies who have been excluded from the White House. Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Von Claussen would be charter members and Mrs. William Jennings Bryan might make a very plausible plea for membership.



THERE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE.  
A Section of atmosphere above San Francisco.  
—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis Journal.



AS ABE RUEF WOULD HAVE IT.

—Los Angeles Express.

# Triolet Making

By R. L. Taylor

"The-Triolet," says a writer in a contemporary, "is one of the simplest and easiest forms of verse and one that may be used only for the treatment of frivolous or humorous themes." Something about on a par with the limerick, is probably what this writer conceives the triolet to be. Or perhaps he would pronounce it of no higher quality than the Mother Goose rhymes, those exceptionally fine specimens of the perfection of the musical form of poetry. That the triolet is simple I am prepared to believe; and that it is easy, too. No less an authority than William Ernest Henley affirms the "easiness" of it. He says:

"Easy is the triolet,  
If you really learn to make it!  
Once a neat refrain you get,  
Easy is the triolet.  
As you see—I pay my debt  
With another rhyme, Deuce take it  
Easy is the triolet  
If you really learn to make it!"

So, it is only a question of learning to make it. And that being the case all that one need do is consult Webster, who says that a triolet is a stanza of eight lines, of which the first line must be repeated three times. Getting a neat refrain is of course no trick at all. That is within the power of any of the poets that abound in Sausalito and Berkeley. The woods are full of them. This I judge from the streams of verse that pour into magazine offices, and from the quality of which I infer that, as it has been said that poets are born, not made, the impression prevails that the power of versification is heaven-sent and depends not on cultivation. One thing is quite certain: comparatively few of our minstrels are aware of the fact that verse is governed by certain inflexible laws which are not to be glimpsed intuitively or learned merely by reading poetry. So it is quite likely that the great majority of our minstrels, after consulting the dictionary, will proceed to dash off triolets, which are so simple and so easy. Poets who are indifferent to the importance of syllables and pauses in verse, of all the essentials to melody and who roam unbridled through the fields of poesy will naturally find in the simple and easy triolet an easy medium for the expression of their frivolous and humorous moods. It would be too bad, however, were they to be barred from using the triolet for any but light and frivolous themes. I wish to inform them that they have excellent authority for extending the range of emotion in the triolet. Ernest Radford, inspired by the release of a murderer from prison wrote these tragical lines:

I killed her? Ah, why do they cheer?  
Are those twenty years gone today?  
Why, she was my wife, sir, dear—so dear.  
I killed her? Ah, why do they cheer?  
. . . Ah hound! He was shaking with fear,  
And I rushed—with a knife, they say . . .  
I killed her? Ah, why do they cheer?  
Are those twenty years gone today?

And surely H. C. Bunner was in no frivolous or humorous mood when he wrote these wistfully, tenderly pathetic lines, which seem to me to comply with Webster's definition of a triolet:

A pitcher of mignonette  
In a tenement's highest casement;  
Queer sort of a flower pot; yet  
That pitcher of mignonette  
Is a garden in heaven set  
To the little sick child in the basement  
The pitcher of mignonette  
In the tenement's highest casement.

After reflecting on the foregoing verses I am inclined to think that my contemporary would unwarrantably restrict the maker of triolets. For it doth seem to me that the form may be adopted to subjects that are neither frivolous nor humorous. His view of the province of the triolet is as narrow as that which once conceived rhyme to be as unfit for anguish and deep distress as for subjects elevated and lofty, and suitable only for sportive love, mirth, gaiety, humor and ridicule. Mr. Griffith Alexander has employed the triolet for the highest form of poetic imagery, vitalizing a tender sentiment in these simple lines:

She's neither scholarly nor wise,  
But, oh, her heart is wondrous tender.  
And love lies laughing in her eyes.  
She's neither scholarly nor wise,  
And yet above all else I prize  
The right from evil to defend her,  
She's neither scholarly nor wise;  
But, oh, her heart is wondrous tender.

While it must be conceded that the triolet is a feat of literary gymnastics it has nevertheless served as the vehicle for much serious poetry, and it has found favor with some of the greatest scholars. It is a form that came into existence in France in the thirteenth century. A very fine specimen is to be found in the works of Froissart the historian. Probably the most facile writer of triolets in recent years is Mr. Austin Dobson who does not always deal in the very lightest themes. Here is a recent one from his pen:

O, Love's but a dance,  
Where Time plays the fiddle!  
See the couples advance,—  
O, Love's but a dance!  
I whisper, a glance,—  
"Shall we twirl down the middle?"  
O, Love's but a dance,  
Where Time plays the fiddle!

Probably the most lilting of the Dobson triolets is the following:

Rose kissed me today.  
Will she kiss me tomorrow?  
Let it be as it may,  
Rose kissed me today,  
But the pleasure gives way  
To a savour of sorrow:—  
Rose kissed me today—  
Will she kiss me tomorrow?

Among the very eminent men of letters who have not disdained the triolet form is Mr. Edmund Gosse. The following from his pen is far from "frivolous or humorous":



Happy, my Life! The love you proffer,  
 Eternal as the gods above:  
 With such a wealth within my coffer,  
 Happy my life. The love you proffer,—  
 Will prove the Koh-i-noor of love;  
 Happy, my Life! The love you proffer,  
 Eternal as the gods above.

One of the best of the lighter triolets is the following from an unknown author entitled *Apology for gazing at a young lady in church*:

The sermon was long  
 And the preacher was prosy.  
 Do you think it was wrong  
 The sermon was long,

The temptation was strong,  
 Her cheeks were so rosy.  
 The sermon was long  
 And the preacher was prosy.

One more before I close: Many years ago a young Irishman named Daly working as a reporter on the *Sydney Bulletin* dashed off a triolet for that paper and it has lived. Here it is:

"Glory calls me, I must go,"  
 Said the lover to his lady.  
 (Noble words are these I trow  
 "Glory calls me I must go.")  
 Back he came—another beau  
 Toying with her tresses shady!  
 "Glory calls me—I must go,"  
 Said the lover to his lady.

## "The Tale of the Turquoise Skull"

By F. Hume

### PART I.

This story has been told by three different men. Each has embellished it according to his fancy, and constituted himself the hero. I object to these egotistical pilferers, for I alone am entitled to tell, in the first person, the tale of the turquoise skull. Should any one question my right to this principal role, I can point out that the forefinger of my left hand is missing. That loss substantiates my statement. I should like to know if those other three story-tellers lack the forefingers of their left hands. If not, they stand convicted of plagiarism.

When Harry Carstone and I went on a shooting excursion, we intended to strike for the Rockies. It was by no deliberate design that we found ourselves at Zacatecas. By a series of accidents which need not be set forth here, we drifted aimlessly southward. From New York we travelled to New Orleans, thence took ship to Vera Cruz, and, as a natural consequence, terminated our journey in Mexico City. And here we should have remained, had not Fate, by her favorite device of feminine influence, lured us—or rather one of us—to Zacatecas. If Harry had not followed Lola Tepeaca from capital to province, he might now be alive. As it was, he left Mexico City for Zacatecas, where he found Lola, the turquoise skull, and a grave. I came out of the affair with my life and the loss of a finger. To save Harry I would willingly have given the whole hand. But it was not to be; and although I punished Lola for her evil deeds, such reprisal was but poor compensation for the death of my college chum.

Ostensibly we sought Zacatecas in the mining interest, but I gave up my time to sight-seeing, and Harry spent most of his with Lola. Only once did I accompany him to her dwelling; then, seeing I was an inconvenient third, I went no more. As for Lola, she usually smoked cigarettes in a grass hammock swung on the azotea, while Harry sat at her feet and talked. I guessed what formed the gist of these conversations, from my friend's flushed face and sparkling eyes at their conclusion. And, judging that such trifling was unwholesome, I ventured a remonstrance, which he promptly resented. Experience should have taught me the futility of interfering.

"You can't marry the girl," said I impatiently; "she is half Indian, and wholly diabolical."

Harry drew his brows together, as was his habit when annoyed. I remembered that sign of temper at Eton when he went up for punishment. Still, he answered temperately enough:

"I know she is a half-caste, but she is not the—other thing."

"Isn't she, though! If ever I saw evil in a woman's eyes—"

"You need say no more, Frank," he interrupted, hotly; "it is shabby to speak ill of a woman behind her back."

"I will say it to her face if you like, Harry. Believe me, she is no good, and will certainly get you into trouble."

"I can take care of myself. I am no fool."

"You are a man, at all events," I retorted, "and all men are fools where a woman is concerned. Do you intend to present Lady Carstone with a half-caste daughter-in-law?"

"That is neither here nor there," said he sulkily, and turned on his heel to intimate that my interference was uncalled for. Later on he left the hotel to call on his Venus Pandemos. Having been thus rewarded for my mediation, I walked to the Casa de la Estrella to visit Fray Benito. He was a Dominican monk of archaeological tastes, with whom I had forgathered shortly after my arrival at Zacatecas. His monastery—named after the star of Bethlehem—was a peaceful old dwelling, with courts and corridors, a wonderful chapel, and an extensive library. When Fray Benito was not praying in the chapel, he was reading in the library; and here I found him wrestling with the crabbed Latin of a priestly author.

Our friendship was based on a common love for archaeology; but, as Harry's tastes did not lie in that direction, he sought neither monastery nor monk; and although I casually observed that I had a companion, I had not thought it necessary to inform the holy monk of the existence of Lola. It was only after my fruitless appeal to Harry that I mentioned the name of the half-caste siren to the Dominican. As a popular confessor in Zacatecas, he was likely to know something of the lady, and a little timely knowledge of

(Continued on Page 31.)

# The Spectator

## The Tale of a Judgeship

Though Judge Van Fleet was an easy winner in the recent contest which closed with his appointment to the bench of the new Federal Court it must not be inferred that the friends of Judge Sloss were not zealous in behalf of that distinguished jurist. Judge Sloss be it known was something more than a mere quiescent candidate in a receptive mood. He was in the hands of his friends and his friends made a noble effort to land him in the coveted job. Their activity was halcyon rather than vociferous, but it was marked by some masterful strokes that might have proved effective had they not been rendered negligible by the superior dexterity exerted in behalf of Judge Van Fleet. Judge Sloss had one friend whose manoeuvres excited a great deal of interest and not a few animadversions. Indeed among lawyers there is an affectation of high ethical disapproval at the perfervid zeal which he exhibited. But these lawyers should not be taken seriously. They base their criticisms upon the theory that there should not be too close an affinity between bench and bar. They forget that ideals may be clung to too fondly; that ideals sometimes rise to the level of an inconvenience. Their disparaging commentaries I cannot trust myself to reproduce in their original grace of rhetoric. Be it my duty alone to record the plain, unvarnished facts and to allude but briefly to the sentiments they inspired.

## An Historical Dinner

Before plunging into these brief chronicles I shall by way of supplementary preface remark that I am prejudiced against that suspicious nature which considers it a violation of the proprieties for a lawyer to entertain a judge at dinner. In the profession which has been characterized as honorable as justice and as ancient as the forms of law there should be no objection to the promotion of good fellowship between jurists and attorneys. Therefore it is in a spirit free from ulterior design that I report that the lawyer who was making Judge Sloss's fight, a very prominent attorney, head of an old-time firm which does an extensive business in the Federal Courts, especially in Admiralty cases, entertained some representatives of the Federal judiciary at a dinner a few months ago. I allude to the dinner solely for the reason that on that occasion the candidacy of Judge Sloss was brought up for discussion. Perhaps it was the host that brought it up. Indeed I am quite sure that it was he. But that is merely a detail; likewise the host's ardent eulogium. Judge Sloss is an able and upright jurist and one may be easily inspired to eloquent panegyric when he is the subject of discussion. On this occasion the eloquence of the host was most persuasive and his guests enthusiastically acquiesced in his florid encomiums. These encomiums were interspersed with the nuts and endued with the aroma of the wine and when the feast was over the judges were not quite sure that they had not signed a decree quieting the title of Judge Sloss to the job that he craved.

## A Boomerang

The fumes of that very pleasant dinner had long passed away when the charming host of the occasion

moved on Washington equipped with letters of introduction from the very judges who had partaken of his exquisite hospitality. Arrived in Washington he opened the Sloss campaign. And, in the vernacular of the lobby it was a hummer. The distinguished attorney for San Francisco proved himself an ardent advocate. He hymned the praises of Judge Sloss in most melodious strains, and threw in a few jangling discords to indicate the disabilities of Judge Van Fleet. It is related that the anvil feature of the symphony created consternation for awhile among Judge Van Fleet's friends and that the wires between Washington and San Francisco were soon made hot with messages to and from the judges who had issued the letters of introduction. To messages of inquiry the judges responded with disclaimers and presently the news of the row reached the ears of President Roosevelt and he quickly put an end to the controversy by appointing Judge Van Fleet. Now it is said that the zeal of Judge Sloss's ambassador amounted to an indiscretion, and that he returned to town in a state of chagrin. The gossip in professional circles attributes indignation to the judges who were represented to have been hostile to Van Fleet and it is suggested that perhaps Van Fleet will find it somewhat difficult to school himself to an amiable attitude toward the attorney who tried so hard to beat him and who will have a great deal of business in his court. The moral of it all is said a well known attorney, Keep your hands off the bench.

## Knows His Limitations

During a recent session of one of the inferior courts on Sacramento street the attention of the presiding and apparently overworked Justice of the Peace was called to the fact that his decision of a case, tried before, and submitted to him, was long overdue. He said to the anxious attorney:

"There isn't an authority cited either by you or the opposing counsel that's in point."

"Why don't you decide it according to justice, then?" asked the attorney, encouragingly.



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"Why not according to common sense?" suggested another lawyer, unintentionally speaking above a whisper.

The Justice looked at the last speaker as though he should be pitied for his ignorance and not fined for contempt, and exclaimed:

"Do you suppose that if I had common sense I would be filling this position?" and he sighed audibly as his eyes fell upon his crowded calendar.

### A Doctor's Disquisition

For a very entertaining disquisition on the subject of Viavi, a proprietary medicine, I am indebted to the editor of the local Medical Journal. I have not much faith in proprietary medicines, and the one under discussion does not appeal to my sex, yet I was pleased to be enlightened by high authority respecting this particular compound. I was pleased because while I had heard a great deal about it—much that was derogatory and much that was laudatory—on the whole my information induced confusion worse confounded. Therefore I cordially welcomed the expert opinion of the editor of the California State Journal of Medicine, for he is the mouthpiece of the sanhedrim of the cult that cures—or kills. Of course I was prepared to dilute his utterances, for I know that doctors abominate proprietary medicines, and that when they mount the bema to declaim against them it is somewhat difficult for them to divest themselves of their professional prejudices. And these prejudices are not always without justification. Bad proprietary medicines do fully as much harm in the world as do incompetent doctors and good doctors are intolerant of both. On the other hand good doctors have been known to entertain prejudices against good proprietary medicines; for even good doctors are swayed by general principles. The author of the disquisition under consideration is, I assume, a good doctor, but a prejudiced one nevertheless. And yet, though his prejudices are quite conspicuous, he has not succeeded in prejudicing me against the patented article which inspired his reprobation. On the contrary he has persuaded me that the compound is not without merit and that the chief objection to it is that it reduces the revenue of the medical profession.

### The Burden of His Complaint

Singular to relate this expert disquisition was obviously intended as a diatribe against the men by whom it is marketed. It is clear that the author is very much pained at their success, and that he grieves sorely at the immense loss suffered by medical practitioners in consequence of the use of a compound which was not prescribed by duly certificated gynecologists and obstetricians. His admissions that the medicine contains no deleterious drug, and that it is sold for beneficent and not for evil purposes evidently cost him a great effort. He struggled manfully with his prejudices and with a mighty wrench detached from himself the truth

relative to the object and ingredients, but he sent it forth to the accompaniment of an exultant sneer. The burden of his protestations is that the manufacturers of this medicine claim too much for it; that their laudation of it is extravagant and that their literature is deftly designed to inspire a confidence that should not exist. It would be impertinent for me, a layman, to question the soundness of these criticisms, but it were too much to expect me to stifle my sense of humor. Moreover it is impossible to control the impulse to drown with a snicker the echo of the medical expert's somewhat solemn sneer. Why should I who have been watching for years the constantly occurring revolutions in therapeutics be expected to hearken deferentially to a provincial but honest doctor affirming the iniquity of proclaiming the prepotency of a specific? Doctors, of all men, should be the least sceptical with respect to matters appertaining to the human organism. Yet they are the most dogmatic. Every international congress is the occasion for pronouncements of heterodox views by eminent bacteriologists, new fangled theories are being adopted every day and old fangled ones are being abandoned but there is never the slightest abatement of the cocksureness of the medical profession. All that the average practitioner really knows is that life is an exceedingly complicated task and that death is wonderfully concise and simple. He has been handling consumptives for many years but he doesn't know today whether infection comes from inoculation or inhalation or both. The drug that he prescribes today he repudiates tomorrow. The curative agency of one day is the poison of the next. And notwithstanding all the uncertainty that springs from this most inexact of the sciences we find doctors disparaging drugs they know nothing of and sneering at practices that have fully as much justification as their own.

### Drug Versus Scalpel

Doctors are very zealous for the protection of the public from the empiricism that has not the endorsement of a medical college, but they are quite tolerant of the quackery within the ranks of the profession. Nay, they are quite tolerant of the worse than professional quackery—of the criminal practices of some of their very successful brethren. The diatribe which evoked these observations is directed against men, who, it is admitted by the author thereof, are disseminating much useful information and who are "eternally preaching" the importance of something of paramount importance to all women. Unquestionably they have done much good and are doing much good in the world. This is a conclusion to which the author of the diatribe unintentionally directs the dispassionate reader, but he feels that this beneficence is outweighed by the unscientific pretensions of the manufacturers of a drug which has unquestionably brought happiness to many thousands of homes. These unscientific pretensions he imprecates because they are calculated to persuade people to have less faith in medical skill. Now, in view of the number of quacks in the medical

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profession, I am not absolutely certain that there is not for the good of mankind too much faith in the skill of doctors. Perhaps with less faith, and fewer operations as a consequence there would be a measurable reduction of the death rate. At any rate I am not prepared to admit that a drug that can do no harm and that does much good is more to be dreaded than a scalpel in all sorts of scientific hands. Of one thing I am quite certain: if I were a doctor and had the stone-throwing habit I should not venture beyond the portals of my own glass house in search of targets.

### Brady's Latest Offense

Just when we had begun to congratulate ourselves that the writers of fiction who cannot get an inspiration from anything short of a cataclysm had exhausted the possibilities of the disaster of last year after twelve months of unremitting wrist-work, lo and behold, along comes Cyrus Townsend Brady with the greatest thriller of them all. It has taken the industrious Cyrus a year to get around to the San Francisco earthquake, all his typewriters having been engaged during that time in catching up with the sequence of events. Cyrus has written a novel or a short story about everything else that has ever happened so it was inevitable that the occurrences of last April should engage his pen. The result of his newspaper readings about the catastrophe is embodied in a short story called "The Interne" published in Harper's Weekly, and of course he has chosen for his theme the weirdest and most wildly improbable of the incidents narrated by the paranoiacs who flourished right after the disaster. For the information of those who are fortunate enough not to know who he is, it may be stated that Cyrus Townsend Brady is an erstwhile parson who unfrocked himself when he discovered that writing stories was a more profitable game than underwriting souls; that at once his most notable and his most blameworthy achievement was the rewriting and condensing of Samuel Warren's masterpiece, "Twenty Thousand a Year;" and that he can turn out books faster than readers can forget them.

### A Thriller Founded On a Lie

The latest production of this literary piece-worker is a thriller founded on the lying story that the dying were chloroformed in Mechanics' Pavilion when the building caught fire. Of course that story was disproved by the positive statements of the surgeons and priests who were the last to leave the Pavilion, but it was a thriller ready made to Brady's hand and he dished it up with gusts for George Harvey's weekly, merely transferring the incident to a hospital full of incurable patients. The flames have surrounded the hospital, the troops are dynamiting all around it; egress, we are told, is impossible. Gathering the nurses about him, the interne issues his orders and they are attending him with the necessary implements when another surgeon joins him and helps him to kill

the patients. The fact that this surgeon came from without, despite the flames and the dynamite and that he and all the nurses made their way from the doomed hospital when the wholesale chloroforming was nearly completed, makes the reader wonder why the patients couldn't have been removed instead of being murdered, but Brady doesn't write for hypercritics who demand consistency and plausibility. Finally when the interne has chloroformed the last patient, he turns the sponge towards his own nostrils and then, with a mighty effort, resists the impulse to commit suicide, resolving to be burned to death instead. Heaven, Brady tells us, is so pleased with this that he is mercifully rendered unconscious and is burned up without suffering. It does not seem to have struck Brady that if the interne's self-chloroforming under the stated conditions would have been suicide, his chloroforming of the patients would have been murder and that Heaven's interposition on behalf of a murderer was most extraordinary. But why pick flaws in a story so utterly crass and nonsensical? If it had not been founded on an incident which many people still believe to have occurred in this city it would have been beneath notice.

### The Sorrows of Success

That the pursuit of fame is pleasurable pain and the possession thereof indifference goes without the saying of this Andrew Lang or that pessimist. Now comes Jack London and testifies to the same effect. While seven literary syndicates are squabbling over the honor of having discovered him, as seven cities squabbled over the honor of being the birthplace of the author of The Odyssey (not of the North), London himself, spelling success at over two cents a letter, declares to his cronies that he doesn't care a rap for art, has no sweet of the Muse's mouth, but writes, as aforetime he dug ditches, solely for the livelihood's sake. His day's work (a thousand words per diem) done, then only, like any other drudge, he begins to live. To try conclusions with the waves, either breast to breast, or with a bit of timber between contestants, gives him a taste of the wild joy of living. A prize-fight—that, rather than perfect prose, is his concern. Scratch a man, and a brute turns upon you; there (says the author of The Call of the Wild) is the naked truth, stripped of its serviceable business sack suit, or the

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formal black it affects on state occasions. As for him, he prefers to live among realities, and the primitive passions and the struggles they give rise to are real. If this be but a pose, it is, to say the least, preferable to that of art for art's sake.

### Truth About the Suffragettes

According to correspondence from London, the average press accounts of the turmoil that has been caused in England's capital city by the struggle for women's suffrage give the merest outline of what has been happening, and do not do the women justice. It is said that the English dailies have not dared to print the real truth regarding the abuse that has been heaped upon the women leaders of this movement, who, it seems, are not all the loud-mouthed viragos that they have been pictured. There are fanatics and extremists among them, of course, but on the other hand there are many earnest women who demand equal rights without resorting to violence. In England trades unions among women are large and well organized, and among these there has been for a long time a desire for the franchise as a means of bettering their condition, but they had no leader and few friends in Parliament. The women of the unions are assessed the same as the men for sending a member to Parliament, and often he would vote against women suffrage after he got there. The acknowledged head of the movement in England at present is Miss Cristabel Pankhurst, who took first honors in international law at Victoria College. She is 26 years old, and is a daughter of the eminent barrister who in 1869 drafted for John Stuart Mill the bill which gave women municipal suffrage. Her mother is also a prominent suffragist.

### Women Cruelly Treated

Although much has been written about the women attacking the arresting officers, it is said that there was only one instance of the kind. A Miss Billington was held by one policeman while she was choked black in the face by another. She lustily kicked the officers. On the other hand it is related that recently while a group of suffragists were marching along the sidewalk in orderly manner the mounted police rode in among them, knocking them down and trampling upon them, and finally arresting thirty. For questioning a candidate at a public meeting, the usual custom in England, women have been set upon and had their clothing literally torn from them, one at least having to appear in the police court without a dress. Even their sympathizers do not deny that some of the women were very disorderly, and that their conduct merited arrest and imprisonment. But the imprisonment was along Russian lines. The women were compelled to scrub stone floors on their knees and were not given a change

of clothing in six weeks. In some instances they were put in cells with murderers. Their cells were infected with vermin and rats ran over them at night. They were not allowed to receive visitors or to write letters. Yet when they were liberated they began again their battle for suffrage. Ida Husted Harper, the newspaper writer who makes these statements, says that she knows from personal observation that they are true.

### Chesterton's Stand Non-Committal

Gilbert Chesterton, the great English essayist and paradoxist, devotes a good deal of space to the subject of woman suffrage and makes some cogent remarks. "I do not admit for a moment," he says, "the argument which maintains that the actual suffragist leaders have an infinite right to violate the law, merely because they have no part in making it. That would give every young man of twenty years and eleven months an infinite right of breaking the law. I incline to the belief," he continues, "that a great mass of women voting just at present would make just as little difference as a great mass more of men voting would make. . . . It would be more votes, and that is all. But this means that the vote is not a reality to the great mass of people who use it already. If voting is only putting a cross opposite certain names submitted by a party caucus, then certainly women can do it as well as men, and children can do it as well as women. . . . Voting now is a thing that anyone can do, merely because it is a thing that no one cares to do. All this does not prove that votes should really be given to women. It proves that they are not really given to men."

### This Man Has the Suffrage

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changes made in his papers. "By whom were you naturalized?" was asked him. He made a stagger at trying to say "Judge Joachimsen." "O, that was in Department eleven," said the clerk. "No, it bane in the afternoon," corrected the captain.

#### The Tenderloin on the Thaw Trial

Not the least tragic aspect of the Thaw case is the incredible ease with which the affair caused not only the American public, but also the world at large, to lose all sense of proportion in matters murderous. As is not infrequently the case, the tenderloin comes to the rescue, sets us right in the matter of "values." Who but must needs smile at the spectacle of the New York gamin "piking" his pennies in a handbook on the outcome of the honest twelve's deliberations? A silver dime to seven copper cents that the jury would disagree; two nickels to one that White's slayer would go scot-free; one to four that he would be convicted—he whom the irresistible humor in that fails to save is hopelessly unbalanced. Think of the joy of the newsboy who put up his seven cents and won ten! Imagine the sorrow of the guttersnipe who was out his last four pennies, and all because the dozen "tried and true" were not as one man for conviction! What to the tenderloin is abstract justice when compared with the winning of a bet, or the losing of one? What to the American public? to the world at large? How that handbook in the unsavory street helps us to recover our lost sense of proportion, to "see the object as in itself it really is!" Two men, one woman, the shedding of a little blood—what under the sun is new in that, or in any wise worth so much paper and ink and pother?

#### An Appreciation of Longfellow

British reviewers are not in the habit of praising American authors, some of them refusing to acknowledge that any good can come from an American pen. Andrew Lang says that he has never read anything written this side of the Atlantic. On account of this superior attitude, it is refreshing to find in Blackwood's magazine, of Edinburgh, a fair estimate of Longfellow, who is praised by an anonymous writer with just discrimination. Still more refreshing is the grilling he gives to symbolists and decadents who sneer at Longfellow. He roasts them to a crisp and crackling finish after the following manner:

"One thing Longfellow had in common with the great poets—sincerity; and we do not mean merely that his intentions were good, or that his 'magic mirror' was nothing but his own manifest heart. His literary workmanship was sincere. Even his worst poems are written along the lines of true development of English literature. It was possible for 'Tales of a Wayside Inn' or for 'The Golden Legend' to be better written and be great. It is impossible for some of the little poetic palpitations of the latter day disciples of Verlaine or for the fluttering little fancies of Celtery to be better written, despite all their cunning and furtive avoidance in eccentricity of the real difficulties of verse; and it is also impossible that anything great should be produced in that line of work. Longfellow had none of those artificial conventions which, by supplying one with an extra vocabulary, a ready made 'strangeness' and a 'reach-me-down' renaissance of wonder, make it so easy to hide deficiencies of technical mastery, and to produce a kind of smoky, flash-light lyric, where a great poet, like Wordsworth,

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working in calm and splendid obedience to those laws of art 'whose service is perfect freedom,' would have revealed that power

"'Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,'

"—that power which is itself

"'The light that never was on sea or land,

The consecration, and the poet's dream.'

"The writing of most of our decadents is what Rosetti calls 'intellectually incestuous'—poetry seeking to beget its own offspring on itself. It is a much easier matter, for instance, to write about 'passionate white women' than it is to create a Cleopatra, or to reveal the beauty and passion incarnate, clothed, as it were, with the soft flesh and tender color of the verse. It is a very easy matter, indeed, in comparison with the writing even of a 'Psalm of Life,' to write a poem like this:

"Oh, passionate woman, I hear

The drip of the rain;

Your ivory body is bare!

Loosen your dream-heavy hair!

Oh, passionate woman, I hear

The drip of the rain!"

"This is, of course, extempore; but it is to be hoped that the reader will notice the 'minute ecstasy of rhythm' and subtle shifting of the accent in the fourth line; for a Celt, in editing Spenser, has recently declared it is in these little matters that the great poets of the past are so deficient. Inasmuch, too, as we followed his advice and wrote that lyric off-hand, 'in contemplative indolence, playing with fragile things,' we feel it quite as good as most of the decadent poems that are thought worthy of occupying each a page with enormous margins at the present day; and in twenty-four hours one could write, say, twenty-four feverish little volumes of such fancies, all of which would be commended by certain sections of the press. With a week's thought—we are allowing in charity the very utmost limit—half a dozen decadent books on a more elaborate scale could be produced; such books as would be greeted with would-be-morbid ecstasy by certain would-be-artistic, long-haired, anti-Philistine Bohemians and Bulgarians, with five smatterings of fifteen arts and a furtive heart-hankering after the mouth of Jenny Giaconda, Velvet Coats, and the Cities of the Plain. But it would be a very different matter to face the real difficulties of craftsmanship in verse as Longfellow faced them even when he failed. Though he never achieved the greatest, he more than once did create a poem which outweighs all the productions of these latter day symbolist, Celtic and sham archaic schools, which, nevertheless, have the impertinence to treat him with ineffable contempt—a contempt which, with the word 'Philistine' for their chief weapon, they are ludicrously endeavoring to display toward Tennyson's boots (the only part of him that is on a level with their eyes)—a contempt which soon, in their ignorance of literary history and despicable subjection to every little ebb and flow, every little action and reaction, they will be endeavoring to extend to Swinburne."

#### Dining At Rosina's

Do not tell me that by the fire San Francisco has lost that part of her local color typified by a foreign atmosphere; for I have dined at Rosina's, and have

The Severn Quartet is filling the restaurant every evening between 10 and 12:30, at 1050 Geary street.

spent a subsequent hour over song and music there. Only four of us know of Rosina's, which we so call because of the name of the proprietor's exceedingly pretty wife, who helps him conduct the establishment. Then there is Angelo, four years old, who helps, too. He carries the empty wine glasses into the bar room after the dinner is over. They are a happy three, except that Rosina will sometimes devote herself too earnestly to the wine, both white and red. It is the mixture, I think, that makes Rosina a little ugly of temper sometimes. But her mood is usually so amiable that her husband overlooks these little lapses—so why should not we? Rosina's husband's place is a saloon that is North of Market street and East of Kearny. I will not give you more explicit directions. In the rear of the bar room is a dining room where a dozen Italian laborers of the better class eat their dinner. By the good grace of Rosina and her husband, we four are served with a meal there whenever we choose to drop in. Rosina's husband cooks it, and Rosina serves it, with anxious questions in broken English as to how we like it, and with delighted smiles at our praise, which is immediately repeated to her spouse. Then he redoubles his effort, and the omelet that follows, savory with herbs and just properly suggestive of garlic, is mellow and melting. But it is after dinner that we experience the true delight of dining at Rosina's. There is a piano in the dining room, and one of us plays it well. As might be expected, all the boarders sing. There is one of them with a sweet, strong tenor who almost weeps as he sings "La donna e mobile." Rosina likes to sing Mimi, and with a young mosaic worker as Rodolpho, she portrays well this frail heroine of Murger's. And Rosina's husband—when he elects to be the treader, and with a table cloth over his arm bellows forth the stirring lines as he struts back and forth across the room, we applaud most vigorously, Rosina leading all. Little Angelo pipes up a treble during the excitement, and altogether we are a merry crowd. I would like to

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tell you where this place is, but I am afraid. I know of long-haired people who would paint frescoes on the walls. They would have the guests' table at which we four eat, thrust into the middle of the room, where they might be observed, and would make the place a fad. Rosina's husband would not be content with the patronage of his regular boarders, and, inflated over his popularity, would double the price of his meals. I have seen such things done before.

#### Mizner As a Rag Time Thespian

Wilson Mizner's sudden fancy to essay the stage for histrionic laurels and their attendant perquisites is no new resolution on his part. Some half dozen years ago when he was startling local society with Lehresque stunts he occasionally gave the goddesses of comedy and tragedy a mad, mad whirl, and his applauding friends always stoutly declared that he was the limelight Garrick of his decade. At that time there was a notably lively colony of Bohemians living along the rim of Russian hill and nothing delighted Mizner more than to organize the vaudeville practices with which they delighted their friends. They styled themselves "The Six Sharp Shockers" and it was their particular delight to "make up" in some uncouth and startling fashion, put on concealing great coats and descend unexpectedly on the house of some friend, where a grand dinner or other form of conventional evening entertainment was in progress. Of course with the advent of the "Sharp Shockers" and their grotesque, banjoesque entertainment all formality went to the winds and frolic gleefully took every hurdle offered it. Mizner was the leading spirit in these peripathetic mansion storming forays and when he left town for pastures new the "hill crowd" dropped their "rag time" pranks.

#### Mad With Tenor-Worship

New York is just now suffering with an affliction of tenor madness. Caruso started it with the result that he is charged with being a menace to the cause of good music. Bonci, his rival, has not attained to such a height of popularity but he is said to equal Caruso in everything but the full quality and volume of voice. Caruso is called a fad and pronounced overrated. Jean de Reszke was a fad but, unlike the lucky Caruso, he was not overrated. Competent critics affirm that de Reszke could sing Italian roles almost as enchantingly as Caruso sing them; he could sing better—and act—French roles infinitely better; and he was the greatest interpreter of the Wagnerian roles, in which Caruso would appear to disadvantage. Caruso's art, though extremely fine in parts, is pronounced lamentably limited. His loud singing is declared to be a sure sign of decline of voice. The discussion has led to the interesting conundrum. Why is it the tenor and so rarely the baritone or basso who is worshipped? One would expect women to be more deeply interested in the manliest voice. The consensus of opinion seems to be that the composers are largely responsible for tenor-worship, as with hardly an exception the tenor plays a more important part than the baritone or bass.

#### Aeschylus Here and in London

Dramatic criticism has outdone itself this week in perfervid protestation of its appreciation of Greek drama as given on the classic hillside at Berkeley. The



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**Van Ness at Washington**

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fact is interesting, as arguing either the remarkable versatility of our theatrical appraisers or their cunning in simulating an enthusiasm which they do not feel. Far be it from me to pass judgment on the inward workings of the minds which regulate the dramatic tastes of the local newspapers; but it may in all modesty be pointed out, without doing injustice to their scholarly attainments and their classical predilections, that theirs is not exactly the attitude toward the revival of the Greek drama current among critics of wider renown, if not of more skillful pens. Surely the censors of the drama will pardon comparison with, let us say, Max Beerbohm who performs for the Saturday Review of London the same important function which is so ably taken care of in this city by the gentlemen whose names pleasantly recur with every Tuesday morning and whose utterances are weighed week after week in the delicate scales of the critical first-nighter. Max Beerbohm, be it known, is not unreservedly committed to the revival of Greek plays and when he chances to yawn during the production of one of them he has no shame in confessing that fact to all the world. London has not had the "Eumenides" lately as we have but it has just tasted "The Persians" in translation. Beerbohm may be presumed to know his Aeschylus as well, at the very least, as our local dramatic critics and yet it was with very mixed feelings that he went away from the production given by the cultured Literary Theatre Society.

#### Beerbohm's Amazing Confession

It would be difficult to imagine one of our own critics treating the old Greek in the cavalier fashion adopted by Beerbohm. "The play was originally produced in Athens," says the breezy Max, "some few years after the battle of Salamis. And I doubt not that, had I been alive then, I should have enjoyed it. To say that I enjoyed it last Saturday would be to make a too great demand on the goodwill I bear for the Literary Theatre Society." Now such an utterance as that would be impossible to one of our critics. Put it down to lack of courage, hatred of philistinism, or what you will, but none of them would dream of so doing violence to the soul of the old master whose play was given at Berkeley this week. "'The Persians' bore you and me," continues Beerbohm. Did the "Eumenides" bore any of our enlightened analyzers of playcraft? Judging from their ecstasies it filled them with a joy unspeakable, bathed their thirsty souls in the purest stream from Hippocrene and gave them inspiration for renewed strivings in behalf of the stage with all its works and pomps. What are we of this edge of the world to think when the demands of dramatic criticism align Max Beerbohm on one side and our own phalanx of pen-wielders on the other? Here is a question not easily answered without doing less than justice to one side in the controversy, so caution dictates a suspended judgment and no doubt charity will approve the resulting reticence.

#### Motive Suggested for Anderson's Suit

Anyone who has followed the trouble that has existed for some time between the College of Physicians and Surgeons and the State Board of Medical Examiners will have little trouble in discerning the motive back of the suit for libel that Dr. Winslow Anderson, President of the college mentioned, has brought against Dr. Dudley Tait and Dr. Philip Mills Jones. For years, as a leading member of the State Board of Medical

Examiners, Tait has fought Dr. Anderson's college. Verbally, and through the State Medical Journal, which is edited by Dr. Jones, he has asserted that the college is not properly conducted; that pupils are granted diplomas without having gone through the requisite course of study; and that pupils who have been away in Alaska prospecting for gold mines have been credited, during their absence, with having attended the college. All these charges Dr. Tait offers to prove with documentary evidence. It is ostensibly because of these assertions that Anderson has brought his libel suit for \$75,000, but another reason may be suggested without straining plausibility. Within a short time Governor Gillett is to choose five physicians to represent the allopaths on the State Board of Medical Examiners. Dr. Tait is a prominent candidate, and is not without opposition from other physicians who want to be on the Board. It can readily be seen that a libel suit brought at the present time would do much to discredit him. Nothing would please Anderson better than to have his persistent enemy kept off the Board.

#### The Bernhardt Sells a Gold Brick

That Sarah Bernhardt can never in any circumstances do aught, however ordinary, in any but an extraordinary way is pretty well understood wherever

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press agency has spread the reports of her vagaries. Her latest eccentricity comes to light through a suit brought by Heineman, the English publisher, against the tragedienne in connection with the autobiography which she contracted to write for his house. Heineman expected to receive a genuine account of the actress' eventful career which has taken her into every land and into the society of the world's greatest people. He had visions, when he contracted with her, of a book which would rival the notorious "Sarah Barnum" brochure by which Marie Columbiere vented her spite on Bernhardt. But Sarah had no intention of baring her life to the world through the medium of an English publishing house and instead of a throbbing journal in time he received what in his disgust he designates "stale scrap book stuff," press agent yarns and apocryphal anecdotes flung together on the plan of earthquake histories and other such catchpenny devices. Now he demands that the contract be carried out in spirit as well as in letter but Bernhardt who insists on following her whims in everything, refuses to alter her work and as she seems never to have any money, despite her enormous earnings, it is difficult to see what Heineman will gain by his suit unless it be a vindication of himself in the eyes of the public.

#### Sarah's Literary Assimilation

In connection with the Bernhardt and her authorship there comes to mind an amusing story told by Vance Thompson to illustrate her capacity for benevolent assimilation in the literary line. One Christmas while Thompson was on a New York paper he was

commissioned by his editor to get a special Christmas article from Bernhardt who was appearing in the city at the time. She assented at once to the request and referred Thompson to her secretary. "Let me have a copy in French as soon as possible," said the suave secretary. "A Copy!" and "In French!" exclaimed the amazed Thompson. "Why yes, she will want to read it before she signs it," was the matter-of-fact answer. Then Thompson understood; so he took a day off and wrote the Christmas story, afterwards translating it into French. The French version was presented to the secretary, approved by the "authoress," and both copies, French and English, duly authenticated by her bold dashing signature, appeared in the Christmas edition. A decade later Thompson visited Bernhardt at her home in Paris. Amongst the landscapes, battle pictures, aquarelles, portraits, statuettes and other artistic productions of the great actress was an edition de luxe with Bernhardt's name on the cover. It was his story. As he looked over his forgotten work Bernhardt came in. "Oh," she exclaimed, "have you read it? A little thing but real. It was an event in my own life that haunted me and haunted me until I simply had to write it—a fragment of my childhood. Ah, those days, those days!" And no doubt she believed it as much as she believes anything else.

Miss Joan Baldwin's little pupil, Irene Hirshfeld, gave a piano recital on Thursday of last week at Lyric Hall that showed her to be the possessor of a goodly amount of talent for that instrument. A few seasons more of work under Miss Baldwin's capable direction will doubtless make an excellent pianiste of the child who seems ambitious as well as talented.

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# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## Clothes-Crush at Fairmont

The promenade concert at the Fairmont on Tuesday night was first and last a clothes-crush. One heard the shriek of animated color above the clang of the music. People stood in gay groups and discussed each other with magnificent unreserve. We pat ourselves on the back (particularly when it is décolleté) as a musical people and have learned to take our opera bolt upright, with only a glance out of the tail of an eye at the chiffons; but the promenade concert was a wild orgie of silk and satin and lace and no one made the slightest pretense of listening to the music. The same motif ran through every refrain that drifted my way, "Isn't that a fright" or "Oh what a stunner" and the loud pedal on all the while. Mrs. Alexander Hamilton in a striking cerise gown with a black velvet Juliet cap and a bunch of aigrettes in her hair was one of the most conspicuous figures in the promenade. A procession of dressmakers and milliners trailed after her most of the evening and I heard one remark, "If I could only see how that sleeve was cut!"

## Ned Hugged the Background

The ballroom, which is the largest San Francisco has ever boasted, was so jammed with people that just a little "ring around the rosie" circle was left for the waltzers. Ned Greenway kept so effectively in the background that he could easily prove an alibi. However, even the dancers, who were obviously not in the Greenway set, refrained from indulging in the "bunny hug" so the genial Ned did not have to come forth from his hiding place and issue "break away" commands.

## Receipts Broke All Records

Never in the history of San Francisco has so much money been netted in a single night for charity. Evidently we are just bulging with wealth, if this promenade may be taken as a marker. The treasurer's report of this affair will make the Eastern charitable organizations sit up and gasp. Ten thousand dollars was recently netted at a Newport society function when all the fashionables performed and yet out on this Western rim and just "one year after" over twice that sum was realized.

## He Washes His Own Machine

Economy stalks the confines of the wealthy in a guise that the unashamed economist would never recognize. Just now Burlingame is cackling over the frugal device practiced by a young married couple whose social position is out of joint with their allowance. Of course they have to have an automobile but they drive the car themselves and save the wages of

a mahout. One can keep up a neat little fiction about preferring to drive one's own car and society may not read between the lines. But when it was bruited about that the young husband gets up at the peep of dawn and washes down his own machine all snobdom shuddered. When a neighbor verified the rumor the snobs translated this daily scrubbing fest into a scandal. Evidently the man who sponges off his own car has far less caste than the man who constantly "sponges" a ride with his friends. From the amount of tongue wagging over the affair one might fancy that to play the hose in your own backyard is equivalent to owning a mixed assortment of family skeletons.

## Her Covert Compliment to Hubby

However this attitude of the satin-back Blingumites who live on velvet is not more remarkable than the subterfuges practiced by the young couple themselves. The sheer fact that they are ashamed of having to practice this damp economy pricks all argument in defense of their washing down the car. The young wife makes it a point to tell all her friends that she has such a "trustworthy man who comes in the morning to put the car in order."

To those who make a decent attempt at "right living and clear thinking" the wobbly pretenses of the socially ambitious are inexcusable and unexplainable. With a scant income and inflated social ambition it is necessary to draw the line somewhere and rather than dispense with some of the fluffs and fol de rols which modish fashion demands these butterfly chasers practice some sort of economy under the rose and shamefacedly try to cover up their tracks.

## Mrs. McNear's Versatility

There are several wealthy society women who are not ashamed of performing duties which their less straightforward acquaintances would never acknowledge. Of course the fact that one can afford to pay for having a thing done removes the sting of forced economy. But I fancy women like Mrs. Fred McNear would peel off all pretense if circumstances made a necessity as well as a virtue of their capabilities. Mrs. McNear is the most versatile of the Hopkins sisters and can do almost anything from cutting a pigeon wing on skates to cutting her babies' hair. After the fire, when hairdressers were scattered beyond beck and call, Mrs. McNear courageously strapped on her shears and gave the baby a "Dutch cut" that had just the proper chopped appearance infantile bangs demand. Ever since she has been cutting the youngster's hair herself. "Why pay for having it done when I can do it just as well as a professional?" she frankly asks. Mrs. McNear can make a frock that has style stitched into every seam. There are other women in her set who ply a needle very deftly, but I believe she is the only society woman who can cut a youngster's hair a la mode without showing any amateurish patches.

An exhibition of paintings of Indian Life by Grace Hudson will be held from April 17th to 27th at the Schussler gallery, 1218 Sutter street.

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MISS ELSIE HARWOOD

Musie loving society is looking forward with no little expectancy to the piano recital to be given on the evening of Wednesday, April 24, at the studio of Emil Steinegger, 924 Grove street, by his pupil, Miss Elsie Harwood. Piano recitals are many, and infant prodigies common as quakes, but a piano recital by a young musician of really exceptional talent, such as Miss Harwood, is rare as the fire of yesteryear. Miss Harwood is the daughter of H. E. Harwood, assessor of Brooklyn township, Alameda county. The following programme will be rendered: Beethoven, Sonate C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2. (Moonlight), (I) Adagio Sostenuto, (II) Allegretto, (III) Presto Agitato; Chopin, (a) Nocturne, D flat, (b) Etude, Op. 25, No. 9, (c) Prelude, (d) Polonaise, C. minor; Rullak, Two Studies in Octaves, No. 3, No. 1; Henselt, Etude, "Si Oseau Je Etais"; Grieg, Norwegian Bridal Procession; Schumann, Selections from Op. 9; Mendelssohn, Scherzo, Opp. 16; Mozart, Rondo in A minor; Moritz Moszkowski, Caprice Espagnol.

#### A Californian In Rome

Albert Hooper, the eldest son of John Hooper, the wealthy lumberman, is in Rome and has already opened a studio in the Eternal City. Mr. Hooper was a successful business man but his aesthetic leanings were so great as to cause him to give up commercial life and devote all his energies to art. He is a clever miniature painter. The news that he has established himself as a painter in one of the world's great centers of art will come as a surprise to many of his acquaintances here. Two of his friends, E. T. Mezzersmith and Donald de V. Graham are already established as buyers and sellers of antiques in another Italian City, Florence. Mr. Hooper was not well known in society although he was a wealthy bachelor. His only unmarried sister Jeanette is a favorite in her particular circle. One of her sisters married the son of Chief Justice Beatty.

#### Mrs. Frank Lowden's Ambitions

I hear that Mrs. Frank O. Lowden, Mrs. Carolan's sister, has been inoculated with the social virus and

that she intends to make New York and Washington society sit up and take notice. She has taken the John A. Logan house in Washington and will make a determined social campaign, even if her husband is only a Representative. Her choice of the Logan house as a base of warfare is interesting on account of the fact that Mrs. Logan has played such an important part in the social careers of the two sisters Pullman. It was this gentle grande dame who chaperoned them through Europe and finally introduced them to Washington society, the two girls making their debut under her wing. Mrs. Lowden has never cared to visit San Francisco or to invade Burlingame, her sister's stronghold. I hear that she considers our society "crude"—and she from Chicago!

#### Sequoia's Breakfast Guests

The Sequoia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution gave their annual breakfast at the Severn, on Friday, April 12. Covers were laid for 100 people, all of whom were D. A. R's from different parts of the Coast.

Mr. A. L. Spreckles and J. N. Harper were among last week's guests at Paraiso Hot Springs.

#### La Prova Club Recital

One of the principal musical events of last week was the first recital given by La Prova Club, Thursday evening, April eleventh, at Calvary Presbyterian Church. This Club was organized last winter with Mrs. E. Abramson as President and Walter B. Bartlett, Director. A large and enthusiastic audience enjoyed the fine program rendered. The soloists were Miss Gertrude Judd, Miss Clara Raubut, Dr. Maud Noble, Miss C. Cohn, Mrs. E. Abramson, Mrs. L. Christin, Mrs. M. Richards, Mrs. L. Peterson, Mrs. N. Hughes, Miss Veen and Mrs. L. Butler.

#### Allalba Club's Last Hop

The last dance of the Allalba Club this season was given at the Paris Tea Garden last Saturday. The attendance was very large, guests having been invited to take part in the affair. Among those present were the Misses Reddin, Miss Etta Kreutzman, Miss Elsa Kaempff, Miss Mary Skaife, Miss Grace Willpert, Miss Emma Bazet, Miss Rose Gardner, Miss Violet Lincoln, William Grass, Ben Archibald Schmidt and Harry Hund.

#### Santa Barbara Notes

With the middle west contingent at Santa Barbara last month was Julius Fleischman of Cincinnati. This remarkable young man was three times Mayor of the Queen City before he was thirty and is a prominent factor in both commercial and social life in his home city, being interested in a dozen of the largest enterprises there and a member of all the leading clubs. In his college days Julius was stroke-oar, half-back, first base, and the back bone of his track team; and a large portion of his time in Santa Barbara was spent astride a horse or in the glorious surf in front of the

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"Potter." Another Cincinnati was Harry L. Wauss, one of the founders of the Elberon County Club.

The theatrical colony at Santa Barbara this summer is practically assured, quite a number of the leading lights of the profession having already bought or rented cottages to be in readiness at the close of the present winter season.

The fact that the new polo grounds in Santa Barbara are fast nearing completion, and that the exclusive county club is becoming a little more lenient regarding outside or summer membership, will attract many San Franciscans who already have their ponies in the Channel City.

The U. S. Battleship Milwaukee will leave San Francisco Wednesday of this week for Santa Barbara and the balance of the squadron will come up from Magdalena in about ten days. Numerous affairs for the officers and their families will be given at the "Potter" during the stay of the fleet.

#### Bogart Back Among His Friends

After a successful Eastern season Andrew Bogart is back in this city and plans spending the summer among his old cronies here. While his wide circle of friends will be delighted to renew old intimacies with the sweet singer, they will be disappointed to learn that an eleventh-hour change of plans is to deprive them of the opportunity to see him across the footlights. Bogart has been playing one of the big roles in "The Girl and the Governor" with the Jefferson De Angelis Opera Company and it was expected that he would come here with this clever organization and play an engagement at the Van Ness Theatre in June. Unfortunately for us, the company's plans were changed at the last moment and the season was ended

in New Orleans; so we must be content this time to hear Bogart when he favors us off the boards. He is occupying his old home at 350 Buchanan street, where he intends to receive a limited number of pupils during the summer months.

#### Guests at Del Monte

San Francisco arrivals at Del Monte during the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. R. Adams and their two children, Mr. and Mrs. Otto A. Jungblut and Otto A. Jungblut Jr., Mr. and Mrs. M. Browne, Mr. and Mrs. Charles, Mr. and Mrs. Martin J. Dunn, Miss Leonard, Miss Letitia Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Phelps and child, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Cox and child, C. S. Aiken, J. J. Hoag, H. H. Lewis, John Caffrey, S. S. Gordon, D. Ghirardelli, F. M. Ames, H. K. Montgomery, A. E. Hughes, J. S. Dinkelspiel, S. B. Dinkelspiel, S. D. Gordon, Max Iorenz, T. W. Read, Dr. H. O. Hornett, F. F. Runyon, H. A. Klyce, William Kelley, J. Brewster, F. E. Booth and John G. Iis.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Marx (Miss Reine Weill) have returned to the city after spending their honeymoon at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. Rawlinson M. Reade and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Laughlin are two young couples now at Del Monte. Mrs. Reade is a niece of Parker Whitney, and a very attractive girl.

General L. P. Jocelyn, just retired from the Fourteenth Infantry, is at Del Monte, with Mrs. Jocelyn, Miss Jocelyn and Mrs. Hume. A number of the officers of the Monterey Presidio have been over to pay their respects to General Jocelyn, who is very popular in both army and social circles.

The Minetti Orchestra will give its first concert of the season in Christian Science Hall on Friday evening, April 26. The programme is full of promise, containing, as it does, the Mozart Symphony in E flat major and Mendelssohn's concerto in E minor. Giulio Minetti is evidently of the opinion that the love of



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good music which San Francisco is said to have lost in the fire was fully insured in some dollar-for-dollar company.

#### Ruth McNutt's Marriage

Society is hearing new details every day of Ruth McNutt's marriage to Mr. Brown of Denver. A friend who has recently returned from Europe tells me that the wealthy widower has been paying marked attention to her from the Riviera to Rome and the American colony long ago picked him out as a winner. Mrs. Robinson Riley (Genevieve Goad) summed up their sentiments when she said, "After all, his ready-to-use money compensates for his ready-made family." The fair Genevieve really has a nice appreciation of epigram which beauty worshipers seldom credit her with. She probably developed a fondness for the antics of adjectives at the time that Addison Mizner was devoting himself to her. That was before the beautiful young widow finally accepted the "three R's," as her husband is called.

#### She Fears Our Climate

The same informant who seasoned the McNutt-Brown nuptials with sauce piquante for me tells me that Adelaide Murphy Breckinridge is the same effervescent Addie who once furnished a tang to San Francisco society. Adelaide confessed to my friend that she would like to visit us once more but "that the San Francisco climate stimulated her so she was never responsible out here." So perhaps the marriage of the banker's daughter and young Breckinridge may be ascribed to climatic conditions. The Breckinridge baby is a cunning youngster and usurps a great deal of his young mother's time. My informant says that Mrs. Breckinridge really enjoys much better health in Europe and looks much better than she did out here.

#### Mackenzie Gordon Song Recital

The first song recital ever given in San Francisco by Mackenzie Gordon, whose tenor tones have so often been heard in the cause of charity, will take place on Wednesday evening, April 24, commencing at a quarter to nine o'clock. The grand ballroom of the Fairmont Hotel has been secured for this occasion, so the affair will have a double attractiveness for those who have not yet seen that beautiful hall. Mr. Mackenzie Gordon will be assisted by Arthur Weiss, the 'cellist, while Fred Maurer will preside at the piano. Tickets for the recital are now on sale at the music store of Benjamin Curtaz & Son on Van Ness avenue between California and Sacramento streets.

#### Autos Make Run To Byron

The season seems to be opening at Byron, several automobiles having made the run last Sunday. Mr. Roy J. Somers accompanied by F. A. Somers, Miss Emily Martin and Miss Pearl Judson made the trip in a Pierce-Arrow; F. L. Fagert and a party from Oakland did it in a Packard, while Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bostwick, accompanied by Mrs. E. L. Hunt, Harry C. Hunt and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Moroney went in a Pope Toledo; Mr. and Mrs. Homer Boushey arrived in a Pope-Hartford. They report that the roads from Oakland to Livermore are in excellent condition, and from Livermore to Byron via Midway the roads are in fair condition, and should be much better at an early date.

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No. 131.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO—ss.

We, the undersigned, M. SHIBATA and T. SHIBATA, do hereby certify that we are co-partners transacting business in the State of California at the City and County of San Francisco, under the firm name and style of KIMMON GINKO. That the names in full of all the members of said co-partnership are M. Shibata and T. Shibata, and that the places of our respective residences are set below our respective names hereto subscribed.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this 2nd day of April, 1907.

T. SHIBATA,  
Residing at 1118 Post street, San Francisco, Cal.

M. SHIBATA,  
Residing at 1683 Post street, San Francisco, Cal.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO—ss.

On this 2nd day of April, in the year nineteen hundred and seven, before me, R. B. TREAT, a Notary Public in and for the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn personally appeared T. Shibata and M. Shibata, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) R. B. TREAT,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed. Filed in the Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 17th day of April, A. D. 1907.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, County Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.  
J. J. LERMEY, 1109 Franklin street, San Francisco, Cal.,  
Attorney for Co-Partnership.



## The Siren's Death

(These verses which found their inspiration in Florence Roberts' portrayal of Sapho were written and dedicated to the actress by Jean C. MacMillan. Miss Roberts will recite them during the presentation of the play next week.)

The end! Ah, say it not; for I had thought  
To sing my way into the realm of endless day;  
To win, by all my power of song, forgiveness for my wrong.  
But now, 'tis come, and I am strangely dumb:  
I cannot sing, for o'er my head and by my bed I hear the rustle of a wing.  
Oh God! 'tis death, death cold and still, and I must go, alone and 'gainst my will.  
The end? Ah, no! For that was long ago;  
So far, like you, bright star, it only seems the echo of my dreams.  
But ah! 'twas more, it was the opening of a door,  
And then, the closing up again, before I knew 'twas true.  
That was the end when, in my youth, he tutored me of love's great truth,  
And taught me to be satisfied just at his side.

He led me on. I slept, and then the truth upon me crept,  
That he was gone, gone with but this—a kiss!  
Gone when my soul had drunk its fill, and left me on life's hill.  
I could not climb thus from his side; yet for a time I tried.  
I would not think it was his will, to leave me thus alone, until  
I saw him clasp a hand more fair and climb fame's stair!  
I turned. I had no friend. Father above, that was the end!  
That kiss! A thousand times, not this.  
And now, go by! I long to die: I crave no breast on which to rest;  
No arm to lean, a sad Siren.

But this I know—there, in Life's glorious afterglow,  
He will not spurn to clasp my hand, nor fail to understand.  
For looking through the thickening mist, he sees the sins I did resist.  
The World? Ah well! the World knows only that I fell.  
And so I go without a fear to ask his grace,  
When I have seen His face.

## Stage

### Florence Roberts' "Maria Rosa"

To see Florence Roberts in Angel Guimera's "unpleasant" play, "Maria Rosa," is to be moved, deeply and not unpleasantly; and that, after all, is what most of us go to the theatre for—is it not? Given half a chance, Miss Roberts seldom (never, to my knowledge) fails to supply the thrill for which the playgoer pays his none too easily earned money; and "Maria Rosa," for all its unpleasantness, gives her a whole chance, so to say, or very nearly that. Despite the tediousness of the altogether too many lines devoted to "necessary explanations"—a tediousness which not even Miss Roberts' admirable diction could render quite endurable, as the passionate Catalonian peasant girl, into whose fibre the mingled wine and blood from the needle-wound in her lover's foot has passed, ample opportunity is afforded her to demonstrate to the hearty satisfaction of the critic how mature, though still slightly melodramatic, her acting now is. Deprived by the treacherous Ramon of the husband whose blood she has drunk, Maria Rosa, in the skillful hands of the modernist who created her, becomes a rare subject for psychological exploitation. Fourteen months of widowhood finds the flesh sadly athirst; and there is a strange confusing of dead husband and living lover (Ramon, of course) in the soul of the woman. With water which

Death has not spilled, at hand, nay, proffered, forced upon her, is a poor Catalonian peasant girl to perish of thirst? or drink, and hate herself? As Miss Roberts presents it, the problem is certainly not wanting in fascination. Human nature, it seems, is very much the same, whether in Catalonia or California. Maria Rosa, circumstances aiding and abetting, if not compelling, her, makes up her mind to drink. What would you? Is she not a woman, and a poor peasant at that? Not for such as she such delicacy of intuition as that which enabled the exquisite lady of Gautier's "Avatar" to detect in the body of her beloved husband the soul of her rejected lover. With misgivings not a few, Maria Rosa, then, makes up her mind to drink; that is to say, to marry Ramon. At the marriage feast (there must needs be eating and drinking on the stage to satisfy the audience of today), wine pressed by the feet of the dead opens the lips of the living husband. Murder outs. Maria Rosa takes the law into her own hands. She doesn't drink. But she does hate herself, be sure. The avenging dagger, my word for it, went home all the better for that. If these vague hints do not make it plain to you that the Spanish playwright gives Miss Roberts (especially, as becomes him, in the third act) something more than that half a chance, which is all she needs, then go to the Novelty Theatre yourself and



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Entirely New to the Public.

come away convinced. On the stage, as in real life, your Ramons have a hard part to play, and it is not altogether Mr. Bergen's fault that the character he represents does not quite carry conviction. As comic sugar-coating for his unpleasant pill, Angel Guimera offers us Tomasa, Quirico, and their quarrels. I have no quarrel with him or them.

—Harry Cowell.

#### The Chicago Orchestra

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra, after a belated arrival and much confusion over delayed baggage, including most of the scores, gave their first concert last Friday evening at Christian Science Hall. The programme was necessarily much changed in order to adjust it to their de-

pleted repertoire, otherwise two such heavy Beethoven compositions as the third Leonore Overture and the "Eroica" symphony should never have been given at the same concert. And the long Symphonic Variations by Bellman for 'cello and orchestra between the severely classical Beethoven pieces did not dispel the feeling of ennui induced by an overdose of deadly serious music. The orchestra is conducted by Alexander von Fielitz, a composer of distinction, who wields his baton in thoroughly competent fashion. The playing was at all times excellent, flawless in attack and altogether beyond criticism in its accompaniment work. And Mr. von Fielitz has the rare good taste to confine his violent and visible work to rehearsal periods so that at the concerts he may indulge in a refreshingly quiet demeanor that ought to act as a rebuke to many conductors who perform unpleasant gymnastics in sight of the public. The soloists of the first concert were Mme. Marie Zimmerman, who uses her fine soprano with discrimination, Dr. Schussler, the possessor of a good baritone voice, well schooled, but lacking in temperament, and Franz Wagner, 'cellist, whose instrument did not emit the beautiful sounds we are accustomed to when Hekking or Gerardy controls the bow. An interesting novelty of the evening was the Irish Rhapsody by Villiers Stanford, a Dublin composer. The work is fairly original, very well constructed, and proved an enjoyable and inspiring close to the programme.

#### The University Symphony Concert

The tenth symphony concert of the season by the University Orchestra took place on Thursday of last week at the Greek Theatre with Mr. and Mrs. Petschnikoff as soloists. The programme consisted of the first symphony of Schumann, the Tschaikowsky violin concerto, and the Concertante Symphonie, for violin and viola, of Mozart. The Schumann work, his Spring Symphony, was delightful, and though there was a noticeable lack of animation in portions of the first and last movements, the rendition as a whole was good, the larghetto and scherzo being particularly well read. But the clou of the afternoon was the rendition of the Tschaikowsky concerto by Alexandre Petschnikoff. Such playing of such a composition is epoch making to a music lover, and the whole season of musical attractions contained no peer to this chef d'oeuvre. All the salient points of excellence in Petschnikoff's playing as set forth in the preceding recitals dwindle into insignificance when one considers his glorious performance of the Tschaikowsky work, and from the first few measures one felt the conviction that the player and the composer were one as to sentiment, that this particular music was to the violinist an outlet for his individual emotions, and the intimate personal friendship that existed between Tschaikowsky and Petschnikoff doubtless owed its origin to this unanimity of temperament. The strong Russian flavor of the composition was most vividly apparent in the first movement, where musical phrases of glowing sentiment or ecstatic passion are interspersed with episodes of barbaric splendor, and Petschnikoff's violin seemed a living thing portraying the gamut of human emotions. The canzonetta movement which followed was a vehicle for the artist's supremely beautiful tone coloring, while the Finale was a tremendous climax to the whole. The tranquil beauties of the Mozart duo which succeeded the concerto while of refreshing spontaneity and played with consummate artistry by Mr. and Mrs. Petschnikoff, did not dispel the impres-



sion produced by the Tschaikowsky composition. The next concert of the University Orchestra will take place May second with the following programme: Second Symphony, Brahms; Italian Serenade, Wolf; Roman Carnival Overture, Berlioz, and the d'Albert concerto for violincello with Anton Hekking as soloist.

#### A Week of Successes

The interest of the lovers of the drama has not been entirely centered during the past week on Florence Roberts and her Spanish play. At the Van Ness Theatre "The Cingalee" has proved one of the biggest suc-

suit them perfectly to the entire satisfaction of their critical admirers. A well balanced company aids these in making the farce go with lightning speed. E. Milton Royle's beautiful comedy of "Friends" has been an unusually strong attraction to the patrons of the Colonial Theatre. It is a delicately constructed play and finds acceptable interpretation at the hands of the clever stock company. Morgan Wallace, the new leading man, is an actor whose work shows good training and considerable native talent. Izetta Jewel's portrayal of the leading feminine role is up to her high standard of conscientious efficiency; and the rest of the company acquits itself well. The Fadettes Woman's Orchestra need not plead the gallantry due their sex to secure for themselves the first mention in a review of this week's bill at the Orpheum. They are instrumentalists of wonderful versatility and most satisfactory execution and the audience every night seems never to hear enough from them. Louis Agoust in a Frenchy skit finds opportunity to display her skill as a juggler; while Morrow and Schellberg have a singing and dancing act in which the pedal is immeasurably superior to the vocal part. Cartmell and Harris give a dancing act, too, but it is too good to surfeit an Orpheum audience. Dorothy Drew in her second week is just as good as in her first, which is saying much. At the American Theatre "The Tenderfoot" has had a hearing entirely warranted by its good music and its catchy comedy. Teddy Webb has a part that repays his efforts and Miss Sinnott continues the good work which introduced her to the local theatre-goers. The other principals do justice to the tuneful ditties provided for them and the chorus is excellent.

#### Last Week of "The Tenderfoot"

Commencing with the Sunday matinee the San Francisco Opera Company enters upon the second week of "The Tenderfoot" and also on its final week at the American Theatre. "The Tenderfoot" has had a most



LAURA LANG

At the New Alcazar Theatre.

cesses given since the opening of that playhouse. It is a musical comedy of the best sort with fascinating ensembles, tuneful music and bright comedy, and the members of the Augustin Daly Company who are presenting it in no wise disappoint expectation. Genevieve Finlay especially shows herself a capable actress and an accomplished singer with a fine contralto voice. Melville Stewart and Hallen Mostyn stood out as particularly good while Sam Collins, the diminutive comedian, was rewarded for his efforts with hearty laughter. A scarf dance performed by two attractive young women won deserved applause. At the Alcazar "All on Account of Eliza," one of Dietrichstein's best farces, has drawn together a nightly audience reminiscent of nothing so much as of the old O'Farrell street days. The company does full justice to the roaring humor of the piece. Bertram Lytell and John Maher divide the principal masculine honors, while Daisy Lovering and Laura Lang handle parts that



ROBERT HARRISON

The Popular "Juvenile" at Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland.

successful run and will no doubt continue next week to attract those who enjoy a tuneful musical comedy. Everybody is ideally cast in "The Tenderfoot." Teddy Webb makes a distinct hit as the boisterous Sergeant Barker, and Miss Sinnott is as clever and bewitching as ever in the character of Sally. George Kunkel as Professor Pettibone and Fred Rogers as Hop Lee are also excellently cast, while the remaining principals, including Carl Haydn, Aida Hemmi, Aimee Leicester and Ruby Norton all appear to the utmost advantage. The song hits of "The Tenderfoot" are numerous and the large audiences seem to appreciate them to the utmost extent. Among the lyric gems are "My Alamo Love," "I'm a Peaceable Party," "Adios," "Marriage Is a Lottery," and "The Tortured Thomas Cat." The choruses are particularly attractive.

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### "SAPHO"

April 29: Revival of "Robin Hood."

## The Auditorium FILLMORE ST.

Corner Page

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## Idora Park

"Wang" will be succeeded on Monday night by the only really successful opera by John Philip Sousa, "El Capitan." In this work the "March King" is at his very best and the libretto is exceptionally good. It will be mounted in gorgeous style with Hartman in the title role. A full military band will assist in the production. Victor Herbert's tuneful work, "The Fortune Teller," will follow.

## Orpheum Vaudeville

The programme to be presented next week at the Orpheum contains some world-famous artists. The Four Harveys, who will be the headliners, appear more at home on a tight wire than many persons do on terra firma. Their act is a marvelous one and is fraught

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In the New Comedy.

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In Three Acts by Kellert Chambers.

Matinee Saturday.

April 29: Annie Russell.

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Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

Last Nights, Matinees Saturday and Sunday

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Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.



with considerable danger to themselves. Bessie Wynn, who is one of the most beautiful girls on the American stage and who twinkled brightly as the star of the original production of the Babes in Toyland, will sing some new songs. Harry Linton and Anita Lawrence, two Broadway stars, will make their vaudeville debut in a racy little sketch entitled "An Auto Elopement." The Rialto Comedy Four is sure to be an immense hit. Their entertainment of song comedy and fun has proved one of the greatest successes of the present season. Some of the best acts have been retained from this week, notably Louise Agoust and Company in her charming bit of French vaudeville, Cartmell and Harris with their singing and dancing specialties, Morrow and Schellberg, the singing mimics, and the famous Fadettes Woman's Orchestra of Boston, which performs so well under the baton of Caroline B. Nichols.

### Laughable Farce at the Alcazar

After the success of "All on Account of Eliza" this past week, the New Alcazar Stock Company will continue to keep its friends laughing in "There and Back," George Arliss's delightful comedy. The author spins his plot around the matrimonial troubles of a pair of husbands, who endeavor to outwit their wives and spend a few weeks on a lark of the bachelor days' variety. Their efforts to retire to the seclusion necessary for this purpose bring about all sorts of laughable complications and keep the play from lapsing for a moment into dullness. There is a fascinating air of subdued scandal about the performance that adds spice to every situation. Bertram Lytell, the handsome leading man, and John B. Maher, the comedian, are cast in the two prominent male roles, while playing opposite them are Laura Lang and Adele Belgarde. Daisy Lovering, as the lady with a past, has a very prominent part; while Will Walling, H. D. Byers and Ernest Glendinning have acceptable roles. "There and Back" will be followed by Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton."

### Florence Roberts in Sapho

The fourth and final week of Florence Roberts' engagement at the Novelty Theatre will commence on Monday night and undoubtedly a big audience will be on hand to greet the actress when she appears in the role of Sapho, for Miss Roberts's performance of this part is well known here and has always been a special favorite. The play will be given an elaborate production. Thurlow Bergen will appear in the role of Jean and this assures a splendid presentation of the part. All the members of the Roberts company will appear in the production. There will be a matinee on Saturday only. It is announced that the management of the Novelty Theatre has arranged for a special season of two weeks of the San Francisco Opera Company. The first week, commencing Monday, April 29, will be devoted to a magnificent revival of "Robin Hood" in which will be heard an extremely fine cast.

"The Serenade" will be sung during the second week. Special scenery and effects will be utilized in the presentation of these two favorite works.

### Hitchcock to Play One Night More

Raymond Hitchcock is to play a special return engagement at the Van Ness Theatre on Sunday night in his merry musical comedy, "A Yankee Tourist," which proved a big hit at the Novelty Theatre a few weeks since. He comes back to this city for the one performance only, the date being secured because the engagement of "The Cingalee" closes on Saturday night while Lillian Russell does not commence her engagement until Monday. "A Yankee Tourist" played to enormous business at the Novelty Theatre and the special Sunday night performance at the Van Ness will give many an opportunity to secure seats who were unable to make reservations during the run of the piece at the Novelty Theatre.

### Benefit Performance

The Theatrical Mechanical Association of this city will give a benefit next Thursday afternoon in aid of their charity fund. The affair will take place at the Novelty Theatre and those in charge hope to offer one of the biggest programmes ever given for a benefit here. Many of the best acts from the various theatres in this city will be given to swell the programme of features. Seats are now on sale at the box office of the theatre.

### Ouida Play at Colonial

"Moths," a dramatization of Ouida's famous novel, will be the offering at the Colonial Theatre for the week commencing Monday evening, April 22. The cast this week is exceptionally strong and well balanced, including Frank Bacon, Morgan Wallace, the new leading man who has already hit popular favor; Izetta Jewell, A. Burt Wesner, Maud Odelle, Jane Jeffery, Bessie Bacon and Lonna Nelson. One of the features in connection with the presentation of this drama will be the staging, George Lask having been specially engaged to look after this end of the production. "Moths" is at once highly dramatic and replete with bright comedy, being equal in merit and interest to "The Charity Ball" and "The Wife." It was first played here by the original New York Company and later by the Frawley Company at the Columbia Theatre. The excellent performance of "Friends" has attracted big crowds this week and is proving one of the biggest successes of the Colonial. Sunday night will be the last opportunity afforded local theatre-goers to witness "Friends," with Saturday and Sunday matinees.

Annie Russell will follow Lillian Russell at the Van Ness Theatre, appearing as Puck in an elaborate revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Henrietta Crossman will present "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" and "The Almighty Dollar" during her coming engagement at the Van Ness Theatre.

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## "The Tale of the Turquoise Skull"

(Continued from Page 9.)

her peculiarities might enable me to rescue Harry from her toils. This, then, was the main reason of my visit, and after a few words of courtesy I introduced the subject. The pious horror with which Fray Benito received the name of Lola served only to confirm my fears.

"What is this you tell me, Don Francisco?" said he severely. "Have you been led astray by this daughter of evil?"

"No, reverend sir. I speak in the interest of my friend, who is now in her toils."

"God help him!" said the monk, crossing himself. "She will lure him to death, as she has lured others. Demon, succuba, would that the Holy Office were still in existence, to burn thee to ashes!"

"Who is she, Fray?"

"A demon, senior. Have you not heard of the turquoise skull?"

"No; what is the turquoise skull?"

"It is an instrument of evil possessed by this creature," said Fray Benito, with much energy—"the skull of a heathen king adorned with jewels, and inhabited by evil spirits. With it she works her devilries. Twelve men has she slain. Holy Mary forbid that your friend should be the thirteenth!"

"You don't mean to say that she has murdered twelve men?" I demanded uneasily. The attitude of the monk frightened me.

"Who knows how they die? She lures them with her beauty, and gives them the turquoise skull as a token. Then they perish."

"How do they perish?"

"Nay, senior, I cannot tell you. There was an unworthy brother of our order who was charmed by this succuba, and fell away from his vows. In due time, as is her custom, she gave him the turquoise skull. He bore it to his cell, and was found next morning seated before it—dead."

"And the skull?"

"We sprinkled it with holy water, and conjured the evil spirit who dwelt within to depart. But she came, the accursed one, and bore it away. Ay, my son, bolts and bars and stone walls could not keep her out of the House of the Star. She appeared like a demon in our midst, and disappeared with the skull. We buried Fray Anselm at midnight. May his soul find peace!"

At the conclusion of this story the friar betook himself to his prayers and his rosary; and, seeing that my presence was distasteful, I left him to his devotions.

This was the first I had heard of the turquoise skull, but I was to hear of it again within an hour. This time it was from a lepero. There was no connection between monk and vagabond, yet both spoke of the same thing. Fate is fond of duplicating incidents. My acquaintance with Don Panchito Diaz de Grijalva—for so he styled himself—began by my saving his life. The lepero was crossing the road, when a stallion beyond the control of its rider dashed round the corner. Had I not instinctively rushed forward and he would have been trampled to death. This he recognized, for, having devoutly crossed himself, he dragged Don Panchito out of harm's way, assuredly shook his fist at the flying steed, and advanced towards me with a lordly air.

"I lay myself at your illustrious feet, senior," said

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he in the stately Spanish tongue. "You are my preserver. All I have is yours."

The gift was no princely one, for his whole wardrobe could have been purchased for half a crown. His skin was as ingrained with dirt as were his clothes. Beyond a pair of leathern breeches, a ragged shirt, and a cloak, he wore nothing worth mentioning save a tattered sombrero, which he held in his hand during our interview. With his evil eyes, his shining teeth, and his long matted hair, he appeared anything but a desirable acquaintance. But, in nowise conscious of his defects, he rolled a cigarette and straddled impudently before me. A finer specimen of the gaol-bird I never beheld, and as I was in no way desirous of continuing his acquaintance I muttered some acknowledgment of his words and turned to go. This, however, he would not permit.

"Do my eyes deceive me," said he, stepping back a pace, "or do I indeed behold the renowned and noble Senor Don Francisco, who honors our city with his magnificent presence?"

I admitted the identity, and turned my back upon him as before; but with no better result.

"Nay, Senor," said he reproachfully, "you must allow Don Panchito Diaz de Grijalva to pay his debts. I owe you my life; permit me to save that of your illustrious friend."

"What is that you say?" I asked, considerably startled.

"Don Henriquez is devoted to Lola Tepeaca. Let him beware, lest she give to him the turquoise skull."

"That skull again! What do you know about it?"

"Everything, your lordship. Was it not I who brought the skull to Lola from the holy hermit Felix, who dwells in yonder mountains? Assuredly it was. Eh, Senor! know you not that he who possesses the turquoise skull surely dies?"

"How does he die?"

"Truly I know not, Senor. It is said that a fiend who slays dwells within the skull; but of the truth of this I know nothing. For four days was I carrying it from the hills, yet still I am alive."

"And Lola, who possesses it; she also is alive."

"The father of sin does not kill his best soldiers, Don Francisco; the demon who dwells within the skull permits her to live and to work harm. Yet," added Panchito, raising a significant forefinger, "twelve has he slain." Beware, Senor, and let not your illustrious friend take the love gift, lest he make the thirteenth."

And with this Panchito took his departure, while I hurried back to the hotel, filled with alarm at the dangers hinted at by Fray Benito and the lepero. Both had warned me, in words almost identical, against the turquoise skull. And although I was not sufficiently superstitious to believe in the existence of this demon, yet the assurance that twelve men had fallen victims to the skull resolved me to warn Harry against accepting it from Lola. But my information had come too late, for when I opened the door there was the turquoise skull on the table, and over it bent my friend.

The sight fitted in so dramatically with the stories I had heard, that it was impossible to suppress an ejaculation of surprise. Harry looked up, and laughed at my staring eyes and open mouth.

"Well, old fellow," he said cheerfully, "you look a bit off color. Have you been sampling the wine of the country?"

"Where in the name of heaven did you get that infernal thing?" I stammered.

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"Oh, this skull? Queer, isn't it? Lola gave it to me."

"I guessed as much; give it back to her at once."

"Come, now, Frank, don't try me too far; I thought we settled all that this morning?"

I dropped into a chair without making a reply, and stared at the blue object on the table. It was a man's skull, completely encrusted with rough turquoises, save the cavities of the nose and eyes, which were filled in with Durango rubies. Behind these the red eyes glittered in uncanny fashion, and this caused me to suspect the presence of tin-foil. I am fairly self-controlled, but when I remembered how that gruesome skull, with its blue scalp and winking eyes, had in some unknown way caused the death of twelve men, I own that I was unnerved. Shaking and white, I clutched the table, whilst Harry eyed me in angry surprise.

"What the deuce is the matter, Frank? This skull—"

"Will cause your death. Give it back to Lola."

"The sun has been too strong for you," said Harry, with a clouded face; "go and lie down for an hour."

He was about to lift the skull, when I sprang up from my chair and dragged him back.

"Don't touch it, Harry. Fray Benito says—"

"Oh, so that old monk has been gossiping to you about Lola, has he?" When I said that you knew him she told me how he hated her."

"Did she mention how this turquoise skull brought about the death of a priest?"

"No; nor would I have believed it if she had. How can this dead thing kill any man?"

"At all events it has killed twelve."

"Fray Benito again!"

"Yes, and not he alone; a lepero I met with but an hour ago spoke with horror of that skull and of its owner."

"This is becoming interesting," said Frank, drawing his chair close to mine. "Tell me what they say, Frank."

Glad of the opportunity, I recounted the conversations of Fray Benito and the lepero. Harry listened attentively, but made no remark until I had finished. Then he shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"I never heard such nonsense in my life," said he disdainfully. "It is a wonder to me how a sensible man like yourself can swallow such monstrous fables. Twelve men killed by that skull! Twelve fiddlesticks; it is merely a curious relic of a bygone civilization; the head of some old Aztec or Toltec king embalmed and encrusted with gems. A hermit who knew Lola long before he retired from the world sent it to her as a present."

"Then why does she give it to you?"

"There is some secret connected with it, which she has asked me to discover if possible. Look here."

He handed me a slip of paper, on which were two lines written in Spanish. Having a fair knowledge of the language and a capacity for rhyme, I improvised upon them an English couplet:—

"Find out my secret, and you then shall win  
Eternal happiness from that within."

"In allusion to the beatitude of the victims, no doubt," said I bitterly. "Who is the author of these lines?"

"The hermit who sent the skull to Lola," replied Harry, taking back the paper. "She cannot discover the secret, so she has asked me to try."

"I trust it will not cost you dear, Harry."



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"Nonsense! what possible harm can this skull do to me? Look at it. It won't bite you."

Taking no heed of his flippancy, I closely examined the bone of contention. The stones were roughly imbedded in a kind of cement, and some were missing, while the base was crudely fashioned of unpolished wood. Externally there was no evidence to show that this ghastly object was of a harmful nature; yet, so influenced was I by the warnings of the monk and the lepero, that I still regarded it with horror. For over an hour I discussed with Harry the advisability of having nothing to do with Lola or her barbarous curiosity. But my efforts were vain, for he obstinately refused to restore the thing to its owner until he had discovered its secret. Wearied out by continuous exposition, I ceased to argue further, and let him carry it to his bedroom. After all, I might be wrong. I must admit that the stories told by Fray Benito and Don Panchito were improbable, so that it was not surprising that a prosaic young man such as Harry should despise them. An imaginative strain, inherited from Highland ancestors, led me to accept with less hesitation these romances of a semi-civilized race. Nevertheless Harry's scepticism was not without its effect upon me, and I retired to rest a trifle ashamed of my championship. But in the morning—

When I entered his bedroom the turquoise skull was on the table, and seated before it, fully dressed, was my poor friend—dead! The number of victims was now thirteen.

#### PART II.

There is no need to dilate upon my profound grief. Harry Carstone had been my closest friend at Oxford, as at Eton. Constant companionship had bound us together by no common ties, and his unexpected death fell heavily upon me. I knew that it would fall more heavily still upon the old couple at Carstone Hall. To them I wrote all details of the death and burial, and then addressed myself to the task of punishing Lola, whom I regarded as the indirect cause of the tragedy. It is at this point that I assume the principal role.

I have mentioned the funeral as having taken place at Zacatecas; for although I wished to have the corpse embalmed for transmission to England, such a course proved to be quite out of the question. Whatever the cause of death was—and I was utterly unable to determine it—the state of the body was such as to necessitate a hasty interment. In twenty-four hours the remains of my poor friend were committed to the earth, and I returned from the funeral, to take the turquoise skull to Lola and compel her to confess by what means it had killed Harry. To my surprise the skull was gone.

"A Senora had come," explained the landlord, "and had awaited the return of Don Francisco in the sitting-room. But after a time she had changed her mind and departed."

I had no doubt that it was Lola who had visited my hotel for the purpose of recovering the turquoise skull. So long as it remained in her possession I could not hope to solve the mystery of Harry's death; and how to get it back I could not think. That the woman should dare to approach the scene of her crime angered me greatly, and confirmed my determination to remain for retributive justice. In turn Fray Benito and the lepero commiserated with me, but I took neither into my confidence. The first, a religious recluse, could be of no possible assistance, whilst I

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more than suspected the other of having an understanding with her whom I designed to punish.

Above all was it important that I should regain possession of this turquoise skull. If I could arrive at the secret hinted at in the couplet, I might succeed in discovering the cause of the thirteen deaths, and so bring Lola within the clutches of the law. If legal measures proved unavailing, I intended myself to mete out justice. She had killed Harry, and I would kill her. This savage resolve, entirely foreign to my nature, was the result of the terrible tragedy of the previous week. In some way I was determined to avenge the death of my friend.

Informed by Panchito that it was Lola's invariable custom to request her lovers to solve the secret of the skull, I hoped, by becoming one of these, to secure the instrument of her crimes.

Ignorant as I was of the way in which the thing accomplished its mission, there was the chance that I too might lose my life. But such a contingency did not deter me from prosecuting my design. With great care I might come off harmless; and, even did I not, I hoped before dying to destroy the skull, so that its list of victims should terminate with my death.

Thus prepared for good or evil, I called upon Lola, whom I found in the garden in a grass hammock, with her usual accessories of fan and cigarette. She exhibited no signs of confusion or fear, but, with an audacity which revolted me, openly lamented the death of Harry. An accident, she termed it, as though she did not know full well the hideous truth.

"Alas, Senor, that I should have given Don Henriquez the turquoise skull!" she cried, with feigned sorrow; "but I knew not that it would cause his death."

"Yet you had experience to go upon, Senora."

Lola closed her fan with a snap, and became alive to the situation.

"What say you, Don Francisco?"

"Those twelve friends of yours who—"

"Who died," said Lola, unfurling her fan with unnecessary violence; "and what of that? Am I responsible for their deaths? Truly no. Why should I slay those who love me? Oh yes, Senor, I know well that Fray Benito has been talking. Succuba, sorceress, demon, those are the words ever on his lips when he speaks of me."

"True enough; that turquoise skull has indeed gained for you no enviable reputation."

"And wherefore? It is only a skull."

"But one that kills. Don Panchito—"

"Eh! you know him, that scamp?" she interrupted hastily; "he could have prevented all these deaths, for he knows the secret of the skull. I do not; hence I have asked those who loved me to discover it. They have died, and so I bear the blame; but it is all Panchito's fault."

"He procured the skull from Fray Felix, I believe?"

"Yes, Senor; he has been talking, I see. Tell me," she added curiously, "do you think that a demon dwells within the skull?"

"You know best, Senora."

"Nay, Don Francisco, you talk foolishly. I am quite in ignorance of the matter. The skull is a dead thing. It cannot slay."

"Nevertheless it does slay."

"Ay," she answered with a shrug; "but how, I know not."

"Why not destroy it?"

"I dare not," said she, in a frightened whisper. "It is the head of a dead king. Who knows what curses

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the dead may send? Nay, I will not destroy it. All I wish is to discover its secret. But, alas! I cannot; and they who, to aid me, have sought this knowledge, have perished.

"Let me try, Senora."

"Thou, Don Francisco? No, no; thirteen have died in the quest. Let there be no more. Think of your poor friend. Ah me! how I have wept at his fate!"

This affected sorrow and feigned ignorance did not deceive me. I saw that in truth she was overjoyed at my offer, but feared to accept it too readily, lest she might fall into a trap.

When I thought of how she had caused Harry's death I could have slain her then and there. But I determined to punish her in more deliberate fashion. I therefore persisted in my offer; and after much hesitation she accepted it. Descending to the patio with the skull under my cloak, I heard a low laugh of satisfaction. It was Lola rejoicing over her success in adding a fourteenth victim to her list.

"Today to you, tomorrow to me," muttered I to myself.

On the way to my hotel I met with Don Panchito. He planted himself in my way, and, catching sight of the skull, touched it significantly with his finger.

"Does Lola wish you also to die?" said he. "Give it back, Don Francisco. There is death under those blue stones."

"Not if you tell me the secret, Panchito."

"Most illustrious Senor, you saved my life, and I would most willingly save yours. But I swear by the Virgin that I know not the secret. Who says so lies."

"Then Lola lies."

Panchito twirled his cigarette with a contemptuous smile. He had evidently a bad opinion of the lady.

"Does she do aught else but lie, your worship? Eh! and what says she of the skull?"

"Very little. But she asked me to search for a spring which opens it."

"Exactly, Senor. She is too wise to search for the spring herself."

"There you are wrong. She has done so and failed."

The lepero looked at me dubiously. My unaccountable defense of Lola led him to mistake my feelings toward her.

"Do you love Lola?"

"Nay, Panchito; I abhor the witch. I take this skull to learn its secret. I hope to punish her for slaying my friend."

"Good. Did I know the secret, the knowledge would be yours. But you are as wise as I, Senor. Yet, this much I will speak. In searching for the spring, should you feel pain or see blood, you die."

Before I could demand an explanation Panchito folded his cloak around him and disappeared. He had a way of coming and going which savoured of magic. On this occasion I resented his unexpected vanishment, for it struck me that he hinted more than he chose to tell. However, his advice was worth taking; and when I unpacked the skull in my sitting-room I was particularly careful to handle it lightly. The Angelus was ringing before I could persuade myself really to attempt the solution of this problem.

Before proceeding to an examination, I laid an axe on the table, for, if all other means failed, I was resolved to smash the skull open and thus roughly end the mystery. Thus prepared, I sat down and delicately fingered the turquoise scalp in search of the spring. My sense of touch is unusually delicate, but, though I felt line after line of the stones, I could find no pro-

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jecting knob to press. Failing so far, I examined the ruby eyes, the wooden base, and lastly the ruby nose. The gems of this latter were particularly irregular in their setting. Being ambidexter, I held the skull with my right hand and pressed hard with the forefinger of the left. Suddenly I felt a thrill of pain, and withdrew my finger to see a tiny globule of blood swelling on the tip. In an instant I remembered Panchito's warning. It explained itself. Blood-poisoning! That very instant I chopped off my forefinger with the axe, before the venom had time to pass the middle joint, and, with my maimed hand wrapped in a handkerchief, raced out of the hotel in search of a doctor.

When I returned, white with pain and loss of blood, I found the room occupied. Lola, frowning and surprised, stood looking at the severed finger on the table. She had come to survey my body and to recover the skull. My unexpected entrance caused her to utter an ejaculation; but whether of regret, of wrath, or of surprise merely, I was too perturbed to notice.

"You see I am still alive, Senora; and I now know how my poor friend died. You know also, you infamous creature!"

"Why did you cut it off?" she stammered, still looking at the severed finger.

"To save my life. Else would I now be dead, and you would have taken back your accursed turquoise skull, until you inveigled a new victim within your toils. But this ends it; no more shall die."

Before she could guess my intent, I took up the axe and with one stroke cleaved the skull in twain. Lola screamed and hid her face. From the interior of the accursed thing poured a glittering stream of jewels. Diamonds, rubies, sapphires—all kinds of gems—tinkled out on to the table, and rapped like small shot on to the floor.

The Spanish woman stood aghast at the sight. With a pious exclamation she stooped to pick them up.

"No," I cried: "no, wretch! Look here—not there."

I thrust forward the right hemisphere of the skull, and displayed the wicked mechanism of the interior. A snake's fang, concealed at the back of the nose, curved itself to the surface, and finally emerged between two rubies. At the least pressure this spike, keen as a thorn, ejected venom. This, collected in a small bag, was attached to the root of the fang, so that the poison could trickle drop by drop to the deadly point. Never was there so ingeniously fiendish an invention, and I wondered what devil could have designed it.

"Felix!" she gasped, looking white and sick: "he then designed my death. Ah, what mercy that I touched not the evil thing!"

"It was a pity you did not," said I savagely, "for then thirteen men might still be alive."

"I did not know of this, Senor; I swear I did not. Felix loved me, and fled to a hermitage because I loved another. He sent me the turquoise skull as a gift, saying that I would find eternal happiness if I succeeded in opening it. I was afraid, Senor. I thought there was danger, and so touched not the thing, and asked my friend to open it. But you, Don Francisco, have discovered the secret."

"Ay, but at the cost of my friend's life and my own finger. 'Leave those jewels!' I added, as she again bent to pick them up."

"They are mine," she cried defiantly. "Felix sent them to me."

"He sent you death, not jewels," I retorted, angered

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at her heartlessness. "Leave them: you shall not take one with you."

She looked wrathfully at the floor and then at me. I was determined to punish her for her callousness, but I saw that I should have to resort to strong measures to do so.

"Out, you infamous creature—out!"

Lola saw the barrel of my revolver pointed at her, and, with a gasp of terror, fled from the room. That was the last I saw of her.

I took the skull and jewels to Fray Benito, and told him my story. He did not evince much astonishment at it. Being a Mexican and a confessor, he was well aware of the devilments of his countrymen.

"I knew this Felix," he said gravely: "he was a wild and reckless youth, and he vowed to punish this daughter of sin for her treatment of him. He became a recluse, and while in the mountains discovered a cave wherein the Aztecs laid their dead chiefs. This is the skull of some mummy, adorned with gems after their barbarous fashion."

"But the poisonous fang, Fray?"

"No doubt Felix placed it there for his revenge. He judged that the evil woman would take his advice and press the skull to find the supposed spring. One touch of that fang, and she would die. But she was too cunning to venture, Don Francisco. From her knowledge of the sender's character, she suspected danger, and so let others die for her."

"And the jewels?"

"Felix probably found them in the cave of the dead. They were of no use to him; doubtless he placed them in the cavity of the skull to embitter the dying moments of her he hated."

"I don't understand."

"See you, Senor. Felix concluded that Lola Tapeaca would touch the snake-tooth and thus open the skull and meet her death at the same time. Knowing her greed, it would be an additional pang for her to see these jewels which she could not live to enjoy."

"What a fiendish idea!"

"Ay, my son: human nature is very wicked. Do you intend to keep the jewels?"

"No," I answered, with a shudder; "they would constantly remind me of my poor friend's death. You can make what use of them you please, father. Yet I shall keep a few, with which to reward Panchito, without whose warning I had now been dead."

Fray Benito accepted the gift, and Our Lady of the Star now possesses a fine necklace of variegated gems, which is the wonder of all visitors. They would wonder still more did they but know the history attached to it.

I could do nothing to punish Lola further than depriving her of the jewels. The Mexican lawyer to whom I submitted the case assured me that the evidence was too indefinite to prove her guilty.

On moral grounds she surely merited death, but legally speaking she was as assuredly innocent. So she escaped with her life. I often wonder whether she went to the cave of Felix to cajole him into giving her fresh gems. If she did I have no doubt he killed her. A man capable of inventing such a death trap as the turquoise skull would not hesitate to do what it had failed to accomplish.

Once again I heard of Lola. It was from Don Panchito, who accompanied me to the railway station on the day I left Zacatecas.

"It is just as well you are going, Senor," said he significantly: "Lola is wild at the loss of the turquoise

skull and its jewels. She asked me to knife you, but I refused. Did you not save my life, and have you not given me precious stones? Still, Senor, others may not feel as I do, and the cursed woman may cause you to lose your life as well as your finger."

I quite believed it. A woman who could doom thirteen men to death for the gratification of her curiosity would not stick at putting the fourteenth out of the way. I have often regretted I did not shoot her at our last interview, and so rid the world of a demon. But if she is in existence, the turquoise skull is not. Neither is the forefinger of my left hand.



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SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 19, 1906.

TO THE PUBLIC: This is to certify that Dr. Wong Him has cured me of lung and stomach trouble, from which I had suffered for many years. I tried many doctors, but they failed to cure me. I consulted Dr. Wong Him, and after taking his Herb Medicine for six months am now permanently cured. I wish to recommend him to the public as an efficient and skillful physician.

CHARLES BAEHR,  
632 Lyon street, San Francisco, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1907.

TO THE PUBLIC: I had a very severe case of Throat Trouble and general breakdown. Did not sleep or eat for eight days. After trying every remedy I heard of without success, I called on Dr. Wong Him, 1268 O'Farrell street, who by feeling my pulse correctly diagnosed my case. His remedies gave me immediate relief. Cannot say too much in favor of his teas.

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# TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 765

San Francisco, April 27, 1907

Price, 10 Cents



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# TOWN TALK

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## Puritanism at Stanford

When the New York mob made itself ridiculous in the eyes of the world by its intemperate mouthings over the production of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "Salome," the supersensitive cultured ones in our midst salved the wound to their pride by explaining to all who cared to listen that only the vulgar, the prudish and the ignorant condemned Shaw and Wilde while the simonpure disciples of literature still exalted the two Irishmen on their appropriate pedestals. The horror excited in the breasts of the Wanamakers and the Comstocks by undraped statues and such books as the "Kreutzer Sonata" is but a pale emotion, we have been insistently assured, beside the horror of the cultured at the state of mind which renders such parochial outbursts not merely possible but rather generally popular. Despite their almost tiresome reiteration these protestations of devotion to pure art, no matter how startling the form it may take, have for some reason failed entirely to convince sceptical Europe whose raised eyebrows and shrugged shoulders express puzzled wonder at a condition which has long been impossible on the continent and is becoming increasingly rare in Great Britain. That this lack of faith in the liberality of American culture is not altogether gratuitous is evidenced by the petty imbroglio that has raised the temperature of the Stanford campus to fever heat and has divided that university against itself in a fashion not unusual, it must be confessed, but in the present instance more than ordinarily excitant of laughter. Because a college editor has seen fit to infuse the breath of passion into his magazine by the publication of a copy of exceedingly sophomoral verses, he has been denounced and boycotted by all the forces of conventional propriety from the associated co-eds to the university chaplain. Taking a theme from the Bible—a theme that has engaged the attention of artists from Kit Marlowe and Titian to Swinburne and Alma-Tadema—this youngster of metrical proclivities has tossed off a series of rhymed couplets which are not in any way more daring than the ordinary run of magazine poetry. But because their publication was heralded by press agent methods which one does not ordinarily expect to find on a college campus, prudery in all its flashing battle array flared

forth to meet them. Sentence was passed before the crime was proven—quite the usual procedure in these cases—and the convicted criminal was condemned to the direst penalties within the power of his judges. Verses, let it be remembered, which, however little their literary merit, were at least seriously intended and free from all suspicions of meretriciousness, were condemned before being read by young women who had gathered at a big university to pursue that process of mental broadening which is the true purpose of the higher education. If this is not the cynic's cue for asking what value is to be attached to the university training which does not render such salad manifestations utterly impossible, then all our loud vaunts of culture are so much empty wind. What avails the bracing air of university life if the lungs are too weak to make deep inspirations? Is our art still builded on Plymouth Rock; our morality still hopelessly tangled in pruriency? The answer must be in the affirmative, if co-eds and university chaplains are to be permitted to make it.

## What Stanford Stands For

Stanford University is a bountiful contributor to the gayety of the state. From the day that a smug Bishop, in his dedicatory sermon compared Leland Stanford Jr. to Christ down to the co-eds' boycott there has been no cessation of the carnival of absurdities inaugurated by the founders. The amusing egoism of those founders which is preserved in Stanford's tradition and some of its freakish architectural ornamentation appears also to have been infused into the very atmosphere of the place. The history of the university is a ponderous record of curious conceits, of fantastical ebullitions of the dominant spirit of self-importance. Palo Alto appears to be a place of turmoil and trouble rather than of quiet and study. It was thought a severe blow to the reputation of the university when Professor Ross was dismissed from the faculty for availing himself of his constitutional prerogative of free speech, but worse things have happened since, though none of more lamentable significance than the scandal of last week. From the aggressive prudishness of the co-eds we learn that Stanford is fostering a sentiment which is responsible for the main defect of our national temperament, and which in the opinion of scholars, must be eradicated before we can attain to the highest intellectual freedom and development. This sentiment we inherited from our sacrosanct Pilgrim Fathers, those dear old pious witch-burners, who believed implicitly in the externals of religion, who derived their religious beliefs from intellects of the third order and whom we have long revered for their zeal and forgiven for their fanaticism. Through their New England graves was sent a thrill of joy when the daughters of sweetness and light at Stanford took occasion to express their good, old-fashioned puritanical prejudices and attest the survival of that spirit which has made this a nation of Philistines. From the conduct of the co-eds we must infer that Stanford is absolutely ignoring the principal object of a higher institution of learning—the inculcation of the principles of true culture. We must so infer because we learn that their conduct was commended by members of the faculty. This circumstance points to the conclusion that Stanford University stands for a wax-doll morality and encourages Philistinism in its most virulent form. This is indeed lamentable. We have long eagerly looked to our universities to alter the pale complexion of the age, to bring to people's consciousness those truths which are considered of the



highest importance as factors for social development, to expand their intellectual viewpoint and discourage the sanctimonious habit of arching the eyebrows in holy horror when confronted by the undraped realities, but obviously we must not expect the emanation of such wholesome influence from Stanford. Instead of educating us out of the puritanical delusion that there is only one great sin in the world from which all immorality proceeds Stanford is engaged in propagating that erroneous idea. At the same time Stanford denies the literary worker the privilege of drawing inspiration from historical incidents motivated upon that sin. It is such an awful sin that co-eds must hypocritically pretend to be unconscious of its existence, but these same co-eds would doubtless gladly attend a lecture on Commercial Honesty by John D. Rockefeller and be pleased to shake hands with that most conspicuous and most vicious of American transgressors. Stanford University is not engaged in the work of advancing civilization. It is not diffusing the knowledge by which both the moral and intellectual instincts are harmoniously developed. It is engaged in keeping us where we were when Mr. Lowell characterized his countrymen as "The most common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world."

### The Prejudice Against Whiskers

One of the inexplicable phenomena of the age is the entirely indefensible prejudice against whiskers which is spreading all over the country. It recently took shape in New York in the substance of a bill presented in the Legislature, providing for a tax on whiskers and making invidious distinctions. It was proposed to assess Dundrearies and lambrequins at eight dollars, Ministerial sideboards at ten dollars, Imperials or paint brushes at thirty dollars and red ones (all varieties), at twenty per cent additional. It is seriously to be doubted whether legislation of this character would be upheld by the courts, for it is in the nature of an infringement of personal liberty. If it were urged as a sanitary measure it might be upheld, but it was not solicitude for the public health that prompted the introduction of the anti-whiskers bill. The tax schedule is proof of the purely vulgar prejudice of the author of the bill against a facial ornament, which, every sensible man feels, is entitled to respect for its antiquity if for nothing else. The author of the bill attempted to disguise his prejudice beneath a pretension of zeal for the interests of the men who try to make an honest living with scissors and razors. The emptiness of this pretension is obvious. Few are the men that wear whiskers whose pride in them does not dictate frequent intercourse with the barber. Whiskers clamor for trimming, and it is only by the most scrupulous attention that their highest purpose is subserved. The highest purpose of whiskers is to minister to the self-contentment of their wearers. Whiskers are condemned by bigoted persons on the theory that they are superfluities of garniture and equipage that betray the vanity of a shallow mind. This theory is sheer nonsense. There have been and are men of great minds partial to whiskers. We need mention none other than Shakespeare who went so far as to swat the whiskerless in these lines:

He that hath a beard is more than a youth,  
And he that hath none is less than a man.

If whiskers were an infallible indication of vanity then it would be reasonable to indulge a prejudice

against them, not because an interest in one's personal appearance is abominable, but because there are so few to whom the particular brand of whiskers they wear is becoming. It is exasperating to meet a man with whiskers that shriek of his vanity and that cause one to study the points of resemblance between the owner and some unprepossessing animal. The misfortune is that every man is responsible for his own whiskers and that whiskers are worn by many mentally irresponsible men. They give offense to our sense of beauty and give whiskers in general a black eye, as it were. If we had a State art commission to which all whiskers would have to be submitted it would not be long before we should all be more tolerant. And the spirit of tolerance could be greatly encouraged by a penal statute making it a very grave offense for a man to caress or comb his whiskers in public. As matters now stand we have the most profound sympathy for the gentlemen that wear whiskers for their expediency rather than as a first aid to pulchritude. Some of them are judges who wear whiskers for the dignity which they cannot otherwise acquire, and some of them are doctors who wear whiskers to denote age and imply experience. This is the most innocent of the deceptions practiced by some doctors.

### A Reassuring Pronouncement

Those who are not unable to detect the important currents of events because they run some depth below the surface realize more fully since the Merchants' Association banquet at the Fairmont Hotel that the prosecution of municipal graft stood recently in serious danger from the irrepressible lust of politics that forever possesses certain of the movement's most powerful sympathizers. Indications are that this menace is removed, but it still remains the part of wisdom not to abate watchfulness against the insidious evil. That the men who are furnishing not only the sinews of war but also the brains of the prosecution keenly apprehend all that threatens from this source was made evident during the banquet aforesaid by the insistence of Francis J. Heney and District Attorney Langdon on

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The satire of merchant tailors who try to cope with the progress of good made-up clothes of today are in reality "burlesquers". They make all sorts of freaks but the art brain is noticeably absent. The salaries paid to designers who cut the kind of clothes we sell would bankrupt a thousand tailors.



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the utter dissociation of their work from any political plans or campaign logrolling. Again and again Heney harped upon this string, giving the impression that he saw the necessity of laboring hard to eradicate a deep-rooted notion from the minds of his hearers. "Mr. Spreckels and myself have agreed," Heney finally asserted after driving this same idea home in various other ways, "that this investigation is not to be used for the political advantage of anyone. When casting over in your mind who will be the next mayor or hold any other public office, you can count us all out with the exception of Mr. Langdon who will ask vindication by re-election to the office of district attorney that he may complete this work." The declaration of Langdon is just as positive. Thus he spoke, modestly putting himself in the third person: "He will seek to stay in that office until the work of this crisis is done and when it is done, gentlemen, he will retire to private life to be a plain citizen." These statements have the smack of ex cathedra utterances; it is not to be thought that they were born of the inspiration of the moment and thrown out at random, to gain a little applause and then be forgotten. It must be admitted that the time for these pronouncements was happily chosen and that the occasion won for them the attention and the wide publicity which they needed. It cannot be denied that politics was creeping from various sources into the camp of the warriors who are giving battle to civic corruption, but it is most reassuring to know that the men most vitally interested realize the danger and are prepared to front it in the proper spirit. Henceforth the vague murmurings of political ambitions will no doubt be silenced and the credit due the District Attorney for his share in the prosecution will not be marred by the ugly shadow cast before by the events of the approaching campaign. It is matter for congratulation among all honest men that the mouthpieces of the anti-graft crusade have had the foresight and the courage to repudiate unjust and damaging insinuations. As for the thieves, nothing could bode them more ill than those same speeches at the Fairmont.

### Dementia Americana

Although the Thaw case laid bare the fundamental weakness of our criminal law system which makes the judge little more than a chairman presiding at the trial to enforce the laws of procedure without exercising any direct influence on the result, it was at least happy in adding two strong phrases to our language; and while we are not of that overenthusiastic artistic cult which considers the word more important than the thing it signifies, we can still appreciate the value to the language and to the race of a felicitous denomination for conditions hitherto only partially understood. The phrases referred to are "brainstorm" and "dementia americana," the first fashioned by Dr. Evans, the alienist, and the second wrought from the brain of our own Delphin Michael Delmas (as the Eastern press is so fond of calling him.) Although not exactly synonymous the two phrases apply to mental conditions that are very closely related. A "brainstorm," according to Dr. Evans, is a mental fulmination, a cerebral explosion which terminates in some act of violence. Whereas it may be said that "dementia americana" describes the conditions of one who is subject to "brainstorms." Careful examination of the mental processes of the average American convinces us that we are all afflicted (if it may be called an afflic-

tion) with this peculiarly American dementia. The mollicoddle perhaps is freer than other men from the species of aberration which causes the brain to burst in periodical explosions, but even he gives occasional but startling evidence that he has not escaped what Delmas authoritatively pronounces the mental heritage of our race. The distinguished lawyer was undoubtedly correct in stating that Harry Thaw is the victim of this national dementia; all the rich illiterates from Pittsburgh suffer from it and it almost invariably leads them into scrapes with chorus girls and actresses. Delmas did not say that Stanford White was also unbalanced by "dementia americana," but this was undoubtedly the fact. How else explain the hankering of his mighty mind for the sickly flowers of evil that sprouted in the luxuriant garden where he might have plucked the rarest and most delicate blooms? And that even Delmas has not escaped the ravages of the insanity which he so aptly characterized none familiar with the eccentricities of his career can deny; his life in this state was punctuated with "brainstorms." The sagacious reader no doubt grasps the interesting idea that by this application of the term "dementia americana" may be applied to any condition which leads to violent outbursts of passion or coldblooded exhibitions of vice. The heady youth sowing his wild oats and the grizzled oldster indulging a senile antinomianism may each be allowed henceforth to plead this new species of abnormality discovered by Thaw's leading attorney. It is assured of wide popularity in the country and in an age which objects to such old-fashioned expressions as sin, dissipation or viciousness and regards every act, no matter how lawless (provided of course it is not vulgarly criminal) as the legitimate expression of untrammelled individuality. The spirit of the age tends to excuse every divagation from the conventional moral code on the ground of unbalanced mentality; the experts would have us realize that we all veer somewhat from the straight line of sanity, and it would be hard to find a more satisfactory sort of insanity to plead guilty to than the brand discovered by Delmas. It is true that "dementia americana" did not prevail strongly with the jury when they were considering their verdict; it may be that a higher court is equally scornful of the plea; but be that as it may, "dementia americana" is a pleasant name for a widely prevalent condition.

## Announcement

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## A Query

By E. H.

Two lovers walk in the old-fashioned garden,  
Sweet with the perfume of old-world flowers,  
With clipped yew-hedges, and marble edges,  
And sun-dial marking the fleeting hours.

They pause to rest by the marble columns,  
Down where the peacock's strut in the sun;  
What sweet love-speeches the silence teaches!  
And the maid who listens is almost won.

When they were mated, how were things fated,  
Dear little people of long ago?  
Did they find love pales when custom stales  
The passionate ardor they used to know?

## Perspective Impressions

Wanted: Knowledge of the difference between a brain storm and a tempest in a teapot.

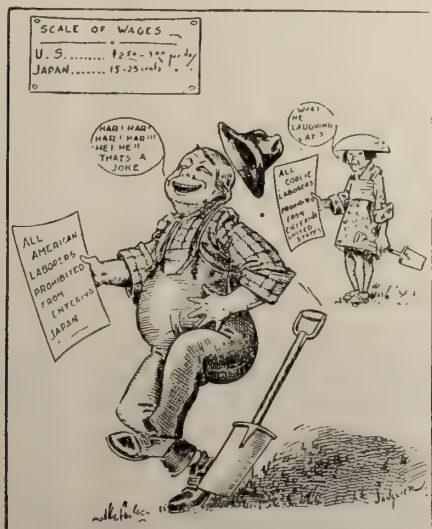
Governor Hughes is Roosevelt's candidate for Vice-President. Which means "23" for Hughes if Roosevelt can give it to him.

Mayor Mott of Oakland thinks that the name of the chief city across the bay should be changed to one that has some dignity. And yet he appears to be satisfied with his own name.

What with the dust of the "damndest finest ruins," and the laundry strike, cleanliness in very truth is here and now next to godliness; and godliness in San Francisco is, it seems, next to impossible.

Here and there in the politically sinless cities of the East, a critic now and then bobs up serenely to call the local press to task for so loudly crying San Francisco's shame to the four corners of the earth. But for the thief-like who accept retainers and reject bribes, publicity is not infrequently the only penitentiary. Our gain in character may more than offset our loss in reputation. The fear of being found out is the beginning of the reformation of the criminaloid.

The Chronicle says that Ruef was elected to high office in the order of Native Sons by men who could not have doubted that he was a scoundrel. This is probably true, and therefore the men by whom he was elected are as bad if not worse than the unspeakable grafter and there should be some way of ousting them from the order.



VERY SATISFACTORY SETTLEMENT

—Sangler in the St. Paul Pioneer Press.



A HINT

—Berryman in the Washington Star.

# The Call of the Classic

By Harry Cowell

Though every attempt of writer, painter, sculptor, composer, to rape eye or ear or heart, is to be resented, it is well, no doubt, for Art, at times, to give us real life, rude and crude, to the end of stimulating such as have eyes and see not, ears and hear not, hearts and do not understand; but it is better—morally and esthetically better—for Art, as a rule, to refine upon life, to make the atmosphere rarer than the reality, the light less raw, for the refreshing—as Walter Pater has it—of the human spirit, ever in sore need of refreshment.

Especially is this true of literature. For myself, liking haste but little, and noise not at all, I am tired, very tired, of your hundred miles an hour stuff, type-writ slap-dash, in the physical force style, to meet a rush order, and printed hot off the linotype, obvious, so that who runs may read; the crash of harsh consonants that will be heard grating intolerably on the vowel-loving ear. My wont is, not to read as I run, but, sitting quite still, to sip as it were the wine of choice words, at my leisure, so as to miss none of the flavor; time-mellowed literature of a happy vintage being my taste.

To all who, with me, though loving life, hate noise no less than did Schopenhauer, how irresistible—coming as it does amid a clamor as of hotel runners—is the courteous invitation of the disinterested dead to share with them their home quiet!

Surely, gentle sir, or madam, unknown friend of mine, you too have heard it—and with no little joy—this "call" of the classic, to use the speech of the day. Low-voiced, it comes, not so much out of the ever peaceful past, as from some blessed isle or other, present abode of the undying lovers of loveliness who here, on this mad-whirling planet, served Beauty with singleness of heart, the dream domain, say, of Lamb or Montaigne; some tranquil garden spot of flowers set in fairest order, breathed upon by zephyrs blowing mild from the sundown corner of heaven, girt round about by the "innumerable laughter of the ocean waves;" far removed from the fret of the mainland, with its noisy literary mart, where the market-men of letters cry their wares raucously, each striving to outshriek the other, and the mud-rakers rage with more than heathen fury, and she who has taken the place of the Muse stands, conspicuously scarlet, shamelessly soliciting the passerby, an eye the while on the police; some the other side the grave retreat, where the ad-man is known, and the wicked trusts cease from troubling, and the weary reader is at rest.

What a peace is in these blessed isles of books! Here, the guest of genius has eternity wherein to partake of the refreshment offered him, and if there must needs be sad news for one's host to tell, and the sigh at the heart of things be now and then heard, one has joy even of his tears, so sweet a woe is it to weep a sorrow over and done with now centuries ago. Here is escape from the savage clutch of real life, the glare,

the din. The twilight here rests the eye, the quiet the ear, and here the balm of beauty makes whole the bruised heart. Man's world-weary spirit is of a truth refreshed.

Refreshment, that is what one never fails to receive at the hands of the true artist. In the main, the art of today does not refine upon today, nor yet draw it as it is, but, all-unconsciously, caricatures it: fretful ambition, its characteristic feature, is drawn so as to dwarf the rest of the face, like a Bourbon nose made a proboscis of. What is the result? From the intensified unrest of such art, one turns again to life itself not without a sense of relief. Refreshment is still to seek; the desire of the spirit to escape from mere fact is in no wise satisfied.

This desire of the spirit of man to get away from mere fact is, on its positive side, but the olden desire of beauty; nor does it say, in effect, that the facts of existence are intolerable, and so argue in favor of the "philosophy of despair." Tired humanity may, I trust, turn in its leisure moments from the crude truth of restless life to the finer truth of restful art, without laying itself open to the charge of pessimism. To speak for a very small fraction of tired humanity, myself, if arraigned, should unhesitatingly plead "not guilty." Nor is he whom the storm of life drives to seek the classic calm rather than the hurricane of modern romance, on that account to be adjudged altogether disloyal to his day.

About the finest art-product of the day, representative of the day, the very zeitgeist as it were given body, made visible in the flesh, there inevitably remains an atmosphere suggestive of the crudity of nature, the coarseness of mere fact, the unrest of real life. In this art, when Time shall have toned it down, Death given it of his dignity, the human spirit may find rest and refreshment.

Though equally gifted, vainly the living writer—to take the art nearest to me—vies with the dead in the not unimportant matters of remoteness; reposeful charm; softness, sacredness, authoritativeness of inviting voice; and the like. The new book, being, at best, but new wine, is not likely to please the palate of the connoisseur of today, nor make glad his heart. Despite the seeming injustice of the figure, mellow the new book cannot well be, and that, be the style never so classic. The bouquet time gives, as naught else can give, is of necessity lacking. Write a "Study of Dionysus," as did Pater, reach a hand through the years to gather yon grapes on hillsides sacred to Bacchus, and how great a natural advantage your product must needs have over his who handles the murk of the wine trust!

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# Nelson's Nonpareil

By Rudolph de Cordova

As not only the whole of the British Empire but the whole of the civilized world still rings with the fame of Nelson, greater today even than it was a century ago, when in Trafalgar Bay he broke the naval power of France, and made Great Britain Queen of the Seas, it is natural that men's thoughts should turn to Lady Hamilton, whose name is indissolubly bound for all time with that of the greatest naval commander the world has known. But for Lady Hamilton, indeed,



Reynold's Painting of Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante

the supreme seal of greatness might never have been set on Nelson's fame, Trafalgar might not have been won as it was, and the history of the last hundred years might have been written otherwise. Nelson's fate lay in the hollow of her little hand, his action at the dictate of her lightest word.

It was in May, 1803, that he was appointed to the command of the Mediterranean, and he left England, home, and beauty for over two years. He returned in the August of 1805, and went to the country house at Merton which he had bought and furnished just before he sailed. He had only been home three weeks when, all unexpectedly, he heard that the combined French and Spanish fleets, of which he had long been in pursuit, were at Cadiz. Should he offer his services to the Government at once, or should he enjoy his ease and leisure a little longer? That was the question which perturbed his mind. Up and down the garden-paths he walked, trying to decide. It was early in the morning. Presently Lady Hamilton came out. A glance told her that Nelson was disturbed. She asked the reason. He told her. "Offer your services," she said, without a moment's hesitation. "They will be accepted, and you will gain a quiet heart by it."

He looked at her in amazement at the words, for she had nothing to gain by his going, everything by his staying. Womanlike, however, she was not thinking of herself, but of him and his reputation.

"You will have a glorious victory," she went on; "and then you may return here and be happy."

Without delay his preparations were made. When he was going away, and the great ones came to bid him good-bye, as they sat at the farewell meal Lady Hamilton could not restrain her tears. She could eat nothing; when his health was proposed she was hardly able to swallow the sip of wine she took, and she nearly swooned. On October 21st, the night before the Battle of Trafalgar was fought, Nelson's thoughts dwelt with the woman who, as he said over and over again, was his wife in the sight of Heaven.

He added a codicil to his will: "I leave Emma Lady Hamilton a legacy to my King and country, trusting that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life. I also leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thomp-



Lady Hamilton as "The Spinstress," by Romney

son. These are the only favours I ask of my King and country, at this moment when I go to fight their battles."

When the French shot had done its fatal work, and he lay dying in the cockpit of the "Victory," he forgot the pain of his own wound in the thought of "the nonpareil of his life."

(Continued on Page 32.)



# The Mirror of Hachida

By John Munro

Admiring yourself?" said I, on finding Captain Hachida by the window of his quarters, gazing into a small mirror. "Vain fellow!"

"Not I," he protested with a smile.

"Ha, ha! Inspecting the mirror?"

"There's another face in it."

"Let me see," I replied, thinking he might be watching the reflection of somebody in the street. "I can't make out anything but my own handsome jib."

"Don't look straight. Look sidelong—this way."

Viewing the mirror obliquely, I saw to my surprise the face of a Japanese woman serene and beautiful, as though chased in silver.

"Very sweet," I exclaimed.

"It's my mother."

"Ah! There's a strong likeness."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Well—when you're particularly good. But why doesn't it show in front?"

"I can't say. It's a trick of the engraver. It's a magic mirror, you know."

"Oh, indeed. I've heard of the magic mirror of Japan."

"They are quite rare," he said, handing the mirror to me.

It was a circular disc of bronze, about seven inches across, with plaits of bamboo on the handle. The front was convex and silvered, the back was concave and ornamented with a landscape in relief. There was a garden, with a pond of lotus, a quaint bridge, weeping willows, groves of cedar, mountains in the distance, and a row of Chinese characters against the sky.

"It is my home in the island of Awadsi, in the Inland Sea," explained Hachida. "The mirror was a keepsake from my mother when I left for college. The face in front reminds me of her, and the scene on the back of the happy days we spent together. I never part with it. When I'm on duty I wear it round my neck."

"Like a breastplate?"

"It's my luck, my talisman. Mirrors, you know, are sacred in Japan. They are an emblem of the Eye that sees all—even the heart. You may have seen them in the temples."

"Yes, on the altar, with flowers."

"They tell us to sweeten the heart—then shall we sweeten the face."

"The life?"

"Yes; for as we say in Japan, it's the heart that makes the world. My mother is as good and gentle as she looks. I only wish I was like her; but my father was different. He was a soldier, upright and fearless, but fiery, proud, quick to resent an injury. He committed hara-kiri for a point of honor."

"I often feel their two dispositions in me struggling for the upper hand. At first I was puzzled as to which side I should lean. Sometimes I thought my father's the proper spirit for a man and an officer. Sometimes it seemed that my mother's was the best. Again, I might on occasion have need of both. In short, I mystified myself, heathen that I was; but at last I resolved to unite their virtues, and without losing the rectitude or courage of my father, become as like my mother as I could."

"I thought you were pleased when I saw a resemblance."

"It is not easy, especially now I am fighting Russians; but the mirror helps me. It pictures the soul. It's a conscience you can see. When I'm troubled, or on going to bed, I'm in the habit of examining my heart, and comparing my expression with my mother's to restore my peace of mind. You laugh, but I believe it keeps me out of harm."

"Excuse me. We don't take the looking-glass quite so seriously in the West."

"It kept me in the right way as a cadet. It kept me from making a fool of myself when I fell in love."

"That's rather contrary to our experience. I suppose you began to look silly, and took it in time?"

"Silly! I was far gone; I was infatuated with the girl. She is remarkably beautiful—she reminds me a little of my mother—and she belongs to an old, high, family in Yeddo. My position as a lieutenant was too humble for her people, and I could only worship her at a distance. Nevertheless, I was vain enough to fancy that she took an interest in me. Among her admirers was a military attache of the Russian Embassy, a tall, blonde, fine-looking man of princely rank and large possessions. I only knew him by sight, but they all spoke well of him. Her family made a good deal of him, and I felt that unless Miss—I will call her Miss Arimaska—went against their wishes, I was out in the cold. Unhappily for me I was ordered to Formosa, and on returning to Japan I learned of her engagement to Prince—I need not give his name—Prince Vladimir will do. It was my first great disappointment. Had Miss Arimaska forgotten me? Had she ever cared for me? Or had her parents forced her into the match against her will? Perhaps my absence had made her think I was unfaithful. I was half mad with jealousy, regret, and chagrin. My excited brain hatched some desperate plans for preventing their marriage—carrying her off by stratagem, picking a quarrel with the Prince and killing him. I thought of taking my own life. I was no better than a savage, but in my calmer moments the gentle face of my mother brought me back to my old self. Luckily for me, perhaps, Russia began to threaten us, and I was despatched on active service to Korea, where, as an officer of engineers, I had plenty to think about, seeing to the telegraphs."

"You forgot Miss—Asterisk."

"No, but I forgot myself—my hurt. After the war broke out I was drafted to Manchuria for the campaign in the Liaotung peninsula. One day I and a sergeant named Tagouchi were sent to tap the wireless telegraph at Port Arthur. We got as near as we thought safe, and chose a hill facing the town for the operations. On the bank of a stream among the trees

(Continued on Page 29.)

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# The Spectator

## Professional Regenerators to the Front

In the midst of most praiseworthy solicitudes for the future of our city indulged in consequence of the inextinguishable rapacity of the uncompromising labor cormorant the eye catches glimpses of a glorious El Dorado for faltering hopes. Behold! the local Democratic party is in process of reorganization. Let us hope that the Paradise of roses prefigured in the activity of the local patriots may not prove to be a wilderness of thorns. Perish the thought! Through the public prints came the glad tidings that the Hon. Porter Ashe, the Hon. Lewis Byington and several other past-grads of public office have undertaken the regeneration of the party that has never been false to the interests of the pee-pul. Unbribed, unbought, unttempted, involved in nothing but their own virtue, these ever-willing-to-be servants of the pee-pul met in amity and kindness, felicitated themselves on the triumph of their chastity and resolved to appeal to the unspotted of this ex-bedevelled metropolis to co-operate with them in their prodigious and holy task. Was it not an inspiring spectacle,—that of our self-sacrificing devotees of public office solemnly binding and obliging themselves to do endless good in this era of boundless evil? Even the hide-bound pessimist and habitual jeerer who gave vent to his feelings in hand-springs when he heard of the repentant men of trade applauding Heney's righteous sentiments in the Fairmont must have been profoundly impressed when he learned of the gathering of perennial honorables for the purpose of devising ways and means of vitalizing the immortal party of Jefferson.

## The Sentiment of Devotion

A single motive actuates the professional renovators of the Democracy—that of providing the people with a medium for the vitalization of their noblest sentiments. It is the same motive that inspires the tireless Nebraskan in his endless peregrinations, burdened with his sample case of specifics for all the ills the body politic is afflicted with. That appears to be a fine spirit which prompts eternal devotion to party. I say, Appears to be, because men have always taken so much pride in it. They boast of it as though it were a touch of the divinity. They parade it as conclusive proof of patriotism, of altruism and of other vague and easily acquired virtues. Expressions of it are always pleasant to me because they remind me of my adolescent and unsophisticated enthusiasms, when I conceived that spirit of devotion to be absolute and undeniable proof of religious adherence to principle. I rather regret my emancipation from that delusion. That emancipation took place long before the chief of the Gallagher clan foreswore allegiance to the party of his patron saint Judge Maguire, which event occurred about the time that it appeared that this state had become hopelessly Republican. So it amused me very much when I learned that the Chief of the Gallagher clan took great pains to explain to his friends that it was a great principle that moved him to desert his party. "I couldn't stand," he explained, "for the plank in the platform against the acquisition of the Philippines." The chief of the Gallagher clan is the gentleman who is now helping to govern the city by indictment.

## A Warhorse of Democracy

Probably one of the strictest adherents of party principles in the days of my youthful enthusiasms was Mr. A. C. Paulsell of Stockton, Democratic warhorse. While always deeply concerned for the welfare of his party there was never a time when he was not an available candidate for Governor with the understanding that he was open to compromise. He was one of the candidates for Governor in the convention that nominated Washington Bartlett. After being placed in nomination he mounted the bema and made a speech.

"Of course," he said, "you all know who I am. I am above all things a Democrat. I have always been a Democrat. The success of my party is all that I strive for. I feel highly honored in being placed in nomination in this convention. But while it would please me very much to become the standard bearer of the party in this campaign, if you prefer some other Democrat I will—

A Voice from the gallery,—“Take Harbor Commissioner.

Mr. Paulsell,—“Exactly.”

And that is what he got.

## To Down McNab

Notwithstanding the dissipation of the enthusiasms of my youth I am not cynical respecting the zeal of the Hon. Porter Ashe and the Hon. Lewis Byington. Zeal is their strong suit. But my expectations have been so frequently disappointed with respect to the main consummation for which they are arming themselves that I have no taste for the enterprise. I allude to the expulsion of Gavin McNab from the Democratic sanhedrim. For many years Gavin McNab has been on the point of being thrust into oblivion. But cork-like he abhors the depths and with persistent regularity returns to the surface. McNab is a man of infinite resources, and of such great magnetism that it would not surprise me if the men who are now organizing to depose him were to be responding to his beck and nod a few months hence. Indeed I should not be surprised

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if he turned out stronger than ever, for he has lately changed the complexion of his political coterie and may find his popularity augmented as a result of the enmities he has been making.

### Heney's Hostility to Politicians

But why speculate on the outcome of proceedings involving the affairs of the local Democracy? While fine resolutions are towering into their meridian altitude Mr. Francis Heney, consecrated to the task of giving us the true maximum perfection of social man, is intent upon driving all professional politicians into the dark, abysmal depths where the elective franchise is unknown. Mr. Heney expects to achieve something between the ideal form of civil policy urged by Plato in the ten books of his Republic and the practical form suggested in his Legislative System. But unlike Plato he makes no compromise; not even between his sense of duty as a Reformer and his sense of expedience as a shrewd lawyer who has probably unconsciously prosecuted the good as often as he has defended the bad. Mr. Heney, being a true disciple of Roosevelt abominates all political machines, and he is prepared to gird at all bosses,—except perhaps the labor bosses. This attitude is not altogether above criticism. It is not encouraging to reflect that in the present temper of organized labor in this city there is danger of an organized labor man being elected to succeed Mayor Schmitz. But there is no blinking the fact that we are threatened with that danger. And it is no inconsiderable danger. Even now Organized Labor holds the whip-hand over this prostrate community and it is a relentless hand, one that is quite as insufferable as the hand of graft. It is bad enough to be ruled by a Mayor, who, while affecting loyalty to union labor is never inaccessible to Capital; how much worse to be ruled by a Socialistic labor boss who would make the police department the body-guard of boycotters, and who would have the endorsement of a press that has but one opinion to express when union labor cracks the whip!

### A Straight Tip From Steffens

Mr. Lincoln Steffens, the well known connoisseur in graft, uttering himself oracularly over the banquet board of the Men's League of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, affirmed the prerequisites of national happiness to be government ownership of public utilities and the teaching of Christianity "the way its Founder taught it"—as an economic religion. There has been so much futile speculation and abstruse metaphysical discussion of the groundwork of Christianity that it is most refreshing and gratifying to have the matter settled once and for all by the infallible dictum of the Socratic Steffens. It is also encouraging to learn that the panacea of our ills is so easily accessible as to be reached by putting Christianity on an economic basis and acquiring the ownership of public utilities. Hitherto I have been sceptical of the advantages of public ownership, but never before was it

suggested to me that it should be made the handmaiden of Christianity as taught by its Founder. This suggestion presents the matter in a new light. Of late I have scoffed much at the advocates of public ownership. Whenever they pointed out the experience of Glasgow and other foreign cities, as is their wont, in proof of the golden expediency of government ownership I have chuckled in my cloister, meditating the while on the absurdity of wandering over seas in quest of material with which to bolster arguments in support of theories dealing with conditions peculiarly domestic. Why go to Glasgow, thought I, when Berkeley lies over the bay in the country that has been honored by Mr. Steffens. Berkeley is typical of American communities. It is governed by American politicians and is beset by Yankee captains of industry. Behold Berkeley!

### How They Did It In Berkeley

In Berkeley some years ago the high-brows resolved to go in for municipal ownership of a lighting plant. They issued bonds, bought the necessary machinery and affirmed that there should be electric light under municipal direction, of candlepower equal to the intellectual light generated within the walls of the university. And there was light. And the people of Berkeley were proud of their achievement. But presently the serpent appeared in the garden. In this instance the serpent was a Captain of Industry who had the juice of a private plant to sell. About that time the politicians of Berkeley were persuaded that the town had outgrown its own plant. In Glasgow, perhaps, in similar circumstances, the peoples' servants would enlarge the plant. But in Berkeley the peoples' servants deemed it advisable to buy light from a private corporation. Thereafter the town kept growing, the private corporation kept increasing the supply of electric fluid, and the municipal plant gradually fell into a state of innocuous desuetude. Today the municipal plant is out of business. The wheels have grown rusty and some disappeared, and the people are paying interest on bonds which were issued for something which the people no longer have. The experience of Berkeley, by the way, has served as a warning to the people of Alameda township, who own their lighting plant. But despite the warning, prophetic ones predict that private juice will soon be infused into the wires of the encinal city. They have observed that the home plant does not give general satisfaction. It has been figured out that the home plant has not proved a good investment and it has been suggested that the home plant is becoming inadequate. Hence the predictions of the prophetic ones. It will doubtless be said that if such things happen in small and highly moral communities, where everybody knows everybody else how much more likely are they to happen in big cities where public officials are known only by

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### A Picture and a Joke

"This picture," said the Rev. Dr. Rader in the Bulletin, "will call your attention to the 'green-eyed monster' called Jealousy. It is the meanest of passions." The picture doesn't strike me as a passion at all, but rather as a night-mare, and one that should never have been realized in print. The artist's signature being undecipherable I am inclined to the opinion that he perpetrated the hideous and shocking misrepresentation of nature in a spirit of cynical glee and by way of a joke on the writer who was to take inspiration therefrom. This kind of humor is not to be encouraged. If pictorial monstrosities have not, as some authorities assert, left their impress upon the offspring of sensitive mothers, it is nevertheless true that great injury has resulted from the nervous anxiety which often follows the feeling of repugnance inspired by hideous sights. At any rate we have enough ugliness in nature, and if it is wrong for the literary artist to depict disagreeable passions it cannot be right for the artist in colors to shock us by a fiendish interfusion of the imaginative the abstract and the human. But it was not my intention to wax homiletic. Bad as the picture is the joke on my esteemed and reverend contemporary was not without merit. I enjoyed it, and I am sure he will when he comes to think it over. In emulation of Mr. Brisbane of New York he demanded a powerful picture to give emphasis to his profusely capitalized disquisition on Jealousy, a picture that would speak distinctly to the eye and effectively to the imagination. The artist gave him a picture of a dead female in the nude, by her side a bottle labeled with skull and cross-bones, departing from her side a huge anthropoid monster presumably emblematic of the green-eyed one. In this picture we are expected to read the story of a soul swept by the fierce passion of love, of love's heartaches and raptures and finally of the lethal dose that put an end to the torments of jealousy. But there are other interpretations of which the picture is more easily susceptible. One of them is that the lady never wore a straight-front corset and took poison because she was displeased with her figure. Another is that she didn't take the poison at all but died of shame. This interpretation renders the anthropoid one an entirely superfluous figure.

### Passions Confounded

The joke on the Rev. Dr. Rader extends beyond the picture. Indeed to be fully appreciated one must read what Dr. Rader wrote to justify the pictorial monstrosity. And if for no other reason Dr. Rader should be read; though of course there are other reasons for in his fertile, live moments, the Rev. Dr. Rader is soothing. He is a man with views that are not altogether new and therefore he is not enervating, for he doesn't

plunge you into profound thought on the wherefore or the why. He observes life as a gentleman observes the stars. He never confuses your feelings. But to get back to the joke—the jealousy that the Rev. Dr. Rader wrote about isn't at all the kind that is best suggested to the mind by a dead lady of abnormal girth with a bottle by her side. Dr. Rader makes the very common mistake of confounding jealousy and envy. He but cursorily touches upon the passion that turns love divine to joyless dread. This is the passion of which the green-eyed monster that doth mock the meet it feeds upon is emblematic. He dwelt principally upon the passion that is apprehensive of superiority, the passion that hates the excellence it cannot reach, and that is sometimes described as an ill-natured vice made out of meanness and malice. If there had been absolute harmony between the Rev. Dr. Rader and his illustrator we should have had instead of a nude woman with curvature of the abdomen a large naked hammer bearing the cabalistic inscription N. S. G. W.

### As the Natives Do It

Now is the time of year that the distinguished citizens from all parts of our glorious commonwealth who are bound together by the great bond of having happened to be born, each and every one of them, in the same golden state, gather in annual Grand Parlor to justify the existence of their society by drafting laws which nobody is interested in, resolving against evils which are of no particular concern to them and incidentally by indulging in junkets, picnics, dances, receptions and all the rest of the affairs that make up the mad whirl of gaiety of which one thinks instinctively when the Bear Flag is waved or the gorgeous regalia and badges of the order are flashed in the eyes of a dazzled world. Now the wise politician works his right pump-handle overtime, glad-handing the callow, the impressionable and the enthusiastic. Now the peculiar temperament which loves to deck itself in barbaric splendor revels in pins, buttons and badges of surpassing and most conspicuous ugliness, going about all plastered over like a prize bull at a fair. Now the wife who has labored hard all winter gets her little round of dissipation in some strange town of our fair state and stocks her mind with news that will make her stay-at-home neighbors green with envy for six months to come. Now the bore whose life flows in a

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slow and untroubled current talks by the hour of the Grand Parlors of other years, recalling where "we went in '93 and what a time we had in Nevada City in '92." And now the man who would never be heard of if notoriety only waited on brains and achievement, gets his imposing likeness into the paper because, forsooth, he has been chosen Grand Outside Sentinel or for some other equally tremendous honor vouchsafed him by his brothers.

### Gallagher Did Not Pray

Napa has the honor of receiving the Natives this year, but one great feature of the annual Grand Parlor which no doubt the little town that made the mineral water famous—or was it the other way round?—would appreciate as much as any, was unfortunately lacking to the first day of the convention. For Holy Jim Gallagher was not on hand to open the session with prayer. So to do is his duty as junior past grand president of the order, but this year, with a sensitive feeling for the fitness of things never credited to him before, Jim absented himself and the prayer was intoned by another. To hear Jim pray were a treat indeed, especially to those of us who saw him, in the days before Heney and the Grand Jury, assume a psalm-singing attitude in the supervisorial chamber and prepare to chant, not the hymn of the day, but the praises of the United Railroads or some other favored corporation. They say Jim Gallagher was one of the most impressive prayers the Native Sons have ever known. But alas those who never had the honor of bowing their heads while he implored a benediction from on high, must rest content with a second-hand appreciation of his proficiency in this regard. For it looks as though the order is determined to get rid of Jim and that all his fervent prayers at Grand Parlors and elsewhere will not avail to save him.

### There Were Thirteen at Table

Members of the legal profession are not usually inclined to superstition and yet not a few of our local barristers have admitted themselves deeply impressed by a story that is going the rounds in connection with the untimely demise of "Billy" Alford. On New Year's Eve Alford attended a party in this city to which fourteen guests had been bidden. At midnight when those who had gathered to celebrate the birth of another twelvemonth seated themselves at table to hail the newborn child of the ages with meat and drink it was noticed that just thirteen chairs were drawn up. Laughing allusion was made on all sides to the ill-luck in store for one of their number during the new year and then nearly everyone forgot the incident. Not so with "Billy" Alford's sister who was there with her brother. She was visibly affected by the discovery and her spirits were gloomed for the rest of the evening. And now her brother is dead, stricken with awful suddenness. Haps such as these cannot be explained satisfactorily to those upon whom omens

make a deep impression; and though the story is being told as illustrative of the curious coincidences with which life abounds, there is often to be discerned a deeper and more sombre feeling which the narrator tries to conceal, lest he be accused of superstitious leanings.

### The Happy Return of the Day

A reed in the wind, an unthinking reed, at that, despite here and there a Pascal, is mud-sprung man, especially woman. Of women round about these precarious parts, Mother Earth alone spent the memorable eighteenth in sublime forgetfulness of yesteryear. Matter pursued the even tenor of its way, preserved its equanimity; mind quaked. The unfortunate Mrs. Beasley was not, by any means, the only San Franciscan to believe that disaster would return with the day. The preposterous opinion was held by no small minority of our best balanced citizens, and expressed in various ways, amusing, pathetic, and other. Reassuringly many to one were the chances against a coincidence so strange and terrible as that dreaded. Life in this our city on the anniversary of the great earthquake was in no unusual jeopardy. The least rational of reeds might have known that, and saved themselves no little inward shaking. The late Herbert Spencer tells somewhere in his "voluminous writings" how, while typhoid was epidemic in London, he called on a woman of his acquaintance and found her all a-quake. Now, it so happened that, despite the deadly fever, the death rate in London was the lowest in years. Life there was then remarkably safe. This the philosopher told the lady, shook her hand reassuringly at parting, and left her still a-quake. A none too rational world this, made up, as Carlyle says, of mostly—ladies.

### The Sailing of the Snark

At length, after many delays, more or less vexatious, the Snark has sailed—not on paper, as in The Cosmopolitan for December and The Open Road for March—



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but on the high seas, headed for Honolulu; aboard it Jack London, literary adventurer, on his seven years' cruise in quest of copy and recreation. Awhile back, struggling for existence, engaged in piracy—for or against it, as the case might be—like many another struggler, both pursuer and pursued; today, master of his own fate, of his own yacht, and of a yet more unmanageable craft, California's most successful young business man of letters has every reason in the world to be proud of his self-made self—and in his heart no doubt he is, but outwardly, not an offensive bit. What is Jack London's place in literature? Has he any place? These are questions which it will be easier to answer seven years hence, when he comes back from many a place that's underneath the world. In the meantime one thing certain, there is in the author of "The Call of the Wild," in the creator of "Kit Larsen," something akin to genius. It is to be expected of him that southern seas will inspire phrases happy as the "white silence" inspired of northern lands. The luck of the daring be thine, Jack London.

#### Cautious Eastern Financiers

The Eastern financiers who are in town examining the affairs of the United Railroads Company have not found local conditions prepossessing. Indeed they have found them far from inviting. They have received the same impression that other visitors with money to invest have received—an impression of commercial instability and of a parlous outlook due to the imperious greed of organized labor. There is no great flood of Eastern money pouring into this city at present. The Eastern capitalist with money to invest has assumed the characteristic attitude of the man from Missouri, and local financial interests are getting sicklied o'er with the pale cast of anxiety. It is considered the height of impropriety to discuss such matters, but I have always had a prejudice against emulating the ostrich after the manner of our merchants at the Fairmont banquet when they felicitated themselves on the gallant chin fight being made against the unspeakable employers of labor and owners of public utilities who shamefully corrupted the humble representatives of labor in public office, and said nothing on the subject that most concerns them, nothing of the source of their worst misgivings—the tyranny of labor.

#### Calhoun Unfrightened

I am not advised as to why Patrick Calhoun and the men whom he represents are disposed to sell the traction system of this city, but I think it somewhat significant in view of the fact that running railroads is their business and that they are not negotiating for the sale of their several Eastern systems. But I should not be surprised to learn that they were eager to be relieved of their anxieties. Perhaps it will be said that on account of the circumstances attending the grant of the trolley privilege they deem it advisable to get the franchise into the hands of innocent third parties. Perhaps it will be said that they are only bluffing; that they have no intention of selling so lucrative a property, but hope to create the impression that it is not such a good thing as it seems. It would be interesting to penetrate their motives and designs, but the curious will have to wait for developments. Pat Calhoun is not the most communicative of men; nor, by the way, is it easy to throw him into a state of panic. Not even the awful prospect of facing Francis Heney before the Grand Jury inspires him with terror. I am told that he is entirely unmindful of the precariousness of his position, seeming to be quite sure of the impossibility of establishing the criminality of his conduct. I am also told that his sentiments respecting the nature of his relations with our city officials are shared by the greatest lawyers in the country. It has been suggested by one of them that if the crime in the French restaurant cases was extortion why should it be something else in the case of Calhoun's trolley franchise. And the same lawyer suggests that the difference might arise from the circumstance that the waiters' union is not as strong as the carmen's union. But this lawyer is a scoffer who wishes us to believe that Heney has been so generous with his immunity bath, so eager to conciliate union labor sentiment, that he is in imminent danger of achieving a fiasco. But my faith in Heney is still strong; also in Langdon who has promised faithfully not to run for Governor until after the people select him for district attorney a second time.

#### The Lease of the Fairmont

Those few financiers who have been in touch with the inside negotiations regarding the lease of the Fairmont Hotel think that the Laws contrived a handsome deal for themselves. The rental of \$105,000 for ten years, covering taxes and insurance, guarantees them



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a good interest on their investment and the sale of the furniture on hand and that already contracted for will furnish them with approximately \$450,000 ready cash. An option of renewal clause gives the Palace people the opportunity to continue the lease for another ten years at a rental of \$10,000 a month, with the taxes and insurance additional. A fair proposition all round, according to real estate experts. By the terms of agreement the Laws will rush the completion of the six hundred rooms on the upper floors and turn them over to the new management as rapidly as possible.

#### Turned Gaping Walls Into a Great Hotel

The Laws acquired the place, a gaping, uncompleted structure, at a time when nearly everyone regarded it as a colossal business mistake on the part of the Oelrichs family. Hotel people one and all declined tempting lease inducements and the property seemed doomed to become a monument of disappointed hopes when the famous trade was made and the Laws took hold of it with their indomitable energy and began the tremendous task of rushing it to completion. The great fire did not for a moment check their ardor. Before the ashes were cold they had let new contracts to replace the million-dollar loss they had sustained. Despite the almost prohibitive rise in certain lines of building material, the lost time in freight congestion, the labor troubles and the thousand and one ills and disappointments which beset a building of that size under the present confusing local conditions they stuck grimly to their task. They had every idea of completing it as the most magnificent hotel in the country,

when the Palace people, forced by their utter lack of proper hotel facilities, came forward and made them the tempting offers which led to the signing of the present lease.

#### The Pet Ambition of the Laws

The Fairmont has always been something more than a mere hotel with the Laws. It has been a sentiment. They designed to make it the great pride of San Francisco and a monument to the spirit of the New West. The Palace people knew this and argued along the lines that the Laws were past masters as constructors and had very creditably carried the Fairmont through one period of its existence but now came the period when consummate hotel management to conduct it on superior lines was absolutely necessary. They pointed to their own world-wide reputation acquired through thirty-five years of exceptional experience and guaranteed to make the name of the Fairmont as great in the hotel world as the Laws could wish. So it is that the men who virtually constructed the great edifice leased it to the very best managers to be had. They still own it and will strive to make it what they always intended: the pride of San Francisco.

#### The Palace Management at Its Best

If the ambitious plans of the Palace Hotel Company carry they will soon stand in the very front rank of the greatest hotel managements in the world. The magnificent Fairmont is simply the nucleus of their projects. They will take possession May 1. All their old

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staff will follow them. Most of the present force of the hotel will be retained with a slight shifting in places. Both Mr. Kellar, the present manager, and Monsieur Bailly, the chef, who came out from the St. Regis, have been carefully looked after by the Laws and their interests are amply safeguarded.

### Douglas as Editor

Strange indeed has been the revolution of public opinion toward Oscar Wilde, but "startling" is the only word which adequately describes the latest bit of news concerning one whose fate was miserably tangled with Wilde's and for whose personality all who have read Robert Sherard must have the greatest repugnance. Lord Alfred Douglas has become the editor of the London Academy, the weekly which shares with the Saturday Review and the Athenaeum the most cultured field of English literary and artistic criticism. That this notorious pathic should be placed in charge of such a periodical seems utterly, shockingly incongruous. Not that Douglas has not exhibited literary ability of a decadent kind; he has published a volume of verse called "The Placid Pug, and Other Rhymes" and his translation of "Salome" from the French of Wilde is so well done that most readers imagine it was the work of the playwright himself. Douglas's wife, by the way (he married Miss Olive Custance) also woos the muse with more or less success. But those who know from the pages of Sherard, Gide and La Jeunesse, of the malign influence which Douglas exercised over Wilde's last hopeless years, can never regard with anything but extreme disfavor the policy which has placed him in the editorial chair at the Academy office.

### The Incorrigible Versesmiths

Ere the smoke of conflagration had died away a year ago the poets descended upon us, and in many meters sang the song of devastation. They got in some thrilling descriptions of the fire fiend licking up whole streets at a time, and two-thirds of them worked in a few lines about the argosies that sailed the seas toward the queen city of the Pacific. After so great a calamity all this was comparatively easy to endure, but as time went on it became a burden, and there was a sigh of relief when at last the poets had written themselves out and the deluge ceased. But our sighs were premature. We did not perceive that the anniversary of the fire would inspire them to songs of triumph, and that that poor old bird, the phoenix, would be worked to death all over again. Some of this verse is good, some bad and some worse. It has been my misfortune to run across the very worst. "Out in 'Frisco" is the title of it, and it is printed on postal cards, a fact that the postal authorities should not ignore. There must be a law somewhere against making Uncle Sam stand for such gross perversion of a public utility. The author does not sign his production but it is copyrighted by S. Levy. Without further proof than this, I do not care to openly accuse Mr. Levy of having written it, for it has many imperfections. It is perfectly evident that the author went at the task without having first secured a poetic license. The only thing that can be admired about him is his utter disregard of conventionalities. The fact that words which are supposed to rhyme must bear some resemblance to each other in sound does not bother the author, who, indeed, shows his independence in many instances by dis-



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carding rhyme altogether. He lets meter go to pot with a consistence that leads me to believe that he is a thorough disbeliever in it. Under no other circumstances could he have so thoroughly avoided it. While the song is optimistic in the main, there are notes of pessimism in it which denote anarchistic tendencies. For instance:

"Where street cars carry crowds  
Much more than law allows  
Out in 'Frisco;

Interrupted travel manifold  
Causes misery untold  
Out in 'Frisco.

Where corporations with impunity  
Viselike squeeze the whole community  
Out in 'Frisco."

It would not be fair to judge the thing by the lines I have quoted—decidedly not fair, for they are the best ones in it. If I thought you really wanted to hear some of the worst I might quote:

"There the people are rebuilding  
A city counting millions,  
Where the miles of devastation  
Changed like magic to habitations."

I guess that will be about all. I will not further butcher this poet to make a paragrapher's holiday.

#### Agnes Tobin's Petrarch

Miss Agnes Tobin's latest volume of verses consisting of her adaptations of Petrarch's sonnets and canzoni is now in the local book market. It was printed by Heinemann of London but is being distributed by Paul Elder. It was the verses in this volume that evoked from the Saturday Review the comment printed in these columns some months ago to the effect that Miss Tobin's is often more human and more imaginative than Petrarch, and that in this book we find a man's sorrow gushing forth through a woman's tears. All of which I find to be quite true. Miss Tobin exhibits in these verses a wonderful sympathy, a profound sense of the feelings and moods of the distracted lover. She makes us feel something of the poignant grief of the romantic poet, and despite the protracted mournfulness of the sonnets they never grow monotonous. One of these sonnets will serve as a sample of the chaste workmanship of all:

When I am looking at the swift-foot years  
That scatter, as they run, my perfumed dreams,  
And trample on the torchlight where it streams  
From passionate moments that affright my fears;  
And when I see them through my rushing tears,  
Divide my treasure roughly, as it seems,  
And take one-half to Heaven's door that gleams  
With welcoming heads, the other where Death peers:  
I try to rouse myself, look at my hands  
To see if they are real, and sadly see  
That I am stripped and stricken and alone.  
Then do I suffer the worst pains that be:  
Fear of myself and tightening of the bands  
Of my imagination gagged and thrown.

Perhaps the most spirited and tender lines in the whole volume are those contained in a canzone addressed as an invocation to the Blessed Virgin. These are the final stanzas:

And when, O Virgin, I shall come to die,  
Remember that the poet is but a child,  
And hush me with the little drowsy song  
That soothed Him when His eyes with dreams were  
wid

And the vague mystery of the night was by.  
He was a frightened child. . . Nay, your eyes  
throng

With memories . . . and let it not be long,  
The drowsiness; but croon,  
And bring deep slumber soon.  
And now it seems to me—oh, is it wrong—  
I feel your tears fall on my tired head.

Laura-Medusa, see!

The blood you turned to stone is warm, is red.

O Virgin, you were human, mortal, near,  
Cleaving to Earth in your humility:  
Have pity on this sentient heart, and wake  
And make it yours; you know and you did see  
How it could hold a mortal woman dear.  
Think, O you lovely thing, for your white sake  
What it will do—what fastness it will take.  
So, Virgin, bless my arms,  
And keep me from all harms;  
And I will serve you sleeping and awake:  
Bless my poor weapons—all my rimes and stresses,  
My strong fourteen-fold shield,  
My lithe canzoni strung with your bright tresses.

And when I fall, seeing I wear your sleeves,  
Succour me, Holy One,  
Sun that outshines the sun!  
Permit not that I faint alone and grieve.  
Commend me to your Son that, when I cease  
To breathe this air, He may,  
True God and Man, plunge deep my soul in peace.

#### Piazzoni "Arrives"

Maurice Del Mue, the painter, tells me of receiving a letter from Piazzoni who says that he has had a picture hung in the Salon in Paris—the big Salon, to gain access to which many a student has starved. Piazzoni, who is distinctly an impressionist, was quite prominent here a few years ago, and had a big following. Under his guidance an exhibition was given five years ago by a flock of artists who wished to enter a protest against the conventional in painting. Among those who showed pictures were Matteo Sandona, G. Leslie Hunter, Xavier Martinez, Maynard Dixon, Maurice Delmue, Blenden Campbell, who has since become a very successful illustrator in the East, and several others. The pictures were shown in a hall on Bush street, near Montgomery, and attracted considerable attention. Sandona became a fad as a portrait painter shortly afterward, and limned the features of a number of prominent society ladies. Piazzoni, who is wealthy, and who looks like anything but an artist, being averse to wearing his temperament on his sleeve, continued with the class he was teaching up to two or three years ago, and then went to Paris, where he had studied before.

#### My Variable Friend

I have two newspaper friends whom I will for the purpose at hand call Smith and Jones. Smith is a wit and Jones is a spendthrift. I met Smith the other evening and suggested that we go to dinner together.



"All right," he said, "but let's wait for Harriman. He promised to meet me at the corner."

"Who is Harriman?" I questioned.

"Jones," he said.

"I didn't know that you called him Harriman."

"We call him that only on pay days," said Smith.

"The rest of the week we call him the Common People."

### Some Unpleasant Suppositions

A San Franciscan who has just returned from the Southern part of the state tells me that there has been a decided falling off in the tourist business this year. A Los Angeleno, telling my informant of this, confessed that he was at a loss to understand the situation. Then the San Franciscan flung at him a hypothetical question, something like this: "Suppose that tourists coming to California had more than one part of the state in mind, looking with pleasure toward visiting San Francisco as well as Los Angeles; and suppose that San Francisco were wiped out by fire, restricting her hotel accommodations to some extent, though not to the extent that the tourists imagine; and suppose that the tourists should think to themselves, 'Well, if we can't go to San Francisco, it isn't worth while to make the journey to California merely to see the Southern part of the state;' supposing these things, might not they be advanced as a reason for the falling off of the tourist business?" And immediately the Los Angeleno had a brainstorm.

### Peace, Mr. President

Should Mr. Carnegie continue to think for himself, and hold opinions in the matter of peace between nations at variance with those held by Mr. Roosevelt, there's no telling how soon war will be declared upon him from the White House, nor what new kind of liar, nor how many new kinds, he will prove to be. A difference of opinion between individuals is still *casus belli*. Some day we may have neither warrior nor poor man with us, but the end of war and poverty is not yet. Congresses to the contrary notwithstanding, the world is ready neither for peace nor plenty. Let this nation, for instance (not to mention nations less happily situated), seek peace, ensue it, and find it. What, then? It is as hard for us to keep it, our peace, as it is for our President to keep his, who, not content to play second fiddle to Washington, must needs be first in the Philippines, first in Portsmouth, and first in the ears of his countrymen. The root of the question of war is not justice nor yet righteousness, but egotism. What time your Roosevelts and Carnegies come to be able to discuss peace from opposing points of view, with never a thought of self the while, but solely of principles involved, rumors of war shall cease. That gaudy flower, national pride, will have blood for its watering (if one may so speak), or know for what. Here in California, is it justice that White thinks of as it looks in sidelong scorn on Yellow? or of righteousness that Yellow thinks as it looks in like scorn on White. I trow not.

John H. Gibson of Des Moines drove his Model K Winton twenty-two thousand miles with great enjoyment, thereby adding fresh evidence of Winton reliability. "Another twenty-two thousand miles on top of this," says Mr. Gibson, "will not hurt her any."

The Contract Department and the Sales Department of the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company have been opened at 1131 Polk street, near Sutter.

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Elaborately trimmed with lace and insertion, short sleeves and skirts of perfect effect, these gowns simply compel your admiration by their adroit combination of luxury and simplicity. In pink, white and light blue.

**\$32.50 to \$60.00**

# The White House

Written by  
Miss Martha Florence Wendling  
of The Hamlin School  
for their school paper  
"THE EPILOGUE"

There was a young man with a critic's eye,  
Who fell in love with a maiden shy,  
And this, you see, was the reason why,  
She bought her things

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Her suit was of the latest shade,  
You could see in a minute 'twas Paris made;  
By the style it gave to the pretty maid,  
You'd know it was bought

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Her waist beneath her cutaway coat  
Of exquisite taste and elegance spoke.  
Her belt and real-lace collar denote  
That they also were bought

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

As the man and the maid walked past the door,  
He said, "I am told that in this big store  
They've furniture, bric-a-brac, rugs galore.  
Such lovely things you ne'er saw before,  
Let's buy ours *now*

AT THE WHITE HOUSE."

The maiden blushed and made reply—  
"Oh! this is so sudden! but I think that I  
To resist the temptation will not even try,"  
And so they stopped

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

In the haberdashery he found a tie,  
And then other things so pleased his eye,—  
"For the happy day," he said, "I'll buy  
My things right here

AT THE WHITE HOUSE."

Quoth the maiden shy, "Here above every place,  
I am suited in silks, gloves, ribbons and lace,  
For no other store can as yet keep pace  
With the stock that they have

AT THE WHITE HOUSE."

Brushing aside a lock of hair,  
She said—"Did you ever see linens so rare?  
Such patterns and texture so fine! I declare  
We'll have to buy ours

AT THE WHITE HOUSE."

Spoke the man and the maid as a single voice  
To Raphael Weill—"Such a line and so choice!  
You surely have cause, indeed, to rejoice  
At the unequaled stock

AT THE WHITE HOUSE."

He replied—"In Europe twelve buyers we keep,  
Who, alert and keen, are never asleep.  
For fifty-two years these mysteries deep  
Have been solved by them

AT THE WHITE HOUSE."

*Raphael Weill & Co. Inc.*  
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# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## The Casserlys Have Deserted Us

Mrs. Jack Casserly has deserted San Francisco for good and all, I hear. She has not yet made up her mind whether she will make her future home in New York, Chicago or Washington. Mrs. Casserly is fond of the higher Bohemian set, and likes to be surrounded with great musicians, actors and literary people. She would like to have had a salon in San Francisco but she thought this town too small to get a very distinguished circle about her. In New York she sees a great deal of the Walter Damrosch's, Emma Eames-Story, Bessie Abbott, Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller.

## The Tale of a Coat

At least one of the evening coats lost in the scuffle at the Promenade Concert which was given at the Fairmont Hotel has been recovered by its fair owner, though not without the exercise of strategy. The night of the concert the ladies managed the hat and cloak rooms and by midnight it was just one big grab bag with a hit or miss chance of getting the wraps in which you started for the affair. A society woman who wore a beautiful coat of apricot colored cloth trimmed with real Irish lace and all the other "fixings" that go to make an evening coat a thing of beauty had to go home without any wrap, as no amount of search unraveled hers from the tangle of silk and cloth and velvet. Although she advertised her loss in the papers the coat did not put in an appearance and she decided that the person who had taken it meant to keep it. On Monday night of this week she attended the opening performance of Lillian Russell, and fancy her surprise and indignation when she saw a woman come sailing down the aisle in her coat. Her husband had to restrain her from rushing up to the woman and then and there divesting her of the costly garment. Instead he quietly dispatched an usher with a note to her telling her to leave the coat after the first act at the box office for Mrs. So and So or she would immediately be arrested. He stationed himself at the door to apprehend the woman in case she tried to escape but she acted as one who might have felt that she was entirely innocent of criminal intention. She slipped into the coat after the first act and left it at the box office, where the rightful owner claimed it after the play. And now those in the secret are wondering how it all happened, and if possibly it was not all a most unfortunate mistake.

## The Interesting Whitneys

The Vincent Whitney automobile was one of those wedged in the crush of vehicles which blocked the squares surrounding the Fairmont the night of the opening dinner and as a result the dainty little bride made a conspicuously tardy entrance into the dining room. She certainly has the art of dress mastered to a nicety, and although the simplest gowned young woman at the dinner she was far and away the most picturesque figure there. A quaintly beflowered poke bonnet gave a piquant touch to her costume and was alone sufficient to lift her out of the commonplace. After dinner, young Whitney spied out an isolated

chair in a corner of the crowded foyer and shared it with his wife with charming disregard of the cut and dried conventions. It was as pretty a rebuke to the self consciousness of the prigs as I have ever witnessed.

## The Greenway Party

The Greenway dinner party did not run on ball bearings owing to the delayed appearance of half the guests. Mrs. Fred McNear, with pretty Mary Keeney, arrived first and helped upholster the foyer until the last stragglers had found their places at the tables. Greenway, usually most placid, and polished of hosts was jolted out of his chronic calm and kept the telephone buzzing. Finally he darted out into the night to round up the derelects. Mrs. McNear and Miss Keeney grew tired of decorating the foyer and they had the steward show them to the table reserved for Mr. Greenway. Of course these two women sitting at the big, round, flower laden table reserved for eight, came in for abnormal attention. Mrs. McNear wore rather a demure while lace gown, with a huge white hat topped with nodding black plumes. The chapeau was worn well off her face—a distinctly new angle in recent millinery. Both Mrs. McNear and her pretty young companion looked duly relieved when the smiling Ned finally appeared with the rest of the party whom he had rescued from a tangle of automobiles.

## A Vanderbilt Crowded Out

An interested observer of western festivities was Miss Gladys Vanderbilt. The Vanderbilt party arrived during the after dinner promenade and unobtrusively hurried to their apartments but in passing through the foyer they almost brushed sleeves with Mrs. Walter Martin who was with the Herbert Mofatts. Evidently Mrs. Walter has not a nodding acquaintance with the Cornelius Vanderbilts who are said to be very friendly with Mrs. Peter Martin. Miss Gladys did not disappear like the rest of the party but sat down on the mezzanine floor and smilingly watched the rainbow tinted crowd below. She was evidently having a snug, lovely time all by herself—probably for the first time in her life viewing such a scene instead of being on view herself. She was routed out of her corner by a newly rich matron who, with a friend, made her perfumed way to the mezzanine floor and finding a severely tailored young woman occupying the one available seat, said in an airily disdainful way: "Kindly move along so that we can sit down." The daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt "moved along" and as she turned into a corridor the San Francisco woman spread her silken skirts on the settee and drawled, "I suppose she is the wife or sister of some employee come to 'rubber' at the crowd." And I, who had watched the scene from a shadowy corner wondered at the mistake of a woman who could not see Newport and New York written large in Miss Vanderbilt's manner and tailor-made.

## Progress of Mrs. Spreckels

Mrs. C. O. Alexander is with Mrs. Gus Spreckels at Cannes. Miss Berger whom Mrs. Alexander is chaper-



oning is making a big hit socially I hear, and is included in all the affairs that Mrs. Gus attends. In Europe it is generally believed that Mrs. Gus is in exclusive control of the Spreckels's fortune and so she is a great favorite with the poor but aristocratic noblesse. Mrs. Spreckels has her energies concentrated on English society. She has penetrated as far as most Americans into the Fairbourg St. Germain, and now she is cultivating everything English. Mrs. Alexander, by the way, is spoken of in all the Continental society journals as the "rich Mrs. Alexander."

### The Josselyns In Paris

I hear that the Josselyn sisters are cutting a wide swath in the Bohemian society of Paris. They are living on pension and are cultivating the society of musical and art students. In San Francisco the Josselyns prefer "to do the grand" but I am told that when abroad they love to make excursions into Bohemia. Pater Josselyn is promising another book and San Francisco society may soon expect to be regaled. I hear that a few of his resonant haired daughters pose as having never read any of the father's works. It is said that Mr. Josselyn is anxious to write a work on some French historical subject that will win for him a decoration.

### Off To Europe

Mr. and Mrs. Santiago Arrillaga left San Francisco on April third for a six months' trip to Europe. They will visit the Arrillaga home in Spain and all the European capitals. Mr. Arrillaga has been for more than thirty years one of the most successful piano instructors in America. Many of the piano virtuosi in San Francisco society are indebted to his superb instruction.

### He Is So Democratic

Charles de Loosey Oelrichs's marriage to Miss Turnbull in New York last week (April 15th) was a very quiet affair. I hear that the Oelrichs family were rather disappointed that Charlie did not chose a girl of more wealth but they are thankful that the young lady is of good social standing and of a manner that is *comme il faut*. These Oelrichs's are so democratic in their tastes that everyone said that should Charles be smitten with a manicure he would not hesitate to marry her; hence there is rejoicing in the family of Oelrichs. When he was out here several years ago in a tentative business venture he quite worried the Martin clan by his decidedly democratic tastes, which were even more democratic than those of Mere Martin herself. At the Mardi-Gras which he attended with his sister Lily Oelrichs Martin he shocked several dowagers by his marked attention to some pretty women who were not in the holy of holies.

Geraldine Bonner is rapidly becoming as prolific a writer as Gertrude Atherton. She already has a new book ready for a New York publisher and has begun on a new novel. Miss Bonner I hear is to spend the summer in Europe.

Mrs. Walter C. Jones, wife of First Lieutenant Jones of the Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and her little son arrived on the transport Logan from Manila April 13.

She will visit her twin sister, Mrs. Percy H. O'Brien, in Alameda until October, when her husband will arrive with his regiment, which will be stationed at Fort Leavenworth.

### At Del Monte

"Once more automobiles are spinning over the roads between San Francisco and Del Monte" writes my correspondent. "Several of the Doctors who came for the State Medical Convention motored down. Among them were Dr. J. A. Black, who brought Mrs. Black, Mrs. George Tyson and Miss Tyson; Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Pond, of Alameda, Miss Pond and Miss Palmer; and Dr. and Mrs. J. Underwood Hall and Francis Spencer Hall." \* \* \* Captain and Mrs. Lawrence H. Westdahl are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte. Mrs. Westdahl was Miss Alma Irene Sevensen, whose pretty wedding took place last week at the home of her sister, Mrs. Franz Collischon, of Alameda. Captain Westdahl has not received orders as to his assignment, so the future home of the young people is as yet undecided. \* \* \* Dr. Genthe, Porter Garnett, Xavier Martinez, Charles Sedgwick Aiken and Miss McCormack were down for the meeting of the jury and hanging committee of the art exhibition. Of course the event of the week was the opening of the Art Gallery Saturday night. About a hundred pictures were hung in the beautifully toned and decorated ball room. The work of the artists shows to great advantage upon its carefully toned walls, and neither thought nor expense has been spared in lights and fittings. The artists represented are William Keith, Charles Rollo Peters, Xavier Martinez, Maynard Dixon, Joseph Greenebaum, Eugen Neuhaus, Charles Dickman, G. Cadenasso, Will Sparks, Harry Stuart Fonda, Evelyn McCormack, Bertha Stringer Lee, Sophia Brannan, Lucia Mathews, DeNeale Morgan, Chris. Jorgensen, Carl Dahlgren, Anita Ghirardelli, Sarah Park, Olga Ackerman, Mary Curtis Richardson, C. Chapel Judson, H. R. Bloomer, Maurice Del Mue, Isabel Hunter, Anna Frances Briggs, J. W. Cantrell, H. C. Best, E. W. Currier, Edward Curtis, Jennie K. McElroy, Mary C. Brady, Frances Soule Campbell, and A. M. Best. Some others will send work a little later. One corner of the room is given up to a collection of photographs. Dr. Genthe has a large number of delightful studies, and Laura Adams Armer is well represented. The artists and management are most fortunate in the choice of a curator who will be in charge of the Gallery. Frederick A. Woodworth is a man who has spent much of his life abroad, and his knowledge of art makes him specially fitted for this responsible post.

### Oakland's Charity Fete

The leading charitable organizations of Alameda county will have their annual festival at Arbor Villa, Saturday afternoon of next week. Arbor Villa is the beautiful home of Mr. F. M. Smith, the grounds of which are well worth a visit. It is reached by the Fourth avenue or College avenue cars. Great preparations are being made for the affair, one of the features of which will be a battle of flowers. It will be given under the auspices of the Ladies' Relief Society, Fabiola Hospital, Oakland Social Settlement, California Girls' Training School, West Oakland Home, East Oakland Free Kindergarten.



### The Verdier Ball and Banquet

The ball and banquet given by Mr. Paul Verdier to his employees, last Wednesday, the eve of his departure for Paris, was a most enjoyable affair. It was marked by evidences of the most cordial relations existing between Mr. Verdier and his employees. As a token of their esteem for the young manager of the City of Paris his guests presented him with a silver loving cup. The presentation was followed by enthusiastic felicitations. The ballroom was beautifully decorated with French and American flags. Dancing was enjoyed until midnight.

The following are among the arrivals during the past week at Byron Hot Springs: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Larzelere, Dr. J. H. O'Connor, Mrs. Wm. H. Wolf, Judge J. E. Barry, T. H. Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hosmer and C. S. Laumeister, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Scott, of Burlingame; Mr. and Mrs. John B. Metcalf, Geo. D. Metcalf, Berkeley; Lee L. Gray, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Hunt, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Joseph Steffens, Sacramento; Mrs. A. R. Bowen, Miss Bowen, Berkeley, Dr. J. C. Hutton, Berkeley.

The new Mass composed by Dr. H. J. Stewart for the Easter services at St. Dominic's Church will be given again, with specially augmented choir and full orchestral accompaniment, on Sunday morning, May 5. On this occasion the new church will be formally dedicated.

The ladies of the Forum Club will give their annual luncheon at the Paris Tea Garden this Saturday.

### Auto Notes

"It is interesting to note," says General Sales Manager Shanks of the Winton Company, "that the A. A. A. is now taking the step that manufacturers took two years ago, i. e. the abolition of track racing. That branch of the sport died in 1905, when the big makers withdrew their racing cars. All that remains of track racing is a dare-devil driver here and there, bent on getting a few dollars at the risk of his neck."

In Cleveland a dealer who handles a Western-made car employs an old two-cylinder Winton for towing purposes. He has disguised the old timer as much as he can, but the familiar chug-chug of this two-cylinder advertises its genealogy and the fact that the dealer in question picked out a good one for the purpose of bringing home his cripples.

Cuyler Lee reports recent sales of Cadillac cars as follows: Frank H. Johnson of San Rafael, a Cadillac Touring car; Dr. Charles Howard Miller of San Leandro, a Cadillac Runabout; Ye Liberty Candy Company of Oakland, two Cadillac delivery cars, and Miss E. Murray of Kentfield, a Cadillac Touring car.

Having been for many years the heaviest shippers of motor cars from Cleveland, the Winton Company has had no difficulty in securing railroad accommodations during the freight car shortage. The result is that Winton buyers are securing prompt deliveries, which is an important item now that the riding season is opening.

## MENNEN'S

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Season 1907 opens May 1st. The waters of Howard Springs will cure any case of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Trouble. Recommended by any physician who has ever visited the place in the past 20 years. Every outdoor sport, 42 Mineral Springs, Hot Sulphur and Iron Plunge Bath, Magnesia and Borax Tub Baths. Address all communications to J. W. LAYMAN, Proprietor Howard Springs, Lake County, Cal., or 905 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.



# Stage

## The Actors' Fair

At 8 o'clock on the evening of Monday, May 6, President Roosevelt, in his executive library at Washington, will press an electric button which signals the opening of the Actors' Fund Fair at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Afternoon and evening during the entire week the great auditorium will be converted into a busy and brilliant bazaar that promises to eclipse in magnitude any previous charity affair in the world's history. Its object is to replenish the treasury of the Actors' Fund, which annually disburses some \$40,000, an amount considerably in excess of its income. It does not maintain the idle, nor does it encourage improvidence. Its work is purely charitable—the care of the sick, the burial of the dead, the support of a home for infirm and worn-out veterans no longer able to follow their profession. And the Actors' Fund makes public appeal with every claim to generous consideration. If a private or public charity is to be assisted, if an immense relief fund is to be raised in time of fire, flood, famine or other overwhelming calamity, the actors are the first called upon and the first to respond. One year ago they were playing all over America to raise great sums for the San Francisco sufferers. Without the actors it would be impossible to organize benefits. Now the profession makes a national appeal that it may relieve its own afflicted members. The Actors' Fund Fair will be the first of its kind in fifteen years. It has aroused great enthusiasm, not only in New York, but from ocean to ocean. The newspapers have encouraged it. The theatres and their people everywhere have banded together in promotion work. Over one thousand women of various organizations, some in no way affiliated with the stage, have combined as members of active committees. Generous response has been made in the way of cash contributions and costly donations. There will be no lack of goods and novelties, practical and artistic, with which to equip this great exposition universal. The decorative scheme, devised by the well-known scenic artist, Edward G. Unitt, of the Lyceum Theatre, is dignified and distinctive. It involves the reproduction, upon the main floor, of the village of Stratford-upon-Avon—or rather its principal

thoroughfare, lined with historic buildings—the Shakespeare house, Anne Hatheway's cottage, the Guildhall, and dozens of quaint Warwickshire structures, all fitted up as booths for the sale of antiques, curios, souvenirs and up-to-date novelties never dreamed of



THE MAX TOURBILLON TROUPE

Of Unrivalled European Bicycle Acrobats and Stair Case Jumpers Who Will Appear at The Orpheum Next Week.



The Shakespeare Village at the Actor's Fund Fair, Metropolitan Opera House, New York, May 6th to 11th, 1907.



in Will Shakespeare's time. At the end of the street, with cunningly devised perspective, the old Stratford Church nestles in luxuriant foliage upon the bank of the sluggish Avon. Not even this immense floor space will be sufficient to accommodate all attractions. The spacious ante-rooms and club rooms upon the second tier will be utilized for booths and entertainment halls. But not a single exit will be obstructed nor anything allowed to hinder the free movement of the enormous crowds that will circulate from 2 o'clock every afternoon until midnight. Scores of actors and actresses, including many famous stars, will work earnestly in various fields of activity.

#### A Comedienne of Distinction

"The Butterfly," a comedy by Vellet Chambers, is the means of presenting Lillian Russell to us as a comedienne. It is a silly little playlet, but contains enough jollity to save it from severely adverse criticism and it really serves a laudable purpose in showing us this remarkable woman in a new light, in which she shines to an even greater degree than as a comic opera queen. For about twenty years Lillian Russell has fascinated us by her sheer charm of personality, and though that charm is not one whit less, she now develops into an actress of distinctly admirable talent in whom the comedy vein is unmistakably apparent, and who brings to bear a delightfully ripe art and a skillful manipulation of the comedy tricks of stage craft. In a play worth while Lillian Russell will

achieve distinction. At present the mob is not inclined to enthuse over her in straight comedy because the mob knows her only as a prima donna and as a famous beauty who was in recent years identified with a burlesque company. But Lillian Russell is a woman of intelligence and of considerable artistic ability and she will compel recognition in the new field which she has entered under rather unpropitious circumstances. Excepting Eugene Ormonde who struts through his role after a most actor-like and unconvincing fashion, Miss Russell's support is all that could be desired, and Isabel Richards gives a particularly clever impersonation of the Irish girl who develops an extravagantly Latin temperament while studying singing in Italy.

#### Robin Hood at the Novelty

At the Novelty Theatre on Monday night the San Francisco Opera Company will open a special season of two weeks, singing the final performances of its stay in this city at the playhouse, corner O'Farrell and Steiner streets. This excellent organization will be augmented by two artists who have been secured for the production of "Robin Hood" and "The Serenade." "Robin Hood" will be sung during the first week with matinees on Saturday and Sunday. The DeKoven and Smith opera is probably the most popular work of all American composers and has a record in this country second to no other. The San Francisco Opera Company is splendidly equipped for the presentation of the tune-ful Bostonian successes and the management will stage



SCENE FROM J. M. BARRIE'S DELIGHTFUL FANTASY, "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"

A More Beautiful Production Than Before, at the New Alcazar Theatre, Week Commencing Monday Evening, April 29.

the operas on a very elaborate scale. The three acts of "Robin Hood" call for some picturesque stage effects and nothing will be left undone to make the productions notable ones. The cast of "Robin Hood" will include Aida Hemmi as Maid Marian, Florence Sinnott as Annabel, Maude Beatty as Alan-a-Dale, Carl Hayden and J. Francis Abbott alternating as Robin Hood, Aimee Leicester as Dame Durden, Teddy Webb as the Sheriff of Nottingham, Oliver LeNoir as Will Scarlett, J. Wallerstedt as Little John, George Kunkel as Friar Tuck and Melvine Stokes as Sir Guy.

### A Midsummer Night's Dream

Direct from her metropolitan triumphs at the Astor Theatre, New York, Miss Annie Russell comes to the Van Ness Theatre on Monday next for a two weeks' engagement, appearing as Puck in Messrs. Wagenhal's and Kemper's beautiful production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It was said in New York that this presentation of Shakespeare's comedy was unique in the history of the play in this country. In this production the spectacular features usually associated with the play have been greatly augmented and enlarged upon. The fairy world of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is a rounding of playfulness, in which imagination

is the substance and in which hard fact runs into fantastic shapes that mock reality. A fairy company surrounds the mortals with its joyous ring and leaves happiness in its wake. It has been the earnest effort of the management to realize all this in the present production so that the fairy spirit will be present with all its life and sunshine and fantastic revelry. In the role of Puck Miss Russell is said to be a perfect embodiment of the merry household fairy. There are one hundred members in the company supporting Miss Russell, chief among them being Oswald Yorke, John Bunny, Lansing Rowan, Lionel Adams, Thomas Coffin Cooke, Catherine Proctor, Richard Lee and Ina Brooks. The usual Saturday matinee will be given.

### "La Belle Russe"

Izetta Jewel and the other members of the Colonial Stock Company will have an unusually fine opportunity during the coming week in David Belasco's revised edition of "La Belle Russe," the highly emotional drama in which Jeffries Lewis, Clara Morris and Rose Coghlan starred with much success. The play has been brightened up and under the direction of George Lask will receive a most artistic presentation. "La Belle Russe" was written by Peter Robert

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Splendid Cast, Superb Effects, New Scenery.

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### ANNIE RUSSELL

As PUCK in Wagenhal's and Kemper's Stupendous Production of  
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Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

Every Evening, Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

### "EL CAPITAN"

Next Opera: "The Fortune Teller."

## Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop.

### "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"

Next: "The Climbers."

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Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Farewell Performances in This City, THE SAN FRANCISCO OPERA COMPANY in the Two Most Famous Bostonian Successes. First Week, De Koven and Smith's

### "ROBIN HOOD"

Second Week, "The Serenade."

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FADETTE WOMAN'S ORCHESTRA of Boston,

and Last Week of the Four HARVEYS.

PRICES: Evenings, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00. Matinees (except Sundays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone WEST 6000.



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Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.

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## The Auditorium FILLMORE ST. Corner Page

FRANK RITTIGSTEIN, General Manager

### A SKATING PALACE



son and David Belasco and was first produced at the old Baldwin with Jeffreys Lewis, Osmond Tearle, Gerald Eyre, John W. Jennings and Jean Clara Walters in the cast. It scored such a tremendous hit that it was immediately put on at Wallack's Theater, New York, with Rose Coghlan as Geraldine. During its New York run the great emotional actress, Clara Morris, saw it and became so impressed with the merits of the production that she closed a deal whereby she secured the road rights to produce it, and she toured in it for several seasons. Two years ago it was rewritten by David Belasco for Leslie Carter.

#### "The Admirable Crichton"

One of the greatest triumphs of the old Alcazar—"The Admirable Crichton"—will be essayed by the New Alcazar company next week with Bertram Lytell and Laura Lang in the leading roles. Those of the old company who will be in the new cast are Adele Belgarde, John B. Maher and Ernest Glendenning. They will assume their old roles in which they gave most gratifying performances. "The Admirable Crichton" is one of the most artistic of Mr. Barrie's fantastic comedies, and in addition to being good drama, it teaches a wholesome lesson in a most alluring fashion. The mechanical accessories essential to this play are a very pleasing feature and their success will depend much on the genius of Stage Manager Butler, which was vindicated in the original local production.

#### "El Capitan" at Idora

Sousa's comic opera masterpiece, "El Capitan," is delighting the patrons of Idora Park across the bay with its spirited melodies and its amusing story. The merry singers of Idora give a fine performance of this old favorite, and several individual hits have been made. The next offering will be Victor Herbert's charming work, "The Fortune Teller."

#### Her One Profane Moment

There has been a discussion in New York recently about profanity on the stage. Most of the leading players of the day have been interviewed, and about the only one whose opinion on the subject was not made public is Annie Russell, although an interviewer did go to see her between the acts of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," when she was making her remarkable success as Puck. Miss Russell would not be interviewed about profanity, but she told a story under seal of secrecy. The interviewer dared not print it, but he told it to a friend, and now it's out. Here it is:

"I don't remember ever having used profanity but once," Miss Russell said, "and that was in England a few years ago. I had been down to a country house in the middle counties, during the shooting season. The morning I left to be driven to the station a young man was also taking his departure. We rode down together. When we arrived there I entered a first-class coach and waited for the train to start.

"Leaning back in my seat I became aware of loud and angry talking outside the window and, looking out, saw my young companion standing on the platform. He was using strong language to the porter who, it seemed, had mislaid his gun case. The young man was angry and his language was violent. Just then the signal was given and, opening the door, the

young man jumped into the carriage. He was apparently shocked to find that his language had evidently been overheard and at once apologized.

"I really beg your pardon, Miss Russell," he said, "but I am a plain sort of fellow and call a spade a spade."

"Indeed sir," I replied, "I should have thought from what you had just said that you would call it a damned old shovel."

#### Clever Elizabeth Murray

Elizabeth Murray who will appear at the Orpheum next week is one of the cleverest women on the vaudeville stage and in no city is she a greater favorite than San Francisco. She makes one feel that life is worth the living. Her coon songs and Irish ballads are gems in their way, or rather in her way. With few gestures

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and no exaggerations or facial expression she gets more real humor in a quiet way out of her yarns and ditties than half a dozen of the average boisterous caricaturists put together are capable of. Her Irish brogue is delightful, her negro dialect is natural and withal she dignifies her calling by her poise and costume. Among the other novelties will be The Max Tourbillon Troupe, Bicycle Acrobats and staircase jumpers and the Kremka Brothers. The holdovers will include the four Harveys, the most marvelous wire act performers in the world; beautiful Bessie Wynn in her quaint and charming songs; Linton and Lawrence for the first time in "A Doctor's Patience." The Rialto Comedy Four and the famous Fadettes Women's Orchestra will contribute to one of the most excellent programmes in the history of The Orpheum.

### In the Limelight

Lillian Russell will give the final performance of her engagement on Sunday night at the Van Ness Theatre. The star has won a distinctive triumph for her work as a comedienne in this production of "The Butterfly."

Henrietta Crosman is to follow Annie Russell at the Van Ness Theatre and will present two plays entirely new to us. They are "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" and "The Almighty Dollar." The latter has a three years' run to its credit in Berlin.

Although her engagement is yet several weeks in the distance, the box office of the Van Ness Theatre has had hundreds of requests for the Maude Adams production of "Peter Pan." Miss Adams will bring her entire New York cast and stage effects.



LANDERS STEVENS

One of the Principal Members of Ye Liberty Playhouse Company.

For the second week of their engagement at the Novelty Theatre the San Francisco Opera Company will sing "The Serenade."

Mrs. Leslie Carter follows the San Francisco Opera Company at the Novelty Theatre and intends to stage both her greatest hits, "Zaza" and "Du Barry."



ANNIE RUSSELL

Who Will Appear in the Elaborate Astor Theatre Production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Next Week at the Van Ness Theatre.



## The Mirror of Hachida

(Continued from Page 10.)

we found a sort of cave to hide in. We fixed a wire to a nail in the trunk of a tree upon the heath and put the other end to earth. In the wire we joined up a small transformer and connected it by fine wires through the bushes to a coherer, battery, and telephone in the cave. The tree caught the electric waves of the telegraph as they passed over the hill, and the fine wire carried them to the coherer, making signals that could be heard in the telephone. Well, one night when Tagouchi was gone with an important message to our commander, and I sat upon a boulder inside the cave, with my ear at the telephone, I was fairly startled by hearing a little stone rattle down the rocks into the brook. I listened intently, but heard nothing more, and began to think some rabbit or other wild animal had dislodged it. However, to make sure, I was going to look outside, when a loud voice called in Japanese:

"Come out, or I'll shoot."

"I didn't move or speak. I turned my eyes to the mouth of the cave, but could see nothing, for it was very dark. The man cried again, and then he fired into the cave, but missed me. I leaned back on the wall and drew my revolver. A third shot grazed my arm, but I gave no sign. Perhaps he thought there was nobody in the cave, for he struck a match. I suppose he saw me, as he uttered a cry. At any rate, I saw him, and sprang to my feet. We both fired. I felt his bullet strike the mirror on my chest. I heard him fall with a deep groan upon the rocks. The spirit of my father was up. I rushed from the cave to finish him. What a surprise! It was Prince Vladimir, the man I had wanted to kill. I might do it now without murder. He did not know me. 'I'm at your mercy,' 'I have a wife,' he added, and perhaps it was for that I spared him. After dressing his wound I laid him on a couch of heather in the cave. He told me that his regiment had occupied the hill that afternoon, and he advised me to fly before I was taken. Evidently his wound was not mortal and he began to feel strong again. 'I shall soon be able to walk back to camp,' said he. 'Don't mind me. Go at once.'

"Adieu, Prince," I replied, with a salute.

"How—you know me?" he exclaimed.

"Well, yes—by sight," I answered. "I've seen you in Yeddo. I knew your wife's family—the Arimaskas."

"My wife," he rejoined. "You are mistaken. My wife is a Russian. May I ask your name?"

"Hachida. Lieutenant Hachida."

"Of the Engineers?"

"The same."

"I've heard of you," said he. "Then you don't know that my engagement was broken off owing to the war?"

"No, I was in Korea."

"Oh, yes; my wife is in Port Arthur."

"This was glad news for me. We shook hands, and I made the best of my way to the Japanese lines."

"I've heard of that adventure. It was mentioned in dispatches."

"Yes. It got me promotion. The Mikado sent me the Order of the Chrysanthemum."

"And Mademoiselle Chrysanthemum—the lady in Yeddo?"

"In one of the assaults on Port Arthur I was severely wounded, and invalided home. I renewed my acquaintance with her family, and she has promised to be mine."

"I wish you joy," said I, handing back the mirror.



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## Nelson's Nonpareil

(Continued from Page 9.)

"Take care of Lady Hamilton," he said to Hardy; and with his last breath he whispered to the chaplain who stood by his side: "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton as a legacy to my country."

When she heard of his death, she cried: "My heart is broken. Life to me now is not worth having. I lived but for him. His glory I gloried in; it was my pride that he should go forth; and this fatal and last time that he went I persuaded him to it."

"The last time that he went I persuaded him to it." Through a whole century those words have rung, proclaiming through the years the devotion of a woman who thought more of the glory of the man she loved than of herself and the love she bore him. Yet there was little in her birth and early life to give assurance of such self-sacrifice to a world which looks elsewhere than in the humblest for great qualities of soul.

Emma Hart, as she once called herself, was by birth a peasant, the daughter of a blacksmith named Henry Lyons. She was born in Preston; and when, but a short time after her father's death, her mother moved to Hawarden, in Flintshire, they were so poor that when Emma was only twelve or thirteen she was sent to service as a nursemaid in the family of Dr. Thomas, a physician of such advanced ideas for those days that he made a specialty of inoculating for smallpox.

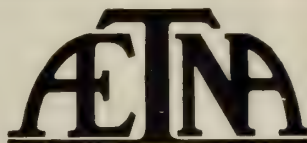
Three or four years later she went to London, still as a nursemaid, in the family of Dr. Budd, one of the physicians to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where among her fellow-servants was a girl who, afterwards, as Jane Powell rose to eminence as an actress.

Years after, when the little nursemaid had become the wife of the British Ambassador at Naples, and Jane Powell was queening it on the stage at Drury Lane, Lady Hamilton went one night to that historic house; and the attention of the audience was equally divided between the two women whose careers had started so apparently inauspiciously.

From Dr. Budd's Emma went to Mrs. Linley, the mistress of Drury Lane Theatre; and it was her duty to take messages from the manageress in her private box to the actresses on the stage which first brought her into contact with the theatre, and induced her to develop those powers of mimicry she possessed, and incited her to sing and act, arts in which she later on excelled to so great a degree that on one occasion, after she was married, when Romney had heard her at her husband's house, in the presence of several people of fashion, he wrote to a friend: "She performed both in serious and in comic to admiration, both in singing and acting; but her Nina surpasses anything I ever saw, and I believe as a piece of acting nothing ever surpassed it. The whole company were in an agony of sorrow. Her acting is simple, grand, terrible, and pathetic."

Her grace and elegance, combined with her beauty, made her the admiration of the painters and sculptors of her time; and no one needs reminding that in those qualities Romney found an unceasing source of inspiration. The wonderful command she had over her features, and her exalted powers of mimicry, enabled her to represent any character she chose, and account for the fact that he painted her in the most opposite, not to say contradictory, characters, now as a wood nymph, and as a Pythian goddess on her tripod, as a bacchante and a Magdalen, as Calypso and Miranda,

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as Circe and Joan of Arc, and in the score and more of other characters which the genius of the artist has bequeathed to the admiration of posterity.

It was in 1782, when she was only eighteen years of age, that she first sat to Romney, having been introduced to him, for the purpose of having a portrait painted, by Mr. Charles Greville, the nephew of Sir William Hamilton. It was a three-quarter length, and she was represented with a little spaniel lapdog under her arm. Later on, this portrait was acquired by Sir William Hamilton; and at the sale of his effects it was bought by Mr. Lister Parker. In those days, the price Romney obtained for his pictures was not large, for his son, the Rev. John Romney, wrote of the unfinished "Circe" that, had the artist been offered a hundred pounds, "I have no doubt that it would have been completed.

The exquisite picture of "Sensibility" owed its origin to the poet Hayley. One day in 1786 Hayley went to Romney's studio, and saw him looking at a head on a small canvas. "You've never painted a head with such exquisite expression before," he exclaimed. "You have only to enlarge the canvas, introduce a mimosa growing in a vase, with a hand approaching its leaves, and you call it the personification of Sensibility." The idea stimulated Romney. He decided to begin at once and Hayley went off to get him a mimosa plant. So enchanted was he with the picture that, later on, he managed to acquire it.

While the beauty of her face and the exquisiteness of her figure undoubtedly first served to draw Sir William Hamilton's notice to her, it was also the brilliancy of her voice which attracted him; and he offered to send her to Italy to have it cultivated.

To Italy she accordingly went for a time, and, returning to London, Sir William married her on September 6, 1791, at Marylebone Church. Even then her musical education continued; and so exquisitely did she sing that she had offers to be what she called "the first woman in the Italian Opera at Madrid" at a salary of £2,000 a year for three years. Subsequently Galini offered her £2,000 a year to sing in opera in London, but Sir William would not permit it.

Hers was evidently not a dilettante life, for she wrote to a friend from Naples: "I have my French master, I have the Queen's dancing-master three times a week, I have three lessons in singing a day. I give up one hour in the day to reading, and for all this there is now five painters and two modlers at work on me for Sir William, and there is a picture of me going to the Empress of Russia."

To the end of her life, indeed, Lady Hamilton, in spite of the money spent on her education, never could spell. On one occasion she wrote to a friend: "How tedious does the time pass a whay till I hear from you!"

Within a fortnight after her arrival at Naples as the wife of the Ambassador, she was dining at the Court; and Lady Malmesbury, one of the "grandes dames" of the world of that time, was compelled to admit that she "really behaved as well as possible, and quite wonderfully considering her origin and education."

It was not long before she became the intimate friend of the Queen of Naples—so intimate, indeed, that she went in and out of the Queen's rooms without any ceremony. One day she wanted to see the Queen. The Ladies-in-Waiting said her Majesty was engaged. Lady Hamilton knew that the Queen's guest was a woman she did not like, and particularly wished to be

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present at the interview. She walked straight into the Queen's apartments. The Queen resented the intrusion. There were high words. Then the Queen raised her hand and slapped Lady Hamilton in the face. Without the slightest hesitation Lady Hamilton slapped the Queen's face in return. For a moment there was a scuffle. The outraged Ladies-in-Waiting had to separate them. When the King heard of the incident, he roared with laughter. Naples gossiped for a day or two; then the two women were reconciled, and everything was as pleasant as before.

It was in the September of 1793 that Nelson, then captain of H. M. S. "Agamemnon," arrived at Naples. He had been sent by Admiral Lord Hood with dispatches to Sir William Hamilton, relating to the recent surrender of Toulon to the British forces.

Sir William naturally invited Nelson to the Embassy, and said to Lady Hamilton: "I am going to introduce to you a little man, who can't pose as being very handsome, but he'll become the greatest man that England has ever produced. I know it from the few words of conversation I have had with him. I pronounce that he will one day astonish the world."

Nelson was fascinated by the sweetness of Lady Hamilton's disposition and by her beauty, though it may be questioned whether she was, at the time, equally attracted to him.

In a few weeks he went away; and five long years were to elapse ere they met again. Before that, however, Lady Hamilton was destined to play an important part in his life. Charles IV., then King of Spain, wrote to the King of Naples that he had determined to drop the alliance with England and join France. The Queen of Naples got the letter, and showed it to Lady Hamilton. Lady Hamilton sent a copy of it to Lord Grenville, then our Minister for Foreign Affairs, who forthwith informed the Admiral in command of the Mediterranean Squadron.

The Spanish Fleet was strictly watched; and in the battle off Cape St. Vincent the maritime power of Spain was crippled. For this victory Sir John Jervis, who commanded the Fleet, was created Lord St. Vincent, and Nelson was made Rear-Admiral of the Blue and Knight of the Bath.

In the following year the French fleet, of two hundred and fifty vessels, started from Toulon, having on board Napoleon and a large army. Its destination was unknown, but it was thought probable to be Malta or Sicily.

The French Envoy at Naples demanded the release of certain members of the French Republican Party who were imprisoned in the city, and succeeded in obtaining it. The Queen, who played a great part in politics, determined to invoke the aid of England to circumvent him. So Lady Hamilton wrote to Lord Nelson telling him what was going on, and to Lord St. Vincent, who replied with more enthusiasm than caution: "I am happy to have a knight of superior prowess in my train, who is charged with this enterprise (the succour of Their Sicilian Majestoes), at the head of as gallant a band as ever drew sword or trailed a pike."

Nelson set out in pursuit of the French fleet, but could not find it. At last he arrived at Sicily, and anchored in Syracuse. The fleet wanted provisions and water. Nelson applied to Sir William to get the Royal authority for him to obtain the necessary supplies. This was impossible, in consequence of a treaty between France and Naples that not more than two



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Treaties, however, never yet stopped a woman's actions. If they had, the history of the world would have been written differently. Lady Hamilton went to the Queen. She begged her Majesty to authorize supplies being furnished to the fleet. At first the Queen hesitated. Then she wrote an order "To all the Governors of the Two Sicilies" to water, victual, and aid the English Fleet.

Nelson was enchanted. He wrote to Sir William and Lady Hamilton: "My Dear Friends,—Thanks to your exertions we have victualled and watered, and surely, watering at the fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory. We shall sail with the first breeze, and be assured I will return either crowned with laurel or covered with cypress."

He sailed next day, found the French fleet at Alexandria, and won the Battle of the Nile.

It was a month before Lady Hamilton heard the welcome news. When she did she fell down "like one who had been shot." She encircled her forehead with a white bandeau embroidered with the words "Nelson" and "Victory," and drove through Naples. Wherever she was seen the people shouted themselves hoarse with joy.

Two weeks later the "Vanguard," Nelson's flagship, returned to Naples. She and Sir William went to meet the hero of the Nile in their State barge. She rushed on deck, and, crying, "Oh, is it possible?" she fell into Nelson's arms, more dead than alive.

Nelson was wounded, and suffering greatly. She nursed him back to health with the tenderest solicitude.

The result of the admission of the English ships into Syracuse, and of aid being given, was naturally a breach of the treaty. The French Envoy protested, and the French were preparing to march on Naples. Nelson advised the King to break with France and attack her on land, to follow up his own victory which he had won on sea.

Emma Hamilton urged the Queen to follow the advice. An army was raised; but at the first skirmish the Neapolitans deserted in crowds, and the King returned to Naples. In their extremity they turned to Lady Hamilton for advice. She suggested flight. Nelson's flagship was ready for them, and would take them to a place of safety. She arranged everything, even to the secret rifling of the palace of its treasures, conveying money, statues, and pictures to the value of about two million five hundred thousand pounds on board the English ships. The night resolved on for their flight there was a ball. Lady Hamilton went to it to prevent people suspecting that anything was going to happen, while the King and Queen with their family went on board the "Vanguard."

They set sail, and presently a storm arose. Lady Hamilton was the good fairy of the situation. The little Prince Albert, the youngest child of the King and Queen, a boy of six, was terribly ill. Lady Hamilton herself attended him, and he died in her arms. At length they reached Palermo, and the King and Queen were safe.

Lady Hamilton's further services later on resulted in the expulsion of the French from the Neapolitan territory, and the return of the King and Queen, the latter of whom wrote to Lady Hamilton calling herself "her tenderly attached and grateful friend," and sending her her miniature set with diamonds, and the words "Eterna Gratitudine" engraved on it, a cart-



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The Queen wished to settle £1,000 a year on Emma, but Sir William refused, fearful of what would be said of such a thing at home. The part taken by him and Nelson at the instigation of Lady Hamilton was disapproved by the Government, and he returned in 1800 and died in 1803.

After Trafalgar things went badly with Lady Hamilton. Expecting that the Government would compensate her for all she had done, she lived beyond her means, and, her creditors growing rigorous, she was thrown into the King's Bench Prison, where she remained for ten long months.

When she was released she had to flee. In 1813 she went to Calais. There she fell into the utmost distress, and on January 15, 1815, she died, ignored by the country to whom she had been left as a sacred trust.

#### "Trail and Trading Post"

This is the sixth volume of Edward Stratemeyer's Colonial Series. It continues the history of the Morris boys, and the quaint frontiersman, Sam Barrington, brings in White Buffalo, and clears up the mystery of the twin boys found by Barrington in a previous adventure. There is an abundance of action such as boys love, hunting, trailing, and Indian fighting, as well as travel through the woods and mountains. The period is between the two conspiracies of Pontiac, when there was nominal peace with the redmen, but when neither life nor property was safe. Mr. Stratemeyer has endeavored to be as historically correct as the exigencies of story-writing will permit, and has succeeded in giving a stirring picture of the life of early American settlers and the responsibilities which were cast, of necessity, on very young shoulders. The Morris lads, still in their early teens, were expert marksmen, experienced soldiers and hardy young Americans whose example is inspiring, and the boys who have followed their fortunes in print thus far will be glad to know that in time they became soldiers in the Revolutionary army. Stories like these make history vital and animate the dull pages of school text-books. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

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## Letters

### "Shorty McCabe"

Those readers that have enjoyed "Chimmie Fadden" in his variety will turn naturally to "Shorty McCabe," and probably prefer "Shorty" to the other for the ex-pugilist is clean and square all the way through, upright and honorable, and it is not through any hankering after a perch on the top of the social stepladder that he finds himself occasionally at close quarters with high society. Shorty's chronicle of his doings is given artlessly enough to an old schoolmate who has taken up the profession of story writing, and though he is assured that "nothin' ever happens to me," the fifteen chapters which are the result of the confab must have made their chronicler pray fervently for glimpses of other such uneventful existences. After leaving the ring, Shorty opened a Physical Culture Studio, and the outcome of the adventure was not only financial abundance but such little insignificant episodes as becoming joint keeper of an elephant, having a whole asylum of little girl infants and a British lord left in his keeping, buying "a pig in a poke," and discovering that "The Toreador" was a steam yacht instead of an apartment house, falling into the hands of a lot of Italian brigands, and eventually releasing an Italian princess from the clutches of the Mafia, and such tame, everyday affairs. Shorty is slangy enough but never profane. His language is picturesque and his figures of speech expressive, but his stories are clean. There is not one of the fifteen which could not be read aloud in a Sunday school convention and the humor is spontaneous and compelling. Though belonging to the same classification as "Chimmie Fadden," "Shorty McCabe" is not Chimmie with a change of clothes, but a distinct character who borrows nothing. It is a rollicking narrative which men, especially will enjoy, a cure for blues. Sewell Ford, the author, is another of the new writers whose future work cannot be predicted from his past. His first volume was "Horses Nine," followed by "Truegate of Mogador," neither of which bears the slightest resemblance to "Shorty McCabe," nor is that any indication of what his next will be. Published by Mitchell Kennerley of New York.

### A Skat Manual

Devotees to card playing will find Foster's "Skat Manual" a welcome addition to their libraries. Mr. Foster has already put forth a "Whist Manual" and "Complete Bridge," both of which are accepted as authorities. Some idea of the painstaking which he has expended on the work may be gained from his deprecation, in the introduction, of the usual method of teaching card games. "The general idea of teaching a person Skat is to make him play, the one who has no cards in each deal sitting behind the beginner and giving him ten different pieces of advice about ten different things in one hand, and then ten ifs and buts in the next hand. It is worse than having all the declarations and honor valuations and leads hurled at you the first time you sit down to the bridge table." It will be surmised from this that the author has adopted a different plan of instruction and that he has some reason for his assertion that notwithstanding the German opinion, it is not impossible for English and Americans to master this game. There are some two hundred pages of explanation and elucidation, with illustrative hands for all the variations of the game, and the terms employed, as well as a history of its introduction. It would appear to be a comparatively simple matter for any one really interested to master all the intricacies by a study of this exposition of the diversion. The decorative cover and full gilt edges, together with the brilliant binding makes "Skat" worthy of a place amongst the special holiday books. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

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### A History of The Catastrophe

"The History of the Earthquake and Fire in San Francisco," which has been put forth as the joint work of Frank W. Aitken and Edward Hilton is not to be confused with the numerous booklets and pamphlets which were on sale as soon after the catastrophe as there were found printing establishments and presses to undertake the work, and which were largely made up of the personal experiences of the authors, and "human interest" stories more or less apocryphal, but which were made worth while by the excellent pictures which accompanied the somewhat insignificant letter press. This new book, for it is a real book, not merely a book form, is what its title purports it to be, a history of the events of the three days of disaster. It describes the earthquake from the scientific point of view and gives the progress of the conflagration day by day, the nature of the efforts made to stay its march, the probable reasons why they failed, and the possible precautions which might have resulted differently. I say possible and probable because there is no means of proving positively except by experiment under precisely similar conditions that the precaution which was not taken would have proved effectual, or that the condition which seemingly saved the situation in one instance was not really modified by some factor, like, perhaps, a propitious air current. In addition to the descriptions of the fire while burning, the authors have also included a discussion on its effects on different so-called fire-proof materials, and on the heavy steel and iron beams, girders and columns in buildings which were not wholly destroyed, showing the buckling of the metal, as a result of the great heat and the weight of the superimposed structures. The Appendix sums up the result of the investigations and gives a brief account of the Relief measures and the insurance situation. Illustration has been subordinated to text, yet it is almost a pity that all the pictures have not been accorded a full page. These include not only those subjects already familiar to everyone in the form of post cards, but others showing the interior of buildings, the condition of floors, supporting columns, etc., which will interest architects, builders and prospective owners of new sky scrapers. The authors have made one serious error in their topography. Hayes Valley was not "known as Happy Valley until Thomas Hayes began to exploit it." "Happy Valley," is long since forgotten by any but the Pioneers, not the Pullman Palace Pioneers, but those who made the wearisome journey by prairie schooner and sailing ship around the Horn. It was approximately at the junction of what is now Mission and Second streets and was, in its time, described as a promising suburb of Yerba Buena. Happy Valley had passed out of existence before Hayes Valley, which lay out beyond the cemetery, was thought of as a possible place of settlement. It is a minor matter which does not affect the value of the "History," but old timers are jealous of their memories. Published locally by The Edward Hilton Company.

The Paul Elder Company are offering some choice new publications as their spring production. "The Ministry of Beauty," by Stanton Davis Kirkam, a companion book to his former volume of philosophical essays, "Where Dwells the Soul Serene," will be one of the first to appear. Professor David Starr Jordan has revised the text and also the title of his "Philosophy of Despair." The second edition was lost in the fire of a year ago. The third, which will appear at once, is to be called "The Philosophy of Hope," a title which better fits the work than the former one. Another series of Janet Young's "Psychological Year Book," and a philosophical poem on Christian Science lines, "The Weaving of Life's Fabric," by Agnes Greene Foster, are also listed.

—The Bookworm.



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SAN FRANCISCO, March 23, 1906.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Our three-year-old daughter, having been ill for some time and being treated by the most prominent physicians, gradually became worse and was finally given up by them. We were then recommended to Dr. Wong Him. We started with his treatment, and within two months' time our daughter was cured. Respectfully,

MR. AND MRS. H. C. LIEB,  
2757 Harrison street, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 19, 1906.

TO THE PUBLIC: This is to certify that Dr. Wong Him has cured me of lung and stomach trouble, from which I had suffered for many years. I tried many doctors, but they failed to cure me. I consulted Dr. Wong Him, and after taking his Herb Medicine for six months am now permanently cured. I wish to recommend him to the public as an efficient and skillful physician.

CHARLES BAEHR,  
632 Lyon street, San Francisco, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1907.

TO THE PUBLIC: I had a very severe case of Throat Trouble and general breakdown. Did not sleep or eat for eight days. After trying every remedy I heard of without success, I called on Dr. Wong Him, 1268 O'Farrell street, who by feeling my pulse correctly diagnosed my case. His remedies gave me immediate relief. Cannot say too much in favor of his teas.

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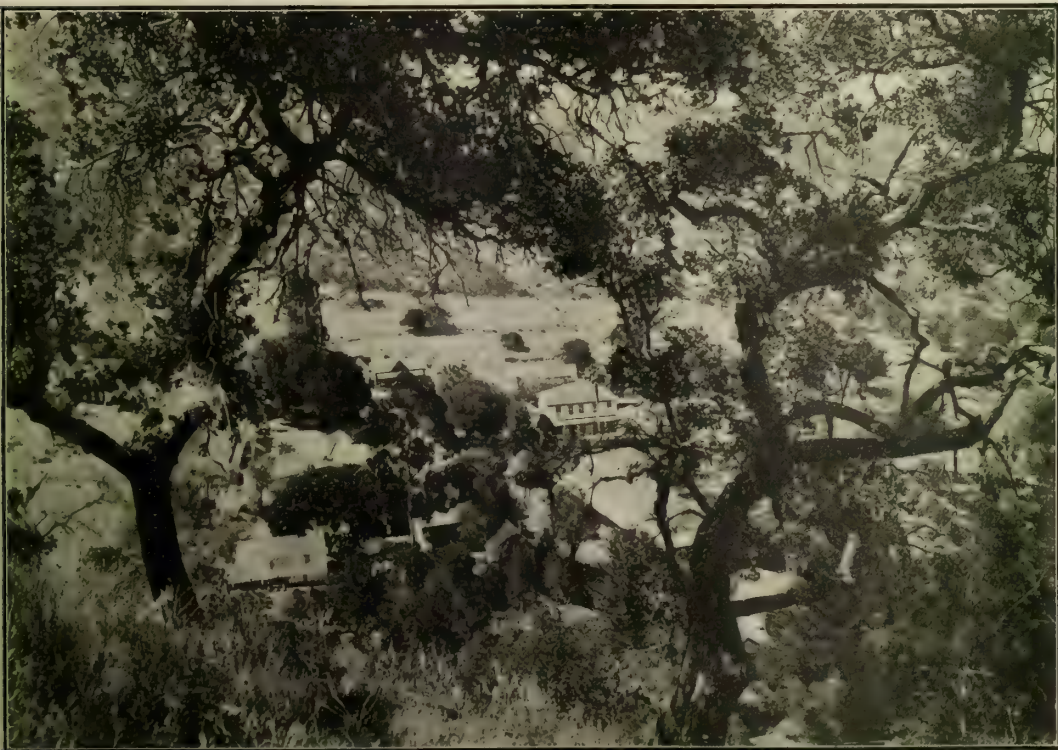
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San Francisco, May 4, 1907

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# TOWN TALK

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## American Class Division

Many years ago Lord Macaulay predicted that the United States must come in time to just the same state of things as existed in England; that the cities would fill up and the lands become occupied, and then, he said, the division between rich and poor would establish itself on the same scale as with the people of England and become just as embarrassing. Matthew Arnold, after visiting this country in the eighties, took occasion to discuss the Macaulay prediction. He pronounced us a homogeneous people, and said that Lord Macaulay forgot that this country is without what certainly fixes and accentuates the division between rich and poor,—the distinction of classes. Arnold was most optimistic in his views of this country's future. He said that we had solved the social and political problems, but deserved no credit because when we attained our independence we had not the elements for a division into classes. At this time it is somewhat interesting to ponder the prediction of Lord Macaulay and the philosophic comments which it evoked from the learned apostle of culture. Both are of considerable significance. Macaulay based his prediction on his knowledge of the uniform experience of all nations. Arnold permitted his judgment to be influenced by what he had observed during a brief sojourn in this country, and gave no heed to the teachings of history. The difference in their views was exactly what might have been expected from men of their habits of mind. One was purely a man of letters, versed in the philosophy of religion; the other was a man of letters, versed in the philosophy of history. The latter was the better equipped for speculation on the subject of a country's future, and we see that he did not hit wide of the mark. He knew something of which Arnold was ignorant: that the elements of class distinction exist in all states; that ignorance and cupidity are the twin sources of all the torments of man; that by them turmoil and trouble have been fomented in the bosom of every state that ever existed, separating citizen from citizen, dividing society into jealous factions and leading it into a labyrinth of errors and calamities. He knew that when time and industry generate riches, complicating the relations of men, invariably do demagogues arise to stir up discontent; to stimulate the avarice of

one class, to inflame the resentment of another and finally to insulate all by distrust. It was because he knew all these things that he was able to predict the present embarrassment of this country which finds expression, locally in such conditions as prevail in this city, and nationally in such a disgraceful imbroglio as that which has grown out of the efforts of the lawfully constituted authorities of a state to determine the guilt or innocence of men charged with a cowardly murder. There is a serious and embarrassing division in this country today; one that is more apparent than real but none the less portentous. It is not the result of a logical antagonism between rich and poor; for never was nation more prosperous or people more blest; industry pervades all ranks, employment fills the hands and exercises the powers even of the weakest; the poorest are not in distress, exuberance and abundance swell the furrows of every state. But with a public mind preoccupied with the love of gain there has sprung up the opposition against many of those who wish to have more money than they could get by legitimate effort. This opposition is most cunningly incited by private ambitions disguised as public motives. Under pretense of dissatisfaction with capitalistic greed that has corrupted our government and robbed the people, selfish demagogism has artfully contrived to provoke the hatred of organized labor against all employers of labor and to diffuse a spirit of cynicism and discontent and a sentiment of revolt and spite throughout the ranks of wage-earners in all departments of industry. "When the immigrant from Europe strikes root in his new home," said Matthew Arnold, "he becomes as the American." That was so in Matthew Arnold's day, but nowadays we do not assimilate the immigrant from Europe. Nowadays the immigrant from Europe is a socialistic propagandist who makes many converts among American workingmen. And to this class strong appeal is made by journals whose tone in the discussion of political and industrial question is one of preeminent unscrupulousness, journals that serve as the channels of the prejudices of their owner, of his revenges and whims; mouthpieces for the spite and ambition of a single vain mortal. A high national feeling is what we very much need, and a sentiment against the diffusion of asperity by heartless pretenders to public purity. It is time for us to learn to express our political views with moderation, candor and forbearance. It is time for us also to have an American Party, one that will know no distinctions of race, creed or birthplace, but that will stand for the constitution and for American principles of government and affirm the iniquity of such organized sentiment as may be prejudicial to the obligation of public officials to serve the whole people.

## Universal Peace

According to a religious contemporary a sentiment inspired by the gospel in favor of universal disarmament is spreading over all civilized nations, and there are indications that the reign of truth and quietness will soon be ushered into the world, and that war, cruel, atrocious war, will be forever stript of its barbarous fascinations. This is a pleasant outlook, but the dictum of our religious contemporary bears something of an extravagant aspect. While there is a good deal of talk of the advisability of substituting the arbitrament of the tongue for that of the sword we see no external indications of an early realization of Isaiah's prediction: "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."



Within the range of our vision are not to be observed signs of an abatement of those restless elements of ambition, greed and jealousy which have so long kept the nations of the earth in a state of commotion. We believe with our religious contemporary that under the influence of Christianity the people of the earth are coming to a sense of the follies of war and its enormities, but we are inclined to the opinion that not until Christianity shall have gained an ascendancy in the world will war disappear. By the ascendancy of Christianity we do not mean the general acknowledgment of its fundamental principles as true, but rather the general absorption of the spirit of the gospel. Not till the law of love shall spread its melting and all-subduing efficacy over the children of man, not till the jealousies and preferences of a narrow, selfish patriotism be given to the wind shall war cease to be prosecuted as a trade. As yet we have far from absorbed the spirit of the gospel. We observe that there is yet much love for the poetry which lends the magic of its numbers to the narrative of blood and transports by its images of nodding plumes and successive charges; also, for the music which thrills with its martial strains; and we are conscious of the growing importance of supporting standing armies for the sole purpose of preserving peace at home, and when we contemplate these more or less significant phenomena we yield to the notion that the time is yet far distant when the gospel shall bring its virtuous and its pacifying influence to bear to induce warriors to beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks.

### Anxiety Over the Future

Are we approaching the end of our resources? is the pessimistic query of some statistician who sees a sad time in store for posterity. In 1950 there will be no more iron, he says; long before that time the forests will be exhausted, and two centuries hence there will be no more coal. While there is no common sense in wasting recklessly, there is reason in the answer of the so-called curmudgeon who refused to be influenced by considerations of posterity's welfare because posterity had never done anything for him. We can very well afford to let the unborn generations look out for themselves, for if experience is a trustworthy prophet we may feel confident that by the time iron, coal, and the other contemporary essentials to comfort and happiness are exhausted posterity will have discovered satisfactory substitutes. If our ancestors of the stone age were at all concerned for our welfare they must have worried over the diminution of the supply of quartz and flint. We know with what care our immediate progenitors hoarded linen and passed household goods on from one generation to the next and even the third and fourth, never dreaming that for all ordinary uses cotton would come to be cheaper and just as serviceable. There are men and women still living who, in their childhood helped to make the fallow dips which furnished light, and who can recall the rigid economies practiced, the knitting and sewing and studying done by firelight and fat-pine torches in order to save candles. Then came the whaling industry and the crude and evil-smelling lamps, and just as the worry club began to be seriously alarmed lest the whale be exterminated and short-sixes become unavailable, there was the discovery of petroleum to relieve their anxiety. Gas followed and now we have electricity, each an improvement on the other and each little more than a dream until it was needed. Coal suc-

ceeded wood as fuel; oil is taking the place of coal, and gas and electricity are used almost as much for generating heat and power as for light. By reflecting occasionally that the world "do move," and that it doesn't appear to be moving altogether in a haphazard fashion, we shall spare ourselves a great deal of unnecessary anxiety.

### Our Crack Marksmen

A new rule of the Navy Department forbids the disclosure of the scores made in gun practice, and the newspapers are loudly protesting against this secrecy. It is suggested that if, as the President says, the surest guaranty of peace is a fleet of first class battleships, that guaranty would become stronger if other nations knew that our gunners were the champion marksmen of the world. The logic of this deduction is not to be disputed. But the purpose of a fleet of battleships is not merely to scare other nations. We know that nations unequally matched have often made war upon each other; that inferiority of equipment is not alone sufficient to deter a nation from going to war. As a matter of fact it is pretty generally known that our gunners are the best marksmen in the world. That should be sufficient to inspire foreign powers with a proper degree of respect and to restrain them from rushing into trouble. It would not be wise for our gunners to constitute themselves pace-makers for the gunners of other navies. Nor would it be to our advantage to incite foreign gunners to reach the highest possible degree of skill. Therefore we should assuage our curiosity respecting the recent exploits of the gunners of the Atlantic fleet at the Guantanamo range, and persuade ourselves that the secrecy enjoined by our Navy Department is dictated by sound judgment. Suffice it for us to know that Rear Admiral Evans is jubilant over the scores that were made at Guantanamo. The only news that has been given out is that the least improvement by any ship was seventeen per cent. compared with the last year's totals, and that on one ship the improvement was one hundred per cent., although five feet had been cut from the top of the target, which previously had been seventeen feet high by twenty-one feet wide. The range was two thousand yards, and the firing was done as each steamed by at a speed of ten knots. We know that the battleship Illinois carried off the honors, and that officers stationed at Washington assert: "There is no navy in the world that, ship for ship, can shoot as straight and as fast as the American navy." What more ought we to know?

### Purification of the N. S. G. W.

Considering that the Native Sons is a society theoretically dissociated from politics, it is strange that the first act of its history to commend it warmly to that great body of Californians who have never felt entire sympathy with the purpose of its organization should be the preparatory step toward expelling men who have used their membership for the furtherance of their unscrupulous political ambitions. This of course is a tacit admission that politics has hitherto been excluded only from the constitution and by-laws of the society and not from its Grand Parlors or indeed from any of the lodge rooms where its ordinary sessions are held. That being the case it might be argued that the predominant purpose of its existence—the drawing together of men who were born in the same state and who find that not very significant fact



a tie transcending politics, creed or descent—has so far entirely failed. It would seem that in their desire to wield power in municipal and state affairs numerous men have entered the order and have hoodwinked the guileless into believing that only motives of fraternity have actuated their interest in its progress. These deductions, it may be added, are not so subtle, so far beyond the ken of the ordinary intelligence that they have remained unstated up to present time. Far from it. The action which the delegates to the Grand Parlor at Napa considered necessary has only made these propositions a little more obvious than they were before; also, be it said, a little less controvertible by members of the Native Sons, for that characteristic unreasoning esprit de corps which is one of the most obtrusive outgrowths of secret societies and which is not infrequently so irritating to outsiders, has always prevented the acknowledgment by any Native Son of the fact that politics entered into the councils of his order, that men joined it for purely political reasons and left it when it could serve their political purposes no longer and that political considerations exercised a governing influence on the election of its officers. These things have been known, but never until the Grand Parlor made open confession of them have they been even tacitly admitted by the men whom they particularly concerned. Now that frank concession has been made to the rectilinear vision which sees things as they actually are and not as dreamers would have them or as fools imagine them to be, the Native Sons' order may begin to command more respect from the uninitiate who can only judge of its merits from outward manifestations. Under the newly elected regime there is no doubt that great progress may be made toward that rather ideal goal which hitherto the order has pretended to attain without difficulty. Let politics and the politicians be kicked out at one and the same time and let them both be kept out; then the Native Sons will justify the purposes for which it was founded, something which hitherto it certainly has never done.

### One Optimistic Doctor

When members of the medical profession find time to indulge in generalizations anent the matters of life and death wherewith they are concerned, their voices are usually raised in accents of the most depressing pessimism. Their studies seem to supply an inexhaustible fund of theories that startle and paradoxes that surprise and nearly always their pronouncements are as discomfiting as their medicines are unpalatable. What could have been more cynical than the implication that lay in the background of Doctor Osler's unfortunate joke at the expense of old men? The medical journals fairly bristle with thorns that not only prick but poison the credulous lay person who is simple enough to consider them overseriously. One physician announces that the toothbrush is a deadly instrument wherein lie ambushed millions of microbes. Another brings his microscope into focus on the American whisker in its wonderful variety and discovers such danger there that he insists man must go clean-shaven. Still another asseverates gravely that sunlight is bad for the health, especially of blondes, and pictures the towheads, the flaxenpolls and the "bricktops" dying off by scores under the fierce glow of a vertical sun. Every week brings another and more bewildering crop of these unhappy medical pronunciamentos. Bizarre in the extreme, aimed at our most cherished traditions, these pessimistic teachings are apt to breed great un-

easiness with the unthinking vulgar while they force the thoughtful to speculate why it is that the profession which prides itself on the conservatism of its practice becomes so radical when it falls a-theorizing. But here as everywhere else there are happy exceptions. After Dr. G. Frank Lydston, looked upon as an expert in the difficult study of degeneracy, has gloomed our whole mental outlook by his dark declaration that America is turning out decadents at a rate that will one day stagger the world, it is pleasant to turn to Dr. W. J. McGee of the St. Louis Museum who holds stoutly to quite a contrary theory of the future of our race. The world, thinks Dr. McGee, is growing better, not worse and America in particular is undergoing a racial improvement that will continue for many, many years. Dr. McGee will not hear of race suicide; he says that America is obeying an immutable law which makes the number of offspring decrease with the increase of the average length of life. One hundred years ago, he says, the average length of life in this country was twenty-five years; now it is twenty-nine. And not only are we improving in this matter of longevity but in other qualities also. Owing to the continued blending of types, this refreshing optimist promises that the American of tomorrow will be taller, stronger, more intellectual and more humanitarian than the American of today. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished, especially in those items of intellect and humanity, qualities wherein our vaunt is not altogether justified just yet by our endowment. If only because he breaks the almost universal gloom that covers like an undertaker's pall the world that the doctors look out upon when they pen their dicta of woeful prognostication, Dr. McGee is welcome to continue his optimistic forecasting of our future. When a profession admits of such diversity of theories it would be folly to accept any that do not gibe with our constitutional antipathy for pessimism and unhealthy brooding.

### The Appeal to the Prurient

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local newspapers for all that they have accomplished in the revivification of the dying spark of municipal patriotism, but at the same time let us not forbear to blame when the decent boundary is passed, when enterprise is transformed to impropriety and feelings deserving of respect are violated to make the sensation of the flying moment. At such times the mind revolts at the long reaches of mistaken newspaper alterness, and intellectual nausea intervenes to turn us from sympathy with the thing that was intended to command our approbation. Just such a condition has been engendered by the too insistent dwelling of our newspapers on the ugly story of attempted criminal assault now before the courts of this city. In their frenzied efforts to intrigue attention the local dailies have

passed the by no means exacting limit of reticence set by usage for the treatment of such incidents and have served up the repellant affair day after day with more and more intimate relations of its most unsavory details. Consideration, either for the unfortunate young woman or for those newspaper readers whose turn of mind disinclines them from curiosity about police court nastiness, has been completely swallowed up in the gaping maw of sensationalism. Newspapers are not wont at any time to reckon more than casually with any personality other than that of what they term the "average reader"; and judging from the treatment of the crime in question the "average reader" is a person with a macaberesque passion for horrors and an inhuman indifference to the means by which it is glutted.

## Perspective Impressions

Seeing that the way to perfection is through a series of disgusts, who can doubt but that San Francisco is on the high road to municipal perfection?

According to the testimony of Mrs. P. H. McCarthy there was not a weapon in the house. In other words McCarthy was speechless.

However much one may agree with the opinion that the social evil is a necessary one, to be suffered for the sake of our wives and daughters, one cannot, I fancy, but hold with Captain Mooney that the scarlet clothed servants of the public good must be taught to keep their place.

William J. Bryan's inextinguishable childlike faith in his own destiny is not entirely without justification. It has enabled Mr. Bryan to figure as a distinguished banquet guest year in and year out from one decade to another, hearing himself addressed the while as "The peerless leader of the Democracy."

An old saw re-set: As the bud is grafted, so is the twig inclined.

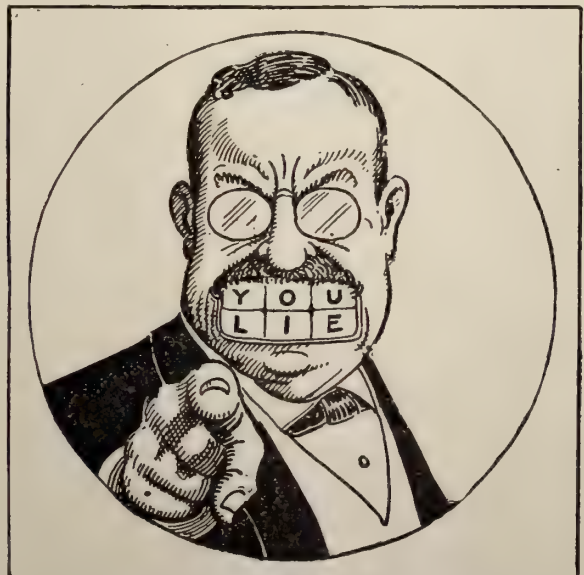
In Alameda the other night members of the Milk Wagon Drivers' Association raided wagons that were driven by their owners and dumped the milk into the street. Why should owners be permitted to drive their own wagons when drivers are on a strike? That sort of thing must be discouraged, for it might lead to bloodshed, since American workmen are not likely to permit any such bold infringement of their rights.

The arbiters of the elegancies of club life in San Jose are trying to solve the question, Does the inadvertent dealing of an extra card to a gentleman by himself in a game of pedro afford the loser sufficient pretext to welch? This question is one of many subtleties, not the least of which is of a purely psychological nature. It may not be amiss to suggest that the welcher who doesn't make up his mind to welch until after spending two or three days in meditating on his losses is not a sound judge of pretexts.



THE VENDETTA

—May in the Detroit Journal



IF YOU SAY ANYTHING AGAINST ME.

—Fox in the Louisville Times.

# The San Francisco That Was

By Harry Cowell

Of San Francisco, the Greater, so-called, not a word from me now. She is too near for me to see, too new for me to know, too real for my matter-of-fancy pen to depict. My San Francisco is no longer here. She has gone hence, and is no more seen, save of the mind's eye. She is a dream that vanished abruptly one dawn a year ago; and in a little while her innumerable haunting headstone will likewise be but a memory.

Strangely sad and disconcerting—to me, at least—such monuments of her as still remain to us; and the familiar names of the unfamiliar streets are a noise in the ears, a mist in the eyes, and a mockery in the heart.

Vain talk of rebuilding her. Scarcely more rebuildable than Babylon, my San Francisco, she whose pavements, by I know not what magic of theirs, took at a touch the fever out of feet troubled of the wander-lust while yet cradled and quite incapable of any the least wandering whatever.

Nothing short of a miracle it was that the city of St. Francis (by his intercession, was it?) wrought for me now nearly twenty long years since. That evening I saw for the first time the sun go westward by way of the Golden Gate, and for the first time in my life I watched him out of sight with no will to follow him. Doubtless, beyond the horizon were cities fair to look upon, many of them, each worth any man's journeying thither to see; but now, strangely enough, I was ready to take the word of travelers in the matter of their several perfections. Before the day of my falling in with my San Francisco, it was far otherwise with me. What beauty there was anywhere in the world I must needs see for myself. To see it with the eyes of others would not suffice me. I must from city beautiful to city beautiful.

Why did I love her so well, the San Francisco that was? How came she, who herself had so little of it, to teach me love of domesticity? I know not. 'Tis with cities as with women. We men love them, in the main, for their femininity, which is synonymous neither with beauty nor virtue. We love them most when we least know why we love them. There are but few reasonable friendships, no reasonable loves. Enough to say that I did not love the San Francisco that is dust and ashes because I deemed her beautiful and love-worthy above all the cities of earth. I loved her, no doubt, because she was so much a woman; so fond of frills and furbelows, and the infinities; so enamored of virtue, so addicted to vice. Like Paris is, my San Francisco was the very personification of the eternal womanly; so much so that even strangers, whom she had housed awhile, returned each to his own home city, fell sick of that strange malady, nostalgia, and died, not a few of them, of broken hearts. This only I do know, that I loved her well, the San Francisco that was, for all that I knew her to be but a daughter of joy, with the maidenly dream still left her, to be at one and the same time her purgatory and her peace; loved her, looking the while unmoved upon that beauteous virgin of the upper classes, Berkeley, and that immaculate milkmaid, Alameda, upon Oakland, that flat-chested femme honnete of uncertain age, and all the reputable rest.

Over me, from first to last, the San Francisco that was exercised a charm indefinable as that of a woman

in a dream, and as irresistible. I had for her what is termed by one's irreproachable relatives an infatuation. Her unworth was not unknown to me. Good people, with my welfare at heart, were at no small pains to point it out; and the result, be sure, was immediate and natural. That so inexplicable fascination which sin in the abstract has for imaginative youth, be it never so pure, was hers in memorable degree. Her Chinatown had witcheries all its own, not to be met with elsewhere; no, not in the Orient itself. The glamor of the days of gold hung over her like a glittering mist. Matter-of-fact she was, and not unmodern; but a tinge of the fabulous, a touch of the olden romance, remained to the end, to make colorful the dun things of her existence; ideal, the everyday.

Seen from the far withdrawn, disinterested point of view of art, she was fascinating in the extreme, was my San Francisco; not so much by reason of her beauty, great as was that, as because, from the nearer, more immediately concerned point of view of morals, she was a Magdalene, loving all manner of men, come from no matter what incredible clime; and not wholly for gain's sake either; a Magdalene quite capable of the adorable extravagance of spending her very costly nard upon the head of the once-come Christ, to the utter disregard of the poor, whom we have with us always; of kissing his dusty feet with her very costly lips; of washing them with her tears, drying them with her hair. Yes, the San Francisco that was could bow her head to kiss Good upon the feet, and lift it to kiss Evil upon the mouth; and yet, in that she loved much, one must needs forgive her her sins, which were many. Lukewarm, so as to give Heaven mal de coeur, she never was. Every now and then there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over her so picturesque repentances, and anon, renewed weeping over her so scarlet sins. Who lost their souls because of her blest her as they went hellward. Many a model citizen of New York, or other of the ninety and nine just places which need no repentance, has died with her name on his lips, her lover again in the lucid moment before the endless dark. There was in her beauty that un-earthliness which gives birth to legend. In days to come they will tell how she sat, a siren, on rocks of crystal by a gate of gold, and how mariners from everywhere and nowhere yielded to the sweet of her singing, and found death by drowning not unpleasant.

Such moving atmosphere as old world cities have—places like Paris where artists are wont to foregather—was hers by some special grace of God. Not possibly could Bret Harte's brief sojourn within her gates have done much toward the making of it; nor yet Stevenson's briefer. No, she had it, a gift from on high, or if she had it not, then her lovers endowed her with it, as is the way of lovers. She lacked nothing of having a Quartier Latin to rival that of Paris, save a real live

(Continued on Page 30.)

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# San Francisco's First Masonic Funeral

By James Linen

**Prefatory Note.**—With the destruction by fire of many libraries and the almost total effacement of reminders of the past arose a sentimental demand for the works of California authors and for books printed in the long ago dealing with subjects of local interest. To respond to this demand dealers in second-hand books have conducted their quest in the East and in Europe and have come into possession of many rare and some curious volumes. Among the latter is "The Poetry and Prose of James Linen," printed in this city by A. Roman & Co. in 1865 and dedicated to the author's friend, William Cullen Bryant. From this volume, which contains nothing of literary value, but much that is of quaint historical interest the following article is excerpted.—Editor T. T.

In the contemplative hour of retirement, how many thrilling reminiscences of the past crowd upon the memory! Some of them are of a pleasing and others of a peculiarly painful character. The year 1849 will ever be a memorable epoch in the history of California. The commercial and gold-seeking adventurers "met on the level" in those days. There were no granite buildings to trade in, nor were there splendid palaces to live in, such as now adorn the surrounding hills of San Francisco. Thousands of people, who had been long accustomed to all the refinement and luxuries of Eastern life, had to doff their fine linen and put on the red shirt of the hardy miner. Pride was unknown for a time. Gentlemen had to stoop from their dignity and awkwardly wash their own clothes. They had to kindle their own fires and do the menial work of a cuisinier. Some reposed at night in a canvas tent, while others closed their eyes in sleep among the sand hills, with no covering but the canopy of heaven—

"Bespangled with those isles of light,  
So wildly, spiritually bright."

Exposure and disease rapidly peopled the kingdom of death. The Ayuntamiento had not yet set apart any ground for burial purposes. The consequence was that many were rudely buried in the suburbs, and were afterwards removed to Yerba Buena Cemetery, where the remains of eight hundred lie huddled together in one immense, dismal grave. There is not even a common board to mark out the remarkable pit in which sleep so many unfortunate pioneers of Upper California. In those eventful times men were found dead and no one could tell whence they came. They passed away to their graves unhonored and unknown. Distant friends and relations were never informed of their fate. Anxious parents in foreign climes still cherish the hope that their sons are yet in the land of the living, and may return to the domestic roof. Vain hope! Their eyes are sealed in death, and the grave has closed over them forever!

The Fraternity of "the mystic tie" had not yet organized their legal information, which craftsmen only know and properly understand. A wonderful instance of Masonic identity occurred in the month of August, 1849. A much respected citizen and Mason was quietly wending his way up Happy Valley, very early in the morning, when he beheld the corpse of a man stretched upon the pebbly beach. All was soft and still. The strangely mingled population of the tented city was wrapped in deep repose. The mists still lingered on the suburban hills, and the morning star shone clear in the sky. The waters of the bay were smooth and calm, and gently laved the feet of the stranger who "slept the sleep that knows no waking." The great Disposer of human events, in His inscrutable providence, seemingly had determined that the tide should bear his lifeless body to the shore, where, discovered by a passing brother, it would assuredly be carried to the grave in

becoming solemnity, and deposited therein with all the honors and ceremonial rites of the Ancient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them as we may."

Some of the inmates of the neighboring tents were roused from their slumbers and speedily repaired to the spot. The Alcalde was immediately sent for. He promptly attended, and acted as coroner. The body was removed to a tent, where it was carefully scrutinized. No indications of violence were visible. The man had evidently been drowned. His face was manly and intellectual. His hair was long and curly, and of a dark auburn hue. He was neatly dressed, and had a superior air of respectability. The jacket and pants on his person were blue pilot cloth, and a black silk handkerchief was tied in a sailor's knot around his neck. There was nothing found in his pockets that could possibly lead to his identity. However, in removing the flannel from his bosom, a silver mark of a Mark Master was discovered, upon which were engraved the initials of his name. A little further investigation revealed to the beholders the most outre exhibition of Masonic emblems that were ever drawn by the ingenuity of man on the human skin. There is nothing in the history or traditions of Free Masonry equal to it. Beautifully dotted on his left arm with red and blue ink, which time could not efface, appeared all the emblems of the Entered Apprentice. There was the Holy Bible, the Square and Compass, the twenty-four inch Gauge, and the common Gavel. There were also the Mosaic pavement representing the ground floor of King Solomon's Temple, the indented Tressel which surrounds it, and the Blazing Star in the centre. On his right arm, and artistically executed in the same indelible liquids, were the emblems appertaining to the Fellow Craft degree, viz.: the Plumb, the Square, and the Level. There were also five columns, representing the five orders of architecture—the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite.

(Continued on Page 31.)

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# The Shadow of Good Fortune

(A Servian Superstition)

By Nellie K. Blissett

## I.

The woman sat by the bed, a figure of beautiful despair, with her long black hair streaming over her shoulders, and her head bent. Her hand held the burning fingers of little Sava, as he tossed about in uneasy sleep, broken by cries of pain, or terror; the shrill, complaining voice went to her heart. She did not understand all he said, and her very failure to comprehend those half-delirious words hurt her as nothing else in her short, hard life had done. It seemed to her that the one thing which fate had left her was escaping from her grasp into a land into which she could not follow it. Again and again came the cry she could not understand—the start of terror which puzzled her.

"Oh, mother, make them give it back—they have stolen it—they have put it in the ground! Oh, mother, I want it so—make them give it back to me! The boys laugh at me—do not let them laugh any more. I want it back—I want it back!"

"Sava, my darling, what have they stolen—what is it that you want?" But he did not seem to hear her voice, or to understand what she said. Still the little figure tossed to-and-fro under the shabby carpet coverlet which she vainly tried to keep over it; still the fretful cry rang in her ears. Since sunrise she had sat there by the bed, motionless, terror-stricken; it was sunset when the door opened, and Madame Nikolich thrust her grizzled black head into the darkening room.

"The boy is sick, Militsa—eh?"

She looked up, with a gesture almost of relief, though Madame Nikolich was no friend of hers, but merely a very worldly landlady with a very sharp eye fixed upon the not always rosy possibilities of rent.

"Oh, he is very sick—I do not know what to do for him!"

Madame Nikolich came forward and stood at the foot of the bed, looking down not unkindly on the small, restless figure.

"Yes, he is certainly very sick. I will tell you what is the matter with him, Militsa. My Mika has just been talking about it. He says the workmen at the big house round the corner caught Sava two days ago and made him stand in the sunshine while they built his shadow into the foundations—you know, it brings a house goodfortune when a living shadow is caught and built into it. But the person who has lost the shadow very often dies—so many people have told me that." Militsa shrank nearer to the bed. Sava lifted his ruffled curls from the pillow, and raised once more that beseeching cry.

"They have stolen it and put it in the ground. Oh, give it back to me—give it back!"

Militsa shivered; Anna Nikolich nodded in dismal triumph.

"There—do you hear what he says? That is what I told you—they have stolen his shadow, and put it into Bora Jovanovich's fine new house. It will bring Bora Jovanovich good fortune, no doubt, but I think you will lose the child."

Militsa turned upon the other woman like a tempest, with a swift, passionate, protective movement towards Sava.

"No—no—not that!" she said. "He is all I have—there is nothing else in the world for me. I will not lose him—I cannot."

Anna Nikolich turned towards the door. When she reached it, she paused for a moment, and looked back.

"I will send Mika up with some supper for you," she said; "and—and the rent may stand over for this week."

Militsa sank down beside the bed without a word of gratitude. The other's kindness struck her like a curse—if Anna Nikolich could be generous, Sava must indeed be far gone.

The darkness came down upon the miserable little room; Mika, shy and solemn-eyed, brought the supper Militsa could not eat, and went away again. Still she crouched by the bed; still the child's restless cry went on.

"Oh, give it back—make them give it back to me!"

She rose suddenly, and bent over the child for a moment.

"Sava, you shall have it back if you will lie quite still until—I bring it to you. Do you hear me—do you understand? You shall have it if you will lie still, and go to sleep."

For the first time that day her voice seemed to reach him. His great black eyes rested with a look of comprehension on her face as she bent, lamp in hand, over the bed.

"You will bring it back?" he murmured sleepily, and sank back almost contentedly upon the pillow.

As she stole down the narrow stairs, for the first time that day the restless cry was still.

## II.

Bora Jovanovich sat in his office—the finest office in Palatz, for he was the richest man in the town. He was thinking a little of his wealth, and his success, as he sat there in the morning sunshine with his pen

(Continued on Page 37.)

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# The Spectator

## A Threatened Visitation

Once more is the rumor current of the contemplated descent of General Otis of Los Angeles upon San Francisco with all the vast equipage of his trade; not the trade in which he won the trophies that adorn the walls of his home and that attest his glorious triumphs in the imminent deadly breach and the shock of arms, but the more gentle trade which engages his peaceful, philosophic moments, and the conquests of which are hardly less distinguished than those by which he enrolled himself among his country's heroes. For General Otis is a hero in journalism as well as in war. And whether armed with pen or bayonet he is equally to be dreaded by the foe. The greatest fighter is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, and General Otis has established a reputation for doing that very thing. Indeed he has made a great financial success of doing it, and his paper, the Times, is perhaps the most influential daily paper in California. Much of its success may be ascribed to the attitude of its proprietor toward labor unions. Otis has never truckled to organized labor after the fashion of the more timid and strategic newspaper proprietors of San Francisco.

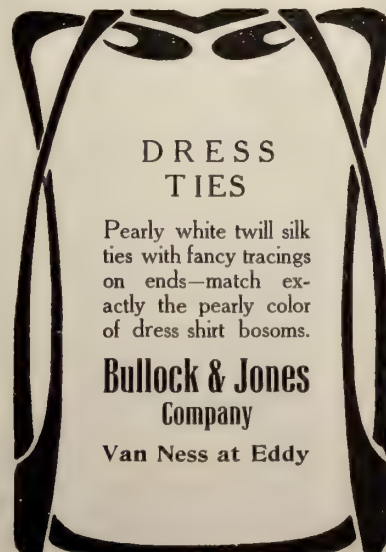
## His Attitude Toward Labor

A journalist of the capitalistic class he is true to his own sentiments and has never been converted to the expediency of sophisticating the truth in the interest of the forces of unrest. He professes sympathy for workmen but has never vindicated it by showing a willingness to justify their conduct to whatever extent they might be led in their aggressions by intemperate bosses. Nay, he has persistently refused to approve some of the principles by which labor unions justify their troublesome practices. For example, while he does not challenge the right of union men to go on a strike, neither does he hold up to obloquy non-union American citizens who take the places that have been vacated. In short General Otis objects to any distinction being drawn between union and non-union men. Such is the obliquity of his vision that he holds the Constitution of his country to be more deserving of reverence and allegiance than the by-laws of McCarthy's Building Trades' Council, an opinion that in these days of the apotheosis of the walking delegate savors most pungently of rank and offensive heterodoxy. But General Otis has been so successful in grafting his ideas on the benighted public sentiment of Los Angeles that prejudices against strikes abound in the community and organized labor in that city is far less arrogant and aggressive than in San Francisco. And many citizens of Los Angeles who are given to reflection and to study of conditions in San Francisco have formed the opinion that their great militant journalist is entitled to much respect and admiration. Moreover they believe that what San Francisco needs more than anything else is an Otis. Whenever they hear anybody from San Francisco bewailing the tyranny of labor and lamenting the sad plight of the city they recommend Otis as though he were an infallible balsam. And that is why the report gets into circulation every little while that Otis is coming to do the Moses stunt. The latest report is to the effect that he has been urged by some prominent citizens of this city

to start a paper here and that they have agreed to give him financial support. It is also rumored that he has ordered a press shipped to San Francisco.

## They May Be After Him

Though a very puerile and shallow conspiracy that which is said to have had for its object the abatement by shanghaiing or some kindred process of the Hon. Pin Head McCarthy, it was nevertheless pregnant with suggestion of a most sinister character. It miscarried because of the appalling awkwardness of the conspirators, but they have pointed the way to a consummation the desirability of which is not to be questioned. McCarthy cannot always count on the stupidity and ineptitude of his enemies. He is persona non grata with persons in all walks of life, many of whom doubtless feel that the motive of the conspiracy was adapted to the needs of this McCarthy-ridden city. Eager to supply a pretext for a day of general rejoicing and thanksgiving, some of these men, who perhaps may be more ingenious than those who failed, may take it into their heads to render the boss of the Building Trades innocuous. From now on McCarthy must shudder at the prospect. He is conscious of the prevalence in labor and other circles of the opinion that he might advantageously be dispensed with. He knows that he is taxed with a large share of the current infernality appertaining to industrial conditions, and he will feel that he should be constantly on the qui vive for a conspirator intent upon performing a great public service. In view of this highly charged situation I wish to go on record as affirming that the shanghaiing of McCarthy would be as great a crime in the eyes of the law as the shanghaiing of Mayor Schmitz. While realizing that misguided men conceiving themselves to be animated by the best of motives might enter into a conspiracy against the personal liberty of the McCarthy I cannot but reprobate so manifestly an unlawful design. At the same time I feel that sooner or later, by some means or other, industrial affairs must be rid of the pestiferous labor agitators, and the



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property owners and peace loving and industrial citizens, who constitute an enormous majority of the population, must be assured that their enterprises can go on in safety and without danger of interruption. But the accomplishment of these blessings should not depend upon the skill of men of the character of those charged with having conspired against McCarthy. A matter that so vitally concerns the whole community should receive the attention of all patriotic citizens.

### The Case of McDougald

Far be it from me to lift my voice in reproachful protest at the ways of the honorable gentlemen who are engaged in the herculean task of spring cleaning in the Augean Stables of this metropolis, but I would induce them to pause if that were possible, in their extraordinarily beneficent labors, to consider the case of poor, unhappy John McDougald. It is a case, in my imperfect judgment, that calls for compassion and charity rather than for the scales and the knife and the pound of flesh. To me it seems a most curious perversion of justice to pursue unrelentingly the pathetic victim of the corrupt political powers that have governed this city for some years, especially at a time when immunity is being so generously distributed for the benefit of faithless public officials. McDougald was distinguished for his honesty during his four years in public office. A poor mechanic, elevated to a political position of great responsibility, he discharged his trust faithfully, and his conduct was so conspicuous in contrast with that of his associates that a strong sentiment developed in favor of making him the leader of an opposition to Mayor Schmitz. This threatened opposition gave Schmitz and Ruef considerable uneasiness, and a conspiracy was entered into for the purpose of subjecting McDougald to humiliation and ridicule. The man employed to execute the plans for the undoing of McDougald was the Hon. Pin Head McCarthy, a faithful henchman of Schmitz and Ruef, whose efforts were attended with great success. McCarthy was not the only person to bring misfortune to McDougald. The latter was one of the victims of Tax Collector Smith who fraudulently obtained fifteen thousand dollars from McDougald's office. The loss of that money was a severe blow to McDougald. The sum stolen was considerably more than he had contrived to save out of his official salary, but friends came to his rescue and made up the deficiency enabling him to settle with the city in full. He finished his term without a cent in his pocket and in debt to his friends, but with the sympathy of all that knew him. During his official career he paid out, under an Act of the Legislature, commissions for the collection of inheritance taxes, and as it is now alleged that the Act is unconstitutional he is to be sued for the money paid to his attorney. By employing the very mildest of characterizations it might be said to be a most unedifying anomaly that which is presented by the noble instruments of justice granting immunity to the crooked supervisors whose pockets are bulging with bribe-money and pursuing honest John McDougald with

unrelenting zeal as if resolved to punish him for his imbecility in exercising too scrupulous a vigilance over the city's money bags.

### The Vulgar Drama at Stanford

Is there no way to open the mind of Stanford University to the fact that this is the twentieth century? Such opening to me doth seem a consummation worthy of the best efforts of the zealous friends of that obviously archaic institution. If zealous friends will not take up the task then the State should give it some attention. It is a matter that vitally concerns the State, for Stanford University is a California institution and it should not be permitted to become a reproach. Enjoying as it does certain exemptions from the operation of the tax laws it is in a measure obligated to the State, and when it perverts the cause of education it should be called to account. As was said in these columns last week there is always something happening at Stanford to bring it into ridicule. These happenings are growing monotonous. Scarcely had the echoes died away of the Puritanical eruption caused by the publication of a poem dealing with one of David's sins when the announcement was made that the senior class was preparing for the production of Dion Boucicault's "London Assurance." Now this is a frank but nevertheless discreditable confession of the debased character of the literary ideals of the Palo Alto University. Boucicault was a dramatist whose writings were of a most mischievous consequence to the public inasmuch as he catered to a low and vulgar taste. He was not a man of literary ability. He wrote crazy-quilt plays made up of scraps culled from works that he had read. In "London Assurance" there is a little of Goldsmith, a little of Sheridan, a little of Terence and a little of Plautus which had reached him by way of Moliere. A fair sample of his skill in developing character is found in the speech of a girl in "London Assurance" who had been brought up in the wilds and who replies to the first compliment paid her: "It strikes me, sir, that you are a stray bee from the hive of fashion. If so reserve your honey for its proper cell. A truce to compliments." The play trips from vulgarity to vulgarity, from absurdity to absurdity, its principal incidents being a melodramatic abduction, a comic duel, and a silly marriage all in the most implausible sequence. Were Stanford as abundantly supplied with dramatic critics as with guardians of students' morals Boucicault, the parent of the crack-brained drama, would never have been summoned from what should be his eternal resting place to revive for student consumption the extravagant claptraps with which he contrived for years to entertain an illiterate public. Boucicault flourished in England in the days when literature scorned to assume the dramatic form; and since then education has done much for public taste. Between the highest art effects of the Greek

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festivals and the drama of Shakespeare the difference is not much greater than between the potboilers of Boucicault and the plays that today appeal to people of cultivated discernment. If the Puritanism of Stanford is afraid to meddle with the strongest specimens of the new drama it ought to have no scruples against taking a hint from Berkeley respecting the best versions of the old classics. In those old classics are to be found the fundamental laws of construction which will probably remain in force for all time, and though Boucicault heeded them, it should be remembered that there is constant development of artistic means of producing effects, and what is more that there is constant improvement in our notion of the beautiful. It were interesting to know whether in the Department of English Literature at Stanford the novels of Laura Jean Libbey are mixed in equal parts with the plays of Dion Boucicault to serve as the staple of mental pabulum for the students.

### A Victory For Anderson

Governor Gillett has succeeded in rendering the State Board of Medical Examiners almost entirely harmless. He has appointed to the Board men from distant parts of the State and has not appointed a single resident of this city. Heretofore most of the members were San Francisco physicians and it was not inconvenient for them to get together and conduct their examinations and investigations. An office was maintained here, an attorney and detectives were employed, and there was vigorous prosecution of quacks and of medical colleges that turned out doctors while you wait. As a consequence the doctors of the state board excited a great deal of hostility. They were nearly always at war with the College of Physicians and Surgeons and they gave Dr. Winslow Anderson of that institution many a bad quarter of an hour. Dr. Anderson is better than a raw hand in the game of politics, and it would not surprise me to learn that he is in the confidence of Governor Gillett and that he pointed the way of making the State Board of Medical Examiners more ornamental than useful. At any rate Dr. Anderson must have been highly pleased at the removal of Dr. Dudley Tait from office, for Dr. Tait has always been very suspicious of graduates of the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

### Some Tart Criticism

Dr. Anderson, however, was not the only person interested in seeing our State Medical Examiners rendered harmless. The scientific gents who have been sitting up aloft guarding the medical fraternity from an influx of quacks, have in consequence of their methods and their great zeal occasioned a deal of bitterly hostile criticism. They have been censured especially for conducting their examinations in a way to make it almost impossible for a physician from another state to hang out a shingle in California. One of the disgruntled, a German physician, recently voiced the sentiments of the critics in a letter to a German

paper in which he questioned the honesty of the examiners. He said there was graft in the medical profession as well as in the politics of San Francisco. "This sovereign state," he says, "acknowledges neither a testimonial of the best universities nor years of long and successful practice as a proof of ability. This exclusive point of view is absurd on the face of it because the colleges of this state do not stand at the head of wisdom, nor have the Native Sons a patent on intelligence. We have here an example of the same stupid, local patriotism as it existed in the small German States years ago and which was the cause of American censure. Nevertheless, one could make allowances for such an examination, if the reason for it were really to prove the ability of the applicants, and to bar out incompetent people, but that is not the idea. The real object is to keep the high class physicians out of the state as their presence might represent competition to the local practitioners. The examination is merely theoretical; merely a memory test; and has reference to things which are of no practical value—things which one has long forgotten, or perhaps has never known."

### Calls Them Extortioners

This German physician discusses in detail the nature of the tests to which physicians are subjected when they apply for a license to practice in California, and points out the absurdity of them. "Were not the results so serious for those who fail in the examination," he says, "the whole thing would be highly amusing. A thing of that sort could not take place in pedantic Germany; the examination of Hieronymous Jobs cannot be compared with it. One of my partners in woe was a specialist in a New York hospital,—and had directed an institute of his own. He failed in the examination the second time. The most renowned oculist in Europe could not pass the examination without first going over a-b-c studies and filling his mind with useless stuff which one does well to forget as soon as possible. In this way the business is monopolized by the members of the faculties, as the young people fresh from the college who can pass the examination are not to be feared as competitors for some time to come. If the proper answering of such questions were necessary to successful practice all physicians would have to be re-examined every ten years and ninety-nine per cent. should have their license taken from them. I have a diploma of a German university to which the local colleges cannot measure; have practiced in St. Louis; was a physician in a hospital; and for years surgeon for a large mining company in Mexico where I had to attend alone to the many severe injuries. I think I can, without hesitation, point to my success as proof of

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my ability. I thought that this knowledge achieved through practice together with studies of the newest literature was the best guarantee which I could offer to those who entrusted their life and health to me, but the examination has taught me that California thinks otherwise. All that which seemed essential to me does not count here; it is of no avail to know how to bandage wounds; to set broken bones; to treat displacements; the important thing is rather to know how much alcohol is in whiskey; where asafoetida comes from, and so on. \* \* \* Should a colleague of mine make up his mind to settle in this free state I would advise him to first see certain members of the Board of Examiners, but in the right way taught by the city government. If any one has in his possession a medical encyclopedia and reads the examinations two hours before the examination, he can answer them all, even if he has never stepped inside of a college. If a parrot had sufficient memory he could repeat the questions and answers. Instead of Medical Board of Examiners it would be more fitting to say Board of Medical Extortioners."

### The Profits of Big Hotels

A group of full waisted, contented hotel guests were lounging in the heavy, red-plushed easy chairs of the Fairmont and discussing the recent lease of that hostelry by the Palace Hotel Company. "Yes," broke in a big, bronzed Nevadan, carefully flicking the ashes from his Havana. "This looks like a splendid proposition in profits, but the splendor in profits is simply comparative after all. The Palace Hotel cleared \$480,000 the year before the fire. It looks big and sounds better. 'Nigh half a million profit! Alluring isn't it; but remember the company had a nice pile of capital invested in their great caravansary. Then the chances one takes in hotel management are enormous. If things go wrong you lose money faster than in carrying a galaxy of high salaried sopranos and tenors in a ragged opera season. Then come sleepless nights and cold sweats lest your capital is on the financial quicksands. Take Senator Nixon sitting over there. He's in many a good thing up in Nevada but he has to do a deal of scheming and maneuvering to keep the percentage of profit climbing; so does Billy Booth of Tonopah, sitting near him.

### Gold Mines in Saloons

"Their schemes, like the Fairmont and the Palace, may be made to pay well on the investments but they're all puny babies in their line when it comes to the cold cash returns regularly and profusely ground out by a fairly well patronized Goldfield saloon. I suppose if the Palace people get 10 per cent. per year on their investment they'll feel they've made the hotel coup of the decade. As I said before, profits are comparative after all. A second rate saloon proprietor in Goldfield who doesn't net 10 per cent. per month profit would begin to figure on his own probable insolvency. I happened to be in the Great Northern saloon, last week, when the owners, Tex Ricard, Ed Highley, Billy Hoig and Ray Holbrook were going over the figures with a view to declaring the monthly dividend—monthly dividend, mind you. The net winnings from the gambling tables for the month totaled \$30,431 and the bar profits yielded \$15,029, a total of \$45,460. They claim to have invested \$100,000 in the business, but a big part of it is still to be paid in. But even on this sum they declare a dividend of forty per cent. for the month. You see their \$100,000, even on such a dividend, more than quadruples itself every year. I laughed when I saw the figures and said joshingly to Tex: 'Is a measely little forty per cent. a month all you can squeeze out of this shack?' 'Oh,' said Tex, without the slightest embarrassment of riches. 'Times were dead in Goldfield last month. We had the labor lockout, half the people left town and there was nothing doing. Now that the labor troubles are over and business is opening up again we'll add another bar, put in a few more card tables and run up the profits a bit.' 'How much?' I hazarded, curiously. 'Oh,' he said, 'we ought to get something over fifty per cent. a month all right.' The Palace people, as I said, have got a splendid thing here, as hotels go, but I leave it to you, gentlemen, aren't profits simply comparative after all?"

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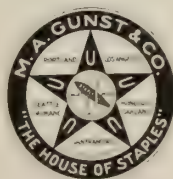
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**Professor Guthrie, Poet**

California abounds in poets—products of the soil—who have sung their way to fame despite the present indifference of the world to the charms of rhyme. With the native poet and the characteristics of his verse the local lover of the music of language is familiar, but with Professor William Norman Guthrie, who but recently came hither, only the elect of literature are on familiar terms. Professor Guthrie is lecturer in general literature in the University of Chicago, but at present he is lecturing in Oakland on the drama. Professor Guthrie is above all things a poet, and of prolific muse I should judge from the bulkiness of a volume of his verse that is now to be found in the local bookshops. Poetry of the kind that Professor Guthrie writes does not enthrall me much; but for that reason I am not prejudiced against it. I am mindful of the advice of Edmund Burke: when we find ourselves disposed not to admire those whom all the learned admire, abstain from indulging our own fancies and study them until we know how and what we ought to admire, and if we cannot arrive at admiration through knowledge, believe we are dull rather than that we have been imposed upon. Now while it is quite evident to me that Professor Guthrie is a poet with the gift of speech, it is hard for me to expound him, the reason being that my vulgar ear has not been trained to many of the harmonies which he produces. Obviously the fault is mine, not Professor Guthrie's. Candidly, I am no lover of the Wagnerian in verse. Which is perhaps, a shocking confession for me to make, as it betrays lack of cultivation. However as there is much in Browning and Whitman that I admire, there is also much in Guthrie that appeals to me, for it cannot be denied that he has the knack of transmuting the metal of common speech into pure gold. How delightfully suggestive are the following excerpted at random from different poems:

"Bare hickories and white oaks waded  
In stealthy drifts of fog."

"A glorious tempest of passionate notes."

"And the drear woods ache in a death-cold swoon."

"Into the the sea of Night, Day's wine hath poured,  
Stain'd it a moment—then gloom billows roar'd."

The sky with clouds is strewn,  
A sea with its isles asleep.  
Thou sailest fast, dear Moon,—  
Thy love is across the deep!  
But one whose life is wrecked  
Would rather believe thee cold,  
Unloving, unloved, erect—  
A queen with her crown of gold!

**Some Strange Harmonies**

It does not require a very sensitive or practiced ear to catch the melodies of the foregoing syllables, but there are other combinations of cadences and pauses

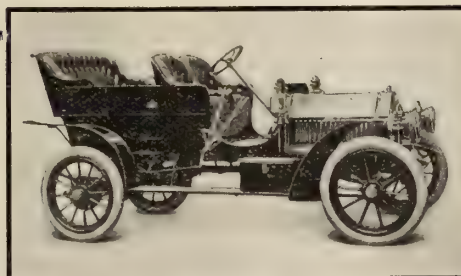
that are entirely too subtle for me. As for example in these from a sonnet:

Prepotent wizardry of bygone joys!  
often have I beheld thy faraway smile  
and marvelled what thy vision-over stile  
athwart field, beyond stream:—what thing might poise,  
Mother midair,—invisible to a boy's  
penetrant sight,—that so could thee beguile,  
grief-haunted, thee? Tho' sweeter than erstwhile,—  
in memory sipped, no golden honey cloy.

I miss in those lines the pleasant ripple of verse, rolling honey-sweet words and sparkling phrases in its eddies. There is much that Professor Guthrie has written from which that ripple is missing, but there is a stately procession of rhetoric. He writes at times of "confluent torrents of praise," of being "rapt to vertiginous pitch" of a "brook with its hurdygurdy roars and its sturdy wordy brags" and of a pool the surface of which children "Kick to yeasty sheeny lather." But enough. To be a great poet nowadays one must create a new atmosphere and a new temperament in the world of readers and hence the occasionally strange workmanship of Professor Guthrie who, despite the oddities of his whimsical verse, is a true poet. He sings as blithely as if he enjoyed the music of his own voice, as did Theocritus in the refreshing air of

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#### When Knight Gets Intimate

Miss Adeline Ricks of Eureka, whose engagement to a wealthy young Eastern lumberman has been announced, comes of a family that has had much to do with the history of Humboldt county. Her paternal grandfather was one of the first white men to settle there, and his descendants have all been prominent in one way and another. Her father, Lemuel Ricks, is one of the wealthy men of the county, interested in various big enterprises. The Ricks family has had much litigation during the past few years. Tom Ricks, after the death of the mother and a brother, sued Lemuel for a settlement of the family estate along lines which to him seemed just. But Lemuel wanted things as they were, so resisted. George Knight became Tom's attorney and there have been two or three trials, the jury disagreeing each time. This in spite of the heart to heart talks made by Knight to the jurors, most of whom he knew personally, Humboldt being his native county. Knight did not "orate," but got right up against the jury-box railing and grew confidential. "Now, Jim," he would say, "you know me, and you know that when I argue here for Tom I do it because I know it is right. I wouldn't lie to you. I didn't lie when I sold papers in Eureka, did I? Or it would be, 'Bill, you know Tom Ricks. You know Tom wouldn't sue for this money unless he thought he was entitled to it. I know we can depend on you

to do the right thing, Bill. You remember when we used to go up to Mad river fishing"—and so on. But it didn't work, and Lemuel still has the upper hand. Still, Tom Ricks is independently rich. His present wife, a woman who is greatly beloved in Eureka, was the widow of a brother of Frank MacGowan, the San Francisco attorney. She is Ricks's third wife.

#### A Matter of Millions

What part money plays in the *Comedie Humane* has been so fully and inimitably set forth for us by Balzac that nothing remains to be said on the subject. Let us say it, however. He speaks to Frenchmen, of France; we, of America, to Americans. Here, as there, in every drama Money has a speaking role at least assigned to it. No scene so solemn but it will enter, talking at the top of its voice, like the vulgar thing it is, to call attention to itself. Into the very chamber of death it hesitates not to obtrude itself noisily, and there is no man to say it nay. Not all the dignity of the angel of the inverted torch can awe it into going on decorous tiptoe, into holding its peace. Scarce, for instance, has James Henry Smith gone into the silent land he loved ere the usual unseemly noise begins. How much did he leave, more millions than he had seen years, or less? To which of two did he leave the greater share, to the Lady Cooper, his sister, or to a nearer one yet and a dearer one still, namely, the lady, his widow? There is a stage whispering to the effect that the bird of birth is hovering over the house of death, and open wonder expressed as to how the finale will be effected thereby, if at all. No privacy sacred

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enough to give pause to the arch-intruder. The wretch respects nothing, nor allows grief a moment wherein to weep disinterestedly; but must needs drag the unborn into the discussion, and divert the widow's eyes from their weeping to where the will is kept. Birth, marriage, death, most momentous of earthly happenings, these three. One or other is being enacted nowadays. Enter Dollar with no little uproar, and down center. Is not the noise of his millions enough to make "Silent" Smith turn in his grave?

### A Woman's Winning Way

The irrepressible "Scotty" knows how to guard the secret of his gold cache if he knows nothing else, according to a story that has just come to town via Death Valley. After the big temblor Mrs. "Scotty," mindful of the ups and downs and upheavals in life as then illustrated, began to badger her husband as to the location of his famous secret mine. She insisted that she ought to know how to reach it in case "anything happened" to him. At last, Bluebeard like, he consented to let her have her own way and promised that on his next trip he would take her to the spot where "the twenty-dollar pieces are mixed up with the rocks." Accordingly, last week, instead of leaving her as usual at the railway station nearest the mine he harnessed four mules to a well stocked wagon, lifted her to the seat beside him, and drove blithely off into the sun-baked desert. Out in that rolling waste, however, "Scotty" weakened and right in "the middle of nowhere" he planted his resentful spouse beside a pool of water, hedged her in with a plentiful stock of beans, bacon, coffee and crackers and the protection of a faithful shepherd dog to scare off the coyotes and drove off by his lonely self to the mysterious mine.

### Mrs. "Scotty" Explains

Six days later Mrs. "Scotty" awoke in the dawning light to find her husband standing before her. In the wagon was an assortment of bags filled with something heavy which "Scotty" explained was "the stuff." Mrs. "Scotty" tooled the four mules some hundred miles to Rhyolite, near Bullfrog, where the twain proceeded to spend money after the approved "Scotty" style. Then the disappointed woman commented to a friend, "Six years the man has been promising me a sight of that mine—for its six years since he married me in New York—and that bake-bean camp in the desert is the nearest I ever got to seeing it. Of course I can't even guess where he gets his picture ore from, for he seemed to jump off the earth right in the middle of the desert. Next time—well, the next time maybe I'll do some sleep walking. I can't understand why a man wants to be so contrary for anyhow. Can you?"

### Stage Money Versus the Real Thing

"Scotty" tried to repair the error of his way by giving his wife a pocketful of money, a railroad ticket and a trip East "for a good time." Then he proceeded to turn nuggets into wine and the wine into anything but water. He paid for everything and nobody in camp objected. At the liquor laden banquet he gave to several friends some one chaffed him on his recent appearance as an actorman. "There's nothing in it," declared "Scotty," with his old-time meaningless grin. "It's like the stage money, you can pass out great wads of it but all the time you know its no good and so does everybody else. The liquor they give you is

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the same and so is the smile of the leading lady you're rescuing from the bandits. Its like drinking beer that's all froth. No more stage money, stage liquor and stage ladies in mine. I paid the price for a special, swell round trip flash behind the footlights. I had my fill, I'm satisfied to let it go at that and the next gazebo can now have the privilege of rescuing the persecuted maiden from the villains of Death Valley. A two months' rescue costs \$15,000 if you are lucky. As for me these are the only real blondes I care to rescue from that sandy section," and he pounded the dining table with a fistful of nuggets. "These are the boys that pay the freight: no stage money about them. Set 'em up again, waiter—and no stage drinks, either."

### Some Notable Pictures

Of great interest to all lovers of art—workers as well as laymen—is the exhibit at Del Monte. The most conspicuous picture in the exhibit is by the most conspicuous personality from the purely spectacular standpoint, in the local art colony—Mr. Xavier Martinez. It is a picture of unusual size and shape, being just a yard square, but of space you are oblivious, after a few moments spent before Piedmont Hills; you feel yourself out upon those hills, with a big sweeping spring sky above you. The wind-blown clouds are touched with the glow of late afternoon. The long grass shivers and bends in the breeze. You have a sense of fertility, life, youth and hope. The spot is the one that Martinez sought while San Francisco was in the throes of its awful chastening; and the consolation he found, he gives to those who look on this picture with sympathetic eyes. The human touch is not lacking; for two figures, not at first visible are seated on the hill, watching the glory of a sun-touched distance. While the effect of light is strong, it is a softened light-glow and fire without high color. How easy it is to fancy those beings tried by fire, beginning a new life, filled with a primitive joy—Nature's children, come back to her. In striking contrast to this out-of-door appeal is the collection of Charles Rollo Peters on the opposite wall. Here are his "Portals of the Past," the moon rising above all that remained of the beautiful Towne residence, those columns that seem a part of the Forum. "The Guardian of Nob Hill"—the disfigured lion of the old Colton house—the calm stars above the devastation, the glow of a burning city on the steps that lead to nothingness. Then there is his "Refugee Camp" with lights shining from tents huddled close to the Hollidays' home, from whose windows the moon light is reflected. In one of the tents a lamp has been placed close to the canvas, and its cheerful radiance shines to offset the depression that comes when one looks at the glare from the furnace below that momentarily crept nearer this place of safety. "The Streets of Despair" is well named. The best of this record of those days of horror is the picture of a warm hazy moon rising above the lights of Oakland. One looks down California street—upon the picturesque ruins of Grace Church—resembling an ancient moss covered Cathedral of the old world. All is enveloped in mellow moonlight and its reflection makes a bright pathway on the waters of the bay. It is to be hoped that some generous person will purchase these five pictures and present them to San Francisco. They should be in a museum where future generations may read their eloquent story. Without doubt, the best picture exhibited by Mr. Peters is the one he now calls "Warren's Home." His friends knew it once as "Chez Nous," a small canvas of a white house in the

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moonlight. A light in one of the windows sends its gleam down the hill. Where this light shines Mr. Peters' second boy was born, and one feels a personal touch—as if we were taken into the artist's confidence as one reads the title. This gem of the collection will never be sold. It is to be presented to the son whose name it bears. Mr. Keith has a characteristic wood scene, the technique of which is beautiful. Like a Diaz it possesses a glow as of jewels. This canvas shows more of the poetical nature of the man than does his "Glacial Meadows" which deals with "Facts that are" rather than "Fancies that might be." A little to the left of Mr. Keith's pictures are two faithful and delightful representations of Nature by John Gamble. Each exhibition of this artist marks a great improvement—and it is a question whether he has ever before shown anything so good as these. In his field of Lupins near Lake Merced there are beautiful gradations of color and his trees are a tender green—live with atmosphere and reflection of sky. There is much discussion as to which is preferable, this lovely bit of spring, or "Moonrise on the Seventeen Mile drive" where the moonlight shimmers behind cypress trees, full of feeling and charm.

#### Dixon Lost a Sale

Joseph Greenebaum is another artist who has taken long strides forward. Not in the two fancy heads he sent in this shown but the sea in his "Golden Sunset" and "Gray Morning near Catalina," is rippling, moving sparkling, almost speaking. Both are delightful, but the smaller canvas, the gray one, is the favorite. Maynard Dixon has some powerful desert pictures. In "The Open Range" one looks over miles of plain to blue hazing hills. "A Desert Shower" deserves a more poetical name, for the lone figure on the vast expanse if she would but lift her eyes could read much meaning from the great brilliant cloud which seems peopled with fancies. "La Pulqueria" and the head of a Navajo are exceedingly good, and "In Navajo Land" would now be on its way East had Mr. Dixon but left his prices with his work. A lady stood with check book in hand waiting to make out the required amount. There was telegraphing and telephoning to the city, but Mr. Dixon was not to be found and the would-be purchaser was obliged to leave without the picture. Eugene Neuhaus has a number of strong canvases and a great deal of interest is shown in his medium—a tempora—similar to that used by the old masters. He has painted with much freedom and surety of touch, and he is especially happy in the reflections in two lake scenes. The most poetical of his eight pictures is "Ebb

Tide" which was painted from his own doorstep in Pacific Grove. Mrs. Mary Curtis Richardson has a dear old fashioned child standing beside a dog which is handled as if Mrs. Richardson were an animal painter. There is always tenderness and poetry in Mrs. Richardson's work. One senses the delicacy of the woman in her brush strokes. Three portraits of Olga M. Ackerman are beautiful in tone. There is the picture that once gained the two hundred dollar prize at Hopkins. Will Sparks has two small canvases with much charm of tone and color. One from El Paso and the other of the beach at Pescadero. Charles Dickman's "Cypresses on the Seventeen Mile Drive" is strong but not so interesting as most of his work. Evelyn McCormack shows her "Old Custom House" and two other Monterey scenes vibrating in color. "The Old Convent" is aglow with sunshine and is a most interesting subject. One sees the blue hills through broken, crumbling walls and windows, the roof is covered with moss and the fence casts a shadow that seems not made of paint but really caused by interrupted light. Arthur Matthews sent a powerful picture of cypresses. He, more than any of the painters who haunt Monterey, has caught the spirit of those curious trees, their strange lights and darknesses. Lucia Matthews has a delightful water color of Monterey trees and bay which has the charm of a Hiroshige print. Some Pacific Grove trees by Anna Francis Briggs is another that has been likened to a Japanese print, and in a Del Monte Beach scene she has caught the tender light of Dawn. This is the beginning of the much-talked-of exhibition at Del Monte. Every two months the jury is to meet, so before long we may have a change of pictures on its walls. Frederick A. Woodworth, who is in charge of the gallery, waxes enthusiastic as he talks of the interest shown by the guests and visitors. Most fortunate are both the artists and the management to have found a man so thoroughly artistic to give his time to this work. Mr. Woodworth has traveled largely and knows pictures as do few who paint them.

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By Tantalus

## The Reformed Duke

There is no doubt that the Duke of Manchester has practically retired from the unprofitable business of sowing wild oats. Several years ago when he was out here on his honeymoon trip most of the time he stood knee deep in a field of oats and poppies, plentifully irrigated with the vintage of France. The Duchess had a sore throat and could not leave her apartment, so local society did not have an opportunity to glimpse a newly-made Duchess. The titled pair were deluged with invitations to the cotillions and the rest of the festivities which flame across our social horizon but the Duke and Duchess were otherwise concerned. A newspaperwoman who interviewed Manchester at that time told me that he greeted her like a long-lost sister. Having at one time eked out his own slender income by allowing the New York Journal to stamp his name on the Brisbane variety of editorial, he had a fellow feeling for newspapermen and women. The Duke is a ripping good fellow who does not take his title seriously and he shows keen contempt for Americans who lug in by the heels "Your Grace" at every turn in the conversation. He confided to my friend that he found American society the most undemocratic in the world, and to prove that he himself had not the taint of snob-bishness he told the newspaperwoman that he was so sorry his wife was indisposed as he knew she would have enjoyed meeting her!

The press representatives who interviewed him this time found Manchester the same genial, cordial, un-



Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maud of Monterey, Cal., in Their Franklin Car at Del Monte. Arthur Inkersley and H. Spens-Black in Tonneau. Mr. and Mrs. Maud use their car on shooting and sporting trips.

assuming fellow but they were delighted to note that he does not show signs of over dalliance along the primrose paths. He has happily "settled down" and as he is a big, fine looking, good natured fellow out of joint with the ubiquitous picture of a puny duke dangling on the gilded knee of an American heiress, the daughter of the house of Zimmerman is probably reasonably happy. She is rather a plain looking woman but is said to be very popular in English society owing to her sympathetic, unassuming manner.

## Ellis Was His Secretary

Manchester numbers several Californians among his most intimate friends. When he first came to New York and took a flier in the Bohemian set he annexed Melville Ellis to his train of satellites. Young Ellis left a San Francisco music store to conduct an orchestra in New York and has since essayed various parts



T. A. Driscoll of the Burlingame Polo Team

in the musical and dramatic world. He has a neat sense of nonsense and managed to keep the Duke highly amused. When Manchester married Miss Zimmerman he at once appointed Ellis his private secretary and in that capacity the San Franciscan accompanied them on their wedding trip. A younger son of an English Lord bobbed up somewhere in the Middle West and Manchester generously bade him also join the party in the capacity of private secretary at a snug salary. Ellis decided not to divide the honors and gracefully withdrew though Manchester assured him that enough old bills would surely come pouring in the mails to keep two secretaries busy answering his creditors! But all this happened several years ago and from the way the Duke and papa-in-law Zimmerman "chummed" it around the Palace Hotel the day they spent in town, Manchester has evidently braaced up to the Zimmerman standard. He has an ample allowance, and if the rumor that he is a large beneficiary under the Smith will be true he will be able to indulge his fancy without a "by your leave" to his "in-laws."

## A Costly Pall

The pall of orchids which covered the casket in which the body of James Henry Smith was taken east taxed the resources of the orchid growers of three counties. Only once before has an entire pall of orchids been ordered at a San Francisco florist's, and that was when Mary Crocker Harrison's remains were brought out here for interment. While orchids, on account of their expense, are a favorite gift flower here, very few of our fashionables have the passion for orchids which expends itself in conservatories devoted to this exotic bloom. The Coryells are about the only people I know of who raise orchids extensively. Their conservatories at Fair Oaks are the wonder of the



country side and Mrs. Coryell seldom even appears on the street without a bunch of orchids pinned to her coat. Their friends are frequent recipients of these cherished blossoms. Everyone in the party the Coryells entertained at the opening dinner at the Fairmont Hotel wore great clusters of wondrously beautiful orchids.

### An Obdurate Husband

Burlingame is to be shorn this summer of most of the personages who still uphold its aristocratic traditions against the influx of villagers. It is considered such "bad form" to summer in these parts this season that everyone is straining and pulling to make inelastic incomes stretch across the pond. I heard the other day of one young matron who had appealed to her father to save her from the ignominy of casting her lot with the stay-at-homes. "Daddy" lent a pliable ear to her pleading and she gleefully announced to her friends that she was going to join the hegira and she cheerfully went on making preparations to leave, in spite of her young husband's determination to stay at home and "make good" with the business he has recently embarked in. The husband has remained obdurate, importunities and his wife's threats to go alone having no effect on his adamant resolution. The young wife has tried nervous prostration and even that has not moved him so now she is trying to adjust herself to a husband who "means business." And her father, who was perfectly willing to buy them a trip to Europe, or to the moon, for the matter of that, is so proud of his son-in-law's stick-to-itiveness that he has been telling his club cronies that his daughter drew a lucky number in the matrimonial lottery.

The Walter Hobarts are already in Europe and of course Mary Eyre is with them. Mrs. Hobart and Miss Eyre are inseparables. The Josselyns also started early and avoided the rush. The Joe Tobins, the Frank Carolans, the Henry Scotts, H. M. A. Millers and several other prominent people leave this week. Mrs. Miller was one of those who endeared herself to Mrs. Peter Martin during the latter's frequent visits out here and she expects to spend much of her time in Paris with the dashing Mrs. Peter who has a charming apartment in the French capital.

### Society Girls as "Collectors"

A new code of gift giving and taking has been established by society girls. Books, candy and flowers, the Triumvirate which marked the boundaries that a young lady could not overstep when a gentleman acquaintance was the donor, has been cleverly deposed. Time was when a girl could only accept precious gifts from a man to whom she was engaged, but the modern maiden has outwitted conventions. She starts a "collection." It may be a collection of pearls or emeralds or of any other stone save diamonds, which still betoken engagements to the general public. Man, being only a shade less clever than woman, knows better than to present to a young woman he admires, without the matrimonial slant, a ring or conventional pin. He has her favorite stone set in some bizarre way, in the modern "antique" jewelry style and she may then add it to her "collection" as a "curio." I know a society girl who started collecting turquoises. She has a marvelous collection of necklaces, bracelets, pins, unique rings and hair ornaments, all of them tributes she has levied on "platonic friendships."

### An Innovation in Recitals

An innovation in the way of piano recitals will be the concert of Mr. Warren D. Allen, who announces a Sonata Evening for Wednesday, May 8th, at Lyric Hall. Affairs of this kind are keenly enjoyed by the more serious musical element in European capitals, particularly in Berlin, but San Franciscans have not yet had an opportunity to judge of their attraction. Mr. Allen is a University of California man whose musical ability is warmly vouched for by Hugo Mansfeldt, who has directed his studies for some time and who predicts great eminence as a pianist for the gifted young musician. Mr. Allen's programme will consist of the beautiful Brahms sonata in F minor (its first



WARREN D. ALLEN

performance in San Francisco), the Liszt B minor sonata, and the Schumann F sharp minor sonata. This selection at once stamps the pianist as a musician of lofty ideals and one who intends to develop his individual bent to the fullest extent.

### It Was Not a Love Tangle

It turns out that it was not because his passion for a fluffy haired chorus girl was unrequited that a young society man committed suicide a short time ago. His friends have learned that he was involved in financial difficulties, and that he committed suicide because he feared exposure. Which reminds me that the smart set lure causes many a society blade to live beyond his means. Society is hard put to it to round up men enough to make a decent average of masculinity, and inducements are held out to a lot of chaps with drawing-room tricks whose finances are not as bright as their social lustre. In order to keep up appearances these young men have to tug and strain at their incomes until they say in the middle, "Who is to pay the piper, to say nothing of the florist and confectioner whose wares pass for small change in society?"

Those who are accustomed to the best dine at The Severn, 1050 Geary street, below Van Ness.



### Forum Club Breakfast

The annual Forum Club breakfast took place at the Paris Tea Garden last Saturday. The ladies were in eloquent mood and during the round of toasts some felicitous speeches were made. Mrs. J. J. Apple talked of "Spring." Mrs. Freyand spoke feelingly of "The Absent Ones," and Mrs. C. Wetmore discussed "Patriotism." A beautiful silver loving cup was presented to Mrs. Fredericks, the retiring President who has occupied the chair for three successive terms. The presentation speech was made by Mrs. F. M. Wright. The new officers of the club are: Mrs. G. E. Mayhew, president; Mrs. A. W. Scott, first vice-president; Mrs. J. Sisson, second vice-president; Mrs. M. Hall, third vice-president; Mrs. H. J. Brann, secretary; Mrs. H. R. Ellert, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. M. S. Cabb's, treasurer.

### Minetti Orchestra Concert

The young musicians who compose the Minetti Orchestra acquitted themselves most creditably in their first concert of the season given last Friday evening in Christian Science Hall. The audience was large and appreciative and their applause was of the discriminating kind which ought to encourage these clever amateurs to further successes under the baton of their director, Giulio Minetti. Irving M. Wilson was concert master while Miss Ruth Powers, soprano, and Miss Carolyn Nash, violiniste, were the soloists. The programme was the following: Mozart Symphony, No. 39 in E flat major; Raff, "Immer bei Dir," Miss Ruth Powers; Locher, "Un baiser de Mimi," Minetti, "The Little Joker"; Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto in E Minor, Op. 64, Miss Carolyn Nash; Strauss, "Waltzer Geschichten aus dem Diener Wald."

### Miss Harwood's Recital

The piano recital given on Wednesday evening, April 24, by Miss Elsie Harwood at the studio of Emil Steinegger was an encouraging musical success. The young lady showed exceptional talent and vindicated her rare mastery of her instrument by a sympathetic rendition of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, the Mozart rondo in A minor, Schumann and Brieg selections as well as others carefully chosen and executed with feeling and great technical skill. A large gathering of Miss Harwood's friends filled the studio and showed their appreciation by numerous gifts of flowers.

### First Sacred Recital on New Organ

The opening recital for the new organ recently erected in the First Congregational Church will be given on Monday evening, May 6, by Dr. H. J. Stewart, assisted by Miss Camille Frank, Miss Elsie Arden and Mr. Samuel D. Mayer, organist of the church. Dr. Stewart's programme is as follows: First Sonata, in F minor, Mendelssohn; Communion in F, Grison; Barcarolle in A, Hofmann; Polonaise in A, Chopin; "In Paradisum," and "Fiat Lux," Dubois; Grand March, Pomp and Circumstance, Elgar. The organ has been built by the Austin Organ Company of Hartford, Conn.

### New Mass to be Repeated

Dr. H. J. Stewart's new mass in D minor, composed for the Easter service at St. Dominic's Church, will be repeated on Sunday, May 5, on the occasion of the

dedication of the new St. Dominic's Church. The mass will be rendered by the regular choir of the church, augmented by a number of extra voices, and accompanied by full orchestra. Soloists: Mrs. B. Apple, Miss Leola S. Stone, Mr. T. C. Elliott and Mr. Harold Pracht. Dr. Stewart has composed a special offertory for the occasion to the words of the Hymn "Coelestis Urbs Jerusalem."

Among the late arrivals at Byron Hot Springs are: C. S. Laumeister, Miss Ethel Laumeister, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Klein, Maxwell McNutt, Mr. and Mrs. Rolla B. Watt, T. H. Goodman, Senator and Mrs. C. N. Belshaw, Senator A. J. Welch, Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. Louis E. Beedy.

### The Vendome Reopened

An event of the highest importance to the beautiful city of San Jose was the opening this week of the Hotel Vendome which has been closed for a year. This hotel is as closely identified with San Jose as the Lick Observatory is with Mount Hamilton, and its influence upon both the social and commercial life of the city is tremendous. And not only was the community eager for its reopening but also many thousands of people who have engaged its hospitality, and especially automobilists whose delight it was to sojourn there on their tours up and down the state. So it was quite fitting that the hotel should be opened with ceremony. It has been remodeled at an expense of \$150,000. While the exterior presents the old familiar aspect, so many are the changes that have been made in the interior that it is not to be recognized. It is more spacious and artistic than ever and the management promises that it will be found that the physical improvements are no greater than those that have been wrought in the general character of the hotel.

Mr. Charles Keilus of the Hub left for the East on a business trip to gather the fall productions for the coming season from noted style exponents.

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# Stage

## Miss Russell's "Puck"

To one who has pored dreamfully over Fuseli's wondrous pictures of faery and drowsed away many a summer's afternoon in dusky woods, peopling the dark recesses with elvish forms and translating the mysterious forest murmurs into spirit voices, to one in short whose brain has been pleasantly haunted by gossamer ghosts and delightfully teased by airy familiars, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" with Miss Annie Russell as Puck comes as the bodying forth of all that imagination has sported with, an exquisite obsession that moves to the music of the faintly-blowing horns of elfland. The play exercises a magic woodcraft which induces that detached unearthly mood that must have laid hold on the lad Shakespeare when he lay (mayhap 'twas on St. John's eve and in that Warwickshire wood where Luce's red deer ran) in a hawthorn brake and summoned from their tree-boles and flower-chalices the merry minions of the fairy queen. The spell of the beautiful stage pictures no less than the influence of a company trained to the last illusion of their parts, but most of all the power shown by Miss Russell herself in the portrayal of a character that has waited for her these many years help to produce this weirdly pleasant effect upon the sympathetic spectator. One hears the vital noises of the wood, glimpses vague shapes among the trees, sees the slow shadows rise and gradually surrendering to the poetry of it all, feels no surprise when fairies dance back and forth, when Oberon comes with all his train and Titania, guarding her Indian boy. Wrapped in the mystery of the forest as in a leafy pall, one is prepared for Puck when he darts into view, treading mid-air with graceful steps and alighting on a tall tree stump to plague a solemn blinking owl amid peal on peal of roguish elfin laughter. Truly this production marks an epoch in one's study of Shakespeare. Never in this city has the role of Puck been so illuminated by acting as this time at the hands of Miss Russell. She has ceased for the nonce to be human and has become Robin Goodfellow, taking on his cunning smile, his mocking laugh, his antic mirth and all his mischievous tricks. The very soul of Hobgoblin seems to have entered into the body of Miss Russell, making her one of the "good people," the pert and nimble spirit of mirth itself. When her acting is judged for the final summing up she can ask nothing better than to be remembered as Puck; if the future holds for her another interpretation equal or superior to this, then her name must be enrolled with the greatest. Her reading of the rhymed and blank verse that alternates throughout the play is all that could be asked; infinitely more, apparently, than can be asked of her company for none of them, none of the men more especially, gets more than the occasional music and strength of the Shakespearian medium. Why these men cannot apply the same methods of restraint to a "A Midsummer Night's Dream" that they would to a modern play is beyond explanation. Miss Russell, it goes without saying, shows no trace of the old-school vices of Shakespearian acting, neither do the women who accompany her; but

the men affect the "Ercles" vein, they will not be natural. But these are tiny moles in the moonbeam that dances through the wood outside of Athens where all of Puck's roguish tricks were played. They hardly jar in the harmony of the whole and if they begin to offend the ear there is a sudden peal of as wonderful laughter as was ever heard in or out of fairyland to lull irritation. That laughter is more potent to elevate the stage than all the lecture tours Miss Russell plans to make when she has tired of Puck's brown weeds. Oh that she might never tire of them!

—Edward F. O'Day.

## "Christoforus" in Berkeley

The first American hearing of Rheinberger's "Christoforus" occurred at the Greek Theatre on Thursday afternoon of last week. The University Orchestra, in conjunction with a chorus of some two hundred and fifty men and women students put forth their best efforts in an endeavor to give a worthy performance of this beautiful modern oratoris, and five soloists, Mesdames Northrup and McMurray, sopranos; Mrs. Blanchard, contralto; Mr. Onslow, tenor, and Mr. Carrington, baritone, lent additional interest to the ensemble. The text of "Christoforus," by von Hoffnass, relates poetically the aspirations toward a high life of a warrior whose religious zeal encounters many obstacles but finally attains its goal through the revelations of a hermit, and the various dramatic episodes are given most consistent musical settings by Rheinberger. A particularly fine number was the trio for women's voices and it was delightfully sung. Mr. Carrington's voice, while of agreeable calibre, lacked the color and dramatic intensity that the role of the Giant suggests. Neither was Mr. Onslow's tenor fully equal to the requirements of the score. But the excellent singing of Mrs. Northrup and Mrs. Blanchard made ample atonement for these shortcomings, and the blending of orchestra and chorus was on the whole very satisfactory. The University is doing good work in undertaking and carrying to a successful issue the painstaking and conscientious preparations that such performances entail.

Spend some time—as much as you can—this summer, at Aetna Springs (Napa Co., Cal.) Season opens May 15. Write for particulars.

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Dick Hunt with his quartet is giving concerts every evening between 10:30 and 12:30 at The Severn, 1050 Geary street, below Van Ness.

**"Zira" for the Alcazar**

The Alcazar company will appear next week in "Zira," the emotional drama in which Margaret Anglin created something of a sensation. It was not until Miss Anglin appeared in "Zira" that she was taken seriously as an emotional actress. Her first great triumph in the play was achieved in this city, after which she produced the piece in New York where she was given great praise for her performance. "Zira" is a distinctly actor-play. It was written by an actor and is instinct with theatricism. The climaxes are all nicely arranged and the play abounds in thrills. But the story is one that grips and tugs the heart strings and evokes the profound sympathies of the audience. The members of the Alcazar company should revel in the emotions of this drama.

**"My Jack" at the American**

"Sporting Life," the great English sporting drama, had a very successful week at the American Theatre this week. It was the first offering of the four weeks' dramatic season which was inaugurated at this house at special summer prices last Monday night. "My



MARIE MERLE

At the New Alcazar Theatre

Jack" is announced for the coming week. This is another of the big English and American long-run successes, and it will have its presentation here at the hands of the same capable stock company which so successfully interpreted "Sporting Life." It has nine complete scenes all of exceptional artistic beauty, in-

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## Wednesday Evening

May 1



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cluding the deck of a British warship, an encampment in the Soudan, the African desert, and the peaceful and quaint village of Falmouth, England. The scenes are full of heart interest and thrilling episodes. Walter Sanford will play the part of "My Jack" and the

Graves Jr. and all of the other favorites. Orral Humphreys, who has been on tour with the Creston Clarke Company, will rejoin the Colonial Stock Company, and his return will be welcomed by his many admirers, as his conscientious and able work has won for him a warm spot in the hearts of the patrons of the Colonial. The elegantly staged and well acted drama "La Belle Russe" is proving a big drawing card this week. The Belasco play will be presented for the last time Sunday night, with Saturday and Sunday matinees.

#### Leslie Carter Coming

The San Francisco Opera Company has been giving delightful performances of "Robin Hood" at the Novelty Theatre. The opera will be withdrawn after Sunday night's performance, and will be followed by that colorful and melodious musical comedy, "Fantana," with which the opera company will close its engagement next week. Mrs. Leslie Carter, who is now en route to this city, will open an engagement at the Novelty on the night of Monday, May 13, in "Du Barry," one of the most stirring of the Belasco dramas, and one in which she scored her greatest triumph.



ANNIE RUSSELL

As Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Van Ness Theatre.

other leading roles will be taken by Miss Laura Hudson, Miss Maud Lita, and Mr. Griffith Wray. "My Jack" will run for one week only.

#### "On 'Change" at Colonial

"On 'Change," a farce in three acts newly adapted from the German of Van Moser, which was played with great success by the Augustin Daly Company under the title of "The Big Bonanza," will be produced at the Colonial Theatre on Monday evening, May 6. It is one of the funniest farces dealing with the ups and downs of the stock market that has ever been staged. Daly thought it worthy an all-star cast, which included John Drew, Ada Rehan, James Lewis, Otis Skinner, Isabel Irving, Joseph Holland and Mrs. Gilbert. In the mild Professor Seneca Pickering Peck, the man who attempts to "bull the market," Frank Bacon has a character admirably suited to his dry humor and droll demeanor, and he will no doubt score a great hit in the part. The "Bear" of the stock exchange will be portrayed by that versatile character actor, A. Burt Wesner. The full strength of the company will be seen in the cast, including Izetta Jewell, Maud Odelle, Effie Bond, Jane Jeffery, Orral Humphreys, Walker



MERRY LILLIAN SHAW

Vocal Dialect Comedienne Who Will Appear at The Orpheum Sunday Matinee, May 5th.



**Bogart at Idora**

Messrs. Bishop and Greenbaum have another treat in store for the patrons of Idora Park. Hearing that Andrew Bogart had returned from the East where he has won many laurels, they sought him out and engaged him for the tenor role of Victor Herbert's "The Fortune Teller," which will be given a fine production next Monday night. Bogart will lure many an old admirer across the bay and he will doubtless receive a very enthusiastic welcome home. Another new acquisition of the Idora company is Mr. Oliver Reece, an Australian basso who recently closed a concert tour of Canada. The Herbert opera will be followed by a grand revival of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," with Arthur Cunningham in the role which he made famous by his singing of "My Own United States."

**Orpheum's New Bill**

Next week's Orpheum bill will be headed by Foy and Clark, who are favorably remembered though many years have elapsed since their last visit. In their latest success "Under the Sea," both Miss Clark and

Mr. Foy have splendid opportunities for the display of their comedic talents. Charles Leonard Fletcher will present a series of character studies and impersonations taken from the works of popular novelists and dramatists. Merry Lillian Shaw, vocal dialect comedienne, and the Durand trio, high class Italian character vocalists, are among the other new people. It will be the last week of the Max Tourbillon Troupe, the Kremba brothers and Elizabeth Murray. The Fadettes will also close their engagement of four weeks and one of their selections will be "A Day at the Circus," which excited much interest during their former engagement. There will also be new motion pictures.

**Henrietta Crosman's Engagement**

On Monday, May 13, Henrietta Crosman will begin an engagement of two weeks at the Van Ness, during which time she is to make her appearance in two plays entirely new to this city. Her engagement will open with the comedy called "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," and during the second week the new comedy-drama "The Almighty Dollar" will be staged. Miss Crosman has

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Frank Bacon as Professor Peck.

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The Sensational Kirby Flying Fairy Ballet.

May 13: Henrietta Crosman in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy."

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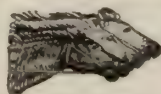
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### CIRCLES

By Mabel Porter Pitts

Were it sorrow too great for pretensions to hide,  
Were it thoughts and desires that in embryo died  
Or the kiss that was lure to the sepulchers where  
Rise the ghosts of dead lips in demand of their share,  
Were it work of the tongue, were it work of the pen,  
Round and round, in and out, you must live it again.

Round and round, in and out, through the ways that  
were vain,

To the highway of doubt and the temple of pain;  
Round and round, in and out, you will not kneel alone  
Where the gray ashes lie on the sacrifice stone  
For the heart of man clings to the graves of the past,  
And the dregs, says the proverb, hang in to the last.

### TRUISMS AND PARADOXES MISS-PRINTED

When an old man marries a miss, he marries amiss,  
is mismated.

When a young man's miss-managed, he's misman-  
aged.

When a man (young or old) places his confidence  
in a miss, his confidence is misplaced.

He who marries amiss is a misogamist.

When a miss likes a man, she dislikes him.

When a man's luck's a miss, it's misluck.

When a mother gives a miss, she misgives her.

Men are forever being miss-judged.

Miss-information is misinformation; ditto,—instruc-  
tion,—interpretation,—representation,—rule, etc.

When a miss is a chief she's the mischief. A miss is  
the chief mischief anyway.

Misses make the greatest hits.

Were misses no more, we'd miss them.

### AUTOMOBILE NOTES

San Francisco society celebrated the first anniver-  
sary of the big quake with the greatest charity ball  
ever held on the coast. The automobile committee, of  
which Miss Adelaide Pollock was chairman, realized  
\$4,500 from the sale of tickets on a Winton Type X-I-V,  
which was won by David Rich.

Mr. A. D. Nash's 70 H. P. Thomas "Flyer" Runa-  
bout, the first to come to this coast, arrived here on  
Monday, and Mr. Nash, in company with Mr. H. T.  
Kutzkau of Tonopah will drive the car down to Los  
Angeles, leaving this city on Thursday. They will  
spend a week in Los Angeles during the Shriners'  
celebration and then drive the car through to Tonopah,  
where Mr. Nash will use it in visiting the different  
mining camps.

Mr. R. H. Smilie, in company with Mr. Noyes of  
Berkeley, drove his 60 H. P. Thomas "Flyer" Touring  
Car to Santa Cruz and return on Sunday last and  
reports a most enjoyable trip without any mishap  
whatsoever.

## MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

### Maytime Flowers

are not more welcome, after  
Winter's cold and snows, than  
is **Mennen's Borated Tal-  
cum Powder** to the tender  
raw skin, roughened by the  
wind of early Spring, of the  
woman who values a **good**  
complexion, and to the man  
who shaves. In the nursery  
Mennen's **comes first**—the  
purest and safest of healing  
and soothing toilet powders.

Put up in **non-refillable**  
**boxes**, for your protection. If  
Mennen's face is on the cover,  
it's **genuine** and a guarantee  
of purity. Delightful after  
shaving. Sold everywhere, or  
by mail 25 cents.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs  
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Sample Free

**Gerhard Mennen Co.**  
Newark, N. J.



Try Mennen's **Vio-  
let (Borated) Tal-  
cum Powder**. It has  
the scent of fresh  
cut Parma Violets.



## Tait's Pompeian Garden NOW OPEN

*Vocal and Instrumental Concerts Daily*  
**AFTERNOON AND EVENING**

## SOLARI'S GRILL

**C. M. SOLARI, Prop.**

Formerly of The Palace Hotel

**911 Ellis Street, Near Van Ness Avenue**

## Old Poodle Dog Hotel and Restaurant NOW OPEN

The appointments of our new establishment are com-  
plete and in every sense what is expected to-day of the  
oldest and best known French Restaurant in the world.

Formerly at Bush St., Cor. Grant Ave., now at

**824-826 Eddy Street, near Van Ness**

Phone for reserve, **EMERGENCY 63**

## JULES' RESTAURANT

**NOW OPEN**

**At 326 BUSH STREET**

Bet. Kearny & Montgomery

Phone Temporary 1812

**OPEN EVENINGS, INCLUDING SUNDAY**

**Music Sundays**

**DINNER**

With  $\frac{1}{4}$  Bottle of Wine, 75c.

**DINNER, SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS**

With  $\frac{1}{4}$  Bottle of Wine, \$1.00

### The Key Route Inn

On the seventh of May Oakland will have a new first class hotel, embodying features not found in any other hostelry on either side of the bay. This is the Key Route Inn, so called because it is situated at the Broadway and Twenty-second street terminus of the Key Route and also because it is built with an arcade into which the electric Key Route trains will glide every twenty minutes. This arcade is so constructed that no noise from the trains can disturb the hotel guests at any time and the constant stream of people from the frequent trains will be quite a source of interest as they lounge in the lobby about the big fireplace. All the most modern conveniences of a big caravansary are provided, including writing rooms for ladies, billiard rooms, great halls and rooms which are all well lighted, opening either on the outside or on the wide inner court. The Key Route Inn is to be managed by N. S. Mullan, for five years prior to the fire assistant manager of the Palace Hotel in this city. Mr. Mullan has secured a large part of the old Palace working force and will duplicate in many particulars the service at that world-renowned hostelry. Quick train service and long distance telephones in all the rooms connect the Inn with San Francisco and other nearby places as closely as could be desired. Steam heat and a sanitary compressed air cleaning plant are other features which recommend this new hotel. The furnishings will be on a sumptuous scale and large and carefully kept flower beds and lawns will add to the exterior attractiveness of the place.

### Improvements at Paraiso

Having just acquired ownership of the "Carlsbad of America," as the Paraiso Springs are popularly known, H. H. McGowan, formerly of Seigler Springs, is planning great improvements for this attractive resort. The Paraiso Springs are in Monterey county, seven miles by stage from Soledad, at an altitude of 1400 feet. There are arsenic, soda and sulphur springs and a corps of skilled physicians and masseurs add to the value of the treatment. Mr. McGowan intends to erect more cottages and has let contracts for other changes which will materially increase the attractiveness of this health resort.

### Improvements at Santa Cruz

When the plans of the Santa Cruz Beach Company are completed under the supervision of Fred W. Swanton one part of the State will have acquired a distinctive watering place to compete with those in Southern California. The new Casino is estimated to cost \$225,000, while the bathing pavilion will represent an outlay of \$175,000. There are over one hundred and twenty-five miles of wiring in the Casino alone, while twenty-two thousand electric lights will be used to illuminate the two buildings. Those who care for statistics will be interested to know that over four million feet of lumber have been used in these structures. The largest individual order for varnishes which has ever been placed is being used in this work. The total investment in Cottage City, Casino and Bathing Pavilion is \$510,000.

Mr. B. W. Bartley last week purchased from the Pioneer Automobile Company a Model "M" Winton Touring Car to be used in the rent service in San Jose.

## A Familiar Question

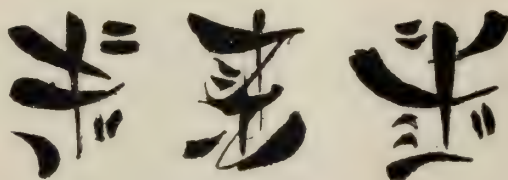
*"Where Shall We Go to Lunch?"*

*Those who know answer*

*"The Hotel St. Francis  
Grill Room*

*On Union Square*

*It's excellent."*



*We have the largest collection of  
real Chinese Jade Jewelry in the  
world. Mounted in Pure Gold.*

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NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS AT

**1025 Golden Gate Avenue**

(Bet. Laguna and Buchanan)

First class in every respect. Regular lunch, 75c; Dinner week days, including wine, \$1; or a la carte, popular price.



## Letters

### "Brenda Ward"

This is a continuation of the history of Brenda, whose school life, club work and settlement interest have been detailed in previous volumes. Brenda being now married and settled in Boston has taken into her home Martine, the young Chicago heiress whose adventures enlivened "Amy in Arcadia." Martine, whose mother was an invalid, was to have attended a Boston school, but at the last moment all the plans for her domiciliation were upset, so she came to be an inmate of Brenda's apartment. The house mistress, however, was called to California, and some retrenchments in the Stratford menage, together with the absence of the father, put the Stratfords in possession. They had some amusing and annoying experiences with a very up-to-date maid, Angelina Rosa, with stage aspirations and other follies buzzing in her brains, though she had the redeeming virtue of not minding hard work when she had credit for her accomplishment of it. There is a good deal of local New England history introduced, as the girls, who are all natural and most of them pleasant companions, make little journeys here and there, and Martine has an admirable opportunity to test the value of friendship which is based on income. The story will be welcomed by the larger girls, from fifteen years upwards. Published by Little, Brown and Co.

### "The Mystery"

It is difficult to give any inkling of what "The Mystery" means without telling too much. As the title indicates, it is a story the interest of which depends largely on postponing the denouement until the last word, and in this particular instance, only half the mystery is solved then, since the only survivors of the ill-fated enterprise were themselves in the dark. The Wolverine, a vessel of the United States navy, was sent to cruise in a desert part of the Pacific, ostensibly to destroy derelicts, but also to keep watch for the reappearance of a schooner which had sailed some two years before from San Francisco on some secret enterprise, carrying an eminent German scientist, his trusted assistant, and apparatus of which nothing could be learned except that the professor was most cautious about the chest in which it was stored. The Wolverine was successful in her mission, as far as the discovery of the "Laughing Lass" was concerned, but the mystery of her mission was deepened by the fact that she was picked up with all sails set, everything in perfect condition, the galley fire not yet cold, but with not a trace of life on board. There was no evidence of disaster or panic, and though there had been unexplained electrical phenomena, she was not connected with the manifestations in any way that the officers of the Wolverine could suggest. A crew was put in charge of her, but within twenty-four hours she was again encountered, as before, deserted with apparently no reason. On the next day there was picked up a dory containing the dead body of one of the seamen and a stranger, alive but exhausted. The mystery of the schooner and the missing men is cleared up, but not the scientific quest on which she sailed, chartered by the German professor. The characters, besides the officers and men of the Wolverine consist of a piratical captain and owner of the schooner and as cut-throat a crew as ever unfurled the Jolly Roger; an adventurous newspaper correspondent who shipped as mate on the Lass in search of a good "story," and the eminent German scientist and his assistant, who probed the mysteries of nature, succeeded in their quest and were about to return to civilization with the results of their investigations when the avaricious credulity of the pirate gang interposed. "The Mystery" is a story of absorbing interest. It simply will not let itself be taken up in installments but must be

## FADS FREAKS FANCIES FLASHES

HAVE THEIR BRIEF DAY  
THEN FALL BY THE WAY, BUT



## HUNTER RYE

WAS FIRMLY FOUNDED ON THE  
ROCK OF REPUTATION AND PUB-  
LIC FAVOR MORE THAN FIFTY  
YEARS AGO AND IS TO-DAY THE  
MOST POPULAR WHISKEY ON  
THE AMERICAN CONTINENT

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finished at a sitting. It will prove a sad disappointment for that class whose sole concern is whether She will eventually get Him, since there is not even the casual mention of a woman from beginning to end, but for those who are not concerned with sentimentalizing, and who are not Missourian enough to need a diagram and working model, but who can let their imagination supplement proved facts, it will be appreciated. "The Mystery" is a collaboration of Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams. Mr. White is at home in "the silent places" of the earth, and whether he is describing a journey through mid air, in which he clings to a precipitate mountainside with the assistance of a favorable breeze, or writing a novel of life in the open, he is sure of an appreciative audience. Mr. Adams is less well known in the field of fiction than his collaborator. No doubt the scientists will find fault with "The Mystery" on one ground and the romantic lovers on another, while the educators will tear it to tatters for a score of faults according to their views, but the readers, the people who do not read novels for science, nor care for disguised tracts, nor believe that the one occupation of the human race is falling in love, but take up light literature for enjoyment, will find it to their liking. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co. —The Bookworm.

## The San Francisco That Was

(Continued from Page 8.)

artist or two. Of the many things that go to the building up of a veritable Bohemia, she had all except the works of genius necessary to justify its existence.

Money she loved well, but man better. A penniless poet might have pillowed on her bosom, a merchant prince on the outer door-mat the while, had the poet only been forthcoming, and she known him for such. Intended for romance, she might well have given birth to a Don Quixote. Instead, she gave birth to an Abe Ruef. The fault her day's, not hers.

Her air of childlike innocence she never quite lost, her prototype being that anomaly, the strange woman whose soul seems, not only never to have given its consent to the misdeeds of the body, but even to be unaware of their very existence, they having been done, as it were, in the soul's absence.

Though she wore furs in midsummer, and diamonds at noonday, and dressed as for a festival, to do her marketing, and denied herself nothing, she had taste withal, had my poor' dead gille de joie, and heart enough to house mankind.

Such the San Francisco that was, my San Francisco, now with God. Her end became her. Better thus to die than inch by inch of that most insidious of modern diseases, Progress.

They tell me that she is not dead at all. It is true, they say, that she was very sick awhile back, but she is better now, and soon will be her old self again. They lie. She is dead—gone hence, at least. Myself saw her being translated, as was the prophet of old, in a chariot of fire. Why do they say of a stranger, "This is she!"? To save my reason, forsooth? Do they think thus to deceive me who, were I indeed gone mad with grief, would yet know her at a glance. Foolish as false. But hold! Perhaps the poor things deceive themselves. 'Tis they, not I—What if they had seen me tap my forehead then! Humor them, that's the thing to do. Why, gentlemen, of course, it is she, our dear San Francisco, and looking so well, too. I surely must have been dreaming! Dead! Well, if that's not one on me! Come, let's uncork a bottle of '49 to drink her health in.

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EXCELLENCE UNSURPASSED

GREEN  
AND  
YELLOW



GREEN  
AND  
YELLOW

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People of Refinement and Wine Intelligence ask  
for and drink

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Treat yourselves kindly and ask for "Blue Top"

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Oakland, Cal.

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### Importer of Fine Millinery

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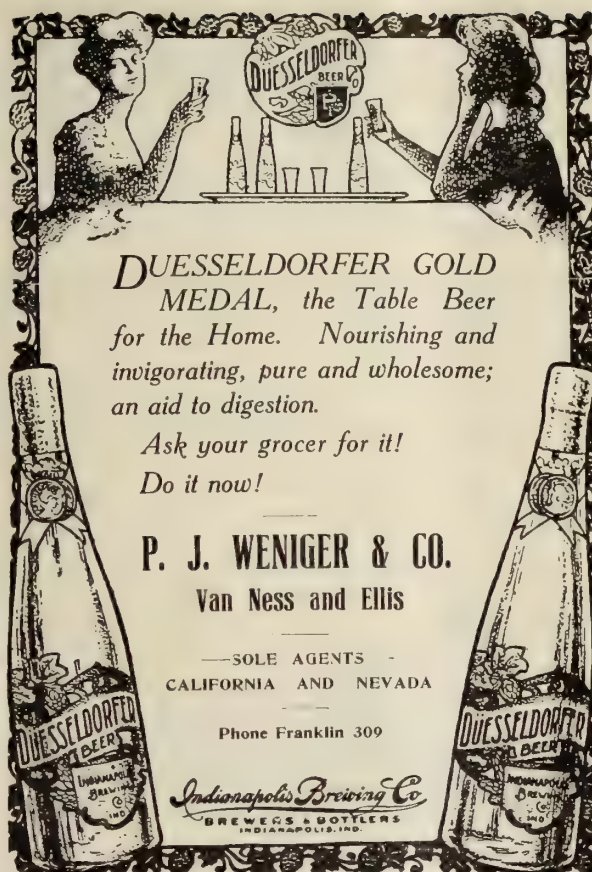


## San Francisco's First Masonic Funeral

(Continued from Page 9.)

In removing the garments from his body, the Trowel presented itself, with all the other working tools of operative Masonry, besides all the emblems peculiar to the degree of Master Mason. Conspicuously on his breast were the Great Lights of Masonry. Over his heart was the Pot of Incense. On other parts of his person were the Bee-Hive; the Book of Constitutions, guarded by the Tyler's Sword, the Sword pointing to a naked Heart; the All-Seeing Eye; the Anchor and Ark; the Hour-Glass; the Scythe; the forty-seventh problem of Euclid; the Sun, Moon, Stars, and a Comet; the Three Steps, Emblematical of Youth, Manhood, and Age. Admirably executed was the weeping Virgin, reclining on a broken column, upon which lay the Book of Constitutions. In her left hand she held the Pot of Incense, the Masonic emblem of a pure heart, and in her uplifted right hand a sprig of acacia, the beautiful emblem of the immortality of the soul. Immediately behind her stood winged Time, with his scythe by his side, "which cuts the brittle thread of life," and the Hour-Glass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that "our lives are drawing to a close." The withered and attenuated fingers of the Destroyer were delicately placed amid the long and gracefully flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner. Thus were the striking emblems of mortality and immortality beautifully blended in one pictorial representation. It was a spectacle such as Masons never saw before, and, in all probability, such as the Fraternity may never witness again.

In the mean time the sun was rising in the East. The smoke of a thousand tents was now ascending from the surrounding hills and valleys, which plainly told that the hardy pioneers were busy preparing their morning repast. The flags of different nations were waving from the masts of the immigrant ships that were anchored in the bay, and sounds of sweet music in the distance fell faintly on the ear. There was a solemnity and tranquility all around peculiarly befitting the occasion. The news soon spread from tent to tent, and crowds hurried to the spot where the body was exposed. No one, however, could identify him. A perfect mystery hung over the stranger, and still hangs over his memory. His history may never be known. It mattered very little to the Masons who were present from what country or clime he came, or in what language he spoke while living. It was enough for them to know that he was a man and a Mason to secure him a decent interment. The body was laid in a rude but substantial coffin, and borne in silence to the brow of a neighboring hill where it was buried with becoming honors. The mourners stood around his grave, each one wearing a white apron, which from time immemorial has been "the emblem of innocence and the badge of a Mason." There were eyes bedewed with tears that were unused to weep. The occasion was as solemn as it was extraordinary. In the entire absence of all empty pomp and ostentation, there were the manly and undisguised feelings of Masons, moved to a touching extent over the humble grave of an unfortunate brother. The funeral service was impressively read by Lieutenant-Colonel J. North. The brethren severally dropped a sprig of evergreen upon the coffin, and, after an appropriate prayer, the dust of Happy Valley forever covered the mortal remains of the mysterious stranger whose body was so beautifully embellished with Masonic emblems.



**DUESSELDORFER GOLD MEDAL**, the Table Beer for the Home. Nourishing and invigorating, pure and wholesome; an aid to digestion.

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Do it now!

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**BELFAST**  
**GINGER ALE**

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54 and 56 Pine Street, San Francisco

## The Cafe Bristol Grill Room

Is headquarters for men who demand and appreciate the best there is to eat and drink. Popular prices always. Entire basement H. W. Hellman Building, Fourth and Spring streets, Los Angeles.





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OPENS MAY 15TH

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MORGAN ROSS, Manager  
Coronado Beach, California  
H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent,  
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles.



## HOTEL BON AIR

Located in the heart of **Ross Valley**. 45 minutes from San Francisco. Ideal home for business men and families. Terms reasonable. Address  
STRASSBURGER & PARKER,  
P. O., Larkspur, Cal.

## THE KENILWORTH

Mill Valley, 50 minutes from San Francisco. Superior accommodations. French chef.

W. J. GRUSS, Proprietor

## BYRON HOT SPRINGS



The waters cure rheumatism—the environment is perfect—the hotel comfortable and supplied with an unexcelled table. See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, ground floor, James Flood Bldg., Peck Judah Co., 789 Market St., or address hotel.

## PACIFIC GROVE HOTEL

Formerly El Carmelo

JUST THE PLACE TO REST, Down Among the Pines, by the Sea, Close to the Presidio Army Post and Old Monterey, at

PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA

A Quiet, Exclusive Resort, with Every Comfort, at Most Reasonable Rates. You can readily go to San Francisco from here, but make your headquarters here, amid most healthful surroundings. Through Parlor Car from Los Angeles and San Francisco daily. For further information address **GEO. H. CORDY**, Manager Pacific Grove Hotel, Pacific Grove, or **C. W. KELLEY**, Representative, 789 Market Street, San Francisco.

## SKAGGS

Hot Springs, Sonoma county, only 4½ hours from San Francisco and but 9 miles staging; waters noted for medicinal virtues; best natural hot mineral water bath in State; boating and swimming; good trout streams; telephone, telegraph, daily mail and San Francisco papers. First-class Hotel and Stage Service; morning and afternoon stages; round trip from San Francisco \$5.10. Take Tiburon ferry daily 7:30 a. m. or 3:30 p. m. Rates \$2.00 a day or \$12 a week. References: Any guest of the past twelve years. Information at Bryan's Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street, Peck-Judah Bureau, 789 Market street, or of **J. F. MULGREW**, Skaggs, Cal.

## VILLA FONTENAY

First Class Summer and Winter Resort in the  
SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

A Modern Resort with Every Accommodation for Rest and Pleasure. Terms, \$10.00 per week up. Free Conveyance. Address for reservation

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## THE ANGELUS

**LOOMIS BROS.**, Proprietors

The most elegantly and luxuriously furnished hotel of its size in the United States. Now under new management. American and European plan.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



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Our representative, at 789 Market street, phone Temporary 2751, will show you floor plans, secure your transportation and attend to other details of travel. Reduced round trip rates good for thirty days.

## SODA BAY SPRINGS

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

Situated on the picturesque shore of Clear Lake. Season opens May 1st. Finest of boating, bathing, hunting and fishing; unsurpassed accommodations; new launch, accommodating 40 people, built expressly for the use of guests and excursions. Terms \$2 per day, \$12 per week; special rates to families. Take Tiburon Ferry, 7:40 a. m.; thence by rail to Hopland; then stage or automobile direct to Springs. Round trip, good for six months, \$9. Further information, address Managers, MARSHALL BERD and AGNES BELL RHOADS, Soda Bay Springs, Lake County, Cal., via Kelseyville Post-office.

## PARAISO HOT SPRINGS

California's most famous Health and Pleasure Resort, under new ownership and management. Natural Hot Soda and Sulphur Baths and wonderful Mineral Waters are a positive cure for Rheumatism, Malaria, Liver, Kidney and all Stomach Troubles. Elevation, 1,400 feet. Address **H. H. McGOWAN, Owner and Manager, Paraiso, Monterey Co., Cal.**

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California's famous mountain spa, only 50 miles from San Francisco. The nearest watering place and summer resort to the city. 1,000 feet elevation, overlooking for 25 miles the beautiful Napa Valley. Good hotel accommodations. New skating rink installed this season. Open all the year round. Summer season opened April 1st. Terms on application to JOHN JACOB, Napa Soda Springs, Napa County, California.

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This is the season to take your family to Hotel Del Monte by the sea, near Monterey, and enjoy every comfort. There is plenty of room there and plenty to do for recreation and health. Parlor car leaves San Francisco 8:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m., daily, direct to Hotel. Special reduced round-trip rates. Remember you can easily transact business in San Francisco and live at Del Monte. For details, inquire Information Bureau, Southern Pacific, or of C. W. Kelley, Special Representative of Del Monte, 789 Market street, San Francisco. Phone Temporary 2751.

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Medical Springs

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## Witter Springs Hotel

Open Entire Year

Magnificent in its costliness, its beauty and completeness. Witter Springs Hotel is open during the entire year. No other resort hotel to equal it in the West. Reservations for the season should be made now.

Main Office of the Hotel Removed to  
647 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco  
Call or write for booklets or general information.

Witter Water Cures Liver Complaints

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Delightfully located in the redwoods, five miles from Santa Cruz; spring water; fruit; milk; excellent table; daily mail; telephone Suburban 87; free conveyance; \$7 per week. MRS. M. J. CRANDELL, Santa Cruz.

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Send your family to the nearest Hot Sulphur Springs to San Francisco. First-class accommodations. Special rates to families. No staging. Four trains daily. Fare round trip \$1.65. Tiburon ferry or Oakland; two hours' ride. Address THEODOR RICHARDS, Agua Caliente, Sonoma county, California.

## WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

Close to St. Helena. The Main Sulphur Springs lost by quake returned stronger and larger. The Ideal Spot for your summer vacation. For particulars address MR. and MRS. JOHN SANFORD, St. Helena.

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A fine health, fishing and hunting resort. For particulars apply to PECK JUDAH CO., 789 Market street, or S. P. INFORMATION BUREAU, ground floor Flood Bldg., or write EDSON BROS., Beswick, Siskiyou County, Cal.

## YOSEMITE

SENTINEL HOTEL  
Opens April 1st

CAMP YOSEMITE  
Opens May 10th

For information regarding rates, etc., address  
**J. B. COOK, Prop.,**  
Yosemite, Cal.

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World's most beautiful playground

Never a Dull Moment

Summer Season opened May 1st

Grand Opening of New Casino and Bathing Pavilion announced later

### Mark West Warm Springs

Sonoma County. Only 3½ hours from S. F., and but 7 miles staging. Meet trains of N. W. Pacific at Fulton, both morning and evening. Round trip only \$3.75. New ownership and permanent first-class management. Nine mineral springs and superb boating and swimming. Hotel veranda and driveway covered by a wild grape vine arbor that is 40 by 160 feet. "The prettiest place in California" is the verdict of thousands. Terms, \$2 a day or \$12 a week. Information at Bryan's Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street; Peck-Judah Bureau, 789 Market street, or address MARK WEST CO., Fulton, Cal. Now open for guests.

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A delightful place to enjoy a comfortable home in the country. 10 minutes from S. P. Railway depot, on direct line of trolley car. Extensive grounds. Splendid roads. Excellent table and restful environment. Address for information E. TEBBETTS.

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15 kinds of Mineral Water and Baths; Bowling Alleys, Croquet, Marine Toboggan, Livery; the best paid Orchestras in the State; first-class table; dining-room seating 300; New Gasoline Launch on Lake.

Address EDGAR DURNAN, Proprietor, Laurel Dell, Lake County, Cal. (also proprietor La Trianon Hotel.)

## RANCHELLA

An ideal home in the Santa Cruz Mountains, surrounded by beautiful grounds, five miles from Santa Cruz, in the Redwood belt. Beautiful drives, good trout fishing. Telephone, gas. \$9 to \$10. Address MRS. E. H. BUNTING, R. F. D. 87, Santa Cruz, Cal.

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Located at base of Duncans Peak, 2 miles from Hopland. Mineral Waters, Magnesia, Soda, Iron, Sulphur and Borax. Every comfort and convenience. Opens May 15. Rates, \$11.00 per week up. Write for particulars to HOWELL BROS., Hopland, Mendocino County, Cal.

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Stages for Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell, Saratoga Springs, Witter Springs, Upper Lake Pomo, Potter Valley. John Day's Riverside, Jerry Lierly's, Bucknell's, Hullville, San Hedrino, and Vichy Springs. W. H. MILLER, Proprietor. Phone Main 45.

## Sea Beach Hotel SANTA CRUZ

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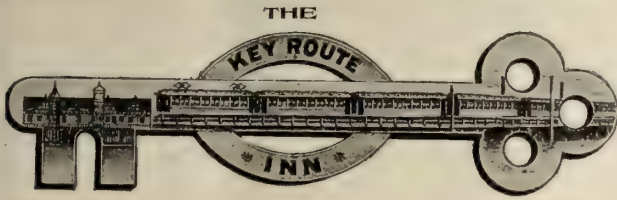
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## The Shadow of Good Fortune

(Continued from Page 10.)

tracing idle patterns on the blotting-pad before him. He thought of the poor mountain village where he was born, and which he had left seven years ago to come down to Palatz and find favor in the eyes of the greatest merchant in the place, and marry his only daughter, and succeed, in due course, to all his riches. Jovanovich sighed as he thought, so perhaps he did not find the contemplation of his success altogether satisfactory. It was spring, and the soft air blowing through the open window seemed to blow from the blue hills of his home. He remembered the sighing pines, and the cool white foam of the waterfall by which he had walked with the popadia's (priest's wife) pretty niece in those far off days. His wife had brought him riches and success, but he had loved one curl on the black head of the popadia's niece better than he had loved the whole body of the rich merchant's daughter. Now that his wife was dead he was a lonely man in the house where his father-in-law had lived. Perhaps it was for this reason that he had set himself to build a new and more splendid house, which should be all his own, and hold no memory of the woman who had bought him—perhaps it pleased him this morning to remember that at the corner of the market-place the walls of his new home were already rising fast. There was a tap at the door, and Bora Jovanovich roused himself abruptly from the dream into which he had fallen. A workman in a greasy blouse answered his invitation to enter, and then stood tongue-tied in the door-way regarding the great man of Palatz with a frightened eye.

"The house—" he stammered at last.

Bora Jovanovich laid down his pen.

"What has happened to it?"

"It's no fault of ours," the man said sullenly. "Yesterday it was the same—half our day's work undone. And today the wall is down again. We do not understand it."

"Who pulls the wall down?"

"How should we know?" The man's tone was half fierce, half frightened. "Someone comes—at night—and pulls down half of what we do by day."

Bora Jovanovich sat silent, looking at the workman at the door; and the same thought was in the minds of both. No one in Palatz—that is to say, no one merely human—would care to interfere with the rich man's house.

"You had better keep watch," Jovanovich said.

The man shifted his weight from one foot to the other. The prospect of keeping watch did not seem to appeal to him.

"You need not trouble," Bora Jovanovich said, with a touch of scorn. He was clever enough to know that it is best not to give orders when you are certain they will not be obeyed.

But that night, when the house was asleep, he muffled himself in a cloak and slipped out and made his way to the market-place. It was a dark night, for heavy clouds came and went before a pale moon. Palatz was asleep; and Bora Jovanovich groped his way down into the foundations of his new house and sat there waiting, wrapped to the ears in his cloak.

He waited a long time and at last fell asleep and dreamed that he was roaming the forests of his home, with the popadia's pretty niece beside him; but she wept all the time, and the great tears ran down her

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face and fell on the pine-needles, and he tried in vain to comfort her.

He woke with a start, shivering. The dew was cold on his hands. He thought of the tears of the popadia's niece. He heard her crying still—or—no, the crying was no dream. In the darkness he heard a voice which murmured "Sava! Oh, Sava, stay with me!" He heard the sobbing of a woman, and it seemed to him that he knew the sound.

The moon came from behind a cloud and flung a doubtful light around. Close to him a woman knelt, trying to pull down the wall with torn and bleeding fingers. Her black hair fell curling on her shoulders as once, long ago, the hair of the popadia's niece had curled in the little mountain village where he was born.

Bora Jovanovich went and stood beside the kneeling figure. It looked up at him. In the moonlight he saw the great tears rolling down its face.

"Militsa!"

She did not pause from her labor, but tore still at the resisting bricks. He saw the blood running down her fingers as the tears ran down her face. Her voice rose to a pious cry.

"Oh, Bora, save him—save Sava! They have built his shadow into the walls, and unless I give it back to him he will die. And, since you went away, I have nothing else. Sava, Sava—help me to save Sava!"

Bora Jovanovich looked at her. It was not the cold night air which made him tremble.

"Who is Sava?"

Her black head was bent over the torn fingers which clutched still at the wall. Her voice died to a sob.

"Sava is—all you left me when you went away. Save him—help me to find his shadow in the wall."

Bora Jovanovich said nothing. In silence he knelt down by her side and began, with shaking fingers, to tear down the walls of the new house in which there were to be no memories and no regrets.

### III.

In the fine new house at the corner of the market-place, which is not so very new now, Bora Jovanovich, the richest man in Palatz, lives with his wife, who was once the popadia's niece. Everyone envies them their prosperity; some, it may be, envy them the children who run in and out, laughing, and shaking their black curls in the sun. Nothing but happiness has come to them in the new house. "As lucky as Bora Jovanovich's new house" has become a proverb in Palatz. But it is a proverb which is never quoted in his presence, for Palatz has learned that he does not like it.

For sometimes at night, when the black-haired children are still, Bora Jovanovich and his wife remember another child who does not run in and out with the others. They remember a little shadow which was built into the foundations of their house and upon which their happiness has risen, like a house which human hands did not build. It lies buried still—perhaps in their hearts, perhaps in the walls of the new house on the market-place—the shadow of a living soul, which they remember as the Shadow of Good Fortune.

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SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1907.

TO THE PUBLIC: I had a very severe case of Throat Trouble and general breakdown. Did not sleep or eat for eight days. After trying every remedy I heard of without success, I called on Dr. Wong Him, 1268 O'Farrell street, who by feeling my pulse correctly diagnosed my case. His remedies gave me immediate relief. Cannot say too much in favor of his teas.

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# TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 767

San Francisco, May 11, 1907

Price, 10 Cents



MRS. LESLIE CARTER

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# TOWN TALK

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## Observations Suggested By a Revelation

"Nature," says the Examiner, "when she laid the foundation of what is now America, decreed that this should be forever the home of the most favored nation." This is an utterance that will probably be accepted by the credulous plain people as significant of God's choice of Mr. Hearst's paper as the official organ of heaven. It was by similar divine revelation that the Chosen People of old learned through the inspired prophets that Babylon was to be taken by Cyrus and that Jerusalem was to be miraculously delivered under Hezekiah. But as there were septs in the days of Isaiah, so now will there be found people to flout the inspired vaticinations of the young men of Mr. Hearst's staff. We shall not be astonished to hear somebody suggest that this asseveration of the proud destiny of America is an expression of that odious Yankee spirit of brag which is regarded as typical of Americans, which foreigners find disgusting, and which has often driven our friends to despair. Indeed we shall expect some homiletical person to seize this somewhat belated publication of divine decree as the theme of a scathing disquisition on the self-laudatory passion of Americans. But what care we for the censures of atrabiliar critics. It is our disposition to regard ourselves as the salt of the earth and we don't care who knows it. We must not be expected to change our nature for the purpose of earning applause that we are fully capable of giving ourselves. Recent greatness is like new richness—always sensitive and self-assertive. There is nothing that is more satisfying to it than blatant violence and exaggeration of language, and that is why we are noted for our profligacy of claptrap and laughed at for our government by declamation. And it is not only in the plain people that manifestations of this mania—the typical dementia Americana—are to be encountered. Even our intellectuals are given to forthright Yankee brag. In Bancroft's history much is to be found that has contributed to the gayety of nations but nothing that has been more frequently quoted than the statement that the ascent of American democracy to power, "proceeded as uniformly and majestically as the laws of being and was as certain as the decrees of eternity." Perhaps the explanation

of the enduring quality of this passion may be found in the words of M. Renan relative to our educational system. He said that we had created a considerable popular instruction without any serious higher instruction, and shall long have to expiate this fault by our intellectual mediocrity, our vulgarity of manners, our superficial spirit and our lack of general intelligence. Or perhaps a better hint to the basis of American temperament is to be found in that very Examiner editorial which gives publicity to God's decree. "It is the duty," said the inspired one, "of every American while assailing injustice to keep his faith fixed upon the incomparable bounty and opportunity of this continent." How aptly do these words body forth the sentiment of the times and the spirit of the people! Keep your faith while assailing injustice, says the inspired one, not in Him from whom justice flows, but in the opportunities for getting rich. Let us turn momentarily from this sentiment to a little old-fashioned advice given by Washington in his Farewell Address: "And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion." What has this to do, we may be asked, with the vulgar habit of brag that is characteristic of Americans? Only this: it reminds us that the sentiment of Washington has grown old fashioned; that we do indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion as evidenced by the fact that religion is excluded from popular education, and that as a consequence we have come to magnify the importance of a purely materialistic progress which is all that inspires us to self-laudation. Progress it is true has been made in many things. We are richer, better clothed, better housed and better fed than we were many years ago; our railroads honeycomb the land, we count the increase of our population by millions; the streams of immigration all flow toward us; colleges and churches and schoolhouses dot the landscape; all this is true, but have we made any improvement in our manners? or, have we advanced civilization? or, are we more united? or, is the typical American of today superior to the typical American of Washington's day? If these questions cannot be answered in the affirmative, then may it be doubted that God decreed that this should be forever the home of the most favored nation.

## The Pampering of Organized Labor

"The general public has rights in these matters that are as precious as the rights of either employers or employees." Such was the solemn asseveration on the eve of the carmen's strike of one of the most enthusiastic of the journalistic champions of organized labor. A noble sentiment that in which we all heartily concur; but absolutely unprofitable and in the nature of airy persiflage; at the same time significant of a belated awakening. We all become very much concerned for the general public when the fact is brought home to us that we are among its units and that we have mutual interests to be subserved. But unfortunately so far as the press is concerned those interests need not be strictly insisted upon at all times. It has been found advantageous for the press to justify its advertising rates and claims to advertising patronage by coddling organized labor in furtherance of the shrewd latter day policy expressed in this formula: get a circulation among the plain people to whom the merchant must appeal in his advertisements. The wisdom of this policy was first demonstrated by Mr. Hearst, who was subsequently flattered by the enthusiastic imitation of his contemporaries. Under normal conditions it is an



excellent policy from the standpoint of the business manager. But it may develop abnormal conditions under which it would not prosper. In this world all things react, and the very extremity of any force is the seed and nucleus of a counter-agency. Under the fostering influence of a press that has encouraged its most extravagant claims and its most outrageous principles organized labor can conceive of no reason why it should be subject to any restraint. And the consequence is we are threatened with being carried past the point beyond which it is not safe for the laborer to push his demands. This endless billowy oscillation of industrial strife induced by demands that ignore unalterable economic principles cannot continue without disaster to labor as well as to capital. While the labor agitators were successfully bulldozing their employers the newspapers enjoyed halcyon moments; the advertising crop was luxuriant and journalism prospered. But with everybody threatening to go on strike and the merchants in danger of becoming inaccessible to their customers, the stentorian champions of the plain people, sensible of the inevitable drop in advertising patronage, perceived the importance of calling a halt. But who would take the initiative? There was the rub! Mr. Hearst shed tears over the prospect. He talked pathetically of the menace to the city's welfare and exclaimed "This is no time for arbitrary stubbornness." No indeed it wasn't. It was time for the press to denounce the agitators who deny union men the right to express their real sentiments by secret ballot. But the noble ungagged Fourth estate, though conscious of its own impending pecuniary losses preferred to express O such profound sympathy—for the dear general public.

#### Roosevelt and Some Laborites

Organized labor the country over is just now writhing in a spasm of fury because President Roosevelt has had the temerity to characterize Moyer, Heywood and Debs as undesirable citizens. It would seem that every letter of his which our chief executive allows to be published is destined to act as a petard hoisting somebody into unpleasant national prominence and raining about the defiant head of the writer a shower of most vituperative splinters. The last epistle in the Roosevelt-Harriman controversy proved no exception to this rule. Having trodden heavily on the bunions of union labor the President is now receiving the attentions of labor editors and demagogues; and, as might be surmised, their attentions are neither delicate nor polite. In fact, so obvious are their winings, so loud their howls, as to justify the conclusion that they are galled, that their withers have been wrung in goodly earnest this time. Can it indeed be that the presidential pen has pricked their adamant defenses; that his weapon poisoned with no more feasible bane than ink has verily diffused a delirious influence throughout their blood, causing the violent manifestations that are now the current spectacle of the nation? Not often, it must be admitted, have sentences so temperately worded, so cautiously framed and so carefully weighed as these of President Roosevelt must have been, drawn such thunders of obscene abuse and overwhelmed one devoted head with such rains of vulgar vilification. But the general storm has certainly produced good effect, for every lightning flash of demagogic eloquence has illuminated the obscure places of unionism and made clear much that was hitherto but half understood. It is known now that not even from the highest

officer in this country will union labor accept one word of criticism; that it insists on being a law unto itself from which there is no appeal and to which there must be not the remotest suggestion of amendment from any outside source. Granted that no labor agitator has yet arisen to declare that the Almighty in His providential wisdom has committed the brawn and industry of the country to the keeping of the various federations of labor; nor has the dictum gone forth that the heads of the innumerable amalgamations of workers move in an atmosphere to breathe which no ordinary mortal may be permitted. But let it not for an instant be supposed that this silence argues the absence of that arrogant assumption so characteristic of all tyrants whether they be trust officials or chiefs of organized labor. It is merely a question of linguistic style; time and time again they have expressed the same thought in other phrases. Organized labor is not wont to reckon with divine providence; the oaths and obligations taken at union assemblages quite often place fidelity to labor above religious and all other ties. And so far from pretending to breathe a rarefied atmosphere it is part of the labor agitator's most effective cant to protest the catholic inclusiveness of the trade guilds; this in the face of notorious facts pointing unmistakably the other way. Is it to be inferred from these things that organized labor is so sensitively organized that it cannot bear to hear the truth told about itself? or must the President be convicted of gross error in his estimate of Moyer, Heywood, Debs and the others like them? Unionism all over the country has one answer; those uninitiate in the arcana of trade federations but more or less sympathetic with the aims sought by workingmen, another. They side with Roosevelt; they consider the Moyer and the Debs type as undesirable to the future—and what is more pressing, to the present—of the country as are the Harriman and the Rockefeller types. And all the editorial protests of all the labor papers throughout the country will not win them from this conviction.

#### Our Own Undesirables

If President Roosevelt were as familiar with the personalities and achievements of certain labor leaders of San Francisco as he is with those of Moyer and Heywood and Debs, would he call them also undesirable citizens? Or would he agree with that exalted opinion of their merits which they have so often and with such courageous suppression of native modesty proclaimed of themselves and of one another, an opinion which places them in the foremost rank of the most valuable, the most desirable citizenry of our country? Here mayhap is a conundrum that ought not to be proposed, a lawless thought that should perish on the silent side of utterance, a question altogether too audacious for a city where labor writes itself in capitals and is wont to say—"I am Sir Oracle and when I ope my mouth let no dog bark." Discretion struggles with curiosity over the forbidden theme and while they tussle, speculation, as usual, dallies with the subject in furtive fashion. Would the President consider the head of the Buildings Trades Council a desirable citizen? or would he go so far as to brand him more undesirable than the desperate band who planned with ropes and ether, pistols and sponges, poisoned beer and automobiles and with thumbscrews, racks, garottes and other inquisitorial horrors, for aught we know, to send him to a land where there are neither Labor Day parades for him to lead nor strikes for him to captain? It is



unlikely, despite the wide prominence attained by the hero of the awful plot hatched, as he himself has reminded us, on a Frozen Marsh in the Dead of Night, that his personality has yet, claimed the attention of President Roosevelt; so speculation on the President's potential attitude towards him must content itself with airy possibilities. We only know that from the viewpoint of order as enforced by our indicted chief of police he is a most desirable citizen, else why this great potholer to punish his would-be exterminators?

### The Car-Strike Leaders

Equally interesting and instructive it would be to obtain the opinion of the President, as of an unbiased and disinterested outsider with keen appreciation for character, with regard to the group of agitators who are responsible for the car strike. Here again disappointment waits on curiosity, for there is no likelihood that the local street railway situation will become the subject of White House animadversion. But may it not be doubted without suspicion of unfairness whether the methods by which the car strike was precipitated would win the entire approval of Roosevelt? Is there any warrant for supposing that the seal of his favor would be stamped on the proceedings at the midnight meeting of Sunday when the demand for a secret ballot was howled down and a strike vote was taken viva voce, everybody concerned knowing full well that the dissenters would not dare to declare themselves openly before the violent and lusty-lunged inciters of strife? Would the President indorse the browbeating, intimidating tactics whereby the minority which did not want a strike was kept away from the meeting or driven out before the vote was taken, in order that there might not be the slightest danger of anybody discovering that the necessary two-thirds vote was not supporting the motion to quit work? It is unthinkable. Some of the President's "uglier and nastier words" would be brought into play if he had occasion to deal with the local imbroglio. It is just as certain that Roosevelt would class the leaders of the demagogic faction in the carmen's union as undesirable citizens as it is that he would apply the same characterization to Patrick Calhoun, their arch-enemy, if he saw fit to deal with the personality of that individual. For the President is the ideal of fairminded Americans in nothing more than in his intrepid disregard of class consciousness in the distribution of deserved criticism.

### Foraker Versus Taft

We are hearing less and less of the possibility of another term for President Roosevelt. The President persists in his state of antagonism to the use of his name in connection with the Republican nomination, and yet there is abundant evidence of the fact that he is taking a very lively interest in Republican politics presumably for the purpose of controlling the convention, or at least with a view to securing the nomination for some representative of the Administration family. There is left scarcely any room for doubt of

the sincerity of the President's declaration of his resolution to retire from the Presidency. And it must be admitted that if after so persistently reiterating that declaration he were to accept the nomination from a convention in the formation of which he was known to have exercised a great deal of influence, no explanation that he might then offer could avert the odium that would attach to his conduct. The reasonable supposition at this time is that the President's political activity is in the interest of the Hon. William Howard Taft, Secretary of War, and envoy extraordinary to the islands of the sea. And the indications are that the anti-Administration forces have selected Senator Foraker to defeat the President's hopes. The issue between Foraker and Taft will be decided in Ohio, the home state of both statesmen and without the support of which neither will be able to cut much of a figure in a national convention. The practical politicians of Ohio believe that Senator Foraker is entitled to elevation to the Presidency, while the rank and file of the voters believe that any wish, any desire expressed by President Roosevelt should be gratified without hesitation. But experience teaches us that the practical politicians wield more influence than the rank and file of the voters when it comes to selecting a delegation to a convention.

### Genius And Its Children

Commenting on the impecunious condition of Mrs. Jessamy Bret-Harte Steele who is rich in name if not in more negotiable wealth, the Lounger in Putnam's Magazine has this to say: "His (Harte's) daughter has apparently inherited the extravagance without the genius of her father. She should however be kept out of the poorhouse at any cost, for it would be a sad reflection upon the many who have enjoyed Bret Harte's stories and who made him little less than a god at the time that he published his first book, 'The Luck of Roaring Camp,' if such a fate were to befall his child." Surely one need not incur suspicion of undue hard-heartedness by pausing to inquire why the improvident offspring of authors, artists and musicians have an indisputable claim upon the purses of the public which cannot be urged by the other unfortunates who shrink from becoming public charges. Granting that Bret Harte enriched the world with the glorious products of his imagination, he still had no delicacy about reckoning with his publishers on a commercial basis and was undoubtedly paid the fair market value of his literary wares. What rights in his books still continue are protected to his heirs by copyright. This being the case it is not easy to understand why the world owes so much to Mrs. Jessamy Bret-Harte Steele, especially as it seems to be admitted that she was extravagant with what money she once possessed. One of the Harte daughters has already been set up in business in London. If she had been a poor widow, the daughter of nobody in particular, with half a dozen children to support, she would have had to find precarious occupation for herself and struggle along as best she might.

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## A Southern Serenade

By Mabel Porter Pitts

Not to thine eyes I make my plea,  
I cannot trust thine eyes,  
Nor yet the color that I see  
Within thy fair cheek rise;  
These, like thy voice, I know to be  
The servants of thy will  
And, while they hide thy heart from me,  
Yet half betray thee, still.

I trust no sighs that flutt'ring start  
To vex thy parted lips—  
No rose but seems to give its heart  
To every bee that sips—  
Yet not one rebel of the South  
Less conquered is today  
Than this, the scarlet of thy mouth,  
Which tells thy love, always.

## Perspective Impressions

Mr. Bryan weighs 234¾ pounds. The result of the full dinner pail.

San Francisco appears to have more than her share of undesirable citizens.

Jim Hill's prediction that we shall soon have two men for one job instead of two jobs for one man is about to be verified in San Francisco.

Perhaps the public are not more desirous of seeing Pat Calhoun go to jail than of seeing him drive Agitator Cornelius to honest work.

Apropos the production of "Agamemnon" at Harvard and "Dr. Faustus" at Princeton, the New York Sun suggests that at a time when undue prominence is given to college sport it is worth while to notice these less advertised forms of undergraduate activity. Therefore let us not neglect to notice the revival at Stanford of Boucicault's great claptrap melodrama "London Assurance."

If we were reasonably certain that when the soup-kitchen era returns the demagogues and agitators wouldn't be eating three square meals a day the outlook would not be quite so exasperating.

Justice of the Peace Treadwell is in favor of an ordinance excluding from employment on the street railroads men who have not resided in the city at least one year. One that would prohibit all public servants from bidding for the labor vote would give much more satisfaction.

Abe Ruef on trial before a judge who had to think twice before excusing E. P. E. Troy would excite our profound sympathy if it were not for the fact that he tried to make a judge out of Jim Gallagher.

Perhaps Mr. Corey will find that making the best of his marriage with Mabel Gilman is a form of discipline that may be of some value even to a character that is full of blowholes.



EARS TO THE GROUND.

A Troublesome Sort of a Sound Coming Up Over the Presidential Horizon.

—Spencer in the Denver Republican.



"THE NIGHTMARE THAT DISTURBS THEIR SLUMBERS."

—McCutcheon in the Chicago Tribune.

# The Child Spy

## A Story of the French Siege

(Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet)

His name was Stenne, little Stenne.

He was a Paris child, weakly and pale, who might be ten years old, or perhaps fifteen; with that class of urchin, it is impossible to tell. His mother was dead; his father, an old marine, had charge of a square in the vicinity of the Temple. The babies and nurses, the old ladies with campstools, the poor mothers, all the slow moving Paris which takes refuge from vehicles in the gardens surrounded by pavements, knew Father Stenne and adored him. They were aware that his rough moustache—the terror of dogs and of loiterers—hid a tender, almost maternal, smile, and that, to see this smile, one had only to say to the old fellow:

"How is your little boy?"

Father Stenne loved his boy so much! He was so happy every evening, after school, when the child came to meet him, and they went the round of the walks together, stopping at each seat to bow to the habitués, and to respond to their greetings.

With the Siege everything, unfortunately, was changed. Father Stenne's square garden was closed, petroleum was stored there, and the poor man—forced to keep constant watch—spent his time among the ruined and torn up business, alone, without his pipe, and only saw his boy when he arrived home very late in the evening. So you should have seen his moustache when he talked of the Prussians. . . . As for little Stenne, he did not complain much of this new life.

A Siege! What an amusing thing for street-boys! No more school! No more classes! Continual holidays, and the streets like a fair. . . .

The child ran about the streets till evening. He accompanied the regiments of the district when they went to the ramparts, choosing those by preference which had a good band; on that subject little Stenne was an authority. He would tell you quite truly that the band of the 96 degree was not worth much, but that the 55 degree had an excellent one. At other times he would watch the guards being drilled; then there were the lines of people waiting. . . .

His basket on his arm, he joined in those long files which formed in the dim light of the winter mornings without gas at the entrance to the butchers' and the bakers' shops. There with one's feet in the puddles one made acquaintances and talked politics, and as M. Stenne's son, everyone asked his opinion. But most amusing of all was the cork game, that famous game of "galoche" which the Breton guards had made fashionable during the siege. When the little Stenne was not on the ramparts nor at the bakers' shops you were sure to find him at the game of "galoche" in the Chateau-d'Eau Square. He would not be playing, of course; that required too much money. But he watched the players with all his eyes.

One in particular, a big boy in a blue blouse, who put on nothing but five franc pieces, excited his admiration. When that fellow ran one could hear the money clinking at the bottom of his blouse. . . .

One day, picking up a coin which had rolled under the feet of little Stenne, the big boy whispered to him: "That makes you stare, does it? . . . Well, if you like, I will tell you where to find some like it."

The game over, he drew him into a corner of the

square and proposed to him to come and sell newspapers to the Prussians, one made thirty francs a day. At first Stenne refused, very indignant; and after the shock remained three days without returning to watch the game. Those were three terrible days, he could not sleep nor eat. All night he saw a heap of corks piled up at the bottom of his bed, and shining five franc pieces rolling away on the ground. The temptation was too strong. The fourth day he returned to the Chateau-d'Eau, met the big boy again, and allowed himself to be persuaded. . . .

They started on a snowy morning, canvas sacks on their shoulders, the newspapers hidden under their blouses. When they arrived at the Flanders gate it was hardly light. The big boy took Stenne by the hand, and going up to the sentry—a good stay-at-home fellow with a red nose and an amiable expression—he said to him in a whining voice: "Do let us pass, Sir. . . . Our mother is ill, papa is dead. I want to go with my little brother to find potatoes to dig up in the field."

He was crying. Stenne, terribly ashamed, kept his head down. The sentry looked at them for a moment, then glanced at the white deserted road.

"Pass quickly," he said, getting out of the way; and they were on the Aubervilliers road. How the big boy laughed!

Dimly, as though in a dream, little Stenne saw manufactories which had been transformed into barracks, deserted barricades covered with wet rags, and long chimneys which made holes in the fog and mounted to the sky, empty, and notched. From time to time they passed a sentinel, hooded officers who looked through opera-glasses into the distance, and little tents wet through with snow which had melted before the dying fires. The big boy knew the roads, and went across fields to escape the guard-houses. Nevertheless they arrived, without being able to avoid it, at the main guard of the sharpshooters. The sharpshooters, in their little cloaks, were squatting at the bottom of a ditch full of water all along the Soissons railway line. This time it was in vain that the big boy began his story, they would not let them pass. However, while he was crying, an old sergeant, white-haired and wrinkled, and rather like Father Stenne, came out of the gate-keeper's house:

"There, little chaps, don't cry any more!" he said to the children; "you can go to your potatoes; but first, come and warm yourselves. . . . that rascal there looks frozen!"

Alas! It was not cold which made little Stenne tremble, it was fear, it was shame. . . . In the guard-house they found some soldiers crouching round a scanty fire, a really miserable fire, at the flame of which they were thawing some biseuit at the end of their bayonets. They squeezed themselves closer together to make room for the children. They gave them a drop of cognac and a little coffee. While they were drinking it an officer came to the door, called the sergeant, spoke to him in a whisper and went away quickly.

"Boys!" said the sergeant, returning radiant. . . . "there will be hot work tonight. . . . We have

(Continued on Page 35.)



# Saltus and the Gods

By Theodore Bonnet

After reading "The Lords of the Ghostland—a History of the Ideal," the latest work from the pen of Edgar Saltus and the press of Mitchell Kennerly, I find myself asking myself, What is it all aimed at and why? Not a very pleasant question to have to address to oneself since it may cause one to doubt the acuteness of one's faculty of perception. Especially is it unpleasant after reading an author of whose sanity and seriousness there can be no question; one whose ability to make himself intelligible is acknowledged by competent critics. Though distinctly and intentionally a mannerist, a self-conscious artist whose affectations are sometimes obtrusive, Saltus is nevertheless one of our lords of language, somewhat celebrated for the purple and pomp of his prose. He is usually good reading, but in his latest work he is mystifying, not in what he says but in his motive. He tells us that "The Lords of the Ghostland" is a history of the ideal, but to me it appears to be more in the nature of a didactic and dogmatic treatise on the origin and growth of religions. This is a theme which has engaged the attention of many European scholars in recent years most of whom have approached it reverently and discussed it in no iconoclastic spirit. But Saltus, who has been pretty well impregnated with the virus of German metaphysics, has produced a work pervaded by a spirit akin to that which Thomas Inman reveals in his sneering history of Ancient Pagan and Modern Christian Symbolism. Saltus begins his work by telling us that the ideal is the essence of poetry and that poetry in the virginal innocence of the world meant discourse of the gods, but of that discourse he has nothing to say, and he is not very lucid as to the manner in which conceptions of the divinity in all ages inspired poetry. He simply traces what he calls "the genealogy of the divine," starting with the assertion that it was in the evolution of the demoniac that the divine appeared. As a study of the genesis of religion this work is quite interesting in material if not in the style, which is too emphatically characteristic with its jerky short sentences that impart a telegraphic tone. However, one cannot but take an interest in the author's blithe speculations on and gladsome flirtations with the inscrutable. He revels in the religious fancies of the infant world like a famished city nag browsing in a summer pasture of lush and nutritious grasses. Though he affects a calm dispassionate air, the reader can perceive beneath the mask, not obscurely, a smile of derision. Obviously his purpose is to make people start as does the precocious child who says naughty things. That the work is the result, as it shrewdly purports, of very profound original research, may be doubted, for it abounds in ideas that are far from unfamiliar. Even some of the phrases are reminiscent. For example he tells us that the world has come to regard the gods as diseases of language. That is exactly what Max Muller calls those religious traditions which, according to some authorities, embody a purely fanciful system of symbolism and which some attribute to fetishism and animism. It is to be inferred that Saltus believes with many other writers that most religious traditions are the fanciful presentations of natural phenomena, and that they are almost entirely due to the operations of the imaginative faculty induced principally by awe

and fear. But he has not entirely overlooked the significance of the fact that while in the various cosmogonies we find childish tales on one hand and philosophical abstractions on the other, there are some things which have become interwoven with universal tradition. The books of the Zoroaster, the annals of the Chinese, the Edda of the Scandinavians and the priests of Tibet; all recapitulate the crimes of the evil deity, of the short period of man's felicity and the calamities that followed his loss of innocence. As some one has suggested, in order to distinguish among a number of paintings, the original from the copy, we must look for that which in its ensemble, or in the perfection of its parts, exhibits the genius of the master, and this is precisely what is to be found in the book of Genesis—the prototype of the many stories of creation met with in popular tradition. But Mr. Saltus has not been very much impressed by the Scriptures. He tells us that the Hindu and Chaldean beliefs constituted the two primal inspirational faiths and that the religions that followed "were afterthoughts of the divine." There is a good deal of this kind of flippant theology in the book, and many mysterious things are explained so clearly that one wonders how anyone could ever have been perplexed by them. Much of what Mr. Saltus tells us of the religious beliefs of the ancients is not to be questioned, but his deductions and suggestions are. The fact is that the results of the most recent archaeological research do not disprove the theory of the latest school of modern thinkers interested in what is known as the science of comparative religion: that the advance of religion among men was a process of continuous evolution taking place under divine guidance. The action of purely natural forces in the development is freely admitted, yet the idea of a divine disclosure of truth is not excluded. This is the composite theory which is being accepted by a large and continually increasing number of modern scholars. That Mr. Saltus has kept in touch with the progress of modern historical research I am inclined to doubt. One reason for this inclination is that speaking of Moses he says, "Seen through modern criticism his figure fades though his name persists." The very latest modern criticism is to be found in "A Dictionary of the Bible," edited by James Hastings and published by T. and T. Clark of Edinburgh. This work represents the best kind of modern scholarship, at once sober and progressive, not religious but scientific in method and reverent in temper. One of the most interesting articles which it contains is by Professor Kautzsch who says it is noteworthy that the most searching criticism only sets the personality of Moses in stronger relief; that he was the real founder of Israel's religion and that there is nothing improbable in the tradition which claims that he received a

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revelation from God together with the power to act upon it. I heartily recommend this Dictionary of the Bible to Mr. Saltus. He may find in it much that will persuade him to alter his convictions about the teachings of the founder of Christianity, or at least render him less cocksure in the deductions with which he does his work and which have nothing whatever to do, so far as I can ascertain, with any ideal. Nevertheless

they are sparkling and some of the epigrams might easily be used to spice conversation. One of the best of them is in the next to the final paragraph: "Death, it may be, is not merely a law but a place, perhaps a garage which the traveller reaches on a demolished motor, but whence none can proceed until all scores are paid." For paradox, too, Saltus has a knack, and for crisp cynical comment he has true genius.

## The Spectator

### The Irreverent Reporters

Are the reporters becoming irreverent of the achievements of Mr. Francis Heney? I hope not, but I hae me doots. Certain lines and phrases that have crept into the newspaper columns recently have awakened grave suspicions in my mind. The ways of the reporter are an open book to me. I can discern his moods and tenses afar off. And for those moods and tenses, I have great respect. The reporter, the enthusiastic reporter, is not to be judged by his paper, for the newspaper is often merely the symbol of some capitalist who moulds public opinion on a financial basis, whereas the reporter who has faith in his profession is an idealist with scruples beyond the ken of his employer. His views do not always accord with the policy of the paper, and this fact you may glimpse at times in an item of six lines. The reporter sees so much of the background of things and so much of the motives and mental processes of men that his perceptive faculty is more acute than that of the average mortal, and when he forms a conclusion that he is not privileged to print he is very apt to contrive a subtle hint of it. It is because I have caught what I conceived to be subtle hints of a cynical tone that I ask whether the reporters have become irreverent of the achievements of Mr. Heney. Some days ago, apropos the acquittal of Binger Hermann in Oregon of one of the charges against him growing out of the land frauds, a reporter quoted Mr. Heney to the effect that he would go to Oregon as soon as he could find time and attend to the prosecution of Hermann. It was as though Mr. Heney had said, "Watch me! I'll show 'em how to get a conviction." In another item some reporter said that Henry Ach was eager for Heney to take up the prosecution of Ruef because he knew he could incite Heney to speechmaking every few minutes.

### The Deference Due

Whatever the reporters may think of Mr. Heney they would find it somewhat difficult to persuade us that we have been worshipping a brummagem idol instead of a true deity. We judge a man's ability by what he accomplishes. And Heney promises to accomplish a great deal. He cannot be successfully disparaged by pointing out that he was on the road to a monumental fiasco until Burns and a false friend of the grafters brought about the trapping of Lonergan. It will not do to say that if the newspapers had not joined hands and coerced the courts into co-operation with the prosecution that Heney would have stood no more chance than a cat in the lower regions without claws. Results are all that we care to know about. Meanwhile the reporters should forbear and treat Mr.

Heney with great deference. They should have no sympathy with the bloated bondholders of the Pacific Union Club which, though himself a member, Mr. Heney has publicly proclaimed the home of graft-sympathizers and bribe givers. Mr. Heney may be injudicious in his speechmaking but I think there is inspiration in his occasional addresses. He is the edifying representative of the healthful, invigorating and boisterous forces of virtue.

### Coleman Still a Social Idol

There is a cotillion club in town that numbers Supervisor Dan Coleman among its members. For this it would be hypercritical, perhaps, to denounce the cotillion club; almost like breaking a butterfly on a wheel, in fact. Besides, Supervisor Dan Coleman is still a member of quite a fashionable parlor of the Native Sons and it is excusable for a cotillion club to tolerate his name on its list as long as the Natives show a disposition to stand for him. But that is not the point. This cotillion club includes none in its membership who belongs to that Society with capital letters which is supposed to be the only society worth while. True, its dances always command considerable space in the newspapers, but that is because the enterprising fellow who runs the club always held them in the Maple Room at the Palace and has already pulled off one in the magnificent ballroom at the Fairmont. Give a function the proper setting and it can always claim space in our papers. Besides, this enterprising fellow always supplies the papers with pictures of pretty girls who attend his parties and that is a bait no city editor in town can resist.

### No Snub For Boodler Dan

Well, not having that social distinction which would secure for it the attention of the society bavardes this club does not have to take itself seriously in such a little matter as this of retaining a self-confessed bribe-taker on its list of members. But that is not the point either. The point is that Supervisor Dan Coleman is so incapable of shame, so absolutely fails to realize his disgraceful position that he has the hardihood to attend the dances of this club and to mingle, seemingly on the same old terms of cordiality, with the men and women who have found him out. This despite the fact that District Attorney Langdon and more than one other person intimately connected with the graft prosecution are also members of the club. The other night during the dance at the Fairmont Supervisor Dan Coleman was as conspicuous, as obviously satisfied with himself and with the company he found himself in as he would have been had not everyone known that he



had coldbloodedly sold himself body and soul to a corporation within twenty-four hours after taking office. This would be a mighty pleasant story to tell if someone at that dance had only snubbed Supervisor Dan Coleman. But no one did. The women danced with him and the men smiled and chatted with him. I don't know whether his brazen assurance or their complacent friendliness is more shocking. Truly your San Franciscan is a strange compound.

### How Kelly Swindled Kearny

My contemporary the Knave of the Oakland Tribune relates that the late Denis Kearny was swindled by the somewhat remote Michael Joseph Kelly, which reminds me of one of the humorous transactions by which the noted agitator was victimized. One day Kearny heard of an old house that was for sale, and he said to Kelly, "If I had a lot I'd buy that house and fix it up."

"Move it over on my lot," said Kelly, "and you can have it rent free until such time as you feel like buying it. You can have it for a few hundred."

As the lot was worth at least a thousand dollars, Kearny gladly accepted the proposition. He moved the house and spent several hundred dollars in repairs. When the work was finished Kelly moved in and Kearny never was able to get the house back.

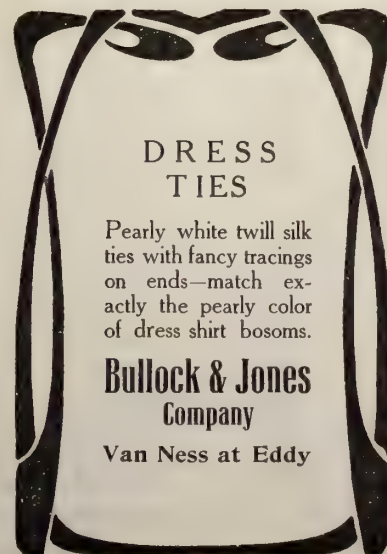
### Our Wealth of Song

If for poetry, as we are told, there is no longer any demand, how strange and illogical the unabated fructuousness of the melodious muse! Scarcely a week passes without bringing to my table a new volume of poetry, redolent of the press, modestly inviting dispassionate judgment. The inexorable laws of supply and demand are not in my opinion contemptuously ignored by the bards who thus pour along the tide of song. Not in California at any rate is the Orphean lyre swept in vain. This is the land of versification as well as of sunshine. If the statisticians at Washington were not hopelessly insensible to the higher aims of existence; if they tabulated verse as well and as accurately as they tabulate wheat, the world would know that more temples are legitimately adorned with bays in California than in any other state in the union. And no measly minor poets are the bards of California, but first-class odesmiths that sweep the lyre with master hands, imbuing all things with a rich golden color, shutting out the humiliating consciousness of the insignificant present and investing this bare and grisly skeleton we call life and the world with hues and aspects of beauty that elevate the starving soul. Have we not with us always Poet Joaquin Miller, the Laureate of Fruitvale, who made the Sierras famous? Poet Miller has made poetry his vocation. Since the death of Walt Whitman he is the only living American with the courage to look and act like a poet. Most of our poets are gentlemen in prosaic shoes who make verses in odd hours stolen from the serious concerns of life, but Miller sings on the spur. He would be a poet to his valet if he had one. Then we have George Sterling who looks like Dante and enchains and overwhelms us with the gorgeousness of his imagination, and whose verse is as majestic as the rolling of the spheres. Mr. Sterling is so true a poet that he quit his desk in the counting-house to give all his time to his muse on the shores of Monterey bay where he raises chickens on the side between stanzas. And who has

not been soothed and ennobled by the verse of that sweet singer Ina Coolbrith, with whom poetry is the outgushing of a soul whose existence is melody? From that soul poetry gushes forth spontaneously as song from the throat of a mocking-bird that gives voice to the music with which its whole being is throbbing.

### Two Poets

We should be proud of our poets, even the smallest of them, for we have it on high pontifical authority that all poets are worthy of worship since they have talked with God. A man is a poet in proportion as the light of inspiration has fallen direct from heaven into his brain, making it conceive with the secret monitions of the Infinite. But I find myself digressing garrulously and all because I have come into possession of two new books of verse. Two weeks ago I received the verse of Agnes Tobin, peerless interpreter of Petrarch. A week later came the poems of William Norman Guthrie, and now I have before me the melodious messages of Louis Alexander Robertson and Edward Robeson Taylor. These are poets of more than a local reputation. Robertson's work is well known to readers of Town Talk for nearly everything that he has written made its first appearance in these columns. To Alexander Robertson, the San Francisco publisher, we are indebted for the publication of his poetry between book covers. That there has always been sufficient demand for Louis Robertson's verse to justify the publishing of it is evident from the fact that of three volumes two were out of print at the time of the fire, and the first entitled "The Dead Calypso and Other Verse" was in such great demand that stray volumes in second-hand bookstores sold for as high as five dollars. The volume just issued is entitled "Through Painted Panes and Other Poems," and is dedicated "To James Duval Phelan, an able man and loyal citizen" to whom is inscribed the poem "Resurgam" which was published in these columns some weeks after the fire. The book contains "The Dead Calypso," "Ataxia," "Evolution" and several other of the more popular of Robertson's verse and some admirable new poems. Robertson is noted for his predisposition to voluptuous themes, for the smoothness and music of his verse and for his power in describing the ecstasies of sensual passion. All these



qualities are to be found in this volume. But there is something else characteristic of Robertson's verse; his knack of utilizing in words a vibrant force inaudible in them singly, but of great power and charm when they are made to pulsate together.

### "The Sonnet"

Like all true poets Robertson has proved his skill as a maker of sonnets. Indeed he has achieved a perfection in them that is to be found in nothing else that he has done despite his genius for technique in almost every form of verse. And there is nothing in all his many and varied samples of workmanship that so strongly appeals to me as these fourteen decasyllabic lines on "The Sonnet:—"

As often in some grand and ancient fane  
A devotee will kneel him down to pray  
At one familiar shrine day after day,  
And to his guardian saint his woes complain;  
There while his fingers tell the beaded chain,  
His soul in ecstasy drifts far away,  
Till back returning with the vesper strain,  
It enters once again its home of clay.

So in the cloistered corridors of Song  
There is one altar where I love to kneel;  
Tho' humblest of the worshipers who throng  
Its narrow space, yet there I often steal,  
And in the Sonnet's sacred chalice pour  
My tears and prayers until I weep no more.

### Poet Taylor

And now I come to Mr. Edward Robeson Taylor, a man whose talents are of infinite variety. Once a doctor by profession, now a lawyer, but always a poet, he has written much that is spirited, but little that stirs the emotions. He is not a man of brilliant fancy, nor of great inventive faculty, but he has a gift for ornamenting facts and platitudes. A lover of the external world he is alive to the charms of nature, but it is evident that in him the power of reflection predominates over the power of senses. He has versified about romantic spots he has visited, but he hasn't put the spirit of romance into his lines. In this new volume, which by the way, is also one of A. M. Robertson's publications, is collected many of the poems that appeared shortly before the fire in an edition that was almost totally destroyed. One of the most ambitious of the poems is entitled "Into the Light," which contains much solidity of thought and some good lines, as for example:

In these unclouded heavens no stars we see.  
Yet all roll there in sovran majesty;  
So, when the sky seems reft of every star,  
In quenchless light they still may live for thee. . . .

The bubbles dancing on convivial wine,  
The restful dewdrops on the procraint vine,  
But symbolize each being life has known:  
All vanish at a breath and leave no sign.

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O garniture of glory round us spread,  
By Beauty's crystal streams forever fed,  
Divine expression of the mind, divine,  
Unchanging, changing, fleeing yet not fled!

Poet Taylor is among those children of the Muses who are very much addicted to the sonnet, and he shows a fine facility in this exacting form. He has written a series of sonnets on San Francisco none of which so much appeals to me or is comparable with this one entitled "Music":

The murmurous monotone of waving grain  
When winds are gently winging down the vale;  
The storm-voiced billows drowning men bewail;  
The pattering stroke of softly falling rain;  
The sighing leaves that bend to every tale  
The breezes tell; the songsters, lilting strain,  
From feeblest note of all the joyful train  
To rapturous burst of peerless nightingale;—  
What are all these, and all that human ear  
In sweetest concord from their kin can hear,  
But hints of deeper rhythms as yet unheard;  
That in the soul ineffable of things  
An ordered Music, by the eternal word  
Throughout the vast of space divinely sings.

Were he less a philosopher Mr. Taylor would be more of a poet.

### Highbrow

In a recent issue of the New York Sun Will Irwin is credited with having invented the term "highbrow" to signify a person of superior mental attainments in contradistinction to a lowbrowed person of ordinary ability. Which reminds me that there is nothing new under the sun. In a little volume in my possession, published in England nearly twenty years ago, and containing samples of the numerous kinds of nonsense verse written by the great poets I find it stated that the custom of using compound words was very prevalent in Ben Jonson's time and that he called them un-in-one-breath-utterable; also that the practice was common among the Sophists and that it drew from Scaliger the following satire:

Lofty-brow-flourishers,  
Nose-in-beard-wallowers,  
Bag-and-beard-nourishers,  
Dish-and-all-swallowers,  
Old-cloak-investitors,  
Night-private-feast-eaters,  
Craft-lucubrationers  
Youth-chasers, word-catchers, vain-glory-osophers,  
Such are your seekers-of-virtue philosophers.

### A Jap and An Idol

Whether Japanese who profess Christianity are sincere is a question often discussed. The experience

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**A. M. ROBERTSON**



of an Alameda friend of mine may throw some light upon the question. Last week his wife secured through a Missionary society the services of a Japanese boy. She was assured that he was a devout Christian. He added his testimony to that of the Mission people and insisted that he must have ample time on Sundays for attendance on Bible classes and sermons. Now this Alamedan has in his parlor a Buddha brought from Japan. It is an unusually fine specimen. On the first morning that the devout Jap worked in the house the mistress of it was sitting in a corner of the parlor reading. The Japanese passed through the room, and the first thing that caught his eye was the Buddha. He started in astonishment, then doffed his cap. He stood devoutly before the image for several minutes, then went up to it and reverently touched it before passing out of the room. Servants being hard to obtain, his mistress overlooks his hypocrisy, and sticks to her agreement to let him have plenty of time on Sundays for the development of his soul.

### Did Teddy Interfere?

There has been some discussion of the lightness of the sentence imposed by Judge de Haven last week on Frank Mukai, the Mill Valley Japanese school boy who was arrested for sending an indecent letter to a little girl who attended the same school with him. Some maintain that if the President had sent direct orders to the United States Attorney's office directing that nothing be done to offend the Japanese greater consideration could not have been shown. Mukai's attorney made a plea for clemency, urging that the boy was too young to realize the nature of his offense. He is seventeen, as the immigration records show, although in court he gave his age as fifteen. No opposition to the request for clemency was made by the Government. Assistant District Attorney Ben McKinley handed the offensive letter to Judge de Haven, who, after reading it, fined Mukai seventy-five dollars. As a rule McKinley volubly opposes pleas for clemency, or any motions in favor of criminals made by their attorneys. On this occasion he was mute to the evident surprise of Judge de Haven, who had settled back prepared to listen to a lengthy argument in support of sending Mukai to jail. Although Mukai now realizes that he must not send indecent letters to young girls the reason for such prohibition is totally beyond his comprehension. Ever since his arrest he has looked upon the affair as a very amusing joke, albeit rather an expensive one.

### The Letter That Provoked a Roar

This is a story of how a Native Son vented some of the feeling that he has against the English. Two or three weeks ago a young lawyer in Pennsylvania was horsewhipped by a woman who mistook him for her husband. Ungallantly, as some think, very properly, as others maintain, the lawyer struck back. The Bulletin had an editorial on the subject, "Is a man ever justified in striking a woman?" using the Pennsylvania incident as a text. The Bulletin chivalrously took the side of the female, saying that the retaliation was not justifiable under any circumstances. Then began a deluge of letters. People with very strong views in the matter wrote to the Bulletin, arguing both sides of the case with considerable heat. Among the letters that attracted the most attention was one signed "Briton." The writer of this letter defended

the action of the Pennsylvania lawyer, saying that the woman deserved all she got. Moreover, he expressed at great length his opinion of woman in general, calling her a weak creature, not only a dependent of man, but intended by nature and the Almighty to be entirely subservient to the stronger sex in all things. There was no equivocation about the letter. Woman, according to the Briton, should have no voice in anything, and would be all the better for an occasional beating, which would make her realize her place in the world. It may be imagined that "Fair Play," "Defender," and a host of other correspondents fulminated savagely against the brutal writer of this reactionary letter. They called him a beast, a barbarian, a relic of the middle ages. They wondered if he ever had a mother, and expressed pity for his wife should some woman be so unfortunate as to be married to him. Also, they lambasted the English, taking his attitude as that of Britons in general toward woman. All of this was immensely pleasing to the writer of the letter, who is a Native Son. He does not like the British, his ideas of them being derived from the school histories of thirty years ago. He took this method of bringing obloquy upon them, and it must be said that he succeeded.

### The Call's Startling Announcement

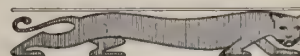
Last Monday morning the Call devoted one-half its front page to the announcement that in all matters appertaining to the street railroad strike it would eschew favorites and give space to faithful and truthful reports of both sides. This announcement was most gratifying to many people, and it probably struck none of them with amazement. Yet it was an announcement of remarkable and curious significance. Fancy a great American daily newspaper conceiving it to be of importance solemnly and soberly to inform its readers that it had resolved to assume an unbiased and unprejudiced attitude in a controversy of vital importance to a whole community, in a conflict pregnant with riot and bloodshed! Perhaps the Call would



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not wish to have it inferred from this announcement that it has not been performing the functions of a newspaper. For such an inference would be unfair. It should first be determined what the functions of a newspaper are. Judging from the policy of the local press the functions of a newspaper may be performed without promoting an enlightened public opinion by telling the whole truth.

### An Agitator's Logic

Agitator Cornelius tells us that the carmen struck because they were getting only fifty cents a day more than the unskilled laborers employed on the streets. This fact he offers as indisputable evidence of the unfairness of the company. But this is not very good logic. In the fixing of wages nowadays the unions do not permit discrimination between skilled and unskilled labor. The third-rate bricklayer receives as much money as the premier at his trade. Demands for higher wages are backed up by nothing but ability to coerce but the cost of living is sometimes urged as a persuasive factor. In these circumstances the wages paid to laborers cannot be taken as a criterion by which to estimate a fair rate of wages for carmen unless it be to determine whether at the present cost of living it is possible to exist on the amount of wages paid by the railroad company. And it is obvious that if a laborer finds no difficulty in living on 2.50 a day a conductor should manage pretty well on about fifty cents more. Far be it from me to favor a reduction of any man's wages. I prefer to put in a plea for the poor laboring man. If we are to favor the demands of labor unions on sentimental grounds as they expect us to do when they assert that the laborer is worthy of his hire and that he should be enabled to have some luxuries and that we should ignore the eternal cold-blooded fundamental economic laws, then for the life of me I cannot see why we should discriminate against the pick-and-shovel brigade. I have as much if not more sympathy for the toilers of that brigade than for the representatives of any trade.

### The Prejudice Against Police

With the carmen's strike came the announcement from Chief Dinan that he would not station policemen on the cars under any circumstances. And not one word of criticism did this announcement evoke. I am surprised that it wasn't received with applause, for we have been educated up to the belief that it would be an outrageous perversion of justice to flaunt the police badge of authority in the faces of the strikers. But why should it be assumed that a policeman's star has the same effect on a law-abiding union workingman as a red flag on a bull? The star is an emblem of authority that every decent citizen should respect. If as Agitator Cornelius said the strikers earnestly hoped that there should be no disturbance of the peace, then they should have cordially approved the giving of police protection to the cars. In such a crisis as this

they should be fearful of a disturbance being provoked by misguided sympathizers. But no sane man believes in the sincerity of a professional agitator when he says that strikes are opposed to disturbances. If the strikers were opposed to disturbances they would not gather at the car barns and seek to intimidate non-union workmen whose rights and privileges are ended with fully as much sanctity as those of the representatives of organized labor. The fact is, as everybody knows, the carmen did not go on the strike with the expectation of winning through the inability of Calhoun to find competent workmen.

### Our Recreant Mayor

The authorities of this city are entirely to blame for the blood that has been shed in this strike. To affect sincerity in any other view is to deal in hypocrisy and cant. The authorities knew that the peace would be broken as soon as a car was sent out, and it should not have been made necessary for the railroad company to equip its cars with a crew of gun men. Those men were employed to shoot because our infamous Mayor, firm in his determination to masquerade as the friend of organized labor and recreant to his trust refused to give the property of the corporation the protection guaranteed by the laws of the state. The presence of those armed men on the street cars was a challenge to the anarchistic element of the city. Mayor Schmitz was aware of the challenge. Chief Dinan was aware of the challenge. In the circumstances the imminence of trouble was obvious, and it might have been averted by exhibiting on the cars the symbol of authority. That symbol under which law and order are enforced is the only proper warning against violence and to withhold it when violence is threatened is a crime; it is the crime of which Mayor Schmitz stands convicted.

### Two Epitaphs In One

Great are the terrors that distract the soul  
Of each that in this ground has found his goal.  
For here Cornelius lies, a city's pest,  
With one exception worse than all the rest.  
That one exception lies in this same ground,  
The mortal coil of bluster and of sound.  
'Tis Pin Head's grave as everybody knows;  
Everybody who hasn't lost his nose.

### Turned Down

According to Charles Sutro, the broker, who returned from New York several days ago, San Francisco is no longer reckoned with by the financial inter-

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ests of the world. "I went East," said Sutro, "to interest capital in some very solid California enterprises, and I have returned in a very much discouraged frame of mind. The men that place American and European capital cannot be induced even to discuss the character of investments in this state. 'Come again some other time,' was about all that they'd say, unless it was to explain that owing to unsettled labor conditions in this city it was deemed advisable to find investments elsewhere. The impression prevails all over the East that San Francisco has been ruined by grafters and strikers and that the situation of the city is hopeless." Mr. Sutro says that financially the state is in a very badly crippled condition; that we need twice as many millions as we have to finance our industries and that they are not forthcoming. There is much in this melancholy situation to stimulate reflection in the minds of the "dear general public" for whom the newspapers are now expressing deep concern.

### Overheard on the Ferry Boat

Tom—Hullo, Jerry, how are you getting on?

Jerry—Great! I'm getting big pay and having bully times. How's it going with you?

Tom—Fine—making lots of money and living on the best, but I'll be doing better in a month or two.

Jerry—How's that?

Tom—Oh, we're going out on another strike and of course we can't lose.

### A Fight to the Finish

More and more as the strikefest develops does it become apparent to the man on the housetop that the present local struggle is a fight to a finish—not between capital and labor but between employers and such labor thimble riggers as McCarthy and Cornelius, men who have been turning the screws to the limit. May day is the great annual seismic period for labor disturbances the world over, as witness the present upheavals in France, Germany, Japan, Russia, Southern Europe and our own states, east and west. So it seems quite natural that some half dozen local unions should choose that date to strike: quite natural, too, is it that some of the employers should decline to accede to their demands, though by so doing they hazard our reputation for being the greatest union labor city in the country. That is why the eyes of every cardholder in the Federation of Labor, U. S. A., are fixed good naturedly on the contests now going on in this heretofore go-as-you-please civic centre. Perhaps it is likewise a pardonable interest in these same contests that is rushing hither some half dozen of the big leaders in international labor affairs. State labor leaders are also evincing a strong interest in the spe-

cial labor councils now being hurriedly called here. Quite naturally and in the same sympathetic line, too, the state authorities as if anticipating all these impulsive movements have recently concentrated the militia companies hereabouts from a listless, straggling, non dependable aggregation of corporal's squads into a compact, dependable, well officered regiment, a regiment at this writing under orders to be prepared for service and to move at one hour's notice. Right in line with the springtime flood of martial preparedness General Funston arrives from the East and at once begins to organize a satisfactory staff at the Presidio. That his soldiers are prepared to move at an hour's notice goes without saying.

### The Issue at Stake

Quite naturally too Charles M. Schwab comes out on a flying visit from the East to inspect his Tonopah mines, a matter of a couple of hours. Naturally he finds time to pay a flying visit to San Francisco and brings along Donald B. Gillies to talk mining. En route of course they meet several well known San Franciscans and they discuss—things. Mr. Schwab lunches at the Fairmont and quite naturally meets other prominent local leaders who have accidentally dropped into the same place for a noon-day snack. Follows an automobile ride and Mr. Schwab somehow meets several other parties interested in the city's welfare. Then comes the famous interview in which he declares that the Union Iron Works will never reopen till the labor union condition in San Francisco is changed for the better. Calhoun, Scott, and the metal employers were not among those who accidentally met Mr. Schwab but somehow he voiced their sentiments, and voiced them strongly. Such union of thought can only be explained by a mysterious telepathic sympathy now resident in the city's atmosphere; somehow it reaches the leaders among the employers as well as the leaders among the labor elements, even those hastening here from the far east. All these things seem quite natural to the man on the housetop—and portentous. There be big things doing, things fraught with tremendous consequences, and San Francisco is the battleground. The issue will be the reign of the unbridled McCarthys and Corneliuses or the sway of unionism within reason.

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### McEwen Under a Nervous Strain

Anecdotes to illustrate the varied character of Arthur McEwen are as plentiful as the issues of the notable papers on which he worked. He was of a generous highly wrought nature, of quick mentality, nervously sensitive to his surroundings to a high degree. I remember riding down town on a Sutter street car with him some years ago. A big public question was at issue and McEwen, with his usual vehemence, at once plunged into his views on it. At the critical point of his deepest logical conclusions along came the conductor, paused in front of him and methodically rang up several fares. McEwen jumped up in a towering rage, exclaiming, "Why do they allow such blithering idiots to make so much noise on these street cars. I'll never ride on one again," and he jumped from the moving car. His action marked one of the nervous conditions into which he occasionally fell from overwork. To counteract this, from time to time, he dropped his pen and boldly plunged into flat physical labor. In this instance he left the city a few days later, went up to Mariposa county, donned overalls and a blouse and worked with pick and shovel in one of the mines for two months.

### Solving the Labor Problem

Shortly after he came to the city to take-up newspaper work after quitting the rollicking surroundings of the Comstock he became the very soul of the coterie of bright wits that supplied the local press with its

best stories. McEwen's fund of anecdotes, then as always, seemed inexhaustible and no one ever tired of hearing them delivered in his inimitable vein. Money was not so plentiful in those days but it seemed to go further with those prodigal spirits for they lived on promise. One day two of them were in a cafe discussing the best way to spend a ten-dollar gold piece which one of them had borrowed. Opinion was divided, so they flipped the gold piece to decide the question. The flying piece struck the wall ricocheted at several angles and disappeared somewhere. They had been vainly hunting it for some time when McEwen blithely entered. They pathetically related their dreadful predicament. McEwen's eye roved over the room and then tentatively regarded the condition of his cronies. "Its evidently up to me to find the money," he concluded, "and I'm better fitted to spend it. However this is a case of mind against matter: Why work while others are willing and able?" "Jimmie, oh, Jimmie," he called, and Jimmie, the janitor, soon appeared. "Jimmie," McEwen continued, solemnly, "Con just tossed up two ten dollar pieces in a rather reckless way and they've rolled somewhere on the floor. Find them, will you?" Jimmie dropped on his hands and knees, groped about under the tables and chairs and soon laid the ten dollar piece on the table. McEwen grabbed it. "Good boy, Jimmie. The laborer is worthy of his hire. Now dig up the other ten, Jimmie, and keep it for your trouble. Come on, boys, lets go down to Conlon's," and taking one crony on each arm he swung triumphantly out of the place.

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### A Specimen of London's Philosophy

I have often wondered just what brand of socialism Jack London advocates. His "My Life in the Underworld—a Confession," the first installment of which appears in an Eastern magazine, throws light upon the subject, indicating that London's economic theories are inspired by a violent aversion to manual toil. In the article mentioned he gives some pages from his life as a tramp. We have all known that at one stage of his career London was a tramp, but it has been sort of vaguely and politely supposed that he was a student tramp, associating with hoboes in order to make a study of them. According to his confession he was merely a tramp of the very ordinary kind—one of the back-door whiners who beg a hand-out, and who are kicked by irate householders and bitten by dogs trained to discern unworth. London evidently feels that in the following passage he scores eloquently against the well-to-do: "The very poor constitute the last sure recourse of the hungry tramp. The very poor can always be depended upon. They never turn away from the hungry. Time and again all over the United States have I been refused food at the big house on the hill; and always have I received food at the little shack down by the creek or the marsh, and its tired-faced mother broken with labor. Oh! you charity mongers, go to the poor and learn, for the poor alone are charitable." All of which is of some significance inasmuch as it emanates from an apostle of Socialism, a leading purveyor of the claptrap which appeals to the illiterates of the minor European states that have come to this country to assist in the redemption of the Republic. If food were never to be obtained at the big house on the hill, the professional tramp would not waste time making application there. But we know he prefers the big house on the hill to the shack by the marsh. He is very often refused at the big house on the hill, and not always because the occupants are uncharitable, but because suspicions that beget fear persuade them that it is dangerous to indulge their sympathies. Unquestionably it is better to give many times to the unworthy than ever to refuse food to the hungry, but sticking to the principle of this theory is somewhat hazardous. To discriminate occasionally is not half so contemptible as reducing the slender fare of the tired-faced mother broken with labor in the little shack down by the creek.

### The Ghost of the Canteen

The Canteen question in the army, like McGinty, will not down and the Carrie Nation sisterhood that smashed the soldier's solace so recklessly have discovered a deal of rue mixed up in the spilled wine. Scarcely a week passes that the cause of the forlorn private does not receive a boost in the direction of a reconsideration by Congress. Just before his arrival here this week to take charge of the Presidio General Funston went on record as saying: "Every army officer who expresses an opinion favorable to the canteen is promptly spitted and boiled in oil, figuratively speaking, by the intolerant bigots who drove Congress into that ill-advised piece of legislation. The sale of beer in the canteen would add greatly to the contentment of the great majority of the men. It might, however, start a few young men to drinking before they otherwise would, which would of course be regrettable. The gymnasium and the amusement rooms for which Congress appropriated so liberally have not attracted the men and are largely failures.

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### Ruef in a New Role

In a hall misnamed Equality, situated somewhere in the heart—or rather, "saving your presence," in the belly—of this burg, the socialists are wont to meet from week to week, to the end of showing the benighted public the way to Nowhere. The happy use of the programme committee is to cause to be "stood up" on the platform such men of straw as Jordan of Stanford and Wheeler of California, as cockshots, aunt sallies, and subject them to a fire of questions, a fusillade of doctrinaire ideas; for the instruction and entertainment of the audience. Once in a blue moon the socialists go in for entertainment pure and simple, and, with this end in view, awhile since invited Abe Ruef, then at large, to be cockshot at. Mr. Ruef, from sheer force of the habit of accepting, accepted, his choice of subject "The Press." What in his righteous indignation the much indicted one would have said of the press of San Francisco will now, alas! never be known, thanks to Mr. Biggy, who, for some ungodly reason or other declined to allow the arch-entertainer to fulfill his engagement; but that it would have made the most scathing denunciation of capital by class-conscious socialists sound like milk and water moderation goes without my saying. The class-conscious ones are often said to lack all sense of humor. Gross capitalistic libel. Their secretary, under instruction, wrote to Mr. Ruef the most delicately worded note imaginable, reminding him that he was billed to appear in Equality Hall on a certain evening, and hoping that nothing would prevent him from appearing there. The idea of calling the elisor "nothing" must have appealed to the elisee as felicity itself.

### The Passing Show

Thank Heaven it is all over and done with. The dogs of San Francisco have had their day; and once more we men may hope to be almost, if not quite, on a footing of equality with them. By dogs, I mean, of course, chiens de race, canine somebodies, with blood in their veins to rival the bluest ribbon that ever was; not canine nobodies, in baneful ignorance of who their grandfathers were, to say nothing of curs of low degree. Things are certainly going to the dogs with a vengeance when the handsomest of us devoted bipeds cannot diminish by so much as one the glances of admiration so lavishly bestowed upon our fourfooted rivals; and our vanity must needs go for weeks together minus its necessary three squares per diem, on a scant diet of bread and water, very bitter, nay, eating its own heart out, remembering the while, not without remorse, the many bonbons once proffered it between meals and politely declined. But enough of these humiliating reflections. The bow-wows have had theirs. This is our day. Again we may talk of ourselves, and be listened to, and not perforce of pedigreed pug or bull. She will love us, for the time being, at least, will woman, without our adoring her dog.

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at all meetings of the Native Sons, must have felt a sense of disappointment on learning that Abe Ruef had sent his resignation to Rincon Parlor and that it had been accepted. That the mephistophelian boss was endowed at birth with a capacity for disappointing his enemies which has survived even the cerberus-like watchfulness of the elisor and the depressing influence of imprisonment, must be admitted; but nevertheless those whose knowledge of past performances in the Native Sons had not inclined them to unqualified approval of the order, had hoped against hope that the stubborn boss would give the society an opportunity to prove its newly tempered metal by resolutely staying in until a special commission had voted to expel him. He has not seen fit to do so, hence the disappointment. It is not that any doubt lingers as to the outcome of the proceedings looking to the determination of Ruef's fitness or unfitness to continue a member of the Native Sons. It requires less than the foresight of a Cozette to guess that, resignation or no resignation, Ruef's career in the organization was nearing its close. But in the process of eliminating him there would have developed as pretty a fight as any that has so far sprung out of the graft investigation and all the forces subject to his command would have rallied about him to save him from this disgrace. The struggle would have put all the Ruefites in the Native Sons on record in a way not accomplished during the Grand Parlor when the preliminary skirmish took place. Now that Ruef has seen fit to slice the Gordian knot while eager fingers were itching for a try at its fascinating tangle, there still remains Gallagher to be dealt with, but Holy Jim may see fit to surrender the honor of past grand prayermaster for the Native Sons without a struggle, laying down all his gold-braided regalia as meekly as his boss has done. Of course, if the society still hungers to go on record as being avid of purification and tired of politics, it may still concern itself with Mayor Schmitz and the lesser boodlers whose names remain on the roster. Nevertheless one cannot help wishing that Ruef had refrained from his extraordinary exhibition of good taste and that Gallagher will not disconcert us with a similar piece of propriety. A close contest crowned with ultimate victory for the decent element in the Native Sons would go far toward toughening the moral fibre of a society that is painfully fond of representing Californian spirit and tendencies, but that has never done so to the entire satisfaction of those natives who use the small "n."

### INCONSTANCY

Women, your eyes shed glances like the sun;  
Now shines your brightness, now your light is done.  
On the sweetest flowers you shine, 'tis but a chance  
And on the basest weed you'll waste a glance.

—J. M.

Arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week are Postmaster and Mrs. Arthur G. Fisk, Judge and Mrs. F. H. Kerrigan, Chas. Trippler, A. D. McBryd, G. S. Lacey, W. H. Smith Jr. of San Francisco, and Frank M. Wilson of Berkeley.

Recent purchasers of Oldsmobiles from the Pioneer Automobile Company are Messrs. H. F. Mordoff, J. Ford, E. Fitzgerald and Wm. Ryfkogel of San Francisco; E. P. Wood of Tonopah and R. A. Baker of Yreka.

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# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## The Browns Are Coming

I hear that the fair Mrs. Ruth McNutt Brown is soon coming to San Francisco with her husband, of whom she is very proud. When she broke off her engagement with Lieutenant Lee a few years ago some of her good, kind friends lamented the untoward termination of that love affair. They feared that Ruth would never make such a good match again. Now it will doubtless afford her great pleasure to show them that she has.

## The Berkeley Symphony

At the Greek Theatre in Berkeley on Thursday of last week the eleventh Symphony Concert was given by the University Orchestra with Anton Hekking, the world-famous German 'cellist, as soloist. The symphony was Brahms' second one, less lovely perhaps in thematic material than his more popular E minor symphony, but still one of the very greatest modern works of that form. The first Allegro non troppo movement is abundantly melodious, and the suavity of its principal theme is ear-caressing. In the succeeding three movements, melody becomes less spontaneous, but the musical sequence is so beautifully preserved, the musicianly effects so admirable throughout, that one can only marvel at the frequency of the assertion that Brahms is purely academic. Mr. Hekking and his 'cello initiated us to the delights of a new concerto by Eugen d'Albert that is not only extremely grateful for the instrument, but of real musical worth. The three connected movements were each of great melodic charm, and d'Albert's skilful manipulation of orchestral effects was always apparent. The audience was quite carried away by the charm of Hekking's performance, and at its conclusion he was called and recalled until he finally reappeared with his 'cello to play the Bach "Aria" that we had heard from Petschnikoff recently. The closing orchestral numbers were Wolf's dainty "Italian Serenade" and Berlioz's "Roman Carnival." The programme for the last Symphony Concert of the season, to take place May ninth, will consist of excerpts from "Das Rheingold" and "Gotterdammerung" by Wagner, his "Kaiser-Marsch," and Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel."

## A Glorious Time Assured

A friend in the East writes me that during the absence of the Burke Cockrans in Europe such extensive alterations have been made on their Long Island home that it is now one of the summer show places of the vicinity. They expect to entertain elaborately so Linda Cadwallader who leaves this week to spend the summer as their guest is assured a glorious time. When Mrs. Cochran was Annie Ide she spent a summer at Burlingame as the guest of Mrs. Frances Carolan and as Linda Cadwallader is also a great favorite of that generous lady, the two girls came into close contact and neither absence nor marriage has caused their friendship to grow tepid. Linda Cadwallader is a very handsome, stately girl and is particularly popular with the younger matrons, her closest friends being in the married set. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. George

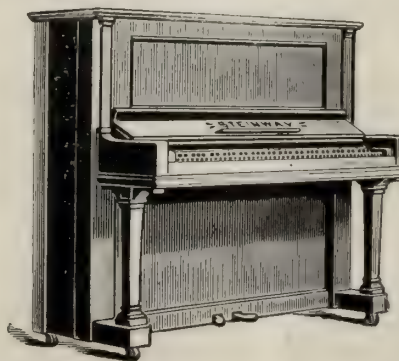
Cadwallader (Charlotte Wilson) recently gave a dinner party in her honor.

## Fashionable Sorosis

For sartorial elegance no simon pure society affair has equaled the display of brave finery at the breakfast which the Sorosis Club gave the other day at the Fairmont Hotel. I had an idea tucked in the back of my mind that club women knew more about Parliamentary Law than the cut of a gown but this gathering of some hundred women was handsomely frocked according to the last by-law of Fashion. The Red Room at the Fairmont where the breakfast was held is a happy background for an affair of this kind and it would have given the professional humorist a pain in his funny bone to see how these clubwomen violated all the time-honored traditions which have been built around them by cruel joke-smiths.

## Will Rice Return

I hear that there is a Burlingame belle who is very anxious indeed to have Mr. Rice, the Boston chap, who came out here to act as best man for Oscar Cooper, return when the nuptials are finally celebrated. When Mr. Rice found that the wedding was postponed he declared that he could not arrange his affairs to come out here a second time but after lingering a few days in Burlingame he seemed to change his mind and the odds are that he will make a strenuous effort to return. Mr. Rice was very hospitably entertained during his short stay, one of the most charming affairs being the breakfast which Mrs. Frederick Kohl gave at the Burlingame Club in his honor.



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### The Artsimovitchs

A friend in Berlin writes me that Count and Madame Artsimovitch have entertained very elaborately this year in honor of their daughter, Miss Webster-Jones. It is a far cry from the life Mrs. Webster-Jones led in San Francisco to the position she occupies as the wife of Count Artsimovitch in Berlin. She has a delightful quality of vibrant animation which makes her conspicuous in the German capital and yet she is a favorite with the conservative nobility—a rare attainment for a foreigner. It was Madame Artsimovitch who was instrumental in Geraldine Farrar's social success and she is said to have introduced the American singer to the crown Prince. Even the Emperor's displeasure at the attentions the Prince showed the beautiful young singer did not bring Madame Artsimovitch into royal disfavor. They tell me she looks like a "stage mother" so fresh and blooming is she in spite of the fact that her daughter is old enough to present to society. Mrs. Hobbs, her mother, left San Francisco several weeks ago for an extended visit to the Artsimovitchs.

### Mabel and Her Pa

It is reported that the cardiac affairs of Maybelle Gilman and W. E. Corey are soon to be solemnized at the altar and tripping on the heels of this announcement comes Maybelle's repudiation of the man Gilman, who has rushed into San Francisco print every time the actress and Corey were given space. Miss Gilman denies that he is her father and the reporters, who have inked their pens with extracts from letters written by Maybelle, have caused Charles Gilman to confess that he has never had a letter from the actress who is to marry the steel trust magnate. All of which sounds like the "If that man's father is my father's son" riddle. But the mystery was solved for me the other day at an informal luncheon which some Mills College graduates gave. One of the girls, who was at Mills with Maybelle, has just returned from Paris, and she answered the sensational interrogation "Who is May-

belle Gilman, Corey's fiancée?" which a morning paper screeched in blackface type the other day. "I was having a gown tried on in a Paris shop," said the girl, who has just returned from her wander-year abroad, "when who should come in but Maybelle Gilman and her mother. I hadn't seen her since the night she recited 'Hagar' at our commencement at Mills but I recognized her in a minute and she rushed at me impulsively and kissed me like a long-lost relative. We went to a cafe for tea but neither of us touched it; we were so busy bridging over the past. I asked Maybelle why she had left the stage and she said her health was not robust—she really looks very delicate and sylph like. She is the most graceful human being who ever glided across this earth and I couldn't help remembering how awkward she was at college in spite of her obvious dramatic ability. I frankly told her what I was thinking and she said that she had worked day and night at dancing the first year on the stage. Which was my cue to quiz her about returning to the footlights but she suddenly grew embarrassed and we both got very busy with the tea things. She did not mention Mr. Corey's name but she did refer to her father, who she said was an absolute stranger to her. 'He has married again, has children of his own in San Francisco, and I wish he would seek notoriety some other way besides advertising his relationship to me,' she said. I suppose she gave out the press statement that he is not her father in order to escape that sort of thing."

### Her Stage Career

In the general discussion that followed among Maybelle's (spelled "Mabel," then) old school friends, I was able to piece out a very authentic history of this young Californienne who is so aggressively in the public eye just now. Maybelle and her sister went to Mills College when they were little girls and even as a youngster Maybelle showed dramatic and musical ability. Her mother was divorced from the father and



MISS HARRIETT BURT

At the Wheel Starting on a Drive From the Potter,  
Santa Barbara.

the girls were educated by an old family friend. They never mentioned their father but were devoted to the mother. Maybelle did not graduate but left Mills in her senior year to join Daly's company. It was the last visit this great manager paid San Francisco and on her own solicitation without outside influence the young Mills College girl obtained a hearing and was given a place in the chorus of one of his musical comedy companies. She was a very beautiful girl and as she could sing a little she soon rose to be one of the principals. For a brief while she enjoyed some little success, but she has never achieved any great triumph. This young woman who alienated the affections of the great trust magnate from the spouse of his youth is absolutely without magnetism when on the stage. She has a voice of pleasing quality but no dramatic ability, and when I heard her in New York about six years ago her vocal method showed that she had profited very little from the training she had received. At that time I heard that she was not very popular in the profession because of her exalted ideas of her own worth, and I recall an incident that gave color to this report. It was during a performance of a musical burlesque, "The Hall of Fame," in which Miss Gilman had a small soprano role. Her first appearance was made after causing a protracted "stage wait." The whole chorus was on the stage and Marie Dressler, the principal comedienne, was there and she was visibly annoyed by the delay. When Miss Gilman finally appeared Marie Dressler threw a few gags at her that were obviously not in the lines, and the blushes that suffused the countenance of the Californian actress indicated that she felt very much embarrassed and humiliated.

#### A San Rafael Runaway

I hear that Janet von Schroeder is very sensitive on the subject of the runaway in which she and her sister participated the other day. Both girls came through the mishap without a scratch but Janet, who prides herself on her horsemanship, fancies that her reputation has been marred in the fall. She is an expert equestrienne and can handle the ribbons in a coach and six as prettily as any one in these parts. Therefore she feels the humiliation of being spilled on the lawn in front of Hotel Rafael by a horse that was supposed to be gentle as a kitten. As Miss Janet had just stepped into the trap when the animal bolted and did not have the reins in control she should not feel that it was such an inglorious tumble. Her mother could scarcely restrain her from driving the same horse the next day so anxious is she to redeem her horsemanship. Both von Schroeder girls have been taught to drive by the most skilled experts in Europe and they ride equally well.

#### Mrs. Hearst to Return

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst expects to spend part of the summer in California, which means that her castle on the McCloud river, and the hacienda at Pleasanton will be the scene of some interesting house parties. Mrs. Hearst has developed a genius for avoiding commonplace people, and only those who work their passage with some brilliant attainment travel in her set. She

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still loves to have a young girl near her, and at present it is Miss Helen Wheeler, the eldest daughter of the Charles Wheelers, who is enjoying the privilege of traveling with Mrs. Hearst. There are fully a dozen society matrons who when they were in their teens saw the delights of the old world unfold under the espionage of this charming and cultured woman.

### Daughters of the Confederacy

Writes my Del Monte correspondent: The Seventh Annual Convention of the California Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in the historic old town of Monterey, brought many distinguished visitors to Hotel del Monte. \* \* \* Mrs. W. B. Pritchard, Honorary National President, who is the daughter of General Albert Sidney Johnston, was accompanied by Miss Elsie J. Pritchard. Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, President of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Mrs. Inez Shorb White and Mrs. W. M. S. Beede came down together last Tuesday. \* \* \* Some of the other San Francisco delegates who stopped at Del Monte were Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies, National Vice-President, Mrs. W. D. Rideout, Mrs. Alexander R. Jones, Mrs. Randolph C. Miller, Miss Kathryn Bacon, Miss M. H. Foulkes, Mrs. Samuel McCartney and Mrs. E. B. Grace. Mrs. Antoinette deC. Stearns, Mrs. Frank Kimmell of the Joseph Le Conte Chapter, Berkeley, Mrs. J. Charles Harris, Miss Lydia Lee Dozier and Mrs. M. L. Morris of Oakland were also guests at Del Monte. Mrs. Albert M. Stephens, wife of Judge Stephens of Los Angeles, was one of the first arrivals. Mrs. Stephens is the President of the State Division. Other Los Angeles delegates at Del Monte were Mrs. Mathew S. Robertson, President of the Los Angeles Chapter, Miss Ryan, Mrs. J. F. Salyer, Miss Byrda McGauhey, Miss Isabel Jones, Mrs. A. J. Chandler and Miss Giletta M. Workman, and from Redlands, Mrs. C. L. Gengsay and Mrs. E. A. Stowe of the General John H. Morgan Chapter. \* \* \* Mrs. Selden S. Wright, President Emeritus, and Organizer of the United Daughters of the Confederacy on the Pacific Coast, and Mrs. George T. Theobald were the guests of Mrs. J. P. Pryor. Mrs. Pryor, though now living in Pacific Grove, was elected a delegate from the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, of which she has long been an important member. \* \* \* Mrs. Jackson Hatch, President-elect of the State Division, and Mrs. W. B. Hill, both of San Jose, were entertained during the Convention by Mrs. George F. Bodfish at her home in the Grove. \* \* \* The following delegates were guests at the Pacific Grove Hotel: Mrs. Frank Walker, President of the Dixie Chapter of San Francisco; Mrs. C. H. Jackson, Mrs. Ada Pierce and Mrs. William Gibson of San Francisco; Mrs. C. H. Miller, Oakland; Mrs. L. J. Le Conte, Miss Sally Daingerfield, Miss Mary Ingle and Mrs. H. B. Anderson, Berkeley; Mrs. D. S. Pratt, Mrs. M. K. Harris, Fresno. \* \* \* In honor of the delegates a reception was given in the Del Monte ballroom last Wednesday night. Many of the Post people attended, and brass buttons and gold lace added to the brilliancy of the picture. \* \* \* Mrs. Mabel Porter Pitts Carey, who wrote a charming poem for the Daughters of the Confederacy, was a guest of her mother, Mrs. S. H. Pitts. Mrs. Pitt's son, Jack E. Pitts of St. Louis, brought his wife down in their big auto car, returning to San Francisco after the Convention.

The J. Parker Whitneys as usual have gone to Del Monte for the summer. Mr. Whitney is an enthusiastic fisherman and is anxiously looking forward to the salmon run soon expected. Besides being an expert, Mr. Whitney has written several books on the subject.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Oppenheimer of Paris, who were delayed on their way to Del Monte by some breakdown on a train ahead of them, telephoned for an automobile to be sent to Salinas after them, so they arrived without waiting as long as their fellow travelers.

Mrs. Charles Sedgwick Aiken who, with her little son, has been at Del Monte the last month, has gone up to the city for a few weeks but will return before she and Mr. Aiken leave for their ranch near Howell Mountain, where they expect to spend a part of the summer.

Professor G. Eisser of Stockholm, Sweden, is a guest of Professor Jacques Loeb at the Pacific Grove Hotel. \* \* \* Captain W. Borrowe of Sausalito, who has been at this hotel for a couple of weeks, was joined a few days ago by Mrs. Borrowe and Miss Constance Borrowe and are now settled in the house which they have rented from Admiral Trilley. Miss Borrowe has been the guest of Miss Barbara Small in San Francisco for the last fortnight.



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# Stage

## Separation of Belasco and Carter

No longer a Belasco star but in a Belasco play, Mrs. Leslie Carter, famous for her marital felicities and infelicities, for her histrionic abilities and her temperament, will appear at the Novelty Theatre next week. For years Mrs. Carter was to Dave Belasco what Sara Bernhardt during a great part of her career was to Sardou—the interpreter of his genius. Mrs. Carter is distinctly a Belasco-made actress. Belasco developed her talents literally by the sweat of his brow, for, as we were told, he used to drag her around by her bronze locks to evoke the shrieks, cries and other expressions of deep emotion that are essential to the equipment of impersonators of high-strung heroines. As a sobber and shrieker Mrs. Carter is without a peer on the American stage. And the perfection of her artistry is evident from the fact that when she weeps the audience weeps with her, though, of course when she shrieks she shrieks alone. That Mrs. Carter is no longer a Belasco star is not to be attributed to any indication of the waning of her talents. Her virility is unimpaired. As an emotion generator she is as dynamic as ever, but she has now a husband to whom she is so much married that Mr. Belasco suspected her of infidelity to her Art. Mr. Belasco has prejudices against married stars. He wishes his stars to lavish every fragment of passion of which the soul is capable on their Muse, but Mrs. Carter having had a taste of

domesticity in the days of her youth, albeit an unpleasant one, there lingered a recollection that predisposed her to a second venture, and some months ago she became the blushing bride of one of the gentlemen of her profession. This marriage disturbed the har-



WILL R. WALLING  
At the New Alcazar Theatre.



ETHEL MacDONOUGH

The Girl Behind the Drum, Who Will Appear at The Orpheum Next Week.

mony of Mrs. Carter's professional relations with Mr. Belasco. Thereafter Mrs. Carter's husband became her mentor and of course that circumstance occasioned a rift in the lute of Belasco discipline. The star and her manager came to the parting of the ways and Frances Starr, formerly of the Alcazar, was employed to resume where Mrs. Carter left off. Manager Dillingham thereupon secured Mrs. Carter for the star role of Milton Royle's new play or rather his version of Article Forty-seven. Mrs. Carter liked the play but she saw how she could improve it. Mr. Royle objected to the improvement of his play. And that explains why Mrs. Carter went back to her old friend "Du





HENRIETTA CROSMAN

Who is Coming to the Van Ness Theatre with Her Two Productions, "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" and "The Almighty Dollar."

Barry," the sensational play in which she made all previous New York records cease to be worth speaking about.

### The Play

It was to be supposed that the brilliant period of Louis XV of France would furnish an admirable field for the dramatist, and "Du Barry," the central character of the play, is one of the most interesting figures in the history of that period. In the play she is shown first as the little milliner, Jeanette Vaubernier, and through the succeeding scenes as the favorite of the King, and last of all robbed of her glories, back among the people, she is led amid the shouts of the revolutionists to the guillotine. As embodied by Mrs. Leslie Carter Madame Du Barry, who ruled recklessly over the kingdom of Louis XV, who hastened the end of the old regime and died under the knife of the guillotine, becomes a fascinating and engrossing figure among the scenes covering her brilliant but dissolute career. Great as was her success in her earlier plays she has even reached greater heights in "Du Barry" and has increased the esteem in which she is held as a great emotional artist.

"Du Barry" will be presented here upon the same scenic scale with which it was invested during its two years' run in New York. Owing to the length of the performance the curtain will rise promptly at 8 o'clock. There will be a Saturday matinee only and the final performance of "Du Barry" will be given Sunday night, May 19.

### Belasco and the Shuberts

The theatrical trust scored a victory over Dave Belasco the other day when it absorbed the Shuberts, but Belasco has a contract with the Shuberts which has three years more to run, and he says that meanwhile he will play his attractions at the Shubert houses throughout the country. "Before the expiration of that contract," he says, "I shall have perfected arrangements by which I shall be able to have my own theatres in many of the principal cities of the country. It is gratifying to me to be able to state that a sufficient number of wealthy men who have faith in me and who believe in the highest traditions of the stage have agreed to provide such money as I may need to build my own theatres."

### The Passion Play

The most artistic and dramatic conception of the New Testament ever presented on any stage was given by the students of Santa Clara College six years ago and repeated in 1903 when they presented to the public "Nazareth." Clay M. Greene's "Passion Play," the story of the life and crucifixion of the Savior. This notable play will be revived on Monday evening, May 13. Five performances will be given during the week.

### Force at Alcazar

Belasco & Mayer find that it will be impossible to complete the elaborate production of Eugene Walters' great American play, "The Undertow," in time for presentation next Monday evening. They are forced to postpone it a week and have substituted George Broadhurst's farce, "What Happened to Jones." The story of this comedy is well known but it has been a

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hit whenever produced and in the hands of the fun makers of the New Alcazar Stock Company should be seen at its best. Bertram Lytell will play Jones. He has made a success of this part on several occasions in various parts of the country. Laura Lang will be seen as the vivacious Cissy. Daisy Lovering has a grand opportunity in the character part of Helma, the Swedish servant girl. John B. Maher, the leading comedian of the New Alcazar forces, is cast as Ebenezer Goodly. Will Walling will appear as the Bishop and H. B. Byers as his counterpart, Bigby. All the members of the cast have strong parts and the play should move rapidly. "What Happened to Jones" will run the entire week with the regular matinees on Saturday and Sunday.

#### Good Vaudeville at Orpheum

The Orpheum offers a programme for next week that should be proof against the car strike. Volta who heads the roster, although quite a young man, is said to be one of the most wonderful of humans. His tricks with electric currents are described as marvelous and uncanny and his performance is said to widen the eyes of the blase as well as of the scientific. Matthews and Ashley, two singing and dancing comedians, will present an amusing skit entitled "A Smash-Up in Chinatown." The Girl Behind the Drum has another entertaining act. Ethel MacDonough is the girl and her work with the traps and various instruments of percussion is of a character that promises to attract great interest. Kramer and Belleclair who will be seen for the first time in this city are said to challenge comparison with Sadow in their muscular development and strength and their exhibition of physical culture has received favorable recognition in the East. It will be the last week of Charles Leonard Fletcher in his impersonations, Princess Yolante and her trained cockatoos, the Durand Trio and Foy and Clark. The latter have scored an immense hit in their original sketch "Under the Sea." Novel and entertaining Motion Pictures will be exhibited.

#### Idora Park

The best performance yet given by the Idora Opera Company is that of Victor Herbert's delightful work, "The Fortune Teller." Sybil Page who closes her year's engagement with this company is doing admirable work and Walter Bogart sings exceptionally well. Cunningham, Hope Mayne and the other favorites all add to the excellence of the performance and the orchestra under Paul Steindorff is alone worth going miles to hear. The splendid body of musicians has again been increased and is now well equipped for any kind of operatic production.

There will be a big masquerade on skates in the big rink Monday evening.

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home" will be the next opera. Edith Mason, the soprano, and Thos. Persse, tenor, join the organization, making their debut in this work.

The Idora Park Orchestra has been engaged to furnish the music at the graduating exercises at Stanford University this year.

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**GROWN-UPS**

By Ursula Twenty

There are no real fairies, grown-ups say so,  
 Except in stories, which is so absurd—  
 If only they could know the secrets I know,  
 And hear the things I've heard!  
 I know what the thrush near the nursery window sings  
 In the lilac bush below.  
 The fairies tell me heaps and heaps of things  
 That grown-ups never know.

I know why the shadows grow so long and glide  
 Across the lawn, beneath the poplars tall:  
 It's because they want to look at the world outside,  
 They're climbing the ivied wall.  
 I know what the butterfly with painted wings  
 Says to the proud red rose.  
 The fairies tell me heaps and heaps of things  
 A grown-up never knows.

I know why the clouds, with which the sky is whitened,  
 Hurry along so very very fast:  
 They want to see the sunset, and are frightened  
 That each may be the last.  
 I know why the river never never sleeps,  
 Why the wind comes and goes.  
 The fairies tell me secrets, heaps and heaps,  
 A grown-up never knows.

**SOME DON'T'S FOR MOTORISTS**

Don't try to start the engine without turning on the petrol.

Don't look for a leak of petrol with a lighted match; it is too expeditious a method.

Don't forget to take the brake off and blame your car for having a "fit of the slows."

Don't, if you meet with trouble, leave too many tools on the road.

Don't forget to pump your tyres; a pump in time saves ninety and nine.

Don't blow your horn as if it were the last trump.

Don't, when driving, wear a worried look; it attracts the attention of the police.

Don't forget the feelings of your passengers; their views on speed may be different from your own.

Don't kill more dogs than you can help; it is bad, not only for the dog but also for the car.

Don't start out in a hurry; you will reach your destination sooner if you take things more quietly.

Don't rely too implicitly on the word of the dealer who tells you that the car he is selling will "climb any hill that does not overhang."

Don't forget that on the road it is usually the unexpected that happens.

Don't forget that even pedestrians have their rights.

—The Expert.

**Not "Bestsellers"**

Thomas Hardy declared several years ago that he had no more stories to tell, and since the publication of "Jude, the Obscure," we have had none from his pen. Much as his admirers regret the fact, they must agree that if he really feels that he has reached the limit of his production it is better for him to have ceased to write than to present the pitiful spectacle so often forced on our attention, of the mechanical pouring out of a stream of dead words only because the habit is fixed and there is still magic in a name. Mr. Hardy, who is still well short of the scriptural three score and ten years, is by no means forgotten because he is silent. The Harpers, who are his American publishers, find it expedient to issue new editions every now and then, and are announcing at the present time that they have in press "Far From the Madding Crowd," "Desperate Remedies," and "A Laodician," all of which were new some thirty years or more ago. In listing best-sellers none of these will be mentioned, not because they will not come into the hands of purchasers, for if there were reason to suppose they would not be wanted new editions would not be issued, but because the lists of best-sellers are distinctly compiled from the RECENT books, and so labeled, if running readers and critics would take notice.



PICTURESQUE LAKE TAHOE

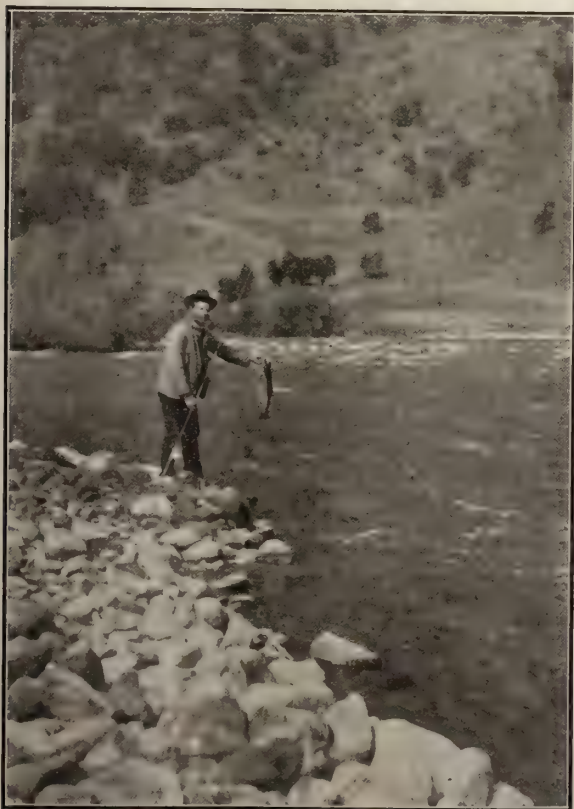


## AUTOMOBILE NOTES

One by one the well-known horsemen of the country are coming to the knowledge that the ownership and use of an automobile does not in the least intimate that they are wavering in their allegiance to the equine. One of the latest instances of this fact is the purchase of a Thomas Flyer by Colonel C. E. Hughes of Denver, president of the Continental Coach Horse Company, probably the best-known breeder in the West. A proof, too, that driving is a good stepping stone to the guiding of a motor car is that Colonel Hughes learned to drive his car in a single afternoon.

Cuyler Lee, agent for Cadillac Motor Cars, reports the delivery of Cadillac Motor Cars as follows: L. I. Ashpole, a Cadillac Touring Car; Mr. Henry L. Halsey, a Cadillac Touring Car; Mr. Charles E. When, a Cadillac Touring Car. The well-known architect, Mr. Sylvain Schnaitaacher, has bought a 24 horse power Cadillac Touring Car. This is the first 24 horse power Cadillac to be delivered on the coast.

Limousine cars finished in other than the conventional somber colors are gaining popularity. Mr. Thomas F. Daly, the millionaire mine owner of Denver, has a Winton limousine finished in a beautiful red, while Mr. E. B. Cadwell, screw manufacturer of New York and Detroit, will this week receive delivery from the Winton factory of a limousine which is sure to attract attention in its golden brown dress and gold leaf striping. Inside, Mr. Cadwell's car has golden brown upholstery and natural mahogany wood finish.



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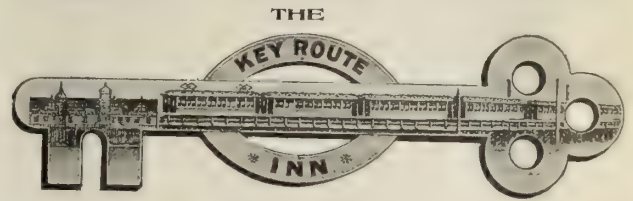
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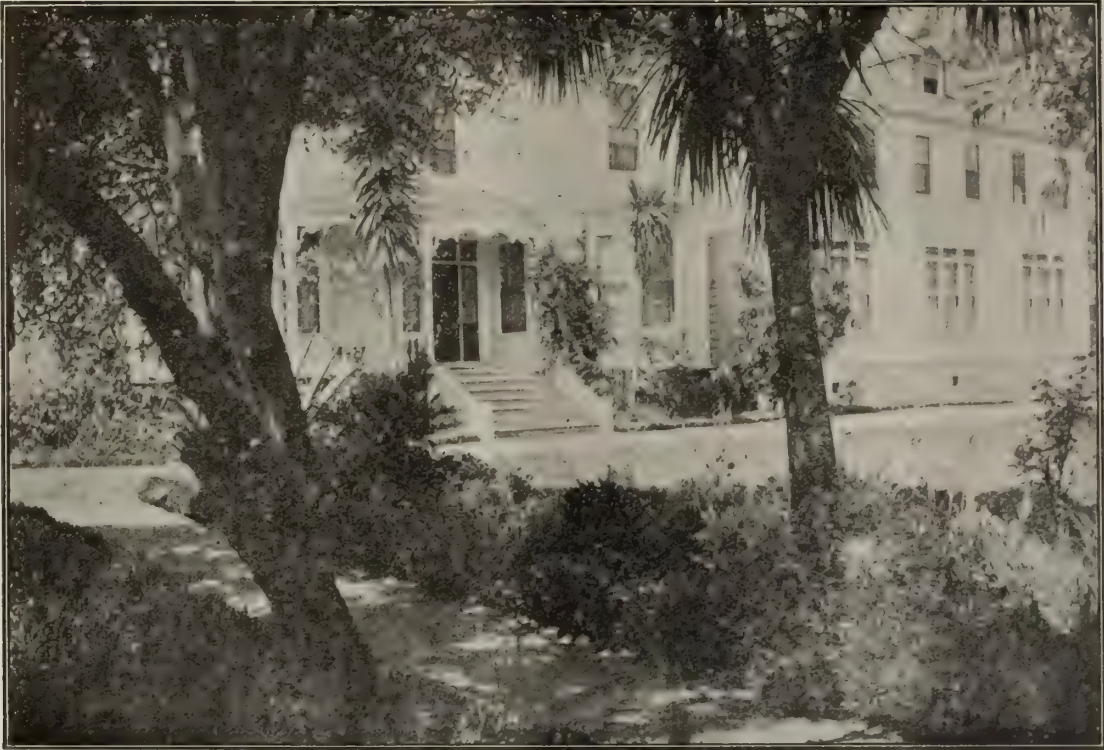
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THE ROTUNDA, NAPA SODA SPRINGS



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Said to be Two Hundred Years Old.



## The Child Spy

(Continued from Page 8.)

surprised the pass-word of the Prussians. . . . I think that this time we shall take that cursed Bourget away from them."

There was an explosion of bravos and laughter. The soldiers danced, laughed, polished up the sabre-bayonets; and taking advantage of the tumult the children disappeared.

Beyond the trench there was nothing but the plain, and in the distance a long white wall perforated with loopholes. They went towards this wall, stopping at each step, and pretending to pick up potatoes.

"Let us go back. . . . Don't let us go there," little Stenne said continually.

The other shrugged his shoulders and walked on. Suddenly they heard the click of a gun being loaded.

"Lie down!" ordered the big boy, throwing himself on the ground. As soon as he was down, he whistled. Another whistle sounded across the snow. The boys advanced crawling. . . . In front of the wall, close to the ground, appeared a pair of yellow moustaches under a dirty forage-cap. The big boy jumped into the trench by the side of the Prussian:

"This is my brother," he said, pointing to his companion.

Stenne was so little that when the Prussian saw him he began to laugh, and was obliged to take him in his arms to hoist him through the gap.

On the other side of the wall were great embankments of earth, trees cut down, black holes in the snow, and in each hole the same dirty forage-cap, the same yellow moustaches laughing when they saw the children pass.

In one corner was a gardener's house barricaded with trunks of trees. The ground floor was full of soldiers playing at cards and making soup on a big clear fire. The cabbage and lard smelt good; how different from the bivouac of the sharpshooters! Above were the officers. One could hear them playing on the piano and uncorking champagne bottles. When the Parisians entered they were greeted with a hurrah of joy. They gave up their papers; were given drink, and made to talk. All the officers looked proud and ill-natured; but the big boy amused them with his street smartness, his slang vocabulary. They laughed, repeated his words after him, and disported themselves with delight in this mud of Paris which was brought to them.

Little Stenne would have liked to talk also, to prove that he too was not an idiot; but something embarrassed him. Opposite, rather apart from the others, sat a Prussian who was older, more serious than the others, and who was reading, or pretending to read, for his eyes never left the boy. There was tenderness and reproach in his gaze, as if this man had at home a child of the same age as Stenne, and said to himself:

"I would rather die than see my son follow such a trade. . . ."

From that moment Stenne felt as though a hand were pressing on his heart and preventing it from beating.

To escape from this anguish he began to drink. Soon everything was turning round him. He heard vaguely, in the midst of loud laughter, his companion making fun of the National Guards, of their way of drilling, imitating a rush to arms at the Marais, a night surprise on the ramparts. Then the big boy

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*Those who know answer*

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lowered his voice, the officers came nearer and their faces became grave. The miserable fellow was forewarning them of the attack of the sharpshooters. . . .

At this shock little Stenne got up furious, sobered: "Not that, big boy. . . . I won't have that."

But the other only laughed and went on. Before he had finished all the officers were on their feet. One of them pointed the children to the door:

"Get out of the camp as quick as you can," he ordered them. And they began to talk among themselves, very fast, in German. The big boy went out clicking his money, as proud as a Doge. Stenne followed him, head down; and when he passed the Prussian whose gaze had troubled him so much, he heard a sad voice which said:

"Not britty that. . . . Not britty."

Tears came to his eyes.

Once on the plain the children began to run and returned quickly. Their sack was full of potatoes which the Prussians had given them, and they passed the trench of the sharpshooters without difficulty. The camp was preparing for the night-attack. Troops arrived silently, and were massed behind walls. The old sergeant was there, busy placing his men and looking so happy. When the children passed he recognized them, and gave them a kind smile. . . .

Oh! how that smile hurt little Stenne; for one second he longed to cry:

"Do not go over there. . . . we have betrayed you."

But the other boy had said to him: "If you speak they will shoot us," and fear kept him silent. . . .

At Courneuve they went into a deserted house to divide the money. Truth obliges me to say that the division was made fairly, and that when he heard the beautiful half-crowns clinking under his blouse, and thought of the games of "galoche" in perspective, little Stenne did not think his crime so terrible after all.

But when the unfortunate child was alone! When the big boy had left him at the gates, his pockets began to feel very heavy, and the hand which clasped his heart clasped it more tightly than ever. Paris no longer seemed the same to him. The people who passed looked at him severely, as though they knew whence he was coming. He heard the word spy in the noise of the wheels, in the beating of the drums which were practicing along the canal. At last he arrived at home, and very glad that his father had not yet returned, he went up to their bedroom quickly, to hide under his pillow the half-crowns which weighed so heavily on him.

Father Stenne had never been so amiable, so joyful, as when he returned that evening. News had been received from the provinces: matters in the country were going better. While he was eating, the old soldier looked at his gun hanging on the wall, and said to the child with his jolly laugh:

"Ah! my boy, wouldn't you go at the Prussians if you were a man!"

About eight o'clock they heard cannon.

"That is Arbervilliers. . . . They are fighting at Bourget," said the old fellow, who knew all the forts. Little Stenne became pale and, pretending great fatigue, went to bed, but he did not sleep. The cannon sounded continually. He pictured to himself the sharpshooters arriving by night to surprise the Prussians and themselves falling into an ambushade. He thought of the sergeant who had smiled at him, saw him stretched out there on the snow, and many others with

him! . . . The price of all this blood was hidden under his pillow, and it was he, the son of M. Stenne, of a soldier. . . . Tears choked him! In the room next door he heard his father walk, open the window. Below, in the square, sounded the call to arms, a battalion of guards was mustering for the start. It was certainly a real battle. The unfortunate child could not repress a sob.

"What is the matter?" said Father Stenne, coming in.

The child could bear it no longer, he jumped out of bed and threw himself at his father's feet. When he moved, the half-crowns rolled on the floor.

"What is this? You have been stealing?" said the old man, trembling.

Then, all in a breath, little Stenne told how he had gone to the Prussians' camp, and what had happened there. As he went on talking his heart became lighter, it relieved him to accuse himself. . . . Father Stenne listened with a terrible expression. When the story was finished, he hid his face in his hands and wept.

"Father, father," the child tried to say.

The old man pushed him away without answering, and picked up the money.

"That is all?" he asked.

Little Stenne made a sign that it was all. The old man took down his gun, and cartridge-box, and put the money in his pocket.

"That's right," he said, "I am going to give it back to them."

And, without adding a word, without even looking back, he went down to join the troops who were starting by night. He was never seen again.



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## Letters

### A Tale of a Strike

"Pelham and His Friend Tim," by Allen French, is a real book for real boys. Pelham and Tim were the two youngest lads permitted to play with "the big boys," and they were proud of the privilege. They were about twelve years of age, and in worldly circumstances as far apart as the conditions of their little town permitted, for Pelham was the youngest child of the mill owner in whose establishment most of the residents were employed, while Tim occupied the same status in the household of the most thriftless and goodfornothing of the men. But Tim was made of different timber from his father and his elder brother, and the reason for the lack of resemblance is part of the story. The conditions under which Mr. Dodd carried on his enterprise were ideal. He was a kind and thoughtful employer, and his men were well paid and satisfied. His eldest son was already in the mill and the two younger ones looked forward to the time when they, too, would be part of the establishment, while the sons of the workmen expected to follow in the footsteps of their fathers, to work for Arthur and Pelham as they now played with them, with no question but that of doing their best, and as the lads were permitted, under restrictions, to visit the works and see the various operations, they each had a definite idea of which department they intended to enter, and a theoretic, if slight, knowledge of the work. Into this peaceful and harmonious life there was introduced an element of discord in the shape of a new workman who immediately began to organize a union and to stir up discontent amongst the younger and the least proficient of the mill employes. The older men contended that they had no grievances, but were persuaded that they might, some day, have disputes with the owners, and that it would be a great thing to have "the brotherhood" back of them and "strike wages" to tide them over their idle time. It did not take Volger very long to make trouble. As one of the men said, he soon found an excuse, and a strike was declared "just for excitement." There were a few contracts to be finished when all but two of the men walked out, and it was then that Pelham and Tim proved their mettle. Mr. Dodd, who had been a practical mill hand in his young days, put on his overalls and with his superintendent and book-keeper, took hold of the work, while the boys eager to help, were pressed into service, and proved themselves equal to the task. How the little chaps took their share of the watching at night, how they mixed dyes and packed goods, and protected property, and how they were all but kidnapped, and yet escaped, make an adventurous tale. "Pelham and His Friend Tim" is a wholesome and stirring tale, another to be added to the all too brief list of books in which boys are interested in something besides football and school escapades, and taught, though not preached at, that there are other uses for brains and muscles than exercising them in sport. Published by Little, Brown & Co.

### "A Knight of the Cumberland"

This story shows us the Kentucky mountaineer at play. Before this particular knight became a titled personage he was several other things, namely, a mountain lad rather wild for even his unconventional surroundings, an outlaw, subject to arrest by any of the volunteer police force of the Gap because of his tendency to make use of firearms whenever he had imbibed too much of the "mountain dew" and the admirer of a New York society belle who had come down into the mountains on a visit of curiosity, and who, for the purposes of the narrative is known to us only as "the Blight." One of the revels indulged in annually as a part of the celebration of the Fourth of July in the border

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counties of Kentucky and Virginia, is a passage at arms after the manner of that of the knights of old, whereat the natives, fantastically arrayed, and sporting titles as unconventional as their attire, joust for points. Naturally, there is great rivalry amongst the participants and much exchange of hard coin on the outcome of the contests. Mart, otherwise the Wild Dog, and in time to be the Knight of the Cumberland, had attended one of the celebrations and was fired with an ambition to win for himself, so, with a companion, he rigged up a course near home, and the two practiced at tilting, not at each other but at the branches of the trees until they could pick off the suspended rings unerringly. The Honorable Samuel Budd was master of Ceremonies and the fair lady from New York had journeyed south again especially to witness the sports. It was the fortune, or misfortune of "the Blight" to inspire every man who met her with a romantic ardor, so that she had a real lover, in the person of a young civil engineer, besides the adoring Mart who, of course, could but look on from a distance. Young Marston it was who had arrested Mart for his outbreak, and though the prosecutor had also paid his fine and thus liberated him from confinement, the youth had sworn to vengeance and was thus under the ban of the constituted authorities. The Honorable Budd, knowing of Mart's assiduous practice at tilting, had made a bet with some other interested ones that this year he would bring in a dark horse who would win all the honors, but as the time approached he saw that his outlaw could not appear, and he was in a fever of despondency. Mart had sent word that in his default his friend Braham who was just as good, would compete, and the identity of the knight was to be shrouded in mystery. He was to appear at the last moment and take his place. All followed the arranged program except that the unknown knight was masqued and could not be induced to reveal himself. His title was announced as the Knight of the Cumberland, and under the coaching of the master of ceremonies he went through the manoeuvres after the pattern laid down in Ivanhoe. As in that historic encounter, at Ashby, the final contest was fought out between two, young Marston, who chose to call himself "the Discarded," and the unknown. An amusing bit of comedy is introduced in the distribution of favors, for Mollie, the sister of Mart, and the sweetheart of Braham, whom she believed to be the "dark horse," had provided herself with a bunch of ribbons to decorate the spear she had every reason to suppose would be lowered to her, and was naturally taken aback when, instead, it was the Blight who was so honored. Not to describe at length what the author has done so much more perfectly than any paraphrase can express, the Knight of the Cumberland after winning all the honors, and being obliged to reveal his identity, was none other than the outlaw Mart, and his appearance was as much of a surprise as that of Ivanhoe or King Richard in the historic lists of Ashby. His exit was dramatic in the extreme, and despite his undoubted lawlessness our hearts are with him in his wild ride for freedom. The tribute which John Fox, Jr., pays to the courteousness and chivalrous respect of the mountaineer is not overdrawn, and the picture of their simple lives, their unabashed openness and their lavish hospitality according to their means is founded upon intimate knowledge. Illustrations, in color, are by F. C. Yohn. A Knight of the Cumberland is not too long to be read at one sitting and quite entertaining enough to make one wish for more of the same kind. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

—The Bookworm.

Telephone: Page 81

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VOL. XV. No. 768

San Francisco, May 18, 1907

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## A Protest Against Compromise

The most logical of catastrophes was that which gave a tragical touch to San Francisco's industrial drama last week. It was so true in its sequence to all that had gone before that it was absolutely devoid of the element of unexpectedness which counts for so much in theatricals. It was not only the expected that happened but also one of those consummations that howsoever painful when rightly apprehended are not deplored. Unfortunately the first impulse of many of our citizens who are susceptible to panic was to render negligible all that had been accomplished. They were in favor of immediately effecting a compromise by which Mr. Calhoun should reinstate the subservient henchmen of Agitator Cornelius. This they conceived to be a most salutary and beneficent purpose, but it was as fatuous as, without completing a surgical operation, to sew a man up because he complained of a slight pain. The problem that confronts this community is not to be solved by compromise. To compromise is merely to prolong the agony. Terrible it is to have such scenes as were enacted last week, but blood may not have been shed in vain. It would have been well for the world if spared the misery wrought by the instruments of ambition and tyranny, but it was not decreed that man should be redeemed at pink tea ceremonies. The redemption of this city is the great blessing to be accomplished, and compromise is not the medium that suggests itself as most propitious to reflecting minds. Organized labor has this city by the throat and it must be forced to let go its hold; if merely required to relax its grip San Francisco's pitiable plight will continue to excite compassion. The fact is that there exists here a distinct clash of interests. Here in our midst is this great fact of Organized Labor entrenched in its immense redoubts declaring its intention to hold fast and defy reason and justice. It is the old familiar story of Power grown arrogant and tyrannical; sometimes it is the throne, sometimes the mob; sometimes it is capital and sometimes it is labor. Unionism has reached the point where it is conscious of its power and indifferent to the principles of right and justice. It rules us industrially and politically. Its yoke is of iron. Even

the press, the so-called palladium of our liberties, has been terrorized into meek acquiescence in the dictates of Labor's passions and caprices. Organized Labor regards this city as its stronghold, and this is no misapprehension. No city in the world is so helpless beneath the heel of labor as San Francisco. And while it remains supine we shall be the prey of a ruthless and cruel despotism. In these circumstances what compromise can be effected by which the sky shall be made bluer, or the climate more temperate or our relations with our fellows simpler and happier? There is no redress for San Francisco except in bankruptcy or in the putting of effective restraint upon unionism. The interests of San Francisco are entirely her own and she cannot look for justice or decent treatment from the agitators that dominate the unions. It might seem that it would not be wise for labor to destroy the industries of this city, but the professional agitators and the demagogic counsellors of labor are concerned only for the interests of unionism, and those interests in their opinion demand the absolute subservience of employers. By these pitiless czars of labor has San Francisco been brought to its present pathetic plight; by them and by the sauseulottes that have been carried into this country on the tide of immigration from the European hotbeds of anarchy, to whose ears there is no sweeter music than the trumpet of sedition blown by the charlatans of journalism, to whose eyes there are no pictures so inspiring as those calculated to provoke discontent and plunge us into strife and confusion. What shall it avail San Francisco to compromise with men who are so easily encouraged to throw away prudence and involve themselves in calamitous circumstances? These men who are so eager for anarchy we should not be so eager to placate. We who are not eager for a nightmare of mortgages and mendicancy, who have some sentimental interest in the old town and have no expectation of hiking to the nearest industrial centre as soon as work gets slack should not deprecate the kind of arbitrament from which there is no appeal and which is binding even upon labor unions.

## Unions And Their Friends

Some of the sentiments to which we gave expression in these columns last week were construed by one of our readers as evidence of "a bigoted prejudice against labor unions." This conception is significant of the temperament which perceives antipathy in all that is not absolute concord. We have never suspected ourselves of harboring a sentiment inimical to labor unionism in the abstract. We have persuaded ourselves that there is justification for labor unions, and that they must be expected to take a hand in the fixing of wages notwithstanding the fact that political economy like alchemy, astrology and witchcraft has a plausible idea at the root of it. We regard labor unions with favor because we are conscious of the absurdity of the assertion in the Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal"; also, because we recognize the fact that the human being is a covetous machine and because we know that the varieties of circumstance which influence the reciprocal interests of labor and capital are so endless that all endeavor to deduce rules of action from balance of expediency is in vain. There are men who would make their employees their slaves, who would gladly obtain labor at the lowest price compatible with the maintenance of laboring power; there are corporations



without souls that have no more consideration for the muscles and skill which they employ than for the machines that constitute their plants. It is entirely natural for labor to organize against such men and such corporations. It is by such men and such corporations that the standards of value are fixed. To compete with them men of more generous nature are obliged to reduce wages. Where personal rights are ignored, where capital refuses to see in the laborer anything but its human automaton, where oppressions are practiced, there must be rebellion. While trades unions are maintained for the purpose of exacting justice their existence cannot be conceived to be inimical to the public welfare. But when under the corrupting influence of unscrupulous demagogues and illiterate agitators they threaten the destruction of the industries of a commonwealth and breed discontent and demoralization they must excite the aversion and hostility of every decent citizen, every lover of justice and fair play. No true friend of trades unions encourages them in acts that provoke the hostility of the public. It was not an act of friendship that precipitated the car strike, that plunged a vast body of reluctant men into a strife for which they had no appetite. The best evidence of the fact that the men were contented is that they were denied the privilege of a secret ballot. Coerced into a viva voce vote they did not dare to incur the displeasure of their ruthless and relentless masters. And yet these masters by whom the peace of this community was dissolved, these pestiferous breeders of riot upon whose heads are the stains of blood that was shed in consequence of their imperious decree have the effrontery to pose to-day as the friends of labor, and are probably accepted as such by citizens of the type of him by whom Town Talk is charged with indulging a bigoted prejudice against unions.

### The Police And The Charter

More than once has it been suggested in these columns that the charter which is now the organic law of this city is hardly deserving of the respect and esteem which were uncompromisingly demanded for it when the Hon. James D. Phelan was vouching for its infallibility as a catholicon. There was a time when to impute defects to the charter, or even to doubt its high canonical character was to invite opprobrium and expose oneself to obloquy. But times have changed. As the Hon. James D. Phelan not only failed to achieve the city's palingenesis, but made possible the untoward conditions that have since prevailed, he is no longer privileged to damn with a nod the dissenter that takes issue with his dogma. So we have not hesitated to point out that the charter is the source of many evils. Its most objectionable feature is that which makes the police department the mainspring of a political machine. The importance of having that department free from political and demagogic influence has received abundant illustration during the car strike. Only under great pressure were the police induced to make an effort to quell disturbance and protect the men hired to operate the street cars. They were very reluctant to arrest rioters and made no effort to disperse the mobs that were assembled to perpetrate acts of violence. And as soon as their meager efforts to avert bloodshed seemed likely to evoke adverse criticism from the anarchistic labor leaders notice was served on the railroad officials that police protection would be vouch-

safed only during a few hours. It is bad enough when the police power of a city is unable to cope with the lawless; it is infamous when the police refuse to protect life and property. That is what happened in this city and it is what we must expect while the police are subject to the orders of the boss of a political machine such as the Mayor of San Francisco is always likely to become while clothed with the authority that emanates from the charter.

### A Humiliating Situation

Now comes the information that the strategic importance of keeping Admiral Evans's fleet intact in the Atlantic is not the only reason for the failure of the Navy Department to assign a few modern battleships to the Pacific. Another and perhaps more cogent reason is that if we sent our battleships into Asiatic waters we should have to depend for docking facilities on the harbors of Hongkong and the Japanese Empire. Not even on this Coast have we a dry dock large enough to receive a ship of greater than 14,000 tonnage. Larger docks are being built at Mare Island and at Bremerton but they are not to be built in a day. So on neither side of the Pacific can one of our great battleships be docked, while in the Philippines we lack the plant to repair them. According to the Navy Journal "it would take at least five years with abundant appropriations and rapid work to make conditions much better." This is a most humiliating state of affairs, and it reflects much discredit on our naval authorities and executive officials at Washington. It betrays a negligence that is little short of criminal. The situation is of course not unknown to our President, and yet we have no recollection of his having sought to impress the country with its gravity. It is of a character sufficiently startling to justify him in ignoring political conspiracies and even to abate his enthusiasm as a spelling reformer long enough to sound a note of alarm. He has done a good deal of preaching on the importance of strengthening our navy and has taken a great interest in naval parades and kindred demonstrations on the Atlantic where the likelihood of



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trouble is most remote but where centers of social gaiety abound, but he has been most remarkably indifferent to the inferiority of the country's sea power in the Pacific, to the almost treasonable circumstance that in the ocean which the world believes will be the theatre of the next great war we do not possess a modern navy.

### Our Grotesque Executive

If the circumstances of our Mayor's present status were not repugnant at once to logic to common sense and the fitness of things his conduct during the current carstrike would be excitant of more mordant criticism than has been bestowed upon it. At no time since his indictment and his wholesale implication in the graft disclosures made by the Grand Jury has the opportunity arisen for so poignant a delineation of his fallen estate, for so useful an exposition of the sorry pass to which his sins have brought him. Here as never before during the public career of the Mayor the moralist gets his cue for impassioned sermonizing on the barrenness of an ill-gotten reputation and the utilitarian finds proof of the utter futility of individual interference with the laws that insure the greatest good of the greatest number. Awaiting trial on five counts of extortion; suspected in the minds of the most blindly devoted of his erstwhile followers and convicted in the minds of all other men, of sordid and appalling corruption; and discharging perfunctorily the business of a position for which everybody realizes he is grossly unfit, Mayor Schmitz has nevertheless endeavored to inject his personality and his influence into the controversy between the United Railroads and the Carmen's Union. The attempt, as was inevitable, has been a pitiful, nay a grotesque failure. The Mayor's personality has lost its power to magnetize; his influence has become a negative quality. Therefore his puny efforts in behalf of peace and the determined efforts of the two parties to the quarrel to settle their differences in their own way have run in parallel lines with absolutely no point of contact. The Mayor's solemn proclamation calling upon the warring elements in our midst to adjust their dispute and to join hands in furtherance of the city's welfare, though published conspicuously in all the newspapers and plastered on all the dead walls in town, has excited none but jeering comment and has had no more influence on the event than Canute's haughty injunction on the rising sea. His committee of fifty-one, chosen, it must be admitted, with rare cunning, has been a dismal failure; its meetings, scantily attended, have been alternately farcical and tempestuous; and its jumbled deliberations have gone so wide of the proposed mark that Schmitz has been compelled to invest them with a purpose entirely different from that originally intended. Assembled with the avowed object of ending the strike, the committee of fifty-one (which has never mustered more than twenty-three strong) has been lamely and tardily metamorphosed into an "advisory board" with vague duties and unintelligible powers.

Its pronunciamientos have had as little efficacy as the portentous decrees of the tailors of Tooley street and it is impossible to evade the impression that nearly all its members are heartily ashamed of the company it compels them to keep.

### Changes of a Few Years

The Mayor is a rank outsider; his word is unheeded alike by Calhoun and by Cornelius; his activities are completely ignored. The man to whom he sold himself when this city was quivering with earthquake shock beneath a pall of smoke and the man whose union once idolized him are equally oblivious of his pleadings; they will have none of his interference. Truly the passing of a few years has wrought a change pregnant with significance. Memory need make little effort to reach back to another streetcar strike that found Mayor Schmitz in a different position. Elected to office just after the great teamsters' strike which still casts its ugly shadow over local politics, acclaimed from one end of the country to the other as labor's representative and curiously watched by all to whom labor domination of municipal affairs was still a problem in a most unsatisfactory stage of solution, he was able in that emergency to vindicate the doubtful policy that had led to his elevation. He was able to compose the differences of the two factions and to obtain satisfactory terms for the carmen. That was a time of exultation for union labor in this city, for it could point to its representative in the mayor's chair as to the peace-maker who had unknotted a dangerous tangle without exposing the community to the inconveniences, the hardships and the possible violence of a bitter struggle. Schmitz loomed large with possibilities of greatness at that period of his career; he won the support of men who had forecasted nothing but evil on the day of his election; he gave the labor unions an argument that was unanswerable for a long time. But even in that hour of glory the disintegrating elements of his character were at work; the evil influence of Ruef was killing whatever there was of goodness and strength in his nature. It seems a far cry from that carstrike to this, yet only a few short years have passed. Time, however, should be measured by events, not years; and by that computation an unbridgeable chasm separates that Schmitz from this. Shorn of his reputation, that early fame turned into infamy, accused of great crimes, he is learning at last that no shred of his former influence remains, the bitterest discovery of all being that he is no longer deemed worthy of consideration by the union men who formerly respected his utterances and heeded his recommendations. All this is patent to the dullest understanding, so the most specious reasoners among his remaining political allies will not be able to connect any interposition of Mayor Schmitz with the settlement of the carstrike.

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## Iconoclasts

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O, cold, unfeeling, dwarfed, perverted hour!  
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 That feel no ecstasy when blooms a flower  
 But with their bloodless hearts and faces sour  
 Each holds it honor if he may impress  
 Upon the letter of his littleness  
 The seal of virtue or the stamp of power.  
 How can these know of Bacchus' sheltering vine,  
 Of white-limbed naiads couched within the fen?  
 How can these know that still the royal wine  
 In foaming cups to eager lips is pressed?  
 How can these know the earth love of the breast  
 That builds empurpled pagan shrines again?

## Perspective Impressions

A beautiful and inspiring contrast: "Weak Brother" Pardee of the cataclysm and Forceful and Fearless Gillett of the strike.

At this writing Agitator Cornelius is undecided as to whether he should pronounce Governor Gillett unfair for threatening to keep the peace of this city. Fortunately the views of Cornelius are a matter of no concern to Governor Gillett.

The attention of the Hon. James D. Phelan and of the other public spirited gents who are dispersing public funds for the maintenance of pauper camps within the city limits is respectfully called to the prevalence therein of able bodied anarchists of both sexes who are rendering human life precarious hereabouts and increasing our taxes by destroying private property that must be paid for. Please Mr. Phelan, quit playing to the gallery, be a Gillett for the novelty of the role, and spend that money on a General Hospital or something else that will be of service to deserving men and women.

There is always the man to meet the crisis. Funston was on hand for the earthquake, and Jim Gillett is on hand for the awful combination of Schmitz, Dinan and Cornelius.

It has been pointed out that the Spring Valley Water Company has demonstrated in recent years that it is not necessary for a public service corporation to bribe the servants of the dear pee-pul. Quite true and the Spring Valley Water Company is now almost in the hands of a receiver.

"The Arbitration Committee," say Cornelius and co-agitators, "arbitrated past issues." Quite true, but let us suppose that the committee found that the men were entitled to three dollars for eight hours' work, and that on May first President Calhoun decided to change the schedule. Let us suppose that and then ask ourselves whether the daily papers would, while the public walked, editorialize platitudinously on the crops in Indiana and the eternally pertinent question, "should a Young Man be good to His Mother?"



TEACHER'S PET!

—Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# The Stork of Saint Francis

## A Legend

By Victor De Brandt

From a deathly swoon after a long, fatiguing and sleepless night, Francis of Assisi awoke into life. He did not open his eyes, and, but half conscious, became aware that rose blossoms were crowding upon him. He heard sweet concord of harps and flutes sounding into his ears as if from a great distance, and as if coming from a seashore full of flowers; and he felt in his heart a bewitching joy as of an opening rose or a breathing jasmine, as he was borne into the starry seas of Paradise. His soul, at first frightened, now became calm, and he heard a soft whisper: "Thou art now in Heaven!"

When the music swelled into a solemn chant, he opened his eyes in great surprise. Yes, St. Francis was in Heaven. Everything around him swam in light and glory. He intoned the hymn to the Sun, looked into the dazzling light, and his eyes could bear it.

At first he saw white pillars of smoke rising upwards, but they were clear pillars of frankincense, which rolled up from golden vases, and were placed in file around God's throne. He saw trees of strange and rare forms, which carried stars as blossoms; and, amidst all these walked the army of the chosen, clad in white and bearing palms in their hands: bishops and martyrs, prophets and cardinals, wives, widows, and maids. In the midst glided many beautiful angels, singing hymns to the sounds of their harps, some blowing the flute, others beating brightly the cymbals.

And over his pale, haggard and afflicted countenance there flew a smile of happiness. He, a monk with bare feet, to see such splendor! He then perceived all the numerous inhabitants standing before him, and greeting him with all joy and reverence. In humility they whispered:

"See, it is he, the Saint, God's servant, Saint Francis!"

He saw the popes expressing their admiration by taking off their tiaras. Modesty and embarrassment did not allow him to look any longer upon the honors shown to him. He fixed his eyes on the clouds which were just rising from the golden vases of frankincense. These attracted him most. For he, distinguishing the clouds, found them not to be clouds, but a serried mass of little angels' heads, golden and fair, with silken locks, plump cheeks, multi-colored wings—all heads of little angels who were merrily laughing like silver bells. And the sweet laughter went straight to his heart, and he was unspeakably happy.

No time is counted or known in heaven. After a little Saint Francis felt as if he were an orphan and abandoned. He rose from the golden chair, and went along the path of heaven, where the clouds of frankincense concealed the Eternal Light; lifted his hands marked with the bloody nails from the Cross, and before all the chosen martyrs, prophets, popes and angels, he began, weeping the following speech:

"Light of Light, Father, Thou wilt forgive me and wilt not be angered if I, in all humility, state: Here in Heaven I feel homesick. Too much love and honor hast Thou granted me! In the world and among men I always lived with Nature as a true son and brother. But now am I naught but a dry branch. Wilt Thou

know, O loving Father, what creates in me such a fierce longing for home?"

"Here I miss Brother Water, here I miss Brother Fire, here I miss Mother Earth, and what I loved most, I am lacking here: my friends the birds. They were my comfort and comrades on my long wanderings, consolation to mine eyes, mine ears and mine heart. Possibly Thou dost not know, Almighty God, what happened to me when, many years ago, I lived in Umbria. When preaching to the masses, in vain was all my endeavor; deaf the ears, deaf the hearts; and tired and disappointed, I left the city, full of pain and sorrow.

"An extensive meadow I found there, full of trees, in the midst bubbled a brook through the grass and over the white cobbles. Here I poured out all my complaints of the bitterness of my soul. On the turf stood a lapwing; walking, meditating, up and down, it adjusted its tuft of feathers, then stopped in his walk, as if it had understood me.

"From the nest which was pillowed with last autumn's dry leaves, the nightingale sounded its plaintive lay. Now a starling hopped on my knee; from the meadows came the chaffinch, and the tit-mouse; from the field flew the raven, the crow and the jackdaw, and, interrupting its sweet trill in the clouds, the lark circled down in spiral flight.

"From the forest the thrush danced in; the blackbird with its golden beak; the woodpecker and the tame robin; from the reeds came the swallow, the wagtail, the wren, and the chattering magpie.

"At last, from the moors, with a dignified bearing, flew the stork. He listened most piously, standing on one leg, to my sermon, nodding his head, and reminding the noisy sparrows with his beak to behave mannerly and listen devoutly to the speech of Saint Francis.

"I, Francis, the servant of God, was ridiculed by the people, therefore I held a sermon to birds. And so much I learnt to love them, that without them I feel very sad. Now, I cannot ask that Thou shalt, to please Thy servant, make Thine Heaven into an earth. But one thing I crave, my Father! for the fastings that I have kept, for the poverty that I have suffered, for the wounds in my hands, for the wounds in my soul, great and holy God, allow me that I keep the stork by me, that I rejoice with him, as with a wise and clever friend, with a true friend!"

Amazed and in awe, the Saints heard the long, daring speech. True, they were silent, but Francis could read in their features what they thought of him, and what effect his prayer produced in them. Saint Peter drew his eyebrows together, Saint John the Baptist displayed amazement, and Pope Gregory bent over to whisper to Saint Chrysostom, at the same time placing his finger on his forehead:

"Did I not tell you that Francis is and always will be a singular fellow?"

The conference ended. They all left, and Francis was sadly turning away from the Throne of God, fearing that his Lord was angry. Suddenly, something pulled at his cloak, and turning quickly, he scarce could believe his own eyes. Before him stood a white

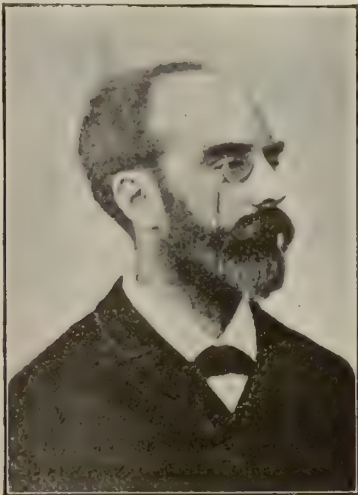
(Continued on Page 29.)



# Electric Sleep

By Dr. Albert Abrams

The other day, Professor Gabriel Lippmann, the celebrated savant of "The Sorbonne," demonstrated to me some of his results in chromophotography and when picture after picture was thrown upon the screen, the revelations in hue, tint and tone were marvelous. The day is fast approaching when one will no longer be constrained to invent exuberant phrases in commenting on celebrated masterpieces. The glowing and golden coloring in Titian, the fervid and fiery in Giorgione, the powerful in Rembrandt, and the pearly and subdued coloring in Vandyke will all be forgotten when "To hold, as't were, the mirror up to nature." When a bouquet of flowers was projected, reproduced nature was indeed resplendent and one would not have been disillusionized were it not for the absence of odor. After leaving The Sorbonne, I could not help but meditate on America's inferior position in the world scientific. True, America has created some great names in science. Franklin initiated the study of electricity; the calculations of our Newton directed attention to the importance of meteorites; Draper first photographed the stars; Langley gave us the bolometer



GABRIEL LIPPMANN

which is so sensitive that it will register the heat of a candle a mile and a half distant. Thus one may proceed and recall many other great names in science but their number is in painful contrast with the luminaries of French science. It is not that we are impoverished in colleges and universities; on the contrary, such institutions far outnumber those in France. It is not because we lack endowments; in fact, our millionaires are rapidly becoming illustrious by proxy. James Lick sought the astronomical route; Morris K. Jessup, the avenue of the explorer and among others, Rockefeller and Carnegie. The scientists of France labor for the good of humanity and no doubt the same motive prompts the American scientist. Commercialism is however rampant in our country and success is measured by material gain. Knowledge is power but it isn't money. A few weeks ago, the celebrated chemist Berthelot died in Paris, perhaps the greatest experimental genius since Faraday. Berthelot like Pasteur, could have by his discoveries amassed wealth beyond

the dream of avarice, yet it is related of him that in winter visitors were invited to his sleeping apartment, for there was his only fire, which signified an economy in coals. The Frenchman is endowed with more imagination than we and his creations in art and literature prove it. Imagination is by no means the unprofitable faculty that is currently believed, for constructive imagination yields products necessary for material progress. When controlled by experience and reflection it becomes the noblest attribute of man, the source of genius and the vehicle for discoveries in science. Someone has said the more imagination possessed by a blacksmith the better will he shoe a horse and I believe it was Tyndall who observed that while philosophers may be right in asserting that we cannot transcend experience, yet gifted with the power of imagination we can lighten the darkness which surrounds the world of the senses. This however, is neither a disquisition on chromophotography nor imagination so let us at once proceed to a consideration of our thesis. Sleep is more essential to life than food. Its object is the reconstruction of overworked organs. The length of time a person can live without sleep is about three weeks. It would be too arbitrary to determine the number of hours necessary for sleep, for its real value lies more in the intensity of sleep than on its duration. Eight hours of a disturbed, dreamy sleep is barely the equivalent of two hours of a deep dreamless sleep. For this reason we can easily understand why men of the greatest mental activity are usually the briefest sleepers. Frederick the Great required only five hours' sleep, and Pitt only three hours. In the time of Solomon, the twenty-four hours were divided into three parts—eight hours for labor and occupation, eight hours for rest, refreshment and recreation and surcease of all labor and eight hours for sleep. One of the chief causes of insomnia is mental emotion provoked by thought and worry and quite independent of organic disease. Young, author of "Night Thoughts," was presumably thus afflicted:

"From short as usual and disturbed repose,  
I awake. How happy those that wake no more:  
I awake emerging from a sea of dreams  
Tumultuous, where my wrecked despondent thought  
From wave to wave of fancied misery  
At random drove, her helm of reason lost!"

In the treatment of such cases the physician is often powerless to act for

"Who shall minister to a mind diseased."

It has been truly said that if sleep and hope should be taken from man he would be the most miserable object in existence. Scientific medicine is a mutable creed and capable of modification as it assimilates the digested truths of human thought. For many years the theory of Broca that the center of speech was located in the third inferior frontal convolution was accepted without dispute, but now comes Marie, the illustrious physician of the Bicetre, who proves the incorrectness of Broca's observation. Marie has shown me much of the material on which his conclusion is based and his proof is incontestable. Stephane Leduc is another iconoclast of the Marie type. Electro-

physiology of the brain has been retarded by three opinions: 1. The electric non-excitability of the brain; 2. The non-accessibility of the living brain to electric currents; 3. The danger attending the application of strong currents to the head. It was a dogma recognized and affirmed by the leading physiologists nearly to the year 1870, that the brain could not be excited by any known irritant especially to electricity until experimentation demonstrated that certain centers reacted to the stimulating action of electricity. Erb of Heidelberg, then demonstrated that the electric current could be made to penetrate into the brain. Now, by means of a specially devised apparatus yielding a current hitherto unemployed, Ledue has induced in animals a condition in which all sensation is abolished and complete lethargy is produced. The animal suffers no pain nor is any resistance shown. During this sleep all kinds of operations can be performed painlessly just

as though the animal were under profound chloroform anesthesia. The moment the current is turned off the animal resumes his habits as unconcernedly as before, showing absolutely no reaction. Ledue tried the current on himself. When the current was turned on he was conscious as in a dream and he perceived contact with blunted sensation. The condition was not pushed to the absolute suppression of all consciousness. When the current was turned off, awakening was immediate and complete and there were no after-effects. This current applied to a part will abolish sensation. They are now experimenting with this current at the Hospital Beaujon in Paris. I will not attempt to prognosticate the value of this current in the treatment of insomnia nor its use as an anesthetic in surgical operations for time alone can justify such conclusions. At present it suffices to record the discovery as an interesting and promising physiologic phenomenon.

## The Philosophy of Tea

By Okakura-Kakuro

Tea is a work of art and needs a master hand to bring out its noblest qualities. We have good and bad tea as we have good and bad paintings—generally the latter. There is no single recipe for making perfect tea, as there are no rules for producing a Titian or a Sesson. Each preparation of the leaves has its individuality, its special affinity with water and heat, its hereditary memories to recall, its own method of telling a story. The truly beautiful must be always the It. How much do we not suffer through the constant failure of society to recognize this simple and fundamental law of art and life! Lichihlai, a Sung poet, has sadly remarked that there are three most deplorable things in the world: the spoiling of fine youths through false education, the degradation of fine paintings through vulgar admiration, and the utter waste of fine tea through incompetent manipulation.

Like Art, tea has its periods and its schools. Its evolution may be roughly divided into three main stages, the Boiled, the Whipped, the Steeped Tea. We moderns belong generally to the last school. These several methods of appreciating the beverage are indicative of the spirit of the age in which they prevailed. For life is an expression, our unconscious actions the constant betrayal of our innermost thought. Confucius said that "man hideth not." Perhaps we reveal ourselves too much in small things because we have so little of the great to conceal. The tiny incidents of daily routine are as much a commentary on racial ideals as the highest flight of philosophy or poetry. Even as the difference in favorite vintage marks the separate idiosyncrasies of different periods and nationalities of Europe, so the Tea-ideals characterize the various moods of Oriental culture. The Cake-tea which was boiled, the Powdered-tea which was whipped, the Leaf-tea which was steeped, mark the distinct emotional impulses of the Tang, the Sung and the Ming dynasties of China. If we were inclined to borrow the much-abused terminology of art-classification, we might designate them respectively, the Classic, the Romantic, and the Naturalistic schools of Tea.

The tea-plant, a native of southern China, was known from very early times to Chinese botany and

medicine. It is alluded to in the classics under the various names of Tou, Tseh, Chung, Kha and Ming, and was highly prized for possessing the virtues of relieving fatigue, delighting the soul, strengthening the will, and repairing the eyesight. It was not only administered as an internal dose, but often applied externally in the form of a paste to alleviate rheumatic pains. Taoists claimed it as an important ingredient of the elixir of immortality. Buddhists used it extensively to prevent drowsiness during their long hours of meditation.

By the fourth and fifth centuries Tea became a favorite beverage among the inhabitants of the Yantsekiang valley. It was about this time that the modern ideograph Cha was coined, evidently a corruption of the classic Tou. The poets of the southern dynasties have left some fragments of their fervent adoration of the "froth of the liquid jade." Then emperors used to bestow some rare preparation of the leaves on their high ministers as a reward for eminent services. Yet the method of drinking tea at this stage was primitive in the extreme. The leaves were steamed, crushed in a mortar, made into a cake and boiled together with rice, ginger, salt, orange peel, spices, milk and sometimes with onions! The custom obtains at the present day among the Tibetans and various Mongolian tribes who make a curious syrup of these ingredients. The use of lemon-slices by the Russians who learned to take tea from the Chinese caravan-series points to the survival of the ancient method.

It needed the genius of the Tang dynasty to emancipate Tea from its crude state and lead to its final idealization. With Luwuh in the middle of the eighth century we have our first apostle of tea. He was born in an age when Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism were seeking mutual synthesis. The pantheistic symbolism of the time was urging one to mirror the Universal in the Particular. Luwuh, a poet, saw in the Tea-service the same harmony and order which reigned through all things. In his celebrated work, the "Chaking" (the Holy Scripture of Tea) he formulated the Code of Tea. He has since been worshipped as the tutelary God of the Chinese tea-merchants.

(Continued on Page 34.)



# The Spectator

## The Pestiferous Cornelius

The inconveniences and humiliations of the car strike could be overlooked if they did not have for an incidental phenomenon the surly growls and overloaded ultimatums, the absurd defiance and windy threats of Agitator Cornelius in behalf of union anarchy and rapacity. It appears that during a strike it is the duty of the boss of the strikers to spend his time trying to hoodwink the public, to endeavor to create the impression that the strikers are confident of winning entirely in consequence of the inability of the person or persons against whom the boycott is directed to obtain either labor or patronage, and that no depredations are being committed except by sympathizers among the public. What an edifying species of hypocrisy is this! Of course it deceives nobody; but the impotency of it doesn't affect the enthusiasm of the blatant humbugs. They persist in it with an assurance that might be taken for faith in its efficacy. It seems to have become a habit of unionism and is perhaps adhered to on account of the grim humor of it.

## McCarthy's Humorous Protest

Despite the fact that many distinguished representatives of the Building Trades' Council gave frequent manifestations of those primitive homicidal instincts the gratification of which is in proportion to the helplessness of the victim, the council as if inspired with the humor of its members' conduct adopted resolutions stigmatizing as false and unjust the reports reflecting discredit on the organization. And the next day, as if to clinch the joke, several brave and chivalrous gentlemen employed on a building at Sutter and Kearny Streets hurled deadly missiles to the crowded street below, but in such a manner as to be almost absolutely free from detection. Evidently the police appreciated the humor of the resolution adopted by McCarthy's council for the patrol was more than doubled in front of every building in course of construction. This circumstance was probably due to the fact that it was the mechanics employed on these buildings who were most addicted to the diversion of typifying the dignity and courage of American labor after the manner of the brave gentlemen who shrewdly concealed themselves while trying to murder innocent people at Sutter and Kearny Streets.

## The Cornelius Publicity Bureau

And while mechanics of the building trades were cooperating with gentlemen wearing buttons of the carmen's union and gentlemen of the teamsters' union in openly and conspicuously defying the authorities to maintain the peace of the community, the exuberant Cornelius in the safe seclusion of a guarded office was issuing his preposterous pronouncements and semidelirious bulletins to kindle the passions of his followers. With the fact obvious to the whole community that Calhoun would operate his car system if permitted, Cornelius was denouncing Calhoun's employees as cutthroats and pretending to believe that unionism was in nowise responsible for the disgraceful conditions that prevailed. Out of his cornucopia of humbugery

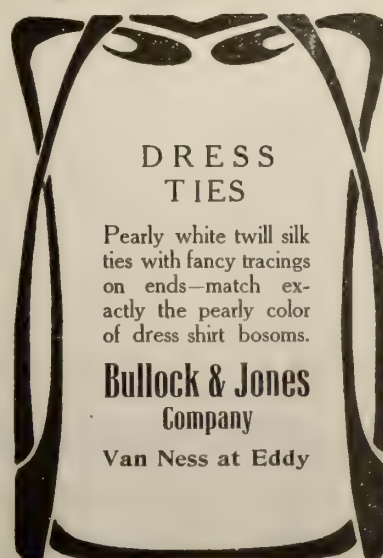
and blackguardism came many fine samples of the character of the intelligence that has been directing the affairs of the carmen's union.

## What Might Have Been

What an awful situation ours would have been had we had in the gubernatorial office a demagogue of the Schmitz type! Pathetic as is the plight of this city, struggling against obstacles to right itself, moaning aloud in its agony, its industries noosed and haltered like a beast of the chase for the insatiable hunters of unionism to bait and cut slices from, how far more miserable might have been the situation with no Gillett on hand ready to throw the State troops in to exact submission from the forces of anarchy. Weak as were the efforts of the police to protect life and property, much weaker they would have been had it not been evident that martial law was imminent. Mayor Schmitz's policy was far from hostile to the forces of disorder. A show of keeping them in check was as far as he would go, and he absolutely declined to discourage homicide with intimidation. There would have been no hurling of bricks from buildings in course of construction if the police had been armed with rifles and inclined to shoot. But while the Mayor insisted that the militia were not needed he was quite willing to be relieved of responsibility. The substitution of the militia for the police would at least indicate his reluctance to antagonize organized labor.

## His Idea of Oppression

Two strike-breakers, each with a huge revolver strapped to his hip, appeared at the general delivery window in the postoffice the other day inquiring for mail. The clerk, noticing their artillery, remarked to one of them, "That's a wicked looking gun you've got there." "You bet it is," replied the strike-breaker, affectionately patting it; "and let me tell you one thing, young fellow—before we get through with this



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town of yours a man will be able to get a hair cut for a quarter." The earnestness of his tone and his freshly barbered appearance indicated that he had just been made a victim of the extortionate rates now charged by our tonsorial artists.

### The Agitator's Ideal

With the union principle for which they are striving suffering shipwreck in San Francisco it must afford the carmen great satisfaction to know that they are to enjoy the inestimable blessings of eight hours' work and three dollars per in heaven. Not Swedenborg nor any other of the mystics who have written about the celestial country is responsible for this discovery but Richard Cornelius himself. Speaking at the funeral of the carman who was killed in the riot last week the chief of the platform men had this surprising statement to make: "We will meet him again where the imperfections of our brotherhood will be made perfect and the principle for which we now strive will be attained." As the carmen are striving for the eight hour day and the three dollar scale it is quite evident that Cornelius has some inside information about labor conditions in Paradise that escaped Dante and other experts who penetrated beyond the portal where St. Peter keeps the keys. Whether heaven is completely unionized Cornelius did not say, but it is to be presumed that the angelic harpers have organized a musicians' union and that the mechanics employed on the jasper walls get a half holiday on Saturday with time and a half when they work overtime. It would be interesting to know whether strikes and lock-outs ever disturb the eternal bliss of the blessed and speculation would feign dally with the question of where the members of the Citizens' Alliance seclude themselves in the heavenly country. But perhaps they don't go there.

### More Glory for McCarthy

After passing unscathed through the fearsome plot looking to his death or abduction, P. H. McCarthy has once more stared death out of countenance and lives to tell the tale. He had a horse shot under him during the riot of last week when three lives were forfeited to the controversy between Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Cornelius. McCarthy was watching the battle at the Japanese and Korean League headquarters at Turk and Market streets when a bullet pricked the glossy hide of his noble charger and sent the animal sprawling on the pavement. Henceforth McCarthy must be ranked with Washington, Napoleon and other heroes who have seen their animals stricken beneath them with bullets and the fact that McCarthy was a couple of stories above the horse, safely ensconced behind a window of the League headquarters, so that the animal was in reality shot about thirty feet under him will not prevent the czar of the building trades from advertising proudly to the incident in future years.

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### McCarthy on Himself

It has been my proud privilege to discover that P. H. McCarthy, the labor agitator, has literary gifts. It had been generally supposed that the McCarthy fist was shaped for grasping and hurling the scab-subduing brick rather than for guiding the pen. But let the world no longer labor under the delusion that McCarthy is merely a fomentor of trouble between capital and labor. Fearing that all my readers are not on the subscription list of a paper known as "Organized Labor," I will give them a sample of the stuff on which the literature-craving workingman is fed. It is published over the signature of McCarthy and tells of the alleged attempt to abduct him and feed him to the sharks that gambol in the shadow of the Cliff House—an attempt which McCarthy firmly believes has no parallel in history. Says McCarthy: "It was a story—more weird and fantastic than any tale of the Arabian Nights, it unfolded a conspiracy in all its infernal details more Satanic than any that creative genius from Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Dumas to Ibsen could conjure. It was the truth—a recital of facts so stupendous and appalling in hideous horror and depravity that the public stood gasping for breath, filled with fear and doubt. It was so gruesome, and in many respects so idiotic and insane, that it was difficult to believe it. But it was the truth—the naked, stubborn truth—the mighty force that always wins." The mere style of that is evidence of genius, but the crowning evidence is the egoism of it—for all geniuses are egoists. To McCarthy this plot to do away with McCarthy transcended the killing of Caesar, the burning of Rome by Nero, the Guy Fawkes plot, the blowing up of the Maine, and the assassination of three of our presidents. As to the gifted labor-leader's references to his predecessors along literary ways—to McCarthy, an author is an evolver of plots, and he thought it safe to assume that all of them used blood and thunder as a basis. He might, had his acquaintance with the great been more extended, have also included Charles Klein and Laura Jean Libby. But then he would have been shorn of some of his pride, for he would have found in "Little Goldenhair, or Should a Working Girl be Beautiful," deep-laid schemes that would have thrown the attempt against him in the shade.

### When at His Best

But it is not for me even to suggest. Rather is it my business to further exploit McCarthy by giving another paragraph, in which he belabors the union electricians who seceded from his ranks and Herbert George the bugaboo of McCarthyites: "The President of the Building Trades Council of this city and state, in the personnel of P. H. McCarthy, the undersigned, must be by those Herbert George hirelings, under the

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hood of No. 6 unionism particularly, with their few supporters, abused and traduced and his name dragged in the mire, or cesspool of Herbert George's Citizens' Alliance political corruption, when the facts are that Herbert George and his paid hirelings, the leaders of which have the most unsavory reputation both as to unionism, truth and veracity, until their capacity for lying and their actions generally have become a stench in the nostrils of decent society and a crime against honest, loyal, liberty-loving, God-fearing union men and citizens generally." Now don't be discouraged if you can't follow the thread of the foregoing. Remember that the best of us have troubles with Henry James, and that symbolism marks the work of Maeterlinck and McCarthy's beloved Ibsen. I think that McCarthy has been delving into Browning, and I can plainly see the influence of William Butler Yeats and other Celtic writers who leave one to guess what it is all about. McCarthy is as intelligible as is necessary. It is not the arrangement of his words that interests the readers of organized labor, who, when his epithets are strong enough, never worry about their sequence.

#### Comments of the Interior Press

While our strikers may not be able with the assistance given them by the local press to form an accurate conception of the tone of public sentiment, by consulting the newspapers of the interior they will have no difficulty in learning what the people of the interior think of them. The Times of Los Angeles has kept in touch with the situation from the beginning and has supplied its readers with the whole truth. The Times asserts that the restoration of peace and quiet was entirely due to the presence of Governor Gillett and that it has been made apparent that the union leaders have the power to exact submission from their men and to compel them to refrain from disorder. Referring to Chief Dinan last Monday the Times correspondent said: "With a storm of newspaper roasts coming in from the whole country, and with the Board of Trade appropriating \$5000 to investigate the charges of cruelty made against his policemen by the strikebreakers, Jeremiah is not happy. If he could have heard Adjutant Laue discussing his case today, his peace of mind would not have grown calmer.

"It is not for us to do," said General Laue hotly, 'but I don't see why the merchants, the voters and property holders of San Francisco don't go to the Mayor of San Francisco and demand that man's removal.' Jerry has not yet seen the Governor. The reports that have come to him of the Governor's heart-to-heart talks with the Mayor and with Cornelius, president of the car strikers, makes Jeremiah's blood run cold with anticipation. Governor Gillett left the other two almost in a state of collapse. A staff officer who summoned Cornelius to the interview told us about it today.

#### A Picture of Cornelius

From the Times I excerpt the following pen portrait of a gentleman who is vouchsafed much space for his mouthings in our daily papers:

"Cornelius is an insolent and abusive cockney. He has the soul of a lackey and the manners of a boor. To him has been given a Czar-like power over these

striking carmen. He forced them into this strike against their wills. The blackguardism with which his statements to the press are filled have done much to hurt the cause of the strikers. When ladies threw flowers from the Hotel Majestic to the strikebreakers yesterday Cornelius let out a shriek that they had been bought to do it. When brave young Thornwell Mulally made his daring ride on the first car that went into the burned district, Cornelius said he was risking his life because he hoped some girl would rush out and kiss him. Every one who has to have dealings with him is insulted. In fact Cornelius is the type best known as 'scrub.' Came to him a young aide-de-camp yesterday. Cornelius demanded his business with his usual insolence.

"The Governor of California wants to see you," said the officer slowly. The officers say that Cornelius turned as white as a sheet. His knees were shaking beneath him as he tried to stand up. He tried to pick up the desk telephone, but it dropped with a crash from his nerveless fingers. He tried to shut down his roll-top desk but knocked all papers off. He was so agitated he could hardly talk. This was the same brave man whose assassins, in guise of 'pickets,' created the bloody riots of Tuesday, then blamed the murders on the pitiful handful of southern boys who went out from the stockade to face death. The Governor said some things to him that made his hair stand on end. Cornelius never peeped in resentment. He only kept bobbing and bowing like a servant and kept mumbling out 'Yes'r, yes'r.' When the Governor was through with him he crawled out like a whipped school boy.

#### In Times of Stress

This brave Cornelius would have us believe  
That bricks a-flying in the air deceive;  
'Tis true they look like deadly missiles, quite,  
But harmless are they if you dodge them right.  
McCarthy on the other hand declares  
His henchmen ne'er would hit you unawares;  
Indeed they very much do deprecate  
The awful riots that we've had of late:  
So says McCarthy, boss of building trades,  
And as his tongue within its cavern fades  
A crash is heard resounding from afar,  
Naught but the crash of female laden car;  
Also the cry of women in great fright  
Assailed by artisans who've ta'en to flight.  
Well might they wish for demagogic rule—  
A Gage at helm of state, for Mayor a fool,  
But in the Book of Fate it seems 'tis writ,  
"In times of stress there comes the man of grit."  
The man is here, the Governor of State  
With troops on hand prepared to arbitrate;  
Brave Champion of law who knows no fears  
Of rampant demagogues with rabbit ears,  
Of agitators who his course assail  
While crowds of anarchistic cowards rail.  
Let peace our main request be of his giving  
And Pest Cornelius damned to earn his living.

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### A Rich Woman's Generosity

The generous lady of Pacific Heights who sent \$500 to the telephone strike breakers in appreciation of their "loyalty" reminds me of the bejeweled applause given Herr Conried when that very thrifty manager announced that his opera would proceed without a chorus. He had refused to grant an increase to his chorus singers, perhaps for the same reason that he had ordered his scenery imported from the cheaper painters of Europe. Thus, while the box-holders had raised a general croak over the niggardliness of the Metropolitan productions and the scarcity of great singers among his principals, they showered him with orchids for refusing a small raise in wages to his meanest paid employees—the over-worked, unapplauded backbone of opera, the chorus. To revert to the \$500, it is perhaps somewhat difficult for a lady having so much pin money to appreciate the sentiments of a girl who for \$25 a month has to sit at the switchboard the long, long day with her ears full of calls, queries, burrs, buzzes, hellos and insults. Perhaps it would surprise her to be told that it is because there are prosperous corporations with stockholders fattening off such drudgery that we have industrial strife and anarchistic unionists. While it is quite proper to sympathize with strikebreakers now that unionism is drunk with power and hostile to law and order it is well not to lose sight of the injustice that breeds discontent.

### Some Plucky Reporters

The newspaper reporters had a chance last week to show their pluck, and they came to the scratch in fine style. In automobiles, in buggies, on foot, and in the cars that were the centre of the storm, they kept in the thick of the fight. Young Levick, of the Examiner, by closely trailing the cars that went to battle, gathered material for a signed article that attracted much attention. Harry Coleman, photographer for the same paper, was in the midst of brickbats and bullets, and a man was shot down within a foot of him. Photographer Hunt of the Chronicle was on one of the cars that was mobbed on Devisadero street on the second day of the trouble, and succeeded in getting some fine pictures of the rabble in action. But a brickbat hit the corner of his carrying-case and broke five of his best plates. One of the Call reporters started to board a car near the scene of the big fight on Turk street, and had the muzzle of a revolver poked into his face. The man behind the gun was a determined looking Farleyite. The reporter, having no police badge with him, hastily dropped to the street. "I knew it would be all right," he said, "if I told him I was a reporter. But his finger was on the trigger, and I thought he might be a lot quicker at shooting than I was at explaining." Less spectacular but just as dangerous work was done in getting reports of the strike meetings of the carmen held at the Central Theatre. At the first meeting the reporters hid behind the scenes, and before the meeting was concluded they were discovered by some of

the carmen, who told them that if they were caught around there again they would have their heads beaten to a jelly. One of the reporters who wrote shorthand had taken down the oath of allegiance to the union, and the publication of it plunged some of the strikers into a state of frenzy, and their threats were repeated with added emphasis. Nevertheless, the boys were there on the night of the meeting at which it was decided to strike. This time they got into the theatre in advance and hid in the flies from which vantage point they watched the union men hunting around behind the scenes to make sure there was no "chiel among them takin' notes." They got full reports of this meeting—reports which reflected no credit on Cornelius. They showed that, instead of being a leader, he was a weather-vane.

### The End of the Chapter

Now that the Corey-Gilman scandal has been duly solemnized and the steel magnate and his sweetheart have been regularly consigned to each other's arms it is to be hoped that the curtain will be rung down on this drama of cardinal vulgarity, and that we shall be spared further details respecting the plans and emotions of this very callous couple. It is incredible that the public should demand the privilege of further intimacy with the notorious steel magnate and the very commonplace young woman who alienated his affections from the partner of his early joys and sorrows. They have been exploited in so thorough a manner that the public has been able to form a pretty accurate conception of their mental make-up, and an impartial judgment based on that conception pronounces them well matched. The Corey personality impresses one with its fitness for exemplification of the old aphorism that God's contempt for wealth is evidenced by the persons he bestows it on. As for the bride who says that her ambition is to conduct a salon, I am inclined to the opinion that if she ever does it will be in vaudeville to which she may aspire not on the strength of her talents but on the notoriety she achieved by exercising a Circean spell over a Pittsburgh millionaire.

### Harrison and the Olympians

The affairs of the Olympic Club have taken on particularly poignant aspects of late and all because of

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complications which threatened to ruin the reputation for financial wizardry of that facile and indefatigable solver of problems the Hon. William Greer Harrison. These complications have been largely due to the optimism of Mr. Harrison in whose wisdom the club has long had illimitable confidence. For many years Mr. Harrison has been the guiding spirit of the club not only on cross-country jaunts and mid-winter ocean plunges but in everything appertaining to club policy, and it must be admitted that as a guiding spirit he was a most gratifying success. Under his management the club was piloted through financial straits and into a harbor rolling and gleaming in the gorgeous sunlight of prosperity. As time went on Mr. Harrison came to be looked upon as the club's indispensable prophet, and Mr. Harrison came to look upon the club as the offspring of his genius in the rearing of which he should have exclusive original and final jurisdiction. In this sentiment he was most amiably indulged. Each year the club went through the form of electing a board of directors but everybody understood that the directors were Mr. Harrison's puppets. Their business was merely to carry out the wishes of the prophet. This system worked all right while there were no complications to be handled. It worked all right until after the fire when a new building was required. Then it was that friction was engendered.

#### Obstreperous Humphrey

First there came opposition from Director William F. Humphrey who had been elected to serve as a Harrison puppet, but who conceived the heterodox notion that he represented the club and should exercise his own judgment. Humphrey threatened to precipitate a schism. He wanted the plans for the new building put into competition, but Mr. Harrison explained that he had already selected an architect. This explanation, much to everybody's astonishment, did not satisfy Mr. Humphrey. But the other directors being of the orthodox dispensation stood with Mr. Harrison. A little later Mr. Humphrey was again kicking over the traces. He learned that the contract for the construction work had been awarded to a company by which Mr. Allan Pollock, a director of the club, was employed. Humphrey was of the opinion that there was some unpropriety in this transaction. He not only favored competition in such matters, but suggested that no director of the club should be financially interested in the contract for erecting the club building. Mr. Pollock said he was willing to resign from the club directory, but Humphrey said he did not see how such action could set the matter right. Harrison tried to placate Humphrey by informing him that the directors cut a very small figure in the management of the

club, and that in the final analysis it was one William Greer Harrison who would be held responsible for the club's affairs. Then in a spirit of satire Humphrey moved that the directors give Mr. Harrison full power to act, and he very nearly fell off his chair when the motion was seconded and carried without opposition.

#### The Complications Thicken

It was after this meeting that Harrison proposed that Humphrey be given a dinner. The dinner was given and it was a most harmonious and enjoyable affair. There was a fine flow of spirits, an outpouring of beautiful sentiment and a rattling good exchange of nicely phrased compliments, but these manifestations of a happy concord in nowise contributed to a solution of the financial problem that was every day getting on the nerves of the directors. Though Mr. Harrison was not in the least disturbed by this problem a few of the directors were. Mr. Harrison's optimism was as vigorous as ever, but unfortunately the members of the club were becoming sceptical of his wizardry. They heard talk of big assessments and other ways and means of raising the wind for the beautiful masterpiece of architecture with which Mr. Harrison purposed ornamenting Post street, and they were anything but enthusiastic. And while the crisis was approaching propositions for membership began pouring in from sources that were not approved by some of the members. It was learned that certain young men about town who knew of the club's distress thought it an opportune time to break in since there was need of money. One of them is the son of a prominent physician who happens to be a Jew. Another is connected with a lottery company and he happens to be a Jew. It was said that the physician's son was willing to contribute five hundred dollars to the club's treasury. To both men objection was raised for reasons having no taint of racial prejudice, but the circumstance of their being Jews was the source of much annoyance because of the fact that the Olympic Club has more than once been charged with indulging a blind prejudice. So sensitive is the club on this subject that it is almost taboo among the directors. Consequently it complicated matters very much when it bobbed up the other day. It was about that time that Max Rosenfeld resigned as the director of the club. And then came the meeting at which Mr. Harrison severed his connection with the management. That was a very stormy meeting. Mr. Harrison, I hear, submitted an ultimatum which was to the effect that he would continue at the helm for fifteen thousand a year and a five years' contract. Of course Mr. Harrison is worth it. A man of his fine administrative capacities and charming presence, a man invaluable as he is

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for inspirational purposes, is worth at least fifteen thousand a year to any athletic club that can afford the luxury, but the Olympic with nothing but an almost fathomless hole in the ground and a swimming tank felt that it could not afford it.

### **The Waif of the Bad Lands**

Howard Gould's domestic troubles seem likely to prove as rich and racy as were those of his sister, the Countess Castellane. Thus far the newspapers have not secured a firm hold on the titler of this scandalous story, but as soon as they do it will probably serve to hold the interest of those readers who have found in the details of the Corey-Gilman comedy-drama a fine antidote for the infestivity of existence. In these parts keen interest will be taken in the smashing of the Gould household on account of the lively recollections we have of the lady who is now the wife of the millionaire. Because Katherine Clemmons once lived in Oakland we used to refer to her as a California actress, and after she went on the stage we were frequently regaled with the highly romantic story of her infantile experience with Indians in which Colonel Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, heroically figured. This story used to be told by way of explanation of Colonel Cody's fatherly interest in the charming actress. It was said that when he was chief of United States scouts he was one morning leading a column along the Deadwood trail and came upon the wreck of an army ambulance. Near by were the bodies of several officers and troopers who had been scalped. Hearing the cry of an infant Colonel Cody searched among the wreckage and found a baby girl, the daughter of a

scalped officer. Many years afterward when Buffalo Bill was the reigning sensation of London where he was giving his hippodrome, he was approached during a performance one night by a handsome blonde girl who introduced herself as "the waif of the Bad Lands." It was Katherine Clemmons, the actress who was having a hard time trying to get a foothold in London. As Cody was then hobnobbing with the Prince of Wales and cutting a wide swath in the aristocratic drawing rooms of the British capital, it was easy for him to gladden the heart of the actress with introductions that were worth while. It was also easy for him to render her an object of considerable interest to the public. Thereafter and until she became Mrs. Gould Katherine Clemmons was known as the protegee of Buffalo Bill.

### **Father Time as a Boycotter**

Small shopkeepers are bewailing the fact that the strike has settled down to a boycott that may drag itself with leaden complaining feet through the seasons. The same policy adopted by the carmen in St. Louis lasted six months. In such time, under the present local stagnation, most of the small shopkeepers will be standing in line outside the insolvency court waiting to have their cases entered up. All lines of business, except stables and their adjuncts, are suffering grievously. Trade ventures that were just beginning to lift their heads in the burned district are sinking like grain under blight. The restaurants there have lost entirely their evening trade and it looks as if many of them would be compelled to close. I drifted into one of the best-known establishments for dinner last

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Sunday and only six diners appeared between 5 and 7 o'clock. The staff of waiters has been cut from fifteen to three and the proprietor confided he was losing \$500 a week. A score of small dealers keep him in supplies, so they must be suffering in like ratio. The carmen and their affiliations are losing some \$5,000 a day in wages, but that is only a dime compared with the ebb flood of dollars this deplorable affair is costing the shopkeepers, clerks and merchants and capitalists. Its a lesson pregnant with meaning when taken in conjunction with the last municipal election. This is paying the piper with a vengeance.

### Checking Up the Independents

I hear that the carmen's proposed method of handling the boycott is creating a good deal of discussion in union ranks. Most of the union leaders think there will be no trouble in preventing the men from patronizing cars by the present fines ranging from \$5 to \$50; but many of them are exceedingly dubious regarding the success of trying to boycott the city merchant who allows his employes to ride on cars. Those who are managing this end of the affair hope to reach such offenders through their "connections" with some member of a union. Names of all employes in the shopping district are now being rapidly gathered for this purpose. If Harry Smith of the White House is observed riding on a car his residence and relations will be looked up by the proper committee in his district. Should one of these relations belong to a union that relation is made responsible for Harry Smith's act and such member will be ordered to dragoon young Smith into line. Of course the White House will also be threatened but the answer given will probably be reserved by the visiting committeemen. Those who run with passing events these days believe that long before this boycott is well organized the ebullient spirits in the union ranks, who are zealously striving to bring about a clash between classes, will commit some overt act that will call for a short, sharp and quick settlement of the whole wretched business.

### Enter: The Oriental Business Agent

M. Samoti, nattily dressed, effusively polite after the manner of the educated oriental, shrewd, observant, always ready for business, is stopping at the Fairmont making ready for his flight some three days hence through the trade centers of the Pacific Coast. M. Samoti was here some two years ago on a similar very important mission. For be it known that M. Samoti is one of those keen witted sons of Nippon selected by sapient capitalists there to invade this country and finance ventures among the Japanese residents that yield the thrifty bankers all the way from ten to twenty per cent. profit. It is the commercial development of the old padrone system which in the hands of its present masters gives its servants a fitting competency when they succeed. Two years ago when M. Samoti was in this city he was instrumental in opening

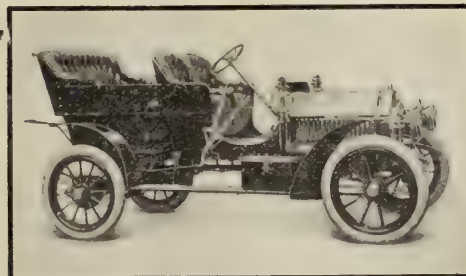
up several score of employment agencies, restaurants, curio stores, flower stands, shoemaking shops, laundries, tailor and women's "fancy goods emporiums," and the like. M. Samoti is business incarnate and he is ready to open up any kind of shop with Japanese capital and Japanese help that will tempt the custom of any race and yield a satisfactory profit on the investment of the Nippon capitalists. Usually M. Samoti picks out some ambitious Jap who has learned the local business ways, outfits the store and puts him in charge with a contract to eventually buy it out on partial payments. Its "your credit is good" on a national scale and at present it is one of the greatest money makers that is reaching out from the orient. On this trip M. Samoti is going to distribute several score of his agencies in the best business centers of the Pacific Coast. I presume eventually they will girdle the earth just as the Japanese steamship lines are now striving to do.

### Japan's Coming Handicap

Anent the rising reputation of Japan as a factor in the world's trade, I asked M. Samoti whether he noticed much difference in the business life of Nippon during the last two years. He laughed lightly, after the inscrutable manner of his kind and in his very excellent English replied: "Oh, yes, indeed. We have

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unions there now." He paused while his eyes twinkled. "To be sure they are not quite so well, so fierce as they are here, but I suppose Japan will have everything in time—just to be civilized, you know. The Japanese unions are very young but they give all the Western evidences of growing and with the usual consequences. For instance the cost of living has increased very much in the last two years. Yes, Japan is passing through very great and very grave changes. While we have reaped immense benefits from the outside world we have discovered that we have also grafted a great many occidental troubles on our old-time oriental cares. Still you Western people can teach us a great deal in practical science and business." He closed his eyes slowly—meditatively, it seemed; but from a certain twitching about the corners of the eyes I am still uncertain whether he was gravely winking. Knowing M. Samoti as I do I am sometimes inclined to think he was winking.

### Ruef's Collapse

At the publication hour comes the news that Abe Ruef pleaded guilty in open court to the charge of extortion on which he was indicted for the part played by him in the conspiracy against the French restaurants. The men behind the prosecution have not, up to the hour at which this is being written, vouchsafed any information that would indicate that Ruef had confessed his innumerable iniquities. It is almost inconceivable, however, that he should plead guilty except upon terms made with the prosecution.

### Poacher McLean

To the readers of the local newspapers Alexander McLean, gentleman poacher of the Pacific, is not an unfamiliar figure, but he is far from being appreciated for those elements in his character which have given direction to his adventurous spirit and caused him to checker his career with experiences sufficiently exciting and romantic to render a plain, unvarnished narrative thereof almost as inspiring and diverting as one of Hugo's or Dumas' novels. I am not surprised to learn that a writer of fiction has decided to make McLean the hero of a novel, but the fact is perhaps not of the slightest importance to literature. Jack London revealed McLean to us in his "Sea Wolf" and Frank Norris made some of his escapades serve the end of fiction in his stories of "The Three Black Crows," but the vivifying hand of genius has yet to inject into a McLean of fiction the spinal marrow of romance. McLean now makes Victoria, B. C., his headquarters and he is seldom heard of in American waters, but along the water front one frequently hears stirring narratives of which he is the central figure, for he has been very well known here ever since the customs officers discovered opium in sacks of copra. That was when McLean was on the South Sea run. In recent years he has found seal poaching a sufficiently lucrative occupation. Miles Reilly, onetime captain of a Spreekels schooner, relates that during the Russo-Japanese war he heard about McLean when he was cruising about the Kurile islands. One day he put into a little settlement on Copper Island, a Russian possession off the southeast coast of Kamtschatka. Here the Russian Government has a fur station and there is usually about half a company of soldiers to guard it. Reilly says that when he arrived he found only ten

soldiers under the command of a sergeant, the rest having been removed in the general panic that seized the Russians when the island of Saghalien was threatened with invasion. These mournful ten, marooned there on the bleak island, had a strange tale to tell. In the month of April, so they told Reilly, just after half of the garrison had left for Saghalien, a schooner flying a strange flag such as they had never seen before put into the bay. The captain of the schooner, a big American with a tremendous mustache, came ashore to get water. The captain was an affable man. He was jolly. They had not seen any stranger for many months and they were glad to meet this big captain and crew and to have a jolly time with them. The American captain brought two cases of champagne ashore and that night they had a big drinking bout. The captain could drink more than anybody else. Everybody got blind, stone drunk. The next morning when the Russians awoke they found themselves tripped up like fowls for the basting, each to his bedpost, and the big captain and all of the sailors had vanished. When they had loosed themselves the guardians of Russia's furs discovered that the storehouse lock had been forced and that between \$15,000 and \$20,000 worth of seal pelts were gone—all the store of Copper Island. Reilly says that the captain was "Sandy" McLean.

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### Caught By a Russian Cutter

At Petropanlovsky Reilly was told of how "Sandy" McLean, a sea pirate sailing under a Mexican flag in the auxiliary schooner *Acapulco*, had put a Russian revenue cutter out of commission in the summer of 1903 and escaped from under the guns of that same cutter under cover of a fog. McLean's schooner had been caught by the Russian cutter poaching off the Kommandorfsky Islands, northeast of Kamschatka, caught fairly and with bloody evidence of guilt below decks. McLean tried to run, but he surrendered when a shot was fired through his rigging. His papers showed that his craft was the *Acapulco*, Mazatlan register; his flag Mexican. The Russian revenue boat took the *Acapulco* under convoy to the nearest port of the Kommandorfsky group, where McLean was to be tried and sentence passed upon him. When the little harbor was reached the Russians uncoupled the auxiliary engine of McLean's boat and took some of the parts on board their own boat, to prevent the escape of the *Acapulco*. Two days McLean and his crew remained on the schooner, anchored a short distance away from the Russian boat. The American captain seemed ready to take his medicine quietly. The third night a heavy fog settled over the bay just after sundown. The commander of the revenue cutter was preparing to send a guard on board the *Acapulco* at 9 o'clock. He heard the sound of hammering coming through the fog from the direction of the captured schooner and decided to hasten the sending of the guard, when suddenly there was a heavy explosion just under the overhang of the cutter, followed by the splash of oars. Then the Russians heard the rattle of a windlass and the excited coughing of an engine. Orders were given to get the cutter under way and investigate the state of the *Acapulco*. At the first turn of the engines the revenue cutter's tail shaft spun wildly and the machinery raced. The propeller and part of the rudder had been blown away by the explosion of a bomb and the revenue cutter was helpless as a log. While the Russians stamped and swore they could hear the puffing of McLean's engines as the *Acapulco* felt its way in the fog out to sea. McLean must have had extra parts for the engine concealed somewhere in the hold of his boat for use in just such an emergency. He had coupled up in the fog and then rowed over in a boat and set off a bomb under the Russian's stern. After this exploit Captain McLean fell foul of the United States in transactions that were various and productive of worry to four executive departments at Washington. The suspicion that the captain had been guilty of poaching on the American herd of seals up around the Aleutians had long been in the minds of the revenue cutter men on this coast and he was indicted in this city in 1904. Two revenue cutters were instructed to bring McLean back to this city dead or alive, but he was not caught until September, 1905, and then his registry and his flag were Mexican and this circumstance proved a diplomatic stumbling block, the arrest having been made in Victoria and "Sandy" went free.

### A Fine Tribute

Last but not least among the facts of salient interest in the career of this pirate and poacher is that in the very latest governmental records that concern him he is held up for public admiration as an exemplar of the very highest virtues. Here is a circumstance amusingly grotesque enough to stimulate the imagination of the least imaginative of novelists; here we have a pirate

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against whom there is an indictment pending in the Federal courts of this jurisdiction while in the records of the House of Congress he is pictured as a citizen of rare worth to whom his country owes a debt of gratitude. This anomaly was brought about as a result of the joint commission of this country and Canada which met a year ago to settle claims made against this country through the enforcement of the pelagic sealing regulations. The Judiciary Committee of the House reported in March of last year that at the time of the dispute between this Government and the Government of Canada over the rights of Canadian and American sealers the American sealers organized themselves into a committee of investigation, with a view to reducing the claims of the Canadians before the commission. Evidence offered by them carried weight and the Canadian claims were cut from \$1,289,008 to \$463,454. In commenting upon this act, Counsel Don M. Dickinson said: "Conspicuous among the Americans was Alexander McLean. He owned a half interest in two ships seized by the United States, for which Great

Britain demanded indemnity. His coworker, a British subject, had sworn before the Paris tribunal that he was the sole owner. The registry of the ships did not disclose Captain McLean's interest. Under the stipulations nothing could be awarded to him, an American. But a full award to the two ships would have benefited him to the extent of his equities in them. Under the circumstances this brave and honest man made oath before the commission to his part ownership when by silent assent to the perfidy of his partner he would have benefited himself. Not only did Captain McLean lose by his truthfulness, but his activity on behalf of the United States subjected him to many unpleasant experiences and personal risk at the hands of the British claimants and their friends in Victoria. Surely such a man—and his countrymen, the American sealers who joined, defended and sustained him—not only deserves the consideration of his Government, but has earned the praise of the Psalmist given to him who sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." So perhaps after all this daring adventurer of the seas is not so black a villain as he has been painted.



**The New Reginald Apartments**

The New Reginald Apartments to be erected on Pacific Avenue near Webster street will be a five-story reinforced brick building, trimmed with Arizona Sandstone and a clinker brick front. The building will contain twenty apartments of five, six, seven and twelve rooms, with one and two tiled bathrooms in each. Main Lobby and Reception Room will have marble floor, and the building will be furnished with all the latest appliances. There will be Bell-boy and Office service. The building will be completed September 1,

1907. Mr. E. J. Vogel, owner of the Apartments, is one of our most successful young Architects. He is a native of New York City. He studied art in the draughting departments of C. and F. Vogel & Co., wholesale furniture manufacturers of New York City, in which firm his father had been interested. He later practiced architecture and building in some of the leading architectural firms of New York. Mr. Vogel has been a resident of San Francisco for twelve years. During which time he followed his profession.



# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## Royalty Smiles Upon a Tobin

The news comes to me from an authoritative source that Agnes Tobin's literary achievements have won for her the very highest social recognition in London. Her sympathetic translations of Petrarch, I am told, have received the highest praise from no less a critic than the Queen herself who is very fond of poetry and especially fond of Petrarch. My informant says that Agnes Tobin will be a guest at a royal dinner party to be given before the opening of the season. Now that she has been taken up by royalty there will probably be a great demand for her poems.

## Home Again, Off Again

Frances Joliffe tripped on the heels of her sister Hattie's departure for Europe and the former is now in New York while Hattie is on her way to Europe. Hattie has long been the head of the Joliffe family, supervising the domestic arrangements and ably attending to the business affairs of her sisters. She has always said that nothing but "death or sudden disaster" would budge her from San Francisco and as a matter of fact it is the sudden death of Mr. Cryan that caused her to pack her trunks. Mrs. Cryan was Miss Matthews, a cousin of the Joliffes, and she is living on her husband's estate in Ireland. Margaret Joliffe, now Mrs. Herbert Mofft, went to live with her aunt, Mrs. Matthews, when she was a little girl and it was at the Matthews home in Oakland that she met her husband. Frances Joliffe, who goes her interesting way without much of a "by your leave" to the rest of the family returned from New York a short time ago with the avowed intention of going to Tonopah. What her mission was she would not divulge but evidently her idea went a-glimmering and she has once more sped across the continent, with Europe beckoning on the horizon. Miss Hattie Joliffe traveled with the Claus Spreckels party but Frances went her independent way a few days later.

## A Characteristic Marin Episode

A friend in the East writes me that May Sutton, the tennis champion of Southern California, who has thus far defeated all Eastern comers, has been lionized by society. San Francisco society never stroked the Sutton name because it was not modishly cut. Though the Suttons come of blue blooded English stock they are frankly poor. The first appearance of the Sutton girls at San Rafael was the signal for the tawdry fashionables who make that resort their headquarters, to lorgnette them in astonishment. The girls wore the most inexpensive frocks and they were not cut with the style that the clever American girl knows how to impart to the cheapest print dress. So while local

society was duly impressed with their skill as tennis players it pronounced them "dowds." I remember a little scene on the club house porch which exemplified how snobbish a money snob may be without half trying. A member of a family, whose fortune was accumulated in a vulgar business, tried to give May Sutton a covert dig on having her expenses paid at the hotel. The youngest Miss Sutton disarmed her at once by expressing surprise that any one should think she was paying her own way. "You wouldn't travel far on the proceeds of a 2x4 orange grove," she laughingly admitted. As all the Southern California tennis experts have always had their bills canceled during tournament week at San Rafael there was no need for the stab at May Sutton. That she has made a hit in the East in more ways than tennis is not a matter of surprise in Southern California where the Sutton household hangs out the hospitable latchkey. They entertain in a wholesome, simple manner in keeping with their exchequer and never make any pretense at doing things like their wealthier friends. This breezy, unpretentious way of doing things is evidently not so distasteful to Newport as it is to San Francisco, for May Sutton has a dozen invitations to visit at the Eastern seaport before she sails for England. The Iselins have taken a particular fancy to her, Nora Iselin being herself a tennis player in the champion class. I hear that she is to spend a couple of weeks as Miss Iselin's guest and I am sure that the fact that her frocks are not redolent of Paris will not in the least affect the California tennis champion's capacity for thoroughly enjoying herself.

## Why They Don't Eat Much

Along the byways, where gingham aproned neighbors foregather to discuss back-fence philosophy, and the price of butter and eggs, it is generally believed that in the halls of the gilded, nightingale tongues and kindred epicurean delights are daily served for the delectation of petted palates. The other day I heard one of the Scott family discussing the telephone girls' strike. We were having tea and muffins and between dainty nibbles the lady expressed her opinion on the protest voiced by the strikers against the luncheon served by the company. "Fancy calling tea, bread and butter and cold ham a slim luncheon!" expostulated the lady. "Of course the company did not pretend to serve an elaborate meal—just something hot and a bite with it, and the privilege of filling up the interstices in the bill of fare from the home lunch box. But many's the day I don't eat half as much luncheon as the company provided for those girls?" Which statement is probably sheer truth and could be subscribed to by dozens of society women. But if we poked about for the motive of the simple lifeitis which

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these women follow we would find it written large in the fashion journals. Slenderness has been deified and the followers of the attenuated cult observe more fast days than Buddha every dreamed of. A society girl, who feared obesity might pad her modish bones, told me the other day, that she was faint and dizzy from hunger! And this confession was made on the heels of an elaborate luncheon evoked to the last exacting demand of a Lucullus. But this resolute searcher after angles toyed cleverly with her food and ate as little as the participants at a "stage" dinner when the viands are all "props." Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin is the accredited standard after which the fashionables model themselves. However Mrs. Tobin does not have to practice gastronomic self-denial to keep from casting a shadow. Two or three seasons ago when she took the rest cure nearly two months she took on a little weight and almost challenged recognition on her reappearance. But in a short time Mrs. Tobin was her slender graceful self again. She has always had lithe, sinuous lines that escape the angular and she does not have to keep the lid screwed tight on all sweets to escape a double chin. The Tobins expect to leave in a few days for the continent where Mr. Tobin intends to take the "cure" at one of the famous European baths.

### She's So Apathetic

From the very heart of what is left of our smart set comes to my ears the wail of some very much disgruntled women who have been comparing notes and have agreed that Mrs. C. B. Alexander is not very sympathetic toward fashionable people of the Far West. The burden of their plaint is that the former Hattie Crocker does nothing to further their social ambitions in New York. One distinguished leader of this city who expected to be put in touch with the most swagger New Yorkers paid her respects to Mrs. Alexander and was invited to a tete-a-tete tea party, and she lost several pounds in the streams of indignation that gushed from every pore. Lillie Martin Oelrichs has worked tooth and nail to exploit the Martin-Harvey clique in New York, but the New Yorkers have failed to respond. Mrs. Charles Oelrichs has given them teas and dinners but they have not made a ripple on the surface of the social pool. The tip that I get is that Mrs. Will Crocker is the only San Francisco woman who could become a leader in New York society. Her haughty manner has impressed some of the New Yorkers, and being a relative of Mrs. Alexander's and an intimate friend of Lady Paget she is at least qualified to start. As for Mrs. Alexander, she has always been hospitable to San Francisco people of artistic temperament, but to our provincial aristocrats with vulgar social aspiration she is painfully apathetic.

### At Pacific Grove

My Pacific Grove correspondent writes: "Mrs. Herbert E. Law motored down last week to visit her parents, who have taken a cottage for the summer. \* \* \* E. C. Childs, the Palo Alto banker, and family came down in his big machine and spent the week end at the Pacific Grove Hotel. \* \* \* Mrs. M. H. Hyland, wife of Judge Hyland of San Jose, is at the Pacific Grove Hotel visiting her brother, Dr. W. T. Jamison, and her mother, Mrs. M. E. Jamison. \* \* \* Some other guests at this hotel were Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Curtis and daughter, Sacramento; Mr. and



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### Del Monte Gossip

My Monterey correspondent writes: Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney are at Del Monte visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney, who are here for the summer. \* \* \* Mr. and Mrs. M. A. McLaughlin and Miss Frances Moffatt, Mrs. McLaughlin's sister, who have been living at Del Monte for some time, motored up to town for a few days but have returned. \* \* \* Henry J. Crocker, James H. Bishop and Edward Bishop, in one machine, and L. C. Sheldon, L. A. Steiger and J. M. McDonald Jr., in another, motored to Del Monte and spent about a week there. They had some good fishing at Rancho Del Monte during their stay. \* \* \* Mr. and Mrs. Eugene B. Murphy, H. R. Simpkins, William T. Coleman and Charles Freeborn automobilized down last week. \* \* \* In a lively party who arrived in a big motor car last Saturday were Dr. L. J. McMahon, M. A. Harris, Frank Mick, Charles Arata and E. P. Sheldon. \* \* \* Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Denning, Miss Dorothy Denning, Miss Josephine Denning, Miss Violet Pena and Miss Dorothy Doyle motored from Santa Cruz in a big White steamer. \* \* \* Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Prather, Miss Prather and Miss Shafter are driving and riding horseback at Del Monte a great deal these beautiful spring days. \* \* \* Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Walker, who came only for a short time, and stayed a month, returned to their San Francisco home last week. Mr. Walker concluded it was best to wait over for the trout season and enjoy some sport at Rancho Del Monte.

### Mrs. Gerberding's Play

I hear that Mrs. Albert Gerberding who sailed recently for Europe unloaded several of her innumerable dramas in New York. Dave Belasco is reported to be contemplating the purchase of one of them from an agent. Mrs. Gerberding is to remain in Europe a year or two. She is one of the lucky San Franciscans whose fortunes rose after the earthquake.

### SUBURBAN VILLA SITES

The demand for suburban property is increasing every day and the tide of homeseekers has been turned down the peninsula, the climatic charms and scenic beauties of which seem to have only lately impressed the people of San Francisco. Those charms and beauties have long been known to the fashionable herd whose homes are among the show places of the state, but now the general public are availing themselves of bargains in home sites and there is a very brisk movement in real estate especially in San Mateo. Among the most attractive of the suburban spots is Fair Oaks, situated in the beautifully wooded Menlo Park section, and to that place an excursion is to be run on Saturday the 25th under the auspices of P. W. Selby, the real estate agent, for the purpose of exhibiting about fifty villa lots in Watlington Park. The details of this excursion project will be found on another page. Watlington Park is a thickly wooded tract of land situated in the centre of a home district. It is close to Fair Oaks station and is not far from Stanford University. It is now one hour from San Francisco on the Southern Pacific. When the Bay Shore cut-off is completed the time will be reduced to twenty minutes.



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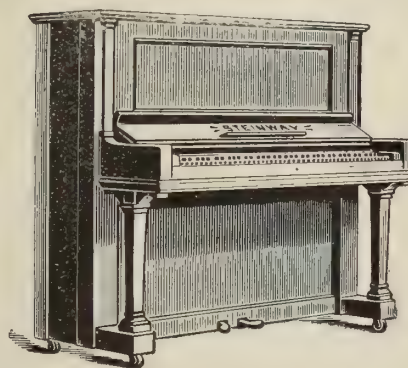
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# Stage

## Mrs. Carter in Du Barry

Her shock of red hair a greater shock than ever, her embonpoint more fleshily accentuated, her shrieks more highly pitched and her tears saltier and more profuse with the passing of seasons, Mrs. Leslie Carter returned this week to re-exploit her tumultuous personality in "Du Barry." It was never a particularly artistic personality and though it has been recently debelascized (to the blatant accompaniment of the press agent's brasses), the old impulse still persists to over-emphasize her salient characteristics. Having vermilioned the auburn of her locks, strengthened the pull of her sensuality and heightened the fever of her unreprieve, it has rendered her too grotesquely melodramatic to evoke normal human sympathy. Mrs. Carter's is exclusively a sense appeal; stirring the animal with her erethic portrayal of primal passions she still leaves the brain unnaturally cold and calculating, as in the presence of a known and feared Circe. With a spark of the gemlike flame of intellect that lights Mrs. Fiske to superlative triumphs Mrs. Carter would be an overpoweringly great actress. That spark the Belasco steel could never strike from her brain, the right metal not being there, so her educator was perforce content to teach her bosom its heavings and her eyes their tears. In these things she was an apt pupil for nature worked hand in hand with art, but when "Du Barry" was fashioned as the medium for the two it was inevitable that the defects as well as the merits of the system should be bared. "Du Barry" contains Belasco's best and Belasco's worst. His best Mrs. Carter adequately interprets—therein lies her excellence—but in her rendition of his worst she conveys the irritating impression of perfect satisfaction with herself and with her author. For Mrs. Carter there is no incongruity in any of the lines; she lacks the power to differentiate pathos from bathos. And as she maunders with quite serious sobfulness over unpicked violets or hugs the shadow of a ridiculously unconvincing romance of what Belasco gravely calls "pure love," the question comes—has this woman ever correctly gauged her own capability or has she simply reposed an implicit trust in her teacher, accepting without debate the lines and the "business" he provided for her? Certainly she has not thrown, probably has never tried to throw, any illusion of art over the gaping weaknesses of this badly carpentered melodrama. If sighs could propel it over a sea of tears all would be well, but they cannot and Mrs. Carter must be satisfied with a few brilliant moments in a long performance. To those whom a minute of crowded emotionalism compensates for an hour of dreary commonplace "Du Barry" will do, but do they not find themselves, in the intervals of dazzlement, longing for less of carmine in the Carter hair and for more restraint in the Carter acting? One "sees red" in the play, but not continuously nor exactly as Mrs. Carter sees it. One feels the sting of flesh too, but it is not the flesh of Parisian Du Barry, the doll of the world; it is the flesh of a supremely undolllike and very American actress.

—Edward F. O'Day.

## Nance O'Neil in Oakland

An engagement of considerable importance is announced by Manager H. W. Bishop. It is the

engagement of that virile tragedienne Nance O'Neil, for six weeks, at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland. She is coming direct from Boston, a city that has most substantially rewarded her art. There she has won fresh encomiums in "Cleo," the play that was written by Edwin Milton Royle for Mrs. Leslie Carter. During her Oakland engagement Nance O'Neil will be supported by the excellent stock company of Ye Liberty. It has generally been her misfortune when in California to be surrounded by mediocre players, so it should be most gratifying to her to be supported during the coming engagement by men and women capable of perfecting the essential illusions. Miss O'Neil will open her season next Monday evening in "Magda," her favorite role in which she has given some of her greatest performances. She will be seen during the engagement in "The Sorceress," "Cleopatra," "La Tosca" and "Macbeth."

## Goodwin Coming

Nat C. Goodwin, master of comedy, and by many considered the foremost actor of the American stage, comes to the Novelty Theatre next Monday, and no one could be more welcome after a season of musical shows, melodrama and problem plays. It will be refreshing to see this great comedian in a role worthy of his talents. He will present his latest success, "The Genius," written by William C. and Cecil de Mille. It is said to be the best comedy Mr. Goodwin has had since "The Gilded Fool." Mr. Goodwin's new leading lady is Miss Edna Goodrich, a professional beauty, and also, it is said, a charming actress. Among the members of the company are Neil O'Brien, Robert Paton Gibbs, H. G. Lonedale, Gordon Johnstone, W. J. Deming, M. B. Snyder, Miss Louise Randolph, Rose Snyder and Suzette Jackson. "The Genius" will be elaborately and artistically mounted with special scenery and stage decorations up to the usual high Goodwin standard.

## "The Charity Ball"

The strength of the New Alcazar Stock Company will be thoroughly tested this coming week when

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Messrs. Belasco and Mayer put on "The Charity Ball." This play was written especially for Daniel Frohman by David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille and had its original production in New York when Frohman had at the Lyceum Theatre what was said to be the strongest stock company ever organized in the country. As played by Henry Keley, Georgie Cayvan, Nelson Wheateroft, Effie Shannon, W. J. LeMoyné, Charley Walcott, Fritz Williams and others, "The Charity Ball" enjoyed one of the most successful runs ever recorded on Broadway. It is a play that has found

favor in stock ever since being a drama of really artistic construction based upon a story of human interest and abounding in emotions that will always evoke deep sympathy.

### The Crosman Engagement

Starting with the matinee this Saturday afternoon Miss Henrietta Crosman will open her postponed engagement at the Van Ness Theatre, and will play all of next week. This announcement will surely gratify theatre patrons in this city who may have begun to fear they were not to have the pleasure of seeing this gifted comedienne. It would indeed have been a disappointment if her San Francisco engagement had been cancelled, and it is a matter for congratulation on the part of playgoers that it has been decided to open the Van Ness. Miss Crosman has not been in the city in many years—not since she became a star—but there are many who will recall her delightful work when she was well known here as a member of Charles Frohman's comedians, with Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Company and earlier when she was with Augustin Daly. Since those days she has made a series of successes through which she has won recognition as one of the greatest comedienues of the American stage. She will be seen at the Van Ness in her latest New York success, the modern farcical comedy, "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" in which she appears as a witty and impulsive Irish girl who creates may complications by her schemes to evade marriage to a lord.

### Orpheum Vaudeville

Next week's programme is sure to commend itself especially to the patrons of the Orpheum, for it is one of the most attractive ever given in vaudeville. Papinta and Valerie Bergere, who are the chief of the new people, are too well and favorably known to require eulogy. Miss Bergere is an actress of genius and versatility who disdains tradition and delights with her originality, while Papinta is an American girl who has won for herself a fine reputation in the chief European capitals. Miss Bergere, who will be supported by her company, will present her most recent triumph, "The Morning After the Play," written by Willis Steele, the author of "The Fifth Commandment." Papinta will dazzle with her beautiful dances and illusions. The Royal Musical Five, consisting of Edward V. Meyer, flute; Julius C. Meyer, viola; Alex. C. A. Meyer, violin; Fred W. Meyer, cello, and Helen E. Meyer, mezzo-soprano, and the famous team, Carroll and Baker, Hebrew comedians, prodists and dancers, will be the other novelties. Next week will be the last of Ethel MacDonald, "The Girl Behind the Drum," Matthews and Ashley in "A Smash Up in Chinatown," Kramer and Bellelaire in their exhibition of physical culture and Volta, the "Electric Marvel."

### Idora Park

Monday evening next "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" will have a grand revival at Idora Park. Edith Mason, the soprano, will make her first appearance with the Idora company on this occasion, as will also Tom Persse the tenor. Arthur Cunningham will sing his favorite role of "Johnny" and the Oakland small boys will again be whistling "My Own United States." The "Wedding Day," another opera by Julian Edwards, will follow.



PAPINTA

The Beautiful and Peerless Danseuse Who Will Appear at The Orpheum Next Week.



### The Allen Sonata Evening

It required a deal of pluck on the part of Warren D. Allen to give his Sonata Evening as announced on Wednesday of last week. With the Mayor's proclamation requesting citizens to refrain from being on the streets unless impelled by necessity adorning street corners and exaggerated journalistic accounts of riotous deeds to excite sensitive nervous organizations, the prospects of an enjoyable evening were considerably dimmed. But the young pianist was not to be daunted by these conditions, and the small coterie of musical enthusiasts who ventured out to Lyric Hall had occasion to congratulate themselves at the close of the concert. For Warren Allen has proven himself a musician of really distinguished talent, and aside from the very fine renditions of the Brahms, Liszt and Schumann sonatas, the spontaneous, apparently unconscious improvising that preceded his numbers contributed largely to this conviction. The Brahms sonata, a novelty to us, must be exceedingly sympathetic to Mr. Allen, for his performance of it seemed almost like an inspiration in portions, notably in the Ruckblick, a short episode of beautiful melodic invention. This, with the Aria of the Schumann F sharp minor sonata was delivered with a particularly fine conception of tonal effects. Perhaps the piano is entitled to share in this eulogy, for it was the same Weber grand that Rosenthal used in his recent recitals here. Technically, young Allen is a wonder. Not any portion of any of the three sonatas seemed difficult for him, and certainly they make immense demands upon the mechanical skill of the performer. In the last movement of the big Schumann sonata, where several themes of exalted beauty are imbedded in a mesh of complicated technical difficulties, Allen's digital supremacy enabled him to extract the very essence of the music with apparent unconcern for its accompanying mechanical exactions. The audience was roused to great enthusiasm at the end of the Schumann sonata and the long continued applause was rewarded by an encore, the Moszkowski "Caprice Espagnol," which was played with capital bravura and a light, crisp staccato that is one of the earmarks of the real piano virtuoso. Hugo Mansfeldt, who is responsible for much in the forming of this young artist, is entitled to congratulations.

### Margaret and Bayard

Bayard Veiller, the San Francisco reporter who married Margaret Wycherly of the Alcazar company some years ago, has made a great success out of the management of his wife. Margaret Wycherly has won recognition in New York as an exponent of the drama that has literary merit, and though she has talent and artistic temperament and some of the other essentials to artistic achievement, it is not to them alone she is indebted for her triumphs, but also to the genius of her husband for catching the public ear. And Villier is something more than a manager. He lately turned playwright and his wife is interpreting him in New York and both play and actress are receiving liberal applause. The play is called "The Primrose Path," and is based upon an unpleasant theme which is treated with such frankness that it might cause more comment, we are told, were it not an incident in a theatrical season in which the works of Ibsen and George Bernard Shaw have figured. "It tells a story," says a critic, "of elopement and desertion which in itself is brutal and not usually the subject for polite conversation."

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But, considering the theme, the author has skilfully avoided suggestiveness. The play holds the interest of the hearer throughout and affords an excellent part for Miss Wycherly, whose acting in Yeats's plays a few years ago won favorable comment. The heroine is Joan Tregghenna, a Devon girl, who has fallen in love with a young American artist, Templeton, and run away to Paris with him. They were to be married there and would have been in England if the laws hadn't required an impossible delay. In Paris the artist becomes sick while working on the painting which is to win fame for him. He is almost dead for lack of food. The rent is due and the girl cannot make money posing. A physician says that only proper nourishment can save the man. The landlord threatens the pair with eviction the next day if his money is not forthcoming, and the girl goes out on the streets to save her lover. A few years later in New York the artist has made his success. The wedding has been put off and put off, and the painter, yielding everything to his ambition, breaks away and plans to marry the daughter of a millionaire patron. Joan becomes a model again and is acting as such when the rich girl, one of the students, announces her engagement to the artist. Joan finds the couple together, and as a climax to the third act tells the story of her life in Paris and her sacrifice for him. There is considerable power in this scene and Miss Wycherly played it with just enough restraint to make it convincing. In the hands of a less capable actress the effect would have been far different.

The Entre Nous Club will hold its first annual cotillion at the Hotel Bon Air, Larkspur, on June 1st.

Among the recent arrivals at Hotel Bon Air were Frank Lee-Hunter and wife, Paul Barbierie, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ephram, Washington J. Bray, E. Kniekerbocker, Miss R. Burnstein, Dr. Percival Dolman, Captain G. W. Bauer, Sanford Lewald.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following from San Francisco: T. H. Goodman, Chas. B. Wheaton, Henry W. Landsberg, Geo. Wayne Coffee, A. Dolten Harrison; Mrs. O. J. Woodward and the Misses Woodward from Fresno, and Mrs. Paul Neumann from Honolulu.

"It will climb hills as good as the Model 'A' Olds." This is a remark made by an agent for a well known car selling in the neighborhood of \$2,900.00, when asked by a prospective purchaser if the machine was a good hill climber. "All cars are compared with the Oldsmobile," says Mr. Calvin C. Eib, salesman for the Pioneer Automobile Company, who recently drove a model "A" Oldsmobile to the top of Twin Peaks.

Dr. Paul Burns' enthusiasm for automobiling grows upon him daily. Dr. Burns says: "When I first purchased my Thomas 'Forty' Touring Car it was as a means of transportation, for I had never taken a great interest in automobiles. At first I did not drive my car but, after having taken a number of long rides and a turn at the wheel, I now take great pleasure in driving the car myself and often wonder that I did not see the pleasures to be derived from motoring a long while ago. My Thomas 'Forty' is so simple to operate, that it is a great pleasure to motor."

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Photo Stanford Studio

NERA ROSO

The Clever Character Woman at the New Alcazar Theatre.

### Her Stage Career

Miss Edna Goodrich, Nat C. Goodwin's leading actress, is a Hoosier girl, having been born in Longansport, Ind. She was educated in Chicago where her father was a prominent coffee merchant. She made her first appearance on the stage at the Casino, New York, in "Floradora." She was one of the Sextette, but not one of the famous originals. When the "Floradora" fever was over Miss Goodrich went with Anna Held and played Madame Recamier in "Mlle. Napoleon." Then she placed herself in the hands of a veteran actress now retired and studied night and day for nearly a year. When she became confident of her ability to act she purchased the rights to the comedy "The Genius and the Model" from the de Mille brothers and starred in the piece several weeks jointly with Harry Woodruff. The tour was not successful, Mr. Goodwin purchased the comedy, reduced the title to "The Genius" and engaged Miss Goodrich to play the leading role.

### In the Limelight

Mrs. Leslie-Carter is to give a special matinee performance of "Zaza" at the Novelty Theatre on Sunday afternoon. This play will also be presented at the closing performance of the engagement on Sunday night.

Among the plays to be offered by Nat C. Goodwin during his coming engagement at the Novelty Theatre are "The Genius," "A Gilded Fool," "An American Citizen," "What Would a Gentleman Do," "When We Were Twenty-one."

Among the people engaged for the coming special season under the management of T. Daniel Frawley at the Novelty Theatre are Marie Shotwell, Lola May and Walter Craven. "Leah Kleschna" is to be the opening bill. Among other plays to be staged is "You Never Can Tell."

Gerardy, the greatest of the violincellists, will again visit America next season.

"The Christian Pilgrim" is the title of the production to be presented next season by Henrietta Crossman.

Otis Skinner will commence his limited engagement at the Van Ness Theatre on Monday, May 27. The noted actor will make his appearance in "The Duel."

Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" will shortly be seen at the Van Ness Theatre. Charles Frohman has chartered a special train for the transportation of this attraction across the continent.

Viola Allen is now making her farewell tour, having decided to retire to private life at the close of her coming engagement in this city. The charming actress is to appear in a revival of "Twelfth Night" and a bill composed of scenes and acts from various Shakespearean plays.

Daniel Frohman has undertaken the management of Kubelik's next American tour. It was under his able management that this remarkable violinist first appeared in America. Only an artist of the highest rank has ever tempted either of the Frohmans into this class of work. Will L. Greenbaum will represent Mr. Frohman in the local management of the concerts to be given in this vicinity.



NANCE O'NEIL

At Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.



## The Stork of Saint Franciscus

(Continued from Page 9.)

stork with a long red beak. His black-colored feathers were shining; and he clapped his wings in a friendly way as he followed Francis, who could not take his eyes from his true comrade. He kissed them, to the surprise of all, with tears running down his cheeks.

On a golden chair sat Francis, resting his head on the stork's breast, caressing gently his wings and neck. And now he was thoroughly happy.

But what happened to Francis, happened also to the stork.

He gazed thoughtfully into the glitter of heaven. He changed his legs frequently, and dreamt of the vast green meadows, of the moors and marshes, over which the clouds were passing, of the brushwood, and the reed which rustles in the zephyr's breath, and in which millions of small creatures move and tremble. And he dreamt on sadly, remembering how at the sound of his measured step the frightened frog would jump into the brook, nature's living face, a droll little creature and a succulent morsel. He saw in imagination a black and white salamander run through the reeds straight into his open beak, and yawned wistfully.

He saw the warm grey cottages, with a church spire in their midst, and on one red roof a rotten wheel of a mill-cart, his nest. He recollected how, as each autumn approached, all his colleagues gathered in a long procession over meadows, over glens and over seas,—a gigantic caravan, winging day and night to the Nile, towards the land of pyramids.

And in his deep longing he no longer thought of heaven; in his discontent he cut with his long beak from left to right amongst the saints who happened to be in his way; and the storm grew when the stork caught the sacred veil of Saint Mary Magdalene in his beak and carried it in triumph through Heaven.

Immediately the Saints united in an indignant appeal to the Almighty to send the stork away.

And with bowed head, barefoot, in his monk's cassock, Saint Francis stood, with folded hands, before the Throne, anxiously awaiting the verdict which might for ever part him from his friend.

Deep silence. For some long time the Holy Mother, Our Lady of grace and mildness, gazed without speaking on Saint Francis, and on his stork. At length, she spoke, and her voice rang like little silver bells accompanied by the strings of a harp.

"Both parties shall receive satisfaction," she said. "Francis and his stork, Francis and the other Saints. Wise and clever is the stork. If he feels drawn back to earth, well and good; he may fly down, fly as the messenger of God, to keep an outlook on the moors and marshes, and then return to Heaven and join Francis."

And the stork nodded gently; while the Virgin pointed out to him a bush of Heaven's roses, under which slept two rosy angels in close embrace. And then the Virgin bowed. The mist that separates earth from Heaven suddenly cleared. The sun shone. And the earth below was visible as it lies on the aether's bosom like a glorious rose, and on it one saw vast forests like great stripes, rivers like white thread, and mountains like dark spots.

"Look down below," said Saint Mary in a sweet and tender tone. "There, near the forest, lives a poor but pious family, who longingly hope for a child. To-day

their wish shall be fulfilled. Clever, wise, and prudent stork" (here the bird started to clap with his beak noisily, his pretty eyes shining in glee)—"hear me:

"Take this little angel who slumbers into thy beak, fly through the clouds, through mists, over woods and mountains, and in the stillness of the night knock on the little window of the hut; fly into the room; tap with thy long beak on the heart of the mother who sleeps in darkness, and place the little angel quickly and very tenderly into the empty cradle, for the good, poor people to rejoice."

And the stork, the wise and clever, did as he was told. They all looked down on the earth as he flew to the hut and placed the child into the cradle, and they saw how joy and bliss glittered in the couple's eyes, while with pleasure God stroked His long, silvery beard, above all praising His all-beloved Mother.

Soon after this the stork returned to Heaven. On the moors he certainly made a halt, and lurked, and made a hearty breakfast on frogs and worms. He returned then to Francis, who was happy and content, embracing his beak and stroking his sleek neck.

Thus the stork has gained Heaven, and, though he may suffer from ennui, brings angels to men.

NO  
DINNER  
COMPLETE  
WITHOUT  
IT



NO  
DINNER  
COMPLETE  
WITHOUT  
IT

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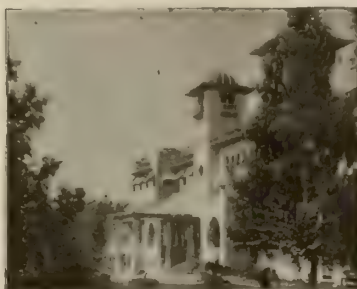
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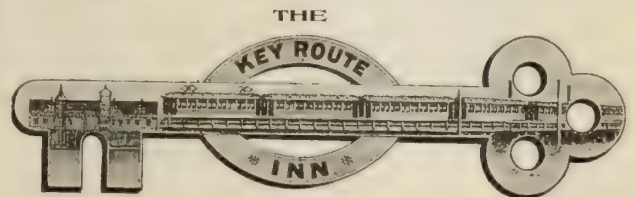
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## The Philosophy of Tea

(Continued from Page 10.)

The "Chaking" consists of three volumes and ten chapters. In the first chapter Luwuh treats of the nature of the tea-plant, in the second of the implements for gathering the leaves, in the third of the selection of the leaves. According to him the best quality of the leaves must have "increases like the leathern boot of Tartar horsemen, curl like the dewlap of a mighty bullock, untold like a mist rising out of a ravine, gleam like a lake touched by a zephyr, and be wet and soft like fine earth newly swept by rain."

The fourth chapter is devoted to the enumeration and description of the twenty-four members of the tea-equipage beginning with the tripod brazier and ending with the bamboo cabinet for containing all these utensils. Here we notice Luwuh's predilection for Taoist symbolism. Also it is interesting to observe in this connection the influence of tea on Chinese ceramics. The Celestial porcelain, as is well known, had its origin in an attempt to reproduce the exquisite shade of jade, resulting, in the Tang dynasty, in the blue glaze of the south and the white glaze of the north. Luwuh considered the blue as the ideal color for the tea-cup, as it lent additional greenness to the beverage, whereas the white made it look pinkish and distasteful. It was because he used cake-tea. Later on, when the tea masters of Sung took to the powdered tea, they preferred heavy bowls of blue-black and dark-brown. The Mings, with their steeped tea, rejoiced in light ware of white porcelain.

In the fifth chapter Luwuh describes the method of making tea. He eliminates all ingredients except salt. He dwells also on the much-discussed question of the choice of water and the degree of boiling it. According to him, the mountain spring is the best, and river water and spring water come next in the order of excellence. There are three stages of boiling: the first is when the little bubbles like the eye of fishes swim on the surface; the second is when the bubbles are like crystal beads rolling in a fountain; the third is when the billows surge wildly in the kettle. The Cake-tea is roasted before the fire until it becomes soft like a baby's arm and is shredded into powder between pieces of fine paper. Salt is put in the first boil, the tea in the second. At the third boil, a dipperful of cold water is poured into the kettle to settle the tea and revive the "youth of the water." Then the beverage was poured into cups and drunk. O nectar! The filmy leaflet hangs like scaly clouds in a serene sky or floated like water-lilies on emerald stems. It was of such a beverage that Lotung, a Tang poet, wrote: "The first cup moistens my lips and throat, the second cup breaks my loneliness, the third cup searches my barren entrail but to find therein some five thousand volumes of odd ideographs. The fourth cup raises a slight perspiration,—all the wrong of life passes away through my pores. At the fifth cup, I am purified; the sixth cup calls me to the realms of immortals. The seventh cup,—ah, but I could take no more! I only feel the breath of cool wind that rises in my sleeves. Where is Iloraisan? Let me ride on this sweet breeze and waft away thither."

The remaining chapters of the "Chaking" treat of the vulgarity of the ordinary methods of tea-drinking, a historical summary of illustrious tea-drinkers, the famous tea plantations of China, the possible variation of the tea-service and illustrations of the tea-utensils. The last is unfortunately lost.

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The appearance of the "Chaking" must have created considerable sensation at the time. Luwuh was befriended by the Emperor Taisung (763-779) and his fame attracted many followers. Some exquisites were said to have been able to detect the tea made by Luwuh from that of his disciples. One mandarin has his name immortalized by his failure to appreciate the tea of this great master.

In the Sung dynasty whipped tea came into fashion and created the second school of Tea. The leaves were ground to fine powder in a small stone mill, and the preparation was whipped in hot water by a delicate whisk made of split bamboo. The new process led to some change in the tea-equipage of Luwuh, as well as the choice of leaves. Salt was discarded for ever. The enthusiasm of the Sung people for tea knew no bounds. Epicures vied with each other in discovering new varieties, and regular tournaments were held to decide their superiority. The Emperor Kiasung (1101-1124), who was too great an artist to be a well-behaved monarch, lavished his treasures on the attainment of rare species. He himself wrote a dissertation on the twenty kinds of tea, among which he prizes the "white tea" as of the rarest and finest quality.

The tea-ideal of the Sung differed from the Tangs even as their notion of life differed. They sought to actualize what their predecessor tried to symbolize. To the Neo-Confucian mind the cosmic law was not reflected in the phenomenal world, but the phenomenal world was the cosmic law itself. Aeons were but moments, Nirvana always within grasp. The Taoist conception, that immortality lay in the eternal change, permeated all their modes of thought. It was the process not the deed which was interesting. It was the completing not the completion which was really vital. Man came thus at once face to face with nature. A new meaning grew into the art of life. The Tea began to be not a poetical pastime but one of the methods of self-realization. Wangyucheng eulogized tea as "flooding his soul like a direct appeal"; its delicate bitterness "reminded him of the after-taste of good counsel." Sotumpa wrote of the strength of the immaculate purity in tea which defied corruption as a truly virtuous man. Among the Buddhists, the southern Zen sect, which incorporated so much of Taoist doctrines, formulated an elaborate ritual of tea. The monks gathered before the image of Bodhidharma and drank tea out of a single bowl with the profound formality of a holy sacrament. It was this Zen ritual which finally developed into the Tea-ceremony of Japan in the fifth century.

Unfortunately the sudden outburst of the Mongol tribes in the thirteenth century, which resulted in the devastation and conquest of China under the barbaric rule of the Yuen Emperors, destroyed all the fruits of Sung culture. The native dynasty of the Mings, which attempted re-nationalization in the middle of the fifteenth century was harassed by internal troubles and China again fell under the alien rule of the Manchus in the seventeenth century. Manners and customs changed to leave no vestige of the former times. The powdered tea is entirely forgotten. We find a Ming commentator at loss to recall the shape of the tea whisk mentioned in one of the Sung classics. Tea is now taken by steeping the leaves in hot water in a bowl or cup. The reason why the western world is innocent of the older method of drinking tea is explained by the fact that Europe knew it only at the close of the Ming dynasty.

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To the latter-day Chinese tea is a delicious beverage, but not an ideal. The long woes of his country have robbed him of the zest for the meaning of life. He has become modern, that is to say, old and disenchanted. He has lost that sublime faith in illusions which constitutes the eternal youth and vigor of the poets and ancients. He is an eclectic, and politely accepts the traditions of the universe. He toys with nature, but does not condescend to conquer or worship her. His Leaf-tea is often wonderful with its flower-like aroma, but the romance of the Tang and Sung ceremonials are not to be found in his cup.

Japan, which followed closely on the foot-steps of Chinese civilization, has known tea in all its three stages. As early as the year 729 we read of the Emperor Shomu giving tea to one hundred monks at his palace in Nara. The leaves were probably imported by our ambassadors to the Tang Court and prepared in the way then in fashion. In 801 the monk Saicho brought back some seeds and planted them in Yeisan. Many tea-gardens are heard of in the succeeding centuries, as well as the delight of the aristocracy and priesthood in the beverage. The Sung tea reached us in 1191 with the return of Yeisaizenji, who went there to study the southern Zen school. The new seeds which he carried home were successfully planted in three places, one of which, the Uji district near Kyoto, bears still the name of producing the best tea in the world. The southern Zen spread with marvelous rapidity and with it the tea-ritual and the tea-ideal of the Sung. By the fifteenth century, under the patronage of the Shogun, Ashikaga-Yoshinasa, the tea-ceremony is fully constituted and made into an independent and secular performance. Since then Teism is fully established in Japan. The use of the steeped tea of the later China is comparatively recent among us, being known only since the middle of the seventeenth century. It has replaced the powdered tea in ordinary consumption, though the latter still continues to hold its place as the tea of teas.

It is in the Japanese tea-ceremony that we see the culmination of tea-ideals. Our successful resistance of the Mongol invasion in 1281 had enabled us to carry on the Sung movement so disastrously cut off in China itself through the nomadic inroad. Tea with us became more than an idealization of the form of drinking; it is a religion of the art of life. The beverage grew to be an excuse for the worship of purity and refinement, a sacred function at which the host and guest joined to produce for that occasion the utmost beatitude of the mundane. The tea-room was an oasis in the dreary waste of existence where weary travelers could meet to drink from the common spring of art-appreciation. The ceremony was an improvised drama whose plot was woven about the tea, the flowers and the paintings. Not a color to disturb the tone of the room, not a sound to mar the rhythm of things, not a gesture to obtrude on the harmony, not a word to break the unity of the surrounding, all movements to be performed simply and naturally; such were the aims of the tea-ceremony. And, strangely enough, it was often successful. A subtle philosophy lay behind it all. Teism was Taoism in disguise.

Mr. S. C. Hammond, who, with his family, is spending his vacation in Ukiah, visited this city for a few hours last Sunday and says he is having a most delightful time touring through Lake County in his Oldsmobile.

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## Letters

### Ford's Short Stories

"Truegate of Mogador" is but one of a dozen short stories in which Sewell Ford has delineated odd characters of Cedar-ton, South Jersey. It is a passing coincidence that F. Hopkinson Smith laid the scene of his last story, "The Tides of Barnegat" in the same locality. Truegate—Freedom Truegate was regarded by his fellow townsmen as a has-been, and it was therefore much to their surprise that, in compensation for political services he was appointed consul at Mogador. Where that was, neither he nor they had an inkling, but Truegate in time took up his duties where he lived in much the same way as at home, doing nothing in particular and not displaying any especial energy about it. He kept on hand a supply of St. Louis beer and cigars, with which he treated the native shieks, and unobtrusively he made friends with them until, in a crisis he proved to be the one man in command of the situation. "Shinner Liddell's Revel" deserves special consideration and should bear as good fruit as the sentimental sickishness of the opposite variety. "Shinner" was considered rather a "bad" boy, for he had original ideas and was not backward in expressing them. He was an orphan, but had a host of cousins and other connections, and was a leader amongst them at Cranberry Cove. The Cove people were not so poor as they were shiftless and unkempt but they were seized upon by some snobbish Anglomaniacs as the nearest approach to the tenants who figure in stories of English aristocratic life, and made the victims of a Christmas revel at "Brentmore." They were treated to an orange, a handful of cheap candy and trumpery toys, and their hostess and her friends looked them over as though they were strange specimens, and talked audibly of "the one ray of sunshine in their clouded little lives." "Shinner," though he was fifteen, attended the first "revel" out of curiosity, and when the second one was projected, on the next Christmas, he was ready to oppose it and to offer a counter-proposition, and to get up such a feast as was enjoyed by young and old, without loss of their independence and self respect. This pauperizing of the so-called poor has gone on so long that it has about destroyed their real Christmas spirit and reduced them to beggary which is open and shameless. Any one of the dozen tales should be singled out for special mention. This is Mr. Ford's second venture into bookland, his previous "Horses Nine" being well remembered by readers. Another of Charles Scribner's Sons' productions.

### The Very Small Person

Annie Hamilton Donnell seems to have chosen for her particular field the portrayal of one phase of child life, the lonesomeness and shut-in-ness of very young children, who fight out their difficulties without appealing to their elders for assistance. To those who cannot read between the lines, it may seem that Mrs. Donnell is one of those new-fangled philanthropists who are bent on seeing children only as misunderstood and abused innocents, whereas, in fact, the hidden problem which she has searched out is but one corner of an ordinarily joyous existence. Children attach an undue importance to very little things and busy parents and elders do not even suspect what, if anything, may be troubling the minds of the champion eight-year-old catcher of the base ball nine, or the motherly heart of a five year old matron. What could be more perfectly absurd, for example, than the perplexity which finally drove a nine-year-old boy to inquire of an elder sister how people got married. She, girl-like, began to describe the ceremony, costume and festivity, but was interrupted by "I know all that part. How do you know when

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you have to?" Upon being enlightened as to attraction and affinity, he heaved such a mighty sigh of relief with his, "That's all right, then, if you get any say about it," that further questioning was resorted to, and behold! With prophetic fears, the child had been worrying himself because, somehow or other he had caught the impression that "they caught you and made you get married even if you didn't want to." To be sure there is more than a grain of truth in the notion, but who would have suspected a lad of his years, busy with his out door games and romps with his dog, could be harboring such a fancy? Mrs. Donnell's children often overhear some chance expression which they misinterpret, like the little girl who had so often heard it regretted by injudicious elders that she was not a boy to inherit the titles and estates, that finally she borrowed a suit of boy's clothes and cut off her hair in her efforts to correct the mistake of Nature and please her parents. Then, there was that other little one who, hearing some of her schoolmates gossiping over the discovery they had made that one of their little band was but an adopted child, fitted the remarks to her own case, and spent a grievous afternoon and evening until she learned that it was not she but her chosen playmate who was the waif. "The Princess of Make Believe" is rather to be envied than pitied, since she could make believe so delightfully, and live in a dream castle clothed in silks and velvets and fed from silver dishes, and could find her Prince Charming in the freckle-faced lad who had some of the same gift of imagination. Nor are fashionable mothers always heartless and the poor invariably kind. The truth is that we are all, old and young, in our inmost hearts alone. There is always the end of the passage beyond which none but ourselves can penetrate, and the veriest little chatterbox that ever blurted out embarrassing questions and unsuspected knowledge has this secret side, this something that it cannot or will not put into words. Mrs. Donnell has a family of bright little people of her own and has had ample opportunity to study the "Very Small Person" at close range. She would probably be the first to deny any intention of posing all children as tragic figures and flaying all parents for not divining all their moods. Illustrations to "The Very Small Person," which is published by Harper and Brother, are by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

—The Bookworm.

#### AUTOMOBILE NOTES

Mr. W. F. Hunt of San Jose was in this city last week and purchased a type "XIV" Winton from the Pioneer Automobile Company and drove same through to his home.

Mr. C. F. Fout of this city made a trip to Pescadero and return on Sunday last in his Thomas "Forty" Touring Car, going by way of La Honda. He makes special mention of the bad roads encountered and, in summing up the trip, Mr. Fout says he does not believe there is another car built which will duplicate the performance of his Thomas "Forty."

That the West leads the way in more than one thing is shown by the fact that the supervisors of Alameda county, California, have just bought a Thomas Forty touring car for the sheriff. The car will be used by him in the performance of his official duties and it is not improbable that before the year is over tales of stirring hunts for fugitives from the law will begin to come in from Alameda county. The supervisors of the county became convinced that the automobile was a necessity for the sheriff through their use for two years of the Thomas Flyers owned by C. F. Horner, a member of the board. Mr. Horner has just bought a 1907 Flyer.



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SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 19, 1906.

TO THE PUBLIC: This is to certify that Dr. Wong Him has cured me of lung and stomach trouble, from which I had suffered for many years. I tried many doctors, but they failed to cure me. I consulted Dr. Wong Him, and after taking his Herb Medicine for six months am now permanently cured. I wish to recommend him to the public as an efficient and skillful physician.

CHARLES BAEHR,  
632 Lyon street, San Francisco, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1907.

TO THE PUBLIC: I had a very severe case of Throat Trouble and general breakdown. Did not sleep or eat for eight days. After trying every remedy I heard of without success, I called on Dr. Wong Him, 1268 O'Farrell street, who by feeling my pulse correctly diagnosed my case. His remedies gave me immediate relief. Cannot say too much in favor of his teas.

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## Baiting Our Plutocrats

George Eliot says that a difference of taste in jokes is a great cause of domestic discomfort. Which reminds us that a difference of taste in graft prosecutions, when it is intolerant, causes much ungenerous feeling. There is far from being a unanimity of public sentiment in this city today respecting the course of the very industrious and highly patriotic gentlemen who have earned our eternal gratitude by their achievements in the cause of civic righteousness. For having disrupted the strongly intrenched forces of graft they are entitled to popular acclaim, and doubtless they will receive the earnest commendation of posterity. But it is obvious that their contemporaries do not enthusiastically concur in their judgment of the policy that is being pursued. It has been ever thus. The passions, prejudices and self-interests of the times always affect contemporary judgment. Some philosopher of two or three generations hence with the advantage of perspective will perhaps form an accurate conception of these times and of the motives of our leading citizens. It is for us merely to speculate and grope for conclusions. In doing so we are bound to yield to constitutional inclinations. Town Talk's viewpoint in all probability is not the popular one. We have no hesitation in confessing that it would please us more to see Ruef, Schmitz and the Supervisors go to jail than to see them granted immunity in consideration of their supplying the evidence upon which may be established the guilt of the rich corruptionists in our midst. But more yet would it please us to see all hands go to jail, not because it is gratifying to see men in jail, but because we approve of salutary lessons for the benefit of society. The crime of bribe-giving is not in our opinion a venial offense. We appreciate the enormity of it. We are not without contempt for prosperous citizens who profit off the degradation of public servants, but we learned long ago that questions in morals and politics are questions of comparison and degree. So despite our aversion to actions which are inimical to the civic welfare, we feel that there is a vast difference between crimes that humiliating circumstances and plausible, popular casuistry seem to justify and those that imply a loathsome spirit of knavery and rascality; between crimes that take a

coloring from environment, that are the consequence of a feeble public spirit and a complaisant morality, and those that are dictated by a corrupt heart, that stagger even an easy conscience and from which universal nature recoils. But it is not entirely as a result of metaphysical inquiry in the field of morality that we have come to prefer the incarceration of the organized grafters to that of the men who supplied the boodle. Knowing that it is difficult to weigh in an exquisitely nice balance the iniquities of men, we are not so dogmatic in our views on these subtle distinctions in criminology as to be intolerant of the sentiment which imputes to the bribe-giver in the abstract preeminence in viciousness. We merely wish to submit that in a community which thrice elected Eugene Schmitz to office, which amiably indulged the proclivities of a Ruef, which sounded the depths of the slums in quest of material for a legislative body, it savors somewhat of Pharisaism to yield to a paroxysm of virtuous indignation induced by crimes which were the logical consequence of our incivism and immorality. It may be urged that this paroxysm is the manifestation of a healthy reaction, of a sudden realization of ideals that are written in promethean characters in the hearts of us; but if so should we not nevertheless discipline our resentment? Have we not already sufficiently yielded to mob sentiment in this city and to the servile agencies that diffuse it? Organized labor created the conditions from which corruption flowed and now, still of obeisant temperament, we cater to its prejudices by granting immunity to its rapacious representatives while invoking the vengeance of the law on the heads of criminals whose crimes we made inevitable if not compulsory. We have no disposition to palliate the crimes of corruptionists, of conscienceless rich men who gladly availed themselves of opportunities to defraud this stricken municipality, but we confess a partiality for even-handed justice and a strong prejudice against demagogic discrimination that pampers and protects the most shameless band of grafters that ever disgraced an American city. We especially loathe demagoguery. We despise the demagogue. We believe he is the most dangerous and vicious of all undesirable citizens. And we believe he is to be discerned in the background of the graft prosecution. Far be it from us to attribute to the civic patriots to whom this community is profoundly indebted the mean purpose of winning the favor of the mob. We merely wish to suggest that they have been carried along on the tide of circumstances to which at the inception of their enterprise they were unable to offer resistance. To appreciate this suggestion one must recall the efforts that were made by Ruef, Schmitz and their blatant defenders to inculcate in the public mind the notion that Rudolph Spreckels and Francis Heney were the agents of organized capital and had begun an assault on the Schmitz machine for the purpose of undermining organized labor. Schmitz and Ruef as well as their numerous touts warned organized labor against the machinations of their accusers. Even Samuel Gompers, the prophet of organized labor, echoed the sentiments of the Schmitz touts and threw in a few of his own to make good measure. At a banquet in Washington given in honor of Schmitz after the adjustment of our differences with Japan Prophet Gompers denounced Spreckels as a capitalistic conspirator and proclaimed our infamous Mayor "The Greatest American since Lincoln." Meanwhile the anti-graft crusaders and our patriotic newspapers, among whom there has long been a keen and most edifying rivalry for the favor of organized labor, vociferously dis-



avowed the sinister motives attributed to them, and to persuade the unions that their intentions were honorable affirmed their inflexible resolution to punish the plutocratic friends of the Mayor and his unspeakable mentor. In those days it was understood to be of the greatest importance to alienate union sentiment from Mayor Schmitz in order to solidify public opinion and persuade its acquiescence in all the extreme measure which Judge Dunne with a curious docility was ready to take to facilitate the routing of the grafters. And as time went on and industrial friction was intensified, the coddling of labor became the recognized programme of the graft prosecution. The baiting of the plutocrats of the public service corporation became the chief feature of that programme. To be sure they have only themselves to blame for being in a position to be baited. But that circumstance should not blind us to the wheels within wheels, nor to the fact that labor's champions, some of whom have been the champions of Schmitz and Ruef, are today guiding public sentiment in San Francisco. Surely the situation is one that invites to philosophic reflection. And surely one may break into the celestial harmony of it all with a jangling note of discord without being suspected of an immoral obsession. When we see stern moralists blinking the crimes of anarchists, demanding at the same time the rigid enforcement of the law against the representatives of one class and approving of discrimination in favor of the representatives of another we find it impossible to resist the impulse to challenge the sincerity of it all.

### Socialists and Demagogues

Though socialism with us is not yet a formidable political power it is rapidly becoming an aggressive and organized force, and is building up an army of federated associations inspired by principles which are antagonistic to our form of government. American publicists are beginning to take alarm at the spread of socialism and the suggestion has been made that a propaganda be organized against it with a view to spreading a knowledge of the shallowness and viciousness of its philosophy. The spread of socialism is unquestionably fraught with dangerous consequences, and the importance of arousing an aggressive sentiment against it cannot be too strongly emphasized. The menace of socialism is much more to be dreaded than that of plutocratic domination but it is not likely to meet with opposition from those stern patriots who are so vociferously championing the rights of the plain people on the bema and in the columns of sensational newspapers. The swatting of the plutocrat is a pastime which is most congenial to the stern and noisy patriot since it insures him the privilege of the large and flowing ear of the mob, whereas to assail the socialist is to deprive himself of a large part of his constituency. One cannot be a very sincere patriot and be tolerant of socialism, whose apostles, says Karl Marx, are content at present with laying the foundation of revolutions but who expect to excite hatred and contempt for all existing institutions by waging war against all prevailing ideas about religion, state, country and patriotism. A religious propaganda is perhaps the most effective one that can be waged against socialism, but such a one is not feasible in this country at this time. The next best is one boldly and fearlessly devoted to the diffusion of the truth respecting the evils of demagogism. It is the demagogue who is mainly responsible for the spread of socialism since it is he

that foment the discontent upon which socialism feeds. We might well follow the example of the Socialists of France and begin our propaganda in the schools. In France, where Socialism is most successful and where as a consequence there is less liberty than in any country except Russia, no concealment is made of the purpose to do away absolutely with love of country, and the beginning is made in the schools where it is destroyed in the hearts of the children. It would be well for us while inculcating the familiar precepts conducive to a strengthening of the sentiment of patriotism, at the same time to paint the demagogue in his true colors and make him an object of loathing and contempt.

### What the Boise Trial Means

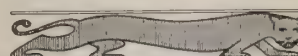
Not alone William D. Haywood, the secretary-treasurer of the Western Federation of Miners, is on trial at Boise but the whole of organized labor, and with perfect understanding of this fact the newspapers throughout the country are supplying their readers with exhaustive accounts of what promises to be one of the most momentous legal struggles of the age. Whether Haywood, Moyer, Pettibone and the others of the mysterious "inner circle" of the federation were or were not responsible for the murder of Governor Steunenberg matters not so much in the long run as the manner in which organized labor in the United States will receive the verdict of the jury which is being laboriously drawn to try the first of the suspects. The temper of the union men throughout the country in relation to the case was given extraordinary and disconcerting exemplification in New York when twenty thousand workingmen gathered to denounce the president for his now famous letter about "undesirable citizens" and to express their confidence in the men who have been charged with murder. If that mighty assemblage meant anything at all it implied the unqualified approbation of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone without any reservation as to their guilt or innocence, and if that is the attitude of the labor unions outside of New York, it seems to follow that



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even their conviction of a dastardly crime will not cause the three men to forfeit the esteem of unionized workingmen. Here is food for serious cogitation. With the eyes of the whole country, including the keen optics behind the pince-nez glasses at the White House, fixed upon the courtroom at Boise, it is not likely that justice will be tampered with during these trials and if convictions are obtained it will be because complete proof of guilt of the three accused men has been forthcoming. Are their followers in the Western Federation of Miners and their present sympathizers in other labor associations to persist in idolizing these men in that eventuality? Their present feeling, manifested with unmistakable frankness at the New York and other meetings, indicates that they will do this. That will be equivalent to sanctioning violence, an endorsement of anarchy which involves approbation of the methods followed by the Russian terrorists. Organized labor, therefore, stands in a perilous position during these trials and unless reactionary counsels prevail, the widening breach between union men and the other classes of our population is destined to become a gaping chasm. Of course there is more than a possibility that the three men will be cleared of the ugly charges lying against them. One need not be ultra-sceptical to suspect the veracity of a man of Harry Orchard's type and on his confession the ease of the prosecution almost entirely depends. But nevertheless the outcome of the trial is going to have a mighty influence on the labor union idea. It is a case well worth careful study.

### Keeping Corey in the Limelight

With the steel magnate and his actress bride in the earliest hours of their blissful dream of marital happiness, there is talk of deposing Corey from the presidency of the corporation which Schwab dishonored when he tried to break the bank at Monte Carlo. Evidently the steel trust which has never before been suspected of cherishing the luxury of a moral code has taken umbrage at Corey's repudiation of the helpmeet of his less prosperous years and his indecent haste in tumbling into matrimony with a chorus girl. Without going into the ticklish question of an employer's right (whether that employer be an individual or a corporation) to censor the private life of an employee, it must be said that a large section of the public will regard this determination of the steel trust to oust the bridegroom as most unfortunate involving as it does further exploitation of the disagreeable Corey personality. This whole matter has taxed very heavily the not-over-sensitive stomach of the American people. It has forced on our attention a crowd of vulgar persons whose only claim to notice consists in their relationship either to the millionaire or to the young woman with whom he became infatuated. It has also brought the unpleasant spectacle of a clergyman willing to perform the marriage ceremony amid all the bizarre circumstances wherewith the astonishing groom saw fit to surround it but stricken with immediate penitence when his complacency threatened the loss of his bene-

fice. The natural shame right-thinking people feel as they survey this mass of vulgarity is deepened by the consciousness that Europe has been given another chance to sneer and gibe at our boasted civilization. Small wonder that American pretensions to taste and culture are received with such incredulity on the other side of the Atlantic when such a disgusting exhibition as the Corey-Gilman affair is possible.

### Our Civic Spirit

Shortly after the April fire it was thought that a change was coming over this city. Manifestations slight enough in themselves but which were taken in their mass to indicate the direction of the current of events pointed to the emergence of San Francisco from the circumscribed condition of a small town and its progress to the prouder estate of a large city. But the civic development of this community still lags far behind its swift growth in population and in area; so much so indeed that San Francisco has only the soul of a village in the body of a metropolis. This peculiarity which cannot be grasped by those who passed their entire lives here and which is imperfectly understood by many who have had better opportunities for comparison, accounts for a great deal of the fascination of the old town that was blotted out by fire and earthquake, while at the same time it explains the most aggravating of the defects that have retarded our progress. The spirit of the city is still essentially parochial, made so partly by our detached geographical position and partly by a heady self-sufficiency, a combination of brains and brag, of resource and recklessness that have lingered so long only because strangers found them piquant and alluring and so confirmed us in the determination not to surrender them for more modern attributes. What we should dearly welcome is an impulse to doff our swaddling bands and stretch our limbs toward unrestrained development, for the day when San Francisco shall not be afraid of bogeys, when it shall not take alarm at shibboleths, when slogans shall have no power to cast it into panic and when intramural disputes shall not seem of supreme importance. It is a day that every man with the welfare of this city at heart should welcome, for with its approach we shall cease to be the sport of opposing factions; no clique will dominate us; the city will be paramount.

### When Gillett Came to Town

What San Francisco needs is more of that larger air which Governor Gillett brought when he arrived here to study the carstrike situation. Peculiar signifi-

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cance may or may not attach to the fact that he came from Los Angeles, a city which for many years has developed on liberal lines that have been the horror of self-satisfied San Franciscans. Certainly Governor Gillett afforded many of us a new vantage point from which to survey ourselves; he conferred upon the city the privilege deemed inestimable by the poet, of seeing ourselves as others see us. The Governor showed a most daring indifference in regard to the tremendous issues that are dividing the town into two camps; he seemed actually to doubt the worldwide importance of the principles for which the strikers and the strike-breakers are battling. To his view the one great principle that must be insisted on is the preservation of public order and the safeguarding of property. It

need not be pointed out that this is a novel viewpoint for San Franciscans. To this city the laws have ever been like pie-crust, made to be broken; at least, to be broken whenever two factions in our midst arrayed themselves for a fight. Never in their wildest dreams have Mayor Schmitz or Chief of Police Dinan considered the enforcement of order and the repression of violence of more importance than the settlement of a dispute between capital and labor. Hence our strikes have usually been bloody and have never passed without some infractions of the peace; and it must be said that, unused to any other condition, our citizenry has rarely protested against the occasional disturbances that have varied from time to time the comparative monotony of life in San Francisco.

## Perspective Impressions

Mrs. Howard Gould says that her husband is unfit to live with on account of his personal habits. It took her a long time to find this out.

The Carmen's Conference Committee reported through the columns of the complaisant press last week that two grammar school teachers had been seen riding on a street car. Teachers, beware! Do not labor under the delusion that you are living in an American city.

The striking longshoremen of Seattle have won more pay and their employers have won recognition of the open shop principle. Perhaps Calhoun wouldn't object to vouchsafing that sort of victory.

President Roosevelt's bull terrier, Pete, was thrown down, gashed and crippled, last week, by a mongrel cur of no official status. A case of lese-majeste with a vengeance.

Abe Ruef says that a great load has been lifted off his mind. But it is the one that has been lifted off his purse that he has been most happy to think about.

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler says that if Ruef is really repentant he will give back his tainted money. Perhaps he's afraid it wouldn't be accepted.

From what Mrs. Stetson says one might infer that when the old gentleman married her he was of the same temperament as the average penniless Duke who indulges the ambition of an American heiress for mention in Burke's Peerage.

Chief Dinan says he thinks it was the United Railways Company that put an infernal machine on one of its own cars. If some one were to invent a machine that would discourage Chief Dinan from thinking that he thinks or could think he would be hailed as a public benefactor.



Can't Stop Him.

—Brinkerhoff in the Toledo Blade.



Who Will Hold It Down?

—Russell in the Washington Post.

TAFT IN THE ASCENDENT.

## The Great Curse of France

By Major Ben C. Truman

I know of no single glass of drink so exquisitely and deliciously stimulating as that one of absinthe. It is a little green devil, and no mistake; this is because it is so enticing and so dangerous. But nothing ever manufactured of an alcoholic nature is so heavenly, so fascinating, so comforting—and, I might honestly say, so harmless as a single half gill of absinthe, into which a gill of cold water has been slowly and artistically dripped, and to which a teaspoonful of maraschino or green chartreuse may (or may not) be added. This single potation is a queen, beside which even the cock-tail—another nice little thing with horns and hoofs—is an ordinary subject. It courses through every portion of the body—it touches the brain, the heart, the blood, the very tips of the fingers and the toes. It electrifies the mind, it soothes the spirit, it caresses the whole body, and sets off the soul. To sip it slowly and genteely, after the day's work is done, perusing the evening paper, or chatting with an agreeable friend, between sips, there is nothing more delectable or comforting, nothing more ambrosial or stimulating, nothing more harmless or proper. But will this single potation suffice?

Let us examine France, where there is at least a seeming if not a real degeneracy. In the first place the 38,000,000 people of France drink eight times more wine than the 200,000,000 of inhabitants of the United States, Great Britain and Germany; and much of this wine is hot, adulterated muscatel, which is generally indulged in by the commoner classes after the consumption of a sophisticated red or white vin ordinaire at their two daily meals. They drink half as much beer and cider as the people of the United States; and, to the surprise of all statisticians on such subjects, France leads the world in the consumption of spirits, the exact figures for 1900 being France 1.94, Germany 1.89, Great Britain 1.08 and the United States .86 gallons per head.

And the worst of it is, France drinks the vilest and most dangerously adulterated of all, with the romping, fascinating, crazy-making, death-dealing absinthe at the head. Here is your fiend that is ruining the people of France. It is the voice of this demon that shouts the loudest at political meetings and threatens the destruction of the Government.

Absinthe is the great curse of France. It was given to the French army in Algiers in 1844 as a remedy against fever, thereby being introduced into France, and has done more than anything else to sap the strength and manhood of the country. Far worse than morphine or cocaine, it is taken to such an alarming extent in Paris that if the Government does not take some step to prevent its sale it will surely make the nation die prematurely. Once having drunk absinthe the fatal habit is formed, and in a terribly brief space of time the victim is either a ferocious madman or an idiot. It is, unfortunately, cheap, and there is no drinking place in Paris where it is not obtainable. It was at the bottom of Boulangism, nationalism, and every unpatriotic war cry that has of late years excited its crazy victims. It accounts for the fights in the Chamber of Deputies, the infamous ways of the journalists, the indecency of French literature, the mercenary actions of landlords and shopkeepers and the bad temper of most of the people.

The spread of drunkenness in the army is already engaging the attention of the wise. As a consequence of inquiries that have been made on this point, the Minister of War lately addressed a letter to the generals in command of the various army corps. In this document, the Minister says that he has considered two alternatives, one of which was simply to restrict the hours during which spirituous liquors might be sold at the regimental canteens, the other the complete abolition of the sale of these, and that he has decided that the latter was the only satisfactory course. "I have decided," he says, "to interdict absolutely the sale in the canteens of all eau de vie, or spirituous liquor of any kind, as well as the innumerable preparations known as appetizers." The last term is meant to cover absinthe and the various bitters which a digestion weakened by indulgence craves for. The General does not however, forbid the sale of ordinary fermented liquors, such as wine, beer, cider, perry, and, of course, permits the sale of tea, coffee, chocolate, and the like. It is only spirits that the interdict deals with. Perhaps the General thinks, as do many people, not altogether foolish, that pure wine and beer are not very unwholesome or dangerous drinks.

Of all the thirty-two thousand odd communes of France and Navarre, Marseilles is the one where the most absinthe is consumed. Paris comes next, that is to say in proportion to its population. Formerly the good Marseillais used to chiefly patronize the brand known as "Pernod" and appears to have been very well satisfied therewith until M. Jules Guerin visited their town and informed them that the "manufacturer of Pernod was a Jew." The Antisemites and "Patriots" at once adopted a brand known as "Berger," and the Dreyfusites and the Anti-Dreyfusites could easily be recognized at the cafes according to the brand of absinthe they favored.

Now, however, the Anti-Dreyfusites have discovered to their horror that M. Berger, whose brand they have been patronizing for nearly two years, is not only a Protestant but also a foreigner, a Swiss, and it is rumored that they have determined to drop absinthe altogether for the future, unless some enterprising member of the League of the Patrie Francaise starts a new "patriotic" brand which could receive the official sanction of those newspaper pirates, MM. Dru-mont and Coppee.

This green devil absinthe is at the bottom of half the reckless crimes that are committed in Paris. This Mephistopholes of the still urges his victims on to scold, revile, thrash, bite and shoot, and the French papers are full of the consequences each morning. I have preserved a few items selected from hundreds:

From Le Matin:—Robert Lelarge made a stupid bet last evening just after dinner. Before the meal he

(Continued on Page 34.)

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## Ruef in His Latest Pose

By Theodore Bonnet

Abe Ruef's pose in the role of an idealist overwhelmed by temptation, corrupted because of his zeal for a political machine which was consecrated to the interests of workingmen, is the meanest sham ever foisted on a deluded public. Instead of the tears he evoked there should have been jeers and hisses. His words were not uttered in an atmosphere of verity and sincerity. His language about those dear ones at home for whom he was sacrificing his pride was nothing but sniveling cowardice, cant and hypocrisy. That whine was not unfamiliar to me. I heard it in the halcyon days of Ruef's predatory raids through the tenderloin when the captains of illicit traffic were paying for the privilege of imparting atmosphere to a wide open town. Whenever the thrifty boss was branded as a grafter it distressed him because of the effect it would have on the dear ones at home. When a man is really concerned for the dear ones at home he does not persistently make of himself an object of universal loathing. I cannot sympathize with the hysterical vapors of the man who debauched this city, who made of himself a stench in the nostrils of the community and who pretends to believe that he has done the manly in propitiating his prosecutors by making terms for his own immunity which involve the misery of men whose shame is upon his soul. One needs a faint memory to forget the monstrosity of his career and savor the moral intention with which his recent act is inspired. Howsoever charitable a man may be his gorge must rise and his stomach turn at the mawkishness and maudlinism of it all.

As I was not among those present when Abe Ruef, as a hysterical reporter tells us, held up his bleeding heart for inspection, it is not hard for me to discuss dispassionately the latest aspect of the heroic movement for the avenging of some of San Francisco's wrongs. Had I been present it is quite possible that I might have been carried away in the gale of emotion, for the effect of such scenes is infectious, but I am sure that on the subsidence of my feelings I should not have been impelled to grasp the hand of the prisoner at the bar. Yet I am not entirely unsympathetic. As many a time I have leaned over the rail of a prisoner's dock to shake the hand of Guilt I feel that I am not insensible to the sufferings of transgressors. Nevertheless I cannot compassionate Abe Ruef, and there are nine hundred and ninety-nine reasons which I could give for being averse to yielding a responsive vibration of the heart strings to his dithyrambic appeal. One of them will suffice. It is this: the confession obviously made for a sordid, selfish purpose and in every sense characteristic of the man seems to me to be the crowning infamy of a career black with iniquities.

It is to be doubted that the gentlemen swayed by Ruef in his fluent melancholy on the occasion of his palpitant tableau were fully aware of the significance of his plea of guilty. It was later that they learned of his confession. However it would have been pretty hard to resist that deftly contrived bit of theatricism, so superbly timed and so indicative of a fine sense of climax. Ruef has a large supply of that imponderable quality called magnetism, as they will attest who were swayed by his shallow sophistries in campaign times when he was vociferously protesting his innocence. It will be easy for them to believe that his dramatic per-

formance in court was a prodigy of emotion, convincing and thrilling and acutely pathetic. That Abe captured the imagination of his audience, and with the deftness of a thaumaturge translated the heart of every mother's son in the court from thoracic cavity to cranium is not to be doubted when we find imperturbable journalists, the eye-witnesses of a thousand sensations, punctuating their descriptions of the scene with sobs, and in the spell of profound emotions volunteering the testimony that Abe was not wholly bad since it is of record that he never told a lie—to reporters. A little more of that and we might be able to make of Abe a Brian de Bois Guilbert, the heroic gentleman who gave this solemn assurance to Rebecca: "Many a law, many a commandment have I broken, but my word, never." Somebody has said that we ought to see far enough into a hypocrite to see even his sincerity. If we were to penetrate to that darkest and most real part of Abe Ruef where sincerity resides we might discern in him a silent inextinguishable prejudice against paying the penalties of his crimes; nothing more. Being convinced of this I doubt whether I could have wept with Ruef even in the humid atmosphere of hysteria generated by him in Judge Dunne's emporium of justice. Even in the matter of sympathy which is largely a matter of heart one may be capable of discrimination. And to sympathize with Abe Ruef one must be entirely oblivious of his past, deluded as to his nature and too dull to appreciate his motives. While it is quite natural to sympathize with repentance it is nothing more than unreasoning maudlin sentimentality that weeps over Abe Ruef's confession; a confession accompanied by a whine over the failure of his rich accomplices to hire counsel for him and therefore induced by a reluctance to part with any of his boodle even for his own defense; a confession instinct with treachery to men whose crimes were made possible by his unparalleled rascality.

We have been taught that the repentance of man is accepted by God as virtue. One of the finest institutions of antiquity was that solemn ceremony which repressed crimes and soothed the despair of the guilty by permitting the redemption of transgressions by modes of penance. But in those days remorse preceded expiation. And in those days there were crimes of such magnitude that nothing could effect their expiation. Nero though an emperor could not obtain initiation into the mysteries of Ceres. It was considered necessary for the protection of society that the most flagitious crimes should be deemed incapable of expiation that the prospect of absolution might not invite to their committal. What crimes could constitute a greater menace to the security of a community than those perpetrated by Abe Ruef? It was Abe Ruef that debauched this community. He is the leading heavy villain of the graft drama, and he is to be absolved as absurdly as was Jason of the murder of his mother-in-law. He is to take the rest cure for two years. He is to be relieved of all the anxieties, all the wear and tear of court procedure, with nothing to do but compute the interest on his half million dollars of plunder as it piles up in the interval of his retirement from the madding crowd.

Is he repentant? Well hardly. He snarls and snaps at his critics with his old time vehemence, protesting

the while the sensitiveness of his nature and affirming the spotlessness of his character up to the time that he was corrupted by the present Board of Supervisors. He prates of his ideals and wishes us to understand that to a man of his proud nature it was a tremendous sacrifice to plead guilty, one that involved unspeakable mental anguish. Sympathetic reporters kindly impart color to these virtuous and poignant pretensions by telling us of Abe's education and refinement. If the whole city were suddenly stricken with a sense of humor it would find itself in hysterics over the acceptance in the guise of a trousered Magdalen of this rapacious rogue who never differentiated friend or foe in exacting tribute for the privilege of doing business in this charming metropolis.

What he probably means when he says that he is a man of ideals is that he learned at school of the ideals a man should have. A man is not to be condemned for not living up to his ideals. That is something that few are able to do. But it is gratifying to have ideals and make them our goal howsoever short one may fall. To be sensible of the ideals one should have and be entirely indifferent to them is abominable. The most potent factor in luring men away from their ideals is the superior opportunity for money-making in other directions, and to that lure Ruef yielded very early in his career. I have known Abe Ruef more than twenty years, and during all that period he has borne the reputation of a shifty, cunning lawyer of the type that does not reflect credit on the profession. On emerging from the university where ideals are dispensed he began his career as the attorney for the men and women of the tenderloin. He was the associate of Martin Kelly in politics and in the work that was being done outside the court room for Nettie Craven when that bold adventuress was trying to break into the Fair estate. He lured Jack Chretien into the commission of a crime which that unfortunate fellow

is now expiating in the penitentiary. He inspired that hideous conspiracy against Police Commissioner Hutton which involved the ruin of a young woman's reputation, and all for the purpose of facilitating the extortion of money from the French restaurants. He—but why recapitulate the salient ugly events of this refined and educated lawyer's career. Allusion to them is made because he invites it, and because there should be dissent from the seemingly popular notion that the policy which is being pursued toward him is based on a noble conception of ethics and decency and has been most shrewdly designed to conserve the moralities. For while it is not to be doubted that Mr. Heney and Mr. Spreckels have done very much good, it is to be regretted that the redemption of the city must be accompanied by an anomaly instinct with so unfortunate a lesson as that of the compromise with Ruef and his pals. It was bad enough to give the shameless supervisors the "immunity bath" and retain them in office, but it would be hard to conceive a more startling perversion of justice than that by which the protagonist of the carnival of graft is to win leniency to a degree that amounts virtually to acquittal. This is perhaps the first time in the history of crime that the tempter has been deemed the least deserving of punishment. For Ruef was the serpent of the Schmitz dispensation. Why there should have been compromise with the head and front of all the rascality that has outraged this community nobody has taken the trouble to explain. In view of the fact that the attorneys for the prosecution repeatedly assured us that there was not the slightest doubt of their ability to convict all the big grafters it is most curious that they should have suddenly assumed so amiable an attitude toward Abe Ruef. Their conduct can be accounted for only upon the theory that they believe in the super-sensitiveness of his nature and are convinced that the mental agony he must endure is equal to life imprisonment in the case of the average mortal.

## The Birth

By Mabel Porter Pitts

Around the spot rank grasses waved and bent,  
And bird notes turned to discord shrill and harsh;  
The scarlet lichen half its poison lent  
To tint the seepings of the neighb'ring marsh;  
Above the sod dead leaves in legion rolled,  
Beneath, the darkness and the sodden mold.

Keen eyes, gray-filmed, from some repulsive head  
Peered out in eager earnestness for prey;  
The quickened body spoke the conquered dead,  
And silence warned the life which crept that way.  
'Neath heavy mosses, from the cypress swung,  
Showed naught of color save the serpent's tongue.

But lo, one day, where brake and thistle grew  
And brackish waters sunk most deeply in,  
A shaft of golden sunlight filt'ring through  
Brought forth from where but loathsomeness had been  
A pure, white flower that tenderly was pressed  
With gentle touch upon a maiden's breast.



## Her Lover

(Translated from the Russian of Maxim Gorky by R. N. Bain.)

An acquaintance of mine once told me the following story.

When I was a student at Moscow I happened to live alongside one of those ladies who—you know what I mean. She was a Pole, and they called her Teresa. She was a tallish, powerfully-built brunette, with black, bushy eyebrows and a large coarse face as if carved out by a hatchet—the bestial gleam of her dark eyes, her thick bass voice, her cabman-like gait and her immense muscular vigor, worthy of a fishwife, inspired me with horror. I lived on the top flight and her garret was opposite to mine. I never left my door open when I knew her to be at home. But this, after all, was a very rare occurrence. Sometimes I chanced to meet her on the staircase or in the yard, and she would smile upon me with a smile which seemed to me to be sly and cynical. Occasionally, I saw her drunk, with bleary eyes, touzled hair, and a particularly hideous smile. On such occasions she would speak to me:

"How d'ye do, Mr. Student!" and her stupid laugh would still further intensify my loathing of her. I should have liked to have changed my quarters in order to have avoided such encounters and greetings; but my little chamber was a nice one, and there was such a wide view from the window, and it was always so quiet in the street below—so I endured.

And one morning I was sprawling on my couch, trying to find some sort of excuse for not attending my class, when the door opened, and the bass voice of Teresa the loathsome, resounded from my threshold:

"Good health to you, Mr. Student!"

"What do you want?" I said. I saw that her face was confused and supplicatory . . . It was a very unusual sort of face for her.

"Look ye, sir! I want to beg a favor of you. Will you grant it me?"

I lay there silent, and thought to myself:

"Gracious! An assault upon my virtue, neither more nor less.—Courage, my boy!"

"I want to send a letter home, that's what it is," she said, her voice was beseeching, soft, timid.

"Deuce take you!" I thought; but up I jumped, sat down at my table, took a sheet of paper, and said:

"Come here, sit down, and dictate!"

She came, sat down very gingerly on a chair, and looked at me with a guilty look.

"Well, to whom do you want to write?"

"To Boleslav Kashput, at the town of Svyepstsyana, on the Warsaw Road. . ."

"Well, fire away!"

"My dear Boles . . . my darling . . . my faithful lover. May the Mother of God protect thee! Thou heart of gold, why hast thou not written for such a long time to thy sorrowing little dove, Teresa?"

I very nearly burst out laughing. "A sorrowing little dove!" more than five feet high, with fists a stone and more in weight, and as black a face as if the little dove had lived all its life in a chimney, and had never once washed itself! Restraining myself somehow, I asked:

"Who is this Boles?"

"Boles, Mr. Student," she said, as if offended with me for blundering over the name, "he is Boles—my young man."

"Young man!"

"Why are you so surprised, sir? Cannot I, a girl, have a young man?"

She? A girl? Well!

"Oh, why not?" I said, "all things are possible. And has he been your young man long?"

"Six years."

"Oh, ho!" I thought. "Well, let us write your letter. . ."

And I tell you plainly that I would willingly have changed places with this Boles if his fair correspondent had been not Teresa, but something less than she.

"I thank you most heartily, sir, for your kind services," said Teresa to me, with a curtsy. "Perhaps I can show you some service, eh?"

"No, I most humbly thank you all the same."

"Perhaps, sir, your shirts or your trousers may want a little mending?"

I felt that this mastodon in petticoats had made me grow quite red with shame, and I told her pretty sharply that I had no need whatever of her services.

She departed.

A week or two passed away. It was evening. I was sitting at my window whistling and thinking of some expedient for enabling me to get away from myself. I was bored, the weather was dirty. I didn't want to go out, and out of sheer ennui I began a course of self-analysis and reflection. This also was dull enough work, but I didn't care about doing anything else. Then the door opened. Heaven be praised, someone came in.

"Oh, Mr. Student, you have no pressing business, I hope?"

It was Teresa. Humph!

"No. What is it?"

"I was going to ask you, sir, to write me another letter."

"Very well! To Boles, eh?"

"No, this time it is from him."

"Wha-at?"

"Stupid that I am! It is not for me, Mr. Student, I beg your pardon. It is for a friend of mine, that is to say, not a friend but an acquaintance—a man acquaintance. He has a sweetheart just like me here, Teresa. That's how it is. Will you, sir, write a letter to this Teresa?"

I looked at her—her face was troubled, her fingers were trembling. I was a bit fogged at first—and then I guessed how it was.

"Look here, my lady," I said, "there are no Boleses or Teresas at all, and you've been telling me a pack of lies. Don't you come sneaking about me any longer. I have no wish whatever to cultivate your acquaintance. Do you understand?"

And suddenly she grew strangely terrified and distraught; she began to shift from foot to foot without moving from the place, and spluttered comically, as if she wanted to say something and couldn't. I waited to see what would come of all this, and I saw and felt that, apparently, I had made a great mistake in suspecting her of wishing to draw me from the path of righteousness. It was evidently something very different.

"Mr. Student!" she began, and suddenly, waving her hand, she turned abruptly towards the door and

(Continued on Page 35.)

# The Spectator

## San Francisco's Traditional Spirit

Never in the history of San Francisco has there been so much need of harmony among those of its citizens who have some substantial interest in its welfare as at the present moment, and as usual there is a recurrence of inflammation in that same old traditional ungenerous spirit which energizes unweariedly in this community. Several gentlemen of fairly good reputation and some ability got together the other day to see what they could do toward repairing a very much damaged government, and with the suddenness of a bolt from the blue and the gratuitousness of a swift kick from a capricious mule they found themselves under a crushing weight of suspicion. Being somewhat timid and unaccustomed to rebuffs, typifying collectively the meekness of the apologetic public spirit of this supine community, they noiselessly receded into the background, leaving not a ripple on the surface of things. Evidently there is not an encouraging prospect of the counsels of common sense triumphing in a city whose pygmy citizens see only within the narrow circle of petty maneuvering and chicanery in which they move. The only man who sees his duty at this time, and who has the courage to perform it is Governor Gillett who is not to be intimidated by anarchists or disconcerted by the conspiracy to discredit him with the assistance of that now pliable scoundrel Abe Ruef. But now that the proud untrammelled press has grown tired of being unanimous the situation may soon be improved. The noble editors having smashed the entente cordiale are once more at loggerheads, and we may felicitate ourselves on this circumstance, for a community of interests in newspaperdom is not conducive to the exercise of fair play or the enlightenment of the public.

## The Question of Sentiment

While in a community so miscellaneous in its tastes and its prejudices as this one it is impossible to ascertain its predominant sentiment, my impression is that outside of the labor unions sentiment is strongly opposed to government by proxy especially when the proxies are held by degraded wretches for whom there could not be found a more fitting sphere of action than a pig-sty. But since Rudolph Spreckels tells us that is the best he can give us perhaps we should not be too fastidious. It would be most gratifying if he were to consider it consonant with his dignity to co-operate with the Governor and the Committee of Seven, but I am not inclined to find fault with his preferences or his prejudices respecting the matter of government. I feel that we should pay homage to him for taking hold of things when most of our leading citizens were either skulking in the background or occupying the foreground with Schmitz and Ruef. It would be unfair to question his motives in the matter of procedure so far as the municipal government is concerned, before anything has happened to justify suspicion.

## Phelan in the Background

While Mr. Spreckels may be above suspicion that is not the status of his bosom friend, the Hon. James D. Phelan who is reputed to be his adviser. Despite Mr. Phelan's reputation as a civic patriot, in club circles where he is best known he does not inspire an un-

wavering confidence in his sincerity. And now that some of our leading citizens are finding themselves pursued with merciless resolution they are recalling all the happenings to which might be attributed the sharpening of Mr. Phelan's appetite for revenge. Mr. Phelan is unquestionably a man of ideas, and he would not grudge his friend Mr. Spreckels the use of them. He is young in years but sage in counsel. His talent for administration is surpassed by nothing but his talent for manipulation. In shrewdness he is a host in himself. He keeps in the background because there must be no taint of anti-unionism on this prosecution and there has been a black mark against Mr. Phelan ever since the teamsters' strike when he ordered the police onto the trucks, the only time he ever risked the disfavor of the mob and the only time he acted inadvertently.

## Fighting Back

It was by grace of Mr. Phelan that Mr. Spreckels was made President of the First National Bank, and by the way that institution seems to be suffering somewhat from reprisal these days. The financial interests suspecting that the strings of a thousand political intrigues are being fingered with Mr. Phelan in the conductor's chair, are hitting back and the stock of the First National has taken a big drop. It will be interesting to watch the outcome. There are animosities being stirred up in this town today that cannot be assuaged in one generation. At this moment Spreckels and Phelan have the upperhand but I seriously doubt their ability to carry the fight through to a successful issue. Some impracticable persons who sympathized with them in the beginning have amended their sentiments since it was learned that Ruef was to become the chief witness for the prosecution. That is little more than they can stand. That this crafty rogue who has been wallowing in a cesspool of rottenness for years, whose mendacity bears the stamp of original genius, should be accepted as a civic patriot, converted to respect for truth merely because he cowered before the whip of justice and pleaded for mercy and the privilege of keeping his filthy ducats, is an idea that inspires revulsion.



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### The Bulletin's Change of Attitude

As soon as Ruef startled the town by pleading guilty the Bulletin's attitude toward him changed. That paper showed no disposition to gloat. Considering how long and how bitterly the Bulletin fought to reduce him to his present position this argues more than ordinary self-restraint. As soon as the boss had capitulated young Roth ceased his series of stinging cartoons and turned his attention more particularly to Schmitz and Calhoun. Since then all the pictures of Ruef in the Bulletin have been the work of the snap-shot artist. Ruef has noticed this considerate attitude on the part of the paper to which more than to any other influence is due the credit for his downfall. He commented on it a few days ago and was told that Mr. Fremont Older could not help pitying his condition. This was something Ruef never counted on and it kept him dumb for a few minutes. "Well," he said finally, "if Older is sorry for me, how must other people feel? I must still have a lot of friends left." I do not know whether Mr. Older, who inspired the prosecution of Ruef, really does feel sorry for that whining individual. I doubt it because there is no reason for compassion. It would be more logical to felicitate than to compassionate Ruef now that he sees the end of his troubles and no end of his coin, and Editor Older is above all things logical. Moreover the Bulletin's change of attitude toward Ruef may be explained on a coldly logical hypothesis. It would not be extravagant to infer that when the once bold and brazen boss relaxed his defiant front, shed his mask, and cringed at the feet of the men whose attacks he had met with villification and foul slander, Editor Older found himself enervated by nausea and incapacitated for comment. It should also be suggested that the Bulletin is in sympathy with the policy of Heney and Burns, and now that those gentlemen are to use Abe in the pee-pul's cause it is not advisable to keep on depicting him in his true colors. As a witness for the prosecution he should have some standing and he is getting it. The newspapers have succeeded in melting the town with compassion for Abe. And yet there are scornful critics who tell us that the newspapers do not affect public opinion!

### A Bit of Unconscious Humor

From the Examiner we learn that the story of the career of Abe Ruef is "a tale of lost opportunities more striking than any that has been told in many years." This is not an excerpt from one of Wex Jones's funny effusions. It is the solemn utterance of a grave and reverend writer of sedate and luminous editorials. Its sober setting and the congruity of the sentiment in its relation to those by which it was accompanied argue its sincerity and the improbability of its having been intended as a gem of facetiousness. It is therefore a fine sample of unconscious humor. If ever an opportunity for improving a shining hour or a fuliginous hour or any fraction of any kind of hour ever escaped Abe Ruef from the day that he first extended his prehensile hand for a fee in San Fran-

cisco up to the moment when he gladly availed himself of Heney's immunity bath there is absolutely no record of it. As a matter of fact Ruef was endowed with a special quality of genius for seizing opportunity. In no tide in his affairs did he ever fail to take the current when it served. It has been his habit to anticipate the critical minute. He never forgot that old proverb from the Latin: "Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her, but, if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again." Abe took no chances; he sat in her lap. Pleasure never lured him from that seat of vantage. Hence it is that Abe had few vices, and that he and his clerical friends were able to affirm his wonderful chastity. Attending to one vice kept him busy. He could not be seduced except by Opportunity, which Shakespeare, by the way, pronounced "The midwife and the bawd to all our vices."

### The Opportunity That Never Came

Ruef's unswerving devotion to opportunity was evidenced by his impetuous leap after it when the Home Telephone Company invited him to quit the pay-roll of the Pacific States Telephone Company. In his passion for opportunity he wouldn't stay bought. And yet he is so unreasonable that he expected the bribe-givers to hire counsel for him. He has been berating them for deserting him. What he probably expected them to do was to purchase his silence and thus give him the great and glorious opportunity of his life, that of achieving a really artistic triumph of rascality. Would Abe, think you, object to accepting the immunity bribe after pocketing the price of his silence? That would be a species of villainy meriting comparison with Lord Bacon's prosecution of his benefactor, the Earl of Essex, but perhaps now that Abe with gold-lined pockets has a rush of virtue to the head we should not ascribe to him such capacity for foulness. The erstwhile unspeakable boss is now enjoying his apotheosis. He is accepted as a reformer in embryo intent upon scattering a glorious message of truth and wisdom, to inform and instruct, enhearten and redeem his native city. It is an inspiring spectacle, this of the tenderloin pirate sanctified by confession, preparing to charge the foul citadel of graft. Ruef's claims to recognition as a self-sacrificing hero are not universally recognized. There are some sceptics with opportunities for inside information who relate that the story of his physical collapse and of the grief that gnawed at his heart was purely a fabrication. They assert that life to the outskirts still presents to him an appearance of pleasing serenity, and these cynics are of the opinion that by the time all the letters felicitating him on entering the ranks of civic purity are in, he will be more strongly convinced than ever that the dear pee-pul love to be humbugged.

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### Scared By the Doctors

There were many influences that combined to persuade Ruef to confess. But concern for his own health operated on him more potently than all else. The physicians who examined him the day before he pleaded guilty gave him an awful scare. The wide reaches of the boss's culture have never extended to the art of Hippocrates and Galen and when he was told that he had organic lesions his face went white and his blood went cold. Then the physicians kindly explained that the organic lesions consisted of an enlarged heart, an enlarged spleen and an enlarged liver and Ruef was ready to capitulate. When he was told that the heart examination had disclosed a "murmur," he felt that one foot was already in the tomb; and when informed that his lungs were not just as they ought to be, that a collapse of the cells had been noted, he was prepared to tell Burns everything. Now that it is all over those physicians are quietly chuckling to themselves. The fact is that there is nothing in Ruef's condition to prevent him from living for years. The organic lesions which scared him so, as any doctor knows, will have the effect of making him old before his time but they need not deprive him of the hope of longevity. As for the collapse of the lung cells, it is in no way connected with tuberculosis and, as a matter of verity, it was only suspected and not by all the diagnosticians either.

### Schmitz's Polite Swearing

Let it be told among the Y. M. C. A., the W. C. T. U., the Y. M. I., the Christian Endeavor and the Band of Hope that Eugene E. Schmitz never uses the name of the Lord in vain. No low, vulgar oaths escape the Mayor's lips even under the greatest provocation. In fact, such repression is unrecorded in history, since certain prowling iconoclasts have shown that the immortal Washington did make the air blue on occasion. For the day following Ruef's confession, Gene was not to be seen. However he emerged soon and proclaimed his innocence with housetop vociferation to acquaintances. "Gosh dang it," exclaimed the Mayor testily, "who would have thought that man Ruef could tell a thing like this. My Golly! Why, I never took a dollar for my influence in my life. Goodness Gracious, how could a man be guilty of telling such falsehoods. But I will yet rout my traducers, confound them, and I will show them up to the public good and plenty. Gosh hang the whole crew!"

Remember, dear little boys and girls, that men who become mayors of great cities have pure thoughts and undefiled tongues.

### When Bribes Are Not Forthcoming

The old reporter sitting through many regimes of supervisors utters a low, sardonic laugh over the gush relative to poor, innocent men and rich corruptors and gold slipped into unsuspecting pockets. He minds him, for instance, of the time directly after the conflagration when the Union street road applied for a

trolley franchise. There were no strings, it is remembered, to the city's gift to the United Railroads, but the Union street line became at once a matter of extreme public concern. Preliminary delays exhausted, Chairman Gallagher one afternoon, his neck turning a royal purple as he said it, demanded that the company file its completed plans that the board might pass technical judgment thereon. The next blocking came when Gallagher, radiating purple, stated that he must first seek the city attorney's opinion as to the terms. Even after the pressure of North Beach had forced the craven board to pass the permit, the company was forbidden to excavate more than two consecutive blocks of roadbed at a time, or to operate what road had been completed. All construction was stopped for a time in an unjust demand that the company should build up a street torn away by the quake. And so on. No one who has watched the incumbent City step-Fathers in session is disposed to dispute the statement that Ruef says he made to Schmitz last election, namely, that these men would eat the paint off a house.

### To Give Langdon Battle

At this time District Attorney Langdon is confident that he will be re-elected to office on the strength of his having appointed Francis Heney to a deputyship, but when he hears who his opponent is likely to be the news will be productive of agitation. Let it suffice for him to know at this time that a gentleman standing very high in the profession has consented to give him battle, one who, if elected, will not find it necessary to call for a specialist to perform the duties of the office. This gentleman will pledge himself to prosecute the crooked supervisors, who at this time are under the impression that they have been guaranteed immunity. While the law is sometimes defined as whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained, there are eminent practitioners in this State who deny that it can be plausibly maintained, though it has been boldly asserted, that a district attorney can guarantee immunity to a man who has not been indicted. The formality of indicting the supervisors has thus far been neglected, and therefore the immunity contract is not worth the paper it is written on. So the supervisors are not yet out of the woods and as there are many people in this city who are not in favor of their emer-

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gence, a lawyer pledged to keep them in may be able to give Mr. Langdon a run for his money.

### Pardee Finds Fault With Gillett

Almost forgotten in the irritating obscurity of private life ex-Governor Pardee is still as riotously funny as when he wore his collapsible opera hat in the Roosevelt sunlit parade. Gone from public notice the doctor keeps in touch with a minor parochial constituency through the columns of his paper, the Oakland Enquirer, from which we learn that in consequence of his remoteness from the centre of vital activities he does not share the popular impression that Governor Gillett is an executive of exceptional ability. He does not even know that Governor Gillett is receiving praise from the leading newspapers of the country. He is conscious of nothing but that Gillett has failed to abandon the legal profession and for that grievous offense against the dignity of the State, he is censuring the Governor in language that burns fitfully. It is true that Governor Gillett has not withdrawn from his profession but he is not engaged in active practice. However were he inclined to earn a fee it is not likely that he would be reproached by the people of the state. When Jim Budd was Governor of the state he was retained as one of the attorneys in the Fair estate. When Gage was Governor he appeared in court on more than one occasion. And by the way when Pardee was Governor, though he ceased practicing medicine, he did not abandon the practice of politics. Gillett appears to be demonstrating that it is quite possible for a man to be Governor without using his patronage power for the purpose of getting control of a convention.

### The Galveston Plan

A very simple solution of the problem that confronts San Francisco may be found in the Galveston plan which is proving so popular in Texas and being adopted in Ohio and other states. This plan was adopted in Galveston after the destruction of a great part of that city some years ago and it gave general satisfaction. The plan is simply the government of a city through a commission appointed by the Governor. To put this plan in operation it is necessary to call an extra session of the legislature and formulate a Constitutional amendment for submission to the people at a special election. It is feasible to consummate this project within ninety days. And in the present temper of the state there need be little doubt that the amendment would carry. It is a matter that concerns the whole state, and the whole state is aware of the fact. It is not only the shameful condition of affairs existing here that concerns the whole state, but the industrial disturbances that affect business interests even in remote counties. And surely it would be impossible to conceive a situation more urgently demanding an emergency call for an extra session than that existing in this city where the exercise of police power is farcical; where for nearly three weeks it has been admittedly

hazardous to operate a street car after dark; where the employes of some of our largest firms are denied by their employers the privilege of suiting their own convenience in their hours of leisure; where school teachers are being traduced in the public prints by union blackguards; where on all sides is being exercised a species of intimidation that since the French Revolution has been practiced nowhere beyond the borders of Russia; where in short human life would be absolutely without protection were it not for the reluctance of the forces of anarchy to give the Governor of the state a pretext for putting the city under martial law. If there was good reason for calling a special session of the legislature after the earthquake, there is surely good reason for calling one now.

### Police Sympathy

"I have found that the police have methods of standing in with the unions aside from arresting offenders," said a tourist at one of the hotels on Saturday. "I arrived at the ferry this morning, and after looking around for a bus from the hotel asked a policeman if it would be down. He assured me that it would in a very short time. I waited for half an hour, then approached him again, and remarked that I might as well go out on a car. He threw up his hands in horror and told me it was as much as my life was worth to attempt it. 'Better wait for the bus,' he said; 'street car travel is too dangerous.' I waited, but as the bus did not come I at last took a car, on which I arrived here without any trouble. By comparing notes with others, I find it is the regular practice of the police to

### Winning Is a Habit With



## THE CADILLAC

Last Sunday a 30-horse-power regular stock CADILLAC, price \$2650.00 carrying four people, won the fifty-mile race at Agricultural Park, Los Angeles, defeating

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Haynes, 50-horse-power; price.....	3750.00
Apperson, 50-horse-power; price.....	4650.00
Thomas, 60-horse-power; price.....	4350.00

Pope Hartford and Tourist entered but did not start.

THE CADILLAC made every mile in less than 1 minute, 17 seconds; its best mile was the forty-third—1 minute, 9½ seconds. In the forty-sixth mile one tire blew out. At that time the CADILLAC was six miles ahead of the nearest car. Time, 46 miles in 57 minutes, which is faster than any car ever carried four people 46 miles in a Track Race. THE CADILLAC ran the last four miles without a tire and finished two miles ahead of the nearest competitor.

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discourage car riding, advising automobiles, express wagons, walking or flying in preference to going in a car."

#### How Subscribers are Lost

The Examiner got an amusing taste of unionism the other day. One of its solicitors was out in the Mission canvassing for subscriptions, and among those whom he secured was a house painter. When the transaction had been closed the solicitor boarded a passing car for down town. Shortly afterward the telephone in the business office of the Examiner rang and a voice came over the wire with the announcement that the owner of it wanted his subscription to the paper stopped. "What's the matter—any trouble about the delivery?" asked the clerk. "It ain't been delivered at all, yet," was the reply; "I just subscribed for it a few minutes ago, and the feller who took my name got on a car to go down town. I'm a good union man, and I ain't going to take any paper that has people working for it that will ride on seab cars." By their solicitors shall ye know them! On account of the dereliction of an employe the Chronicle has been for many a year under the ban of an old farmer who lives away up in the country. He was approached by a Chronicle solicitor for a subscription recently. "No," said the farmer, "I used to take the Chronicle, and I liked it mighty well. But one day a feller come along gettin' subscribers, an' hired a horse off'n me to drive around the country. He promised to send me the two dollars for it, but never done it. I quit the Chronicle then an' there, an' ain't had it in my house since." "How long ago was this?" asked the solicitor, interested in this lapse of his fellow-worker. "I don't exactly re-

member," said the farmer. "but it was a matter of some fifteen year ago."

#### A Honeymoon Split

The Sunday papers throughout the United States have exploited "A Honeymoon at the Loneliest Place on Earth," describing the situation of Lieutenant Nevins of the United States Marine Corps, now in command of the detachment of marines at Midway, and his bride. But as it turns out the Sunday papers missed the best feature of the story. Lieutenant and Mrs. Nevins' honeymoon is proving lonelier than the Sunday newspapers described it. The reason is as my Honolulu correspondent informs me, the bride and groom have been separated by cruel fate. He is marooned with his command on Midway while she is two thousand miles away from him in Honolulu. She is unable to go to him because there is no way of her getting there. He is unable to join her because of his orders stationing him at Midway. His original orders were to go to Midway on the U. S. S. Annapolis from San Francisco. He asked permission for his wife to accompany him. This was refused as under naval regulations women are not allowed to travel on war vessels. Permission was obtained however for both to sail on the transport Sherman to Honolulu, he to proceed from there by the Annapolis. They hoped that Mrs. Nevins would find some means of transportation from Honolulu to Midway, but so far none has been found and the prospect is not very gratifying. Very few vessels go to Midway. The regular mail steamers do not touch there except in rare cases, such for instance as that of a man with a pull like Vice-President Ward of the Pacific Commercial Cable Company,

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A new lot of the best styles that we have no room to display.  
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who wanted to stop off there for a few hours. And the only time this happened the Mongolia went on the reef, and so it is not likely that another mail steamer will be allowed to stop there in the near future. The cable ship makes trips at rare intervals to Midway, but she is a British vessel and cannot carry passengers between American ports, and besides she is not licensed to carry passengers at all. The Pacific Commercial Cable Company sends a supply vessel from Honolulu to Midway at long intervals. These are usually either schooners or small steam vessels of the Inter Island Steam Navigation Company. If Mrs. Nevins ever gets to Midway, it will probably be on one of these. And if she does, when her husband is ordered away from Midway, the same difficulty will present itself. She will have as much trouble in all probability to get away as she has been having to get there.

### Ancient History

Haig Patigian, the San Francisco sculptor, has had his statue "Ancient History" accepted for exhibition in the Paris salon. The picture herein is a reproduc-



tion of a small photo of the statue sent to me from Paris by the elated artist. A smaller figure realizing this same conception was modeled by Patigian just before leaving this city, but the one in the salon is on a much larger scale and is a great improvement on the original. The figure is slightly under life size but with the pedestal it measures seven and a half feet. If one may judge from the picture it is an example of spiritual beauty exhibiting delicate lines that teach how grace can chasten nudity. Patigian writes that he has been hard at work and has had his work criti-

cised by Alix Marguet, a noted French sculptor whose technique and anatomical knowledge are excellent. He feels that he has been very much benefited by this artist's suggestions. He expects to return home in September.

### Goldberg is Making Good

One of the extensive colony of California newspapermen who are making names for themselves in New York writes me that "Rube" Goldberg has never regretted the day when he resolved to quit making sporting cartoons for the Bulletin and to try his luck in the metropolis. He has a splendid berth on the Mail and Express which also employs Homer Davenport and his half-page cartoons are attracting a great deal of attention. Hitherto Bob Edgren and "Tad" had this field almost to themselves in New York and the advent of a third Californian has created quite a stir. Goldberg and "Tad" are both undoubted humorists and their work is being compared by those New Yorkers who set up as critics in such matters. The knowledge of this fact has excited a great deal of friendly rivalry between the two young artists and as a consequence their respective employers are getting the very best work of which they are capable. Arthur Brisbane of the Journal sent for Goldberg recently and promised him a fine salary if he would join the Hearst forces but Goldberg is doing exceedingly well where he is and would not consider the offer.

### When the Thumb-Screws Failed

In these parlous times there are various ways of treating with the members of the labor unions as Calhoun, Schwab, Scott, the Laws, Horace Platt and numbers of contractors will lucidly and vehemently testify. Here is a little anecdote I heard the other day regarding the Lindgren-Hicks Co., contractors, and the way in which they avoided a combination strike, walkout, boycott and everlasting condemnation of Czar McCarthy and his exasperated cohorts. One day a union man quit the employ of the company and went around to the office to demand his pay. Like all concerns employing labor on a big scale the Lindgren-Hicks Company has a system of checks on pay which must be lived up to in order to insure accuracy in the accounts. The disgruntled union employe was told to put in his time check and it would be passed through the several departments. This did not suit his unionship and he demanded spot cash. He was told he couldn't get it till the boss he had worked under put in the proper voucher. He went away grumbling, saying that he'd come the next day. He did, but his vouchers, being out of the regular pay line, had not yet reached the cashier. Forthwith he unburdened his mind and declared the company must pay him for the time since he quit to the moment he was paid. The

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cashier declined to make any such payment. The man left, vowing he'd see McCarthy, who would bring the company to its knees and force it to pay such honest debts.

#### McCarthy Argues Union Law

True enough McCarthy appeared and laid down the union law to fit the situation. By this time the man had figured out that his bill was \$21; \$1.50 for his original claim and \$19.50 due him for time lost in trying to collect it. McCarthy argued the proposition as only McCarthy can, but the more he talked the less the company inclined to pay the extortionate demand. Finally McCarthy threatened to call out every man, jack and steam winch that was working for the Lindgren-Hicks Co. The company calmly faced the hectoring McCarthy and told him he could call out every union in the state were he so disposed, that he could follow them to Halifax because the firm was not in a place where it could be caught by his thumb screwing practices, as it had no contract with labor unions but instead collected 10 per cent on all its contracts with the owners of the property worked on. McCarthy swallowed his choler as best he could, the lambkin accepted the \$1.50, minus the \$19.50 charged for lost time and angrily departed from the office.

#### The Ten Per Cent Sanctuary

This "ten per cent" clause is a refuge to which contractors have been driven for protection since the repeated demands of the union have grown so persistent and so extortionate. Now instead of directly employing the various members of the labor unions needed on a big structure they name the kind and number of men required, make out lists of all the materials required and have the architect or owner's agent do all the employing and buying on the job. In other words they order the hiring of the men and the materials required and the owners pay the bills and assume all the responsibility on shifts in prices of materials and demands of labor. On all the bills and payrolls the contractors collect a straight ten per cent, which they account a fair price for directing the affair. Under this system when a union strikes the blow falls on the owner of the property and the contractor, not being under bonds for time, calmly sits back till the shindig is over. Lindgren-Hicks were in this position. That's why they laughed at McCarthy's threat to call out the unions because \$19.50 overtime was not paid while trying to collect a "time" bill for \$1.50.

#### When Principle is Abandoned

A curious but altogether human flop in attitude from that of employe to employer is obvious in the buses run by the Carmen's Union. The carmen are fighting for the sacred principle of eight hours and three dollars. With self sacrificing devotion to their cause they are determined to remain jobless until their union sympathizers go broke. Yet the carmen's bus system is a gray horse of another color. There is no eight hour day nor limit to the load that these poor, Petaluma-doomed brutes must haul. It is dawn to dark and a meal of straw, otherwise ten-cent fares would not "pay." And suppose the horse owners organized in protection of their beasts and demanded the same hours and load limitations as enjoyed by the debris and building material teams—what a unionized howl for squeezing would result! These buses, however,

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are not conspicuous for serawny motive power alone. Indeed they are decorated extensively and loudly with that symbol dearest of all to the union heart—the American flag.

#### "Scotty's" Bluff Called

The bluff of Walter Scott, the "Scotty" of high splurging fame, the self-intoxicated miner who is ambitious to pose as the greatest spender in the world, was called, and called hard, according to a group of Rhyolite operators who were discussing that spectacular individual in the cafe of the Fairmont the other day. "Scotty" behind four jumping mules and a cloud of dust had just whirled into Rhyolite from the desert whence he had come from a visit to his famous "hidden mine." It was the return from that conspicuous trip on which Scotty had promised to show his wife the wonders and riches of his much-discussed treasure crypt. Mrs. Scotty descended from the wagon in an irritable frame of mind because at the last moment her husband had weakened on betraying his secret and had left her out on the desert while he drove off alone to fill his pockets and several canvas bags from the rich specimens littering his treasure house. As usual he was bubbling over with animal spirits and self assurance and invited all Rhyolite to take the first drink with him.

#### Flashes Fistsful of Gold

That evening he drifted over to the leading saloon where he butted into a group of operators among whom was Louis Schloss, just in from Goldfield, to look over some of his holdings. Schloss was in the act of peeling a \$10 bank note signed by Malcom MacDonald off a small wad of bills. "What are those things good for?" demanded "Scotty," affecting curiosity. "Money," responded Schloss, simply. "They'll buy most anything." "Well, they're poor specimens of what money ought to be," returned "Scotty" glibly. "Now here's the real thing," and as usual his hands dived into his capacious pockets and brought out two fistsful of ore fairly bristling with sparkling gold. "That's the kind of stuff you can't mistake. There's no chance of fake about that," and he scattered them ostentatiously over the bar with his usual air of triumphant bravado. Then he added significantly, "and there's plenty more where that came from," implying as usual that he had the wealth of Golconda safely stowed away within his fingers' reach.

#### A Fortune on a Dice Throw

"Yes, its the real thing sure enough," responded Schloss in his cool fashion, "but I'm not so sure about the fake. I'll tell you what I'll do, 'Scotty,' he went on, calmly diving one hand into an inside pocket and producing a roll of bills that would have paid his way around the world several times over. He peeled off a \$1000 bill and tossed it on the bar. "I'll tell you what I'll do, 'Scotty.' I'll put that thousand against your specimens and shake you for the lot—one rattle out of the box." The crowd craned closer and "Scotty's" face began to set fixedly. "Just to keep up the fun, I'll go further," continued Schloss, coolly peeling off another \$1000 bill and tossing it next its fellow on the bar. "Dig up some more specimens and I'll put that against them and we'll shake for the bunch—one rattle out of the box. And just to make it a trifle more inter-

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35c yd to 75c

New checked voiles with raised stripes forming into plaids, pink, blue, green and black and white combination—

35c yd

esting and to keep up the fun go dig up the fancy gold samples you say you've got in the canvas bags you've just brought to town and I'll put this wad against them and shake you for the lot—one rattle out of the box."

#### The Climax of a Big Bluff

"Scotty's" face was a study for caricaturist Oppen. A broad grin began to break over the intent faces of the increasing crowd, for the electric whisper had shot through the town that "Scotty" was being called for a show down. "I'll go further than that, 'Scotty'; just to keep up the fun," went on Schloss, imperturbably, "Set a price on this 'hidden mine' of yours and I'll send an expert to examine it and if he says your figures are anywhere within reason I'll dig up the price of the mine and shake you for the whole blamed outfit—one rattle out of the box." "Scotty" gulped something and slowly began to gather up the specimens scattered over the bar. "You're bluffing," he said, weakly, but his cocksure air was gone. The crowd laughed.

#### "Scotty" as a Spender

"'Scotty's' a bluff," said Schloss to a small group of his friends afterwards. "I always thought so after I had a chance to examine some of the ore specimens he flashes so freely on the public. Any man who knows Nevada ore and the way it is worked can tell at a glance how 'Scotty' manufactures his gold bristling specimens. It's a trick, but a trick any man can do after he is taught it. As for his owning a desert mine of fabulous values, it's all rot. He may have a mine somewhere but I don't believe it is anything out of the ordinary. His money splurges are all bluffs. Outside of his special 'coyote train,' which, if report is true, he was hired to undertake for an ad. did you ever hear of him rolling more money than a thousand or more men do in Nevada every month? Did he ever go up against a great gambling game or any other proposition where money passed freely in bunches of thousands or tens of thousands? His plays of enormous wealth are all flashes in the pan. He's a bluff."

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# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## Plucky Mrs. Whiting

A friend who rode on the street cars while it was still a most hazardous undertaking told me of an incident which escaped the alert eye of the reporters. According to my informant the first woman to ride on the Sutter street car was Mrs. Whiting, the wife of Admiral Whiting who has made his home in Berkeley since retiring from the Navy. Mrs. Whiting was one of the interesting Afong sisters of Honolulu and evidently has plenty of pluck in her makeup. There were only two other passengers, and they were men who chanced a ride on the experimental run down Sutter street. Mrs. Whiting and a lady companion jumped on the car while it was slowly feeling its way over the uncertain track. My friend, who recognized her as Mrs. Whiting, asked her whether she realized the danger. "We've got to get to the ferry," said the Admiral's wife nonchalantly, "and I don't know any quicker way of getting there," and they settled into a corner as unconcerned as though they were being safely carried on a queen's litter flanked by armored knights. I hear that Mrs. Whiting occupies a very pleasant niche in the rather slow going society of Berkeley. She has plenty of verve and dash and entertains with the same ingenuous hospitality that made the Afong home in Honolulu a magnet for the visiting naval officers and other dignitaries. The Whitings have a pretty home in North Berkeley on what is called "Admiral" Hill, a cognomen which clings owing to the fact that several retired admirals have pitched their shingled tents on that commanding spot. Mrs. Whiting still retains the extreme slenderness which distinguishes her from her plumper sisters and while she has not the regular features that some of the Afong sisters possess, to my mind she is the most attractive member of that interesting family whose history is woven in the social woof and warp of Honolulu. She was graduated from one of the big Eastern colleges, Vassar, I believe.

## Heard at a Curtis Auction

An amusing contretemps occurred at a recent Curtis auction. Mrs. Bull, the wife of the naval commandant at Yerba Buena, was bidding on some fine old English china. Mrs. Bull has perhaps the most beautiful porcelain and china in California, much of it having been collected in China. An old Staffordshire tea set at Curtis's interested her, she bid for it spiritedly and it was finally knocked down to her. Bidding against her was a lady whom Mrs. Bull did not know. She was evidently irritated at Mrs. Bull's success and, turning to a lady who accompanied her, said audibly, in French, "I don't believe the woman knows its value." To this Mrs. Bull replied, "Merci beau coup pour le compliment, Madame," to the utter confusion of the other bidder, who was Mrs. Washington Dodge. Mrs. Dodge, it should be said, is very near sighted and does not see well even with her lorgnettes.

## Mrs. Breckenridge in Paris

I hear that Addie Murphy Breckenridge is cutting a wide swath in Paris society this season and is something of a rival to Mrs. McKee who appears to have

everything her own way in the French capital. It was not until recently that Mrs. Breckenridge could afford to compete with the rich hostesses of the American colony but since the earthquake which shook Papa Murphy out of his job at the First National Bank he has loosened his grip on the purse strings and his daughter is as swagger as any of 'em. She has the backing of Mrs. Sharon, which counts for something in the American colony.

## Paid a Bridge Debt With a Bracelet

A badly bitten tongue has been wagging down Burlingame way and as a result there has been a tremendous shaking of Marcelled heads over an incident that might otherwise have been smothered under the hot house rose. The last few weeks Burlingame has been suffering from the blight of the commonplace, with not a spray of spicy gossip to add to the bouquet of life. And then, suddenly, a woman, whose unfettered speech has touched the button of many a story, gave out a piece of gossip that makes the tea tables vibrant with animated discussion. She was one of four bridge "fiends" who got into a little game at the home of a woman who lives at Burlingame the year around. They spent six hours at the card table and when accounts were balanced it was found that one of the players owed the hostess about a hundred dollars. The unfortunate player, whose purse is a great deal slimmer than her social position afterwards confessed to the gossip dame that she was nearly four hundred dollars in debt to the hostess and she didn't see her way clear to paying it. A day or two after this incident the lady who won the money was seen wearing a valuable bracelet that had almost invariably clasped the dimpled wrist of the unlucky young woman who was in card debt to her. Dame Gossip cocked her eye and put two and two together with alacrity. And now the refrain of all whispered conversation is something like this: "So she took the bracelet in payment," and "wouldn't you think she'd buy herself a bangle of three golden balls" or "she doesn't hesitate to wear the bracelet

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though she must know people will recognize it," and so on for the illumination of those who love to lend a pliant ear to this sort of thing.

In spite of pulpit thunderings at bridge and the frappe regard of one or two society leaders the game still clinches the interest of most of the smart set. But it must be admitted that high stakes and the inevitable scandals bred by unrestrained betting have not been common out here. When the game is played for money the limit is usually a cent a point and when it is raised until a woman may lose a hundred dollars at a sitting, conservative comment bristles with indignation. Which shows that after all our wings are not plucked down to pin feathers. For in Newport society leaders have frequently confessed to losing four and five times that amount without causing comment to stand on its hind legs.

#### Mrs. Tower's Guest

Last winter an old Californian friend of Mrs. Charlemagne Tower's girlhood was visiting the Towers. Mrs. Tower wished to give the lady a dinner but the guest protested that she was not rich and had no dinner gown suitable to meet great people in. Mrs. Tower waived these objections and invited some twenty notables to meet her girlhood friend. The friend had been away but returned on the day in question and in her room found an exquisite Empire gown of white satin and all the accessories of a beautiful toilette from gloves to slippers. When arrayed everything was found to fit perfectly and the guest of honor enjoyed the dinner as she never had anything in her life. It all sounds a good deal like the Adventures of Cinderella but in this case nothing happened at midnight and the gown remains a souvenir.

#### Sporting Events Projected

During the coming three or four months there will be sports of many kinds at that favorite resort of society, Del Monte. Beginning with the first Saturday in June, golf tournaments will be held every Saturday during June, July and August. They will be handicap competitions, the purpose being to encourage all who take an interest in the Scotch game to enter. Handsome prizes will be offered for men and women. Each weekly victory will be recorded on the trophies and, at the end of the series of competitions, the man who has his name engraved most frequently on the trophy for men will become its possessor; and the lady whose name appears oftenest on the ladies' trophy will carry it off. Should a tie result arrangements will be made for playing it off. The competition for women will be a handicap over eighteen holes, medal play, and will take place each Saturday morning. The men's event will be of a similar nature and will be held on Saturday afternoons. In addition to these events there will be competitions in driving, approach-putting and in putting on the pretty clock green opposite the clubhouse. To add to the general gayety, the clubhouse will be opened. An excellent view of the clock green is obtained from the porch of the clubhouse.

#### An Auto Run

Towards the end of June or early in July it is probable that the Automobile Club of California will hold a run to Del Monte and a gymkhana on the race track, which will be put into order for the automobilists. The



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executive committee of the Automobile Club of California some time ago proposed to hold a run to Del Monte during the present month, but the event was deferred on account of the street car strike in San Francisco and also because of the endurance run given on Monday, May 19, through San Mateo county, under the management of the Automobile Dealers' Association. In order to provide novelty in the gymkhana a prize will be presented by the Automobile Club of California to the member who devises the most original and amusing "stunt." From July 2nd to 7th, both inclusive, there will be a "golf week," during which there will be competitions for the Del Monte Cup for men, for the Del Monte Cup for women, mixed fours, ones and other events, for handsome trophies presented by the Pacific Improvement Company. There is also talk of holding a harness meet on the race track. Arrangements will be made for a lawn tennis tournament, to which several of the strongest players will be invited; also for bowling contests, swimming and other aquatic events. The bathing establishment has been much improved, a board walking having been built from it to the Custom House at Monterey and a grill provided. From September 4th to 9th the regular fall golf tournament will be held.

Helen Dean, I hear, is one of the most popular girls in New York. She does not go in for society with a big S but seems to prefer a Bohemian set. Miss Dean, so the rumor goes, has had more proposals than any girl her age.

#### Mme. Artsimovich's Gowns

Apropos the gowns of Madame Artsimovich who is making such a social success in Berlin where her husband is the Russian Minister, a recently returned traveler remarks that the Countess is no longer as chic as when she lived in San Francisco. At that time she was undoubtedly the best dressed woman in San Francisco. In Berlin she would like to dress as well as she did here, she explained to her San Francisco friend, but she does not dare. The German women are great frumps and they do not like a woman who dresses better than they do. They consider it immoral for a woman to look too well. Consequently, to preserve her husband's popularity, Madame Artsimovich dresses very plainly while in Berlin but when the couple go to the Riviera in winter or north in summer the Countess blossoms out and wears beautiful raiment with the same enchanting style which made her remarkable in San Francisco.

#### Vendome Guests

Among the guests of the Hotel Vendome in San Jose last week were T. J. Schuyler, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Martin and Mrs. R. McMurray of this city, Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Wolle of Berkeley, Isabella Curl of Los Angeles, H. C. Taft of Oakland, A. B. Rosman of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Coryell of Menlo Park.

#### Gadski Coming

Will L. Greenbaum announces that his opening attraction next season will be Mme. Gadski in three concerts. The artist is now admitted to be the best of the Wagnerian prima-donnas. Conreid was compelled to engage her at her own terms in order to save the last season at the Metropolitan Opera House. She will appear here about October 14.



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# Stage

## Droll Nat Goodwin

Nat Goodwin has in "The Genius," the play in which he is convulsing audiences at the Novelty Theatre, a light and airy farce that does not in the slightest degree hamper his own genius. In other words it permits him to play himself and that is something that he has not always been able to do, for there are some playwrights who have miserably failed in their conception of America's premier comedian, and have actually defied him to make good. As a consequence Goodwin has not had all the laughs that were coming to him. He has staged plays that completely smothered his magnetism, plays that could not be redeemed even by the herculean efforts of this irresistible comedian. When we see how easy it is for Goodwin to crown his efforts with success in "The Genius," we marvel that anybody possessed sufficient talent to render him innocuous in a series of theatrical episodes. The achievement seems incredible. Mr. Goodwin is a wonderful adept in the art of reducing the character creations of miscellaneous playwrights to himself. Either that or he is a wonderful adept in the art of contriving to fit exactly into the character creations of playwrights. But whatsoever the fact of the matter he is at present diffusing a warm glow of satisfaction through the audiences at the Novelty. He is as deliciously humorous as his most appreciative admirers could wish, and I am convinced that the speeches that have been put into his mouth have from that circumstance alone taken on a drollness that surpasses the author's fondest hopes.

## Flossie Has "Arrived"

When the Weberfieldians were contributing to the gayety of O'Farrell street in the heyday and gladnights of Fischer's and the Maud Ambers and Georgie

of a sprite of a girl who didn't receive money enough to justify the purchase of silk stockings. So she danced in cotton ones with a partner who could afford the more glossy fibrous substance yielded by the bombyx mori, and the contrast was so offensive that I chided the Johnnies of O'Farrell street for their parsimony until they came through with fitting adornment for as pretty a pair of calves as ever twinkled beneath a proscenium arch. I predicted for that sprite of a girl a glorious career on Broadway, and now it is my pleasure to report that while big Maud Amber with the calliope howl is playing one night stands somewhere in Asia and Georgie O'Ramey is doing her amateur parlor stunt along the minor vaudeville routes, little, chic and dainty Flossie Hope, erstwhile of the cotton hose, is about to experience that dearest of all thrills known to an actress, the one that comes from reading her name in electric lights. For Flossie Hope has arrived.



HENRY SHUMER  
At Ye Liberty Playhouse.

O'Rameys were being indulged in the delusion that they were queens of burlesque it was somewhat difficult for me to see either of them owing to the blinding white light of talent radiated from the fetching personality



JAMES J. MORTON  
The Clever Monologist Who Will Appear at The Orpheum  
Next Week.





SUTCLIFFE TROUPE

Scottish Novelty Acrobats, Pipers and Dancers, at The Orpheum Next Week.

She has been announced as the star of "The Dairy-maids" which is to be produced at the Criterion Theatre, New York, in August. She recently returned from Europe whether she went to attend the marriage of Millionaire Oscar Lewisohn and the beautiful Edna May, the musical comedy singer.

### Otis Skinner's Engagement

No local playgoer who keeps abreast of the times in the matter of theatricals will miss the opportunity of seeing Otis Skinner here next week at the Van Ness Theatre when this brilliant actor makes his appearance after an absence of a number of years. He is to play an engagement limited to six nights and there will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. Charles Frohman presents Otis Skinner this season in a Parisian success, "The Duel," which is pronounced by critics of France and America to be one of the strongest, truest and most human love stories that the modern stage presents. The central character in the play is an ideal type of a priest of today. The production is complete in every detail and the supporting company will be found one of the strongest on tour this season, including as it does such people as E. M. Holland, Walter Hitchcock, Alfred Hudson Jr., Keith Wakeman and Sarah Fadden.

### The Frawley Season

T. Daniel Frawley has organized a special company in New York for a summer season at the Novelty Theatre and will inaugurate the season on Monday



A SCENE FROM OTIS SKINNER'S PRODUCTION OF "THE DUEL"

At the Van Ness Theatre Next Week.



night, June 3, with an elaborate production of "Leah Kleschna." Marie Shotwell is the leading woman of the company. There will be a special scale of prices for the Frawley season.

### Goodwin in Repertoire

For the second and last week of his engagement at the Novelty Theatre, Nat C. Goodwin will present a fine repertoire including five of his greatest successes. The week should see a series of crowded houses as the various bills are all favorites and have great drawing power. On Monday and Tuesday nights Goodwin will offer "An American Citizen," a play of exceptional comedy worth and in which the star is at his best. On Wednesday and Thursday nights and at the matinee on Saturday "When We Were Twenty-one" will be produced on an elaborate scale. On Friday night he will appear in "The Gilded Fool." "The Genius" will be played for the last time on Saturday night and for the closing performance of his engagement on Sunday night Goodwin will appear in the clever comedy, "A Gilded Fool." Seats for the coming week at the Novelty Theatre are in big demand.

### Orpheum Vaudeville

It is doubtful whether at any time during its career the Orpheum's programmes have attained such a high excellence as at the present. The bill announced for next week is fully up to the high standard that has been established. It is headed by James J. Morton who is appropriately styled "A Fellow of Infinite Jest." He is a great favorite with San Franciscans. He is one of the most successful of monologists. His stories are all his own and his manner of telling them is inimitable. The Four Fords, brothers and sisters, who were last here with the Orpheum Road Show, are a family of international fame. They introduce dancing in every branch and many of their terpsichorean efforts are new to modern audiences. The Sutcliffe Troupe of novelty acrobats, pipers and dancers will make their first appearance in this city and should particularly appeal to the Caledonian colony, for they are "native and to the manor born." They are seven in number and all clad in Tartan. Their performance includes in addition to pipe playing some dancing and acrobatic features and one of them, a mere youngster, performs a triple somersault from the shoulders of one performer to the shoulders of another. Werden and Gladdish will introduce in next week's programme ballads illustrated by semi-oil paintings. Their performance is enhanced by ingenious machinery which enables them to produce most realistic effects. Valerie Bergere and her company will present "A Bowery Camille," which is held in most pleasant memory as one of the happiest efforts of this clever actress, and it will be the last week of the Royal Musical Five, Carroll and Baker and Papinta and her beautiful dances.

### A Graft Drama

The managers of the New Alcazar Theatre promise to create a great sensation with their production of "The Undertow." This play will be put on for a run at Belasco and Mayer's pretty showhouse on Monday evening. It is said to be the nearest approach to the "great American play" that has been written. It was at Los Angeles that Belasco and Mayer "tried it on the dog," as the expression goes, in reference to first productions, and there it aroused a world of enthusi-

## NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE TEL. WEST 6036

Corner Sutter and Steiner Streets.  
**BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.**  
Absolutely "Class A" Building.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 27,  
Matinees Saturday and Sunday.  
Eleventh Week New Alcazar Stock Company Presenting Eugene  
Walters' Great American Play,

### "THE UNDERTOW"

Sure to Make a Sensation Here.  
PRICES: Night, 25c to \$1.00; matinees, 25c to 50c.  
Coming: "Old Heidelberg."

## VAN NESS THEATRE

**VAN NESS AND GROVE**  
Phone Market 500.

Beginning Monday May 27,  
Engagement Limited to Six Nights,  
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday,  
CHARLES FROHMAN will present

### OTIS SKINNER

In the International Success and Most Important Drama of  
Modern Times

### "THE DUEL"

200 Nights in Paris—100 Nights in New York.  
June 3: Viola Allen in "Twelfth Night."

## ORPHEUM ELLIS STREET

Near Fillmore

Absolutely Class "A" Theatre Building.

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon, May 26.

MATINEE EVERY DAY

**ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE.**

JAMES J. MORTON, "A Fellow of Infinite Jest"; 4 FORDS 4;  
SUTCLIFFE TROUPE; WERDEN AND GLADDISH;  
VALERIE BERGERE AND CO. in "A Bowery  
Camille"; ROYAL MUSICAL FIVE; CAR-  
ROLL AND BAKER; New Orpheum  
Motion Pictures, and Last Week  
of the Beautiful Mirror  
Danseuse PAPINTA.

PRICES: Evenings, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00.  
Matinees (except Sunday), 10c, 25c, 50c.  
PHONE WEST 6000.

## NOVELTY THEATRE

Corner O'Farrell and Steiner Streets.

Beginning Monday May 27,  
SECOND AND LAST WEEK

### NAT C. GOODWIN

And His New York Company, Including Edna Goodrich—Monday  
and Tuesday Evenings, "An American Citizen"; Wednesday  
and Thursday Evenings and Saturday Matinee, "When  
We Were Twenty-one"; Friday Evening, "A Gilded  
Fool"; Saturday Evening, "The Genius";  
Sunday Evening, "A Gilded Fool."

June 3: Opening of FRAWLEY SEASON with "Leah Kleschna."

## IDORA PARK OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

### "WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME"

Next Opera, "The Wedding Day."

## Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway

OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop.

Commencing Monday Evening: **NANCE O'NEIL** in

### "THE SORCERESS"

PRICES: \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.  
Next: **MACBETH.**



## RACING

New California Jockey Club

Oakland Race Track

Six or more races each week day, rain or shine.

RACES COMMENCE AT 1:40 P. M., SHARP

For special trains stopping at the track take the S. P.  
Ferry, foot of Market Street; leave at 12:00, thereafter every  
twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M. No smoking in last two  
cars which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.



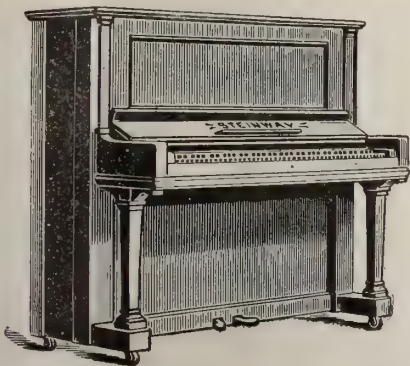
asm. Since that time it has been entirely rewritten, the strong features of the play increased and the weak points eliminated. "The Undertow" tells a story of American politics and business life that is intensely interesting from beginning to end. It deals with the adventures of a newspaper reporter who, being in employ of a man who is a political boss, refuses to do the latter's bidding and resigns. He has radical views regarding municipal government and he becomes a reformer and organizes a party and elects the mayor of the municipality. This mayor is pledged to honest government but becomes a grafter and under the guidance of a boss sells a number of valuable franchises. The newspaper man organizes a revolt against the grafters and brings the mayor to justice. A powerful love story runs through the play with the newspaperman and the society editor as the leading figures.

### Idora Park

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is renewing its popularity at Idora Park where the splendid stock company is giving an admirable production of the popular patriotic opera. Edith Mason and Tom Persse have received a warm welcome from their old and new friends. Cunningham sings "My Own United States" with all his old-time enthusiasm. The production is an admirable one in every particular. The next opera will be "The Wedding Day."

E. M. Holland has just joined the Otis Skinner company and during the San Francisco engagement of "The Duel" will be seen in a great character part. Holland has not appeared here since he played in "Raffles." He is exceptionally popular with theatre-goers.

During the past week over two hundred mail orders for seats have been received by Gottlob, Marx and Company for the coming engagement of Maude Adams in "Peter Pan." The outlook is for a record breaking run.



## A Steinway Piano for \$525

Called the Steinway "Vertegrand"—it is upright with all the features of the higher priced Steinways, but with an inexpensive although substantial case. A piano for those who want a Steinway but who can't afford to pay for elaboration. On installments if you wish.

**SHERMAN, CLAY & CO.**

**Steinway Agents**

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## THE SPREAD OF SAN FRANCISCO

IN THE

## JUNE SUNSET

HOW THE NEW CITY UNDER THE  
IMPETUS OF THE RAPID REBUILD-  
ING IS MOVING SOUTH, FILLING  
THE ENTIRE PENINSULA, BEING  
HELPED TREMENDOUSLY IN SUB-  
URBAN EXPANSION BY THE

BAY SHORE RAILWAY CUT-OFF

## A GREAT ISSUE

ECLIPSES THE APRIL "ONE YEAR AFTER" NUMBER

SEND IT TO YOUR EASTERN FRIENDS

ON SALE MAY 25TH

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRAN-  
CISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate

of

No. 3134.

MORRIS SIMINOFF,

Deceased.

Department No. 10.

J. A. DENEEN, having this day presented to the Court and filed herein his verified petition claiming to be entitled to a conveyance to himself from the Special Administrators of the Estate of Morris Siminoff, Deceased, of that certain real property situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of O'Farrell Street, distant thereon two hundred and six (206) feet and three (3) inches Westerly from the Westerly line of Leavenworth Street; running thence Westerly along said Southerly line of O'Farrell Street sixty eight (68) feet nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred and thirty seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly sixty-eight (68) feet nine (9) inches; and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and thirty seven (137) feet six (6) inches to said Southerly line of O'Farrell Street and the point of commencement. (Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Block Number Two Hundred and Eighty-three (283).

Pursuant to the terms of a contract in writing to convey such real estate, executed by said Morris Siminoff in his lifetime, in which petition are set forth the facts upon which the claim to such conveyance is predicated, as will more fully appear by reference to said petition herein on file.

Now, therefore, it is ordered that Monday the 24th day of June, 1907, at ten o'clock A. M., at the Courtroom of Department 10 of this Court, in the Temple Israel, at the corner of California and Webster Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing said petition, and that notice of such hearing be given by publication of a copy of this order for at least four (4) successive weeks before said day of hearing, in the Town Talk, a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, in said State of California.

Dated this 20th day of May, 1907.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge.

The Auditorium FILLMORE ST.  
Corner Page

FRANK RITTIGSTEIN, General Manager

A SKATING PALACE



BERTRAM LYTELL  
At the New Alcazar Theatre.

### AUTOMOBILE NOTES

You don't hear of any one giving a Model "A" Oldsmobile to his mother-in-law, so they must be good.

Mr. E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company has received word from Mr. E. R. Thomas that the company in the East has just turned out the celebrated 70 H. P. Thomas "Flyer" racing runabout. Mr. Thomas states that the car has done seventy-three miles an hour and will make a sensation all over the country.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Larsen, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Steffens have just returned to this city after a three weeks' tour in Southern California. The trip was made in Mr. Larsen's new 1907 Thomas "Flyer." Mr. Larsen states that the coast road is in first class condition, with the one exception of a patch of sand about 1,500 feet in length near the Santa Maria river, and advises all who wish to make the trip to Los Angeles by automobile to go at this time, as the roads are free from dust and the touring is ideal.

With this pleasant weather, the automobile will be whizzing to all parts of the State. Last Sunday Mr. W. F. Hunt of San Jose made a run to San Juan. "This is my first run of the season with my new Model 'M' Winton," says Mr. Hunt, "and I had a most pleasant outing. The day was ideal and the roads in splendid condition for this time of the year. An interesting feature of my trip was the fact that I did not

have a particle of the usual trouble credited to automobile drivers, and was obliged to crank my engine but once."

What constitutes a really high grade touring car? What should be its capabilities? Workmanship, material, design and finish, in the order named, are, perhaps, the true test. A demonstration may seem much or little, according to the views of the purchaser, but no car should be selected which has not extraordinary hill climbing ability, for, in this State, one can figure on having ten per cent of the running up grade and the average hill looks like a precipice to the Easterner. To combine the aesthetic with the strictly practical is a difficult matter, yet it is a fact that the model "A" Oldsmobile is a machine which suits all classes and, whether the car is used on the level road of the Santa Clara Valley, or over the hilly deserts of Nevada, the verdict is always the same: "A car built first for service, but of such design that it suits the most fastidious."

Among the arrivals during the past week at Byron Hot Springs were the following from Menlo Park: Mr. and Mrs. F. W. McNear, E. W. Hopkins and Sam Hopkins; from San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Sweigert, Jas. A. Snook, George Sweigert, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hilmer, Dr. L. D. Bacigalupi and Dr. Wm. Fletcher McNutt Jr.; W. W. Shannon of Sacramento, Dr. C. C. Shinnick of Oakland, Dr. J. W. Stitt and Dr. C. A. Meeks of Berkeley, Dr. James P. Tormey of Haywards, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Welsh of South Bend, Wash.

### Albert J. Arroll, General Manager Witter Medical Springs Co.

Mr. Arroll is an experienced hotel manager. He has seen service at the Parker House, Boston, the New Williard, Washington and the Seelbach of Louisville. Last season he was manager of the Lookout Inn of



Lookout Mountain, Tenn., the second largest resort hotel in the United States. He is the grandson of General Robert Gordon Fairfax of Virginia and son of the late Colonel Bobby Arroll. He is a writer of considerable note and is the author of two musical comedies.





# SUMMER RESORTS




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(UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT)

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all-year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long distance telephone in rooms. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Interior court—a rare tropical garden. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. Good music. Fine automobile road, Los Angeles-Riverside to Coronado. Summer rates, \$3.50 per day. For further information address

**MORGAN ROSS, Manager**  
Coronado Beach, California  
**H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent,**  
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles.

## TAHOE TAVERN

NOW OPEN

MRS. ALICE RICHARDSON, MANAGER, TAHOE, CAL.

SPEND A FEW DAYS NOW AMONG THE PINES  
REDUCED WEEK-END EXCURSION RATES



## HOTEL BON AIR

Located in the heart of Ross Valley. 45 minutes from San Francisco. Ideal home for business men and families. Terms reasonable. Address  
**STRASSBURGER & PARKER,**  
P. O., Larkspur, Cal.

## THE KENILWORTH

Mill Valley, 50 minutes from San Francisco. Superior accommodations. French chef.

**W. J. GRUSS, Proprietor**

## BYRON HOT SPRINGS



The waters cure rheumatism—the environment is perfect—the hotel comfortable and supplied with an unexcelled table. See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, ground floor, James Flood Bldg., Peck Judah Co., 789 Market St., or address hotel.

## PACIFIC GROVE HOTEL

Formerly El Carmelo

JUST THE PLACE TO REST, Down Among the Pines, by the Sea, Close to the Presidio Army Post and Old Monterey, at

**PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA**

A Quiet, Exclusive Resort, with Every Comfort, at Most Reasonable Rates. You can readily go to San Francisco from here, but make your headquarters here, amid most healthful surroundings. Through Parlor Car from Los Angeles and San Francisco daily. For further information address **GEO. H. CORDY, Manager Pacific Grove Hotel, Pacific Grove, or C. W. KELLEY, Representative, 789 Market Street, San Francisco.**

## SKAGGS

Hot Springs, Sonoma county, only 4½ hours from San Francisco and but 9 miles staging; waters noted for medicinal virtues; best natural hot mineral water bath in State; boating and swimming; good trout streams; telephone, telegraph, daily mail and San Francisco papers. First-class Hotel and Stage Service; morning and afternoon stages; round trip from San Francisco \$5.10. Take Tiburon ferry daily 7:30 a. m. or 3:30 p. m. Rates \$2.00 a day or \$12 a week. References: Any guest of the past twelve years. Information at Bryan's Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street, Peck-Judah Bureau, 789 Market street, or of J. F. MULGREW, Skaggs, Cal.

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First Class Summer and Winter Resort in the  
**SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS**

A Modern Resort with Every Accommodation for Rest and Pleasure. Terms, \$10.00 per week up. Free Conveyance. Address for reservation

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ACCOMMODATIONS FOR 1200

Rates:  
MAY 1st TO JANUARY 1st  
**\$2.50**  
per day and upwards

Fronting the Ocean in Cool  
Santa Barbara

A DAYLIGHT RIDE THROUGH THE PRETTIEST  
COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

Most Picturesque Coast.

Golf, polo, tennis, fishing, automobiling, surf bathing, yachts, launches and horse-back riding. See the Santa Barbara Mission (still in use). Hope Ranch, Channel Islands, Le Cumbre trail and a thousand other things that will interest you.

Our representative, at 789 Market street, phone Temporary 2751, will show you plans, secure your transportation and attend to other details of travel. Reduced round trip rates good for thirty days.

## SODA BAY SPRINGS

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

Situated on the picturesque shore of Clear Lake. Season opens May 1st. Finest of boating, bathing, hunting and fishing; unsurpassed accommodations; new launch, accommodating 40 people, built expressly for the use of guests and excursions. Terms \$2 per day, \$12 per week; special rates to families. Take Tiburon Ferry, 7:40 a. m.; thence by rail to Hopland; then stage or automobile direct to Springs. Round trip, good for six months, \$9. Further information, address Managers, MARSHALL BERD and AGNES BELL RHOADS, Soda Bay Springs, Lake County, Cal., via Kelseyville Post-office.

## Witter

Medical Springs

Lake County

Witter Springs  
Hotel

Open Entire Year

Magnificent in its costliness, its beauty and completeness. Witter Springs Hotel is open during the entire year. No other resort hotel to equal it in the West. Reservations for the season should be made now.

Main Office of the Hotel Removed to  
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Call or write for booklets or general information.

Witter Water Cures Liver Complaints

## GARDEN CITY SANITARIUM

CALIFORNIA UNIVERSITY OF HEALTH.

SAN JOSE, CAL.

There is but one Royal Road to Health, and the above Sanitarium will put you upon that road. First find the cause that makes you sick, then get proper assistance to remove that cause.

Here you will find educated physicians and nurses with every facility for analyzing you from head to foot. Careful analysis of the blood, blood pressure, and all excretions of the body, including stomach fluids. Added to these, we have every facility to awaken the vitality and start anew the life forces. Educated back to health.

A complete system of water treatment, Electricity, x-Ray, Massage, Light and Sun treatment, Vibratory, etc. Rest Cure. Ten acres, quiet, restful. Surgical cases receive the best of attention. Large new building nearly completed with salt and fresh water swimming baths. For literature address Garden City Sanitarium, San Jose, Cal.

## NAPA SODA SPRINGS

California's famous mountain spa, only 50 miles from San Francisco. The nearest watering place and summer resort to the city. 1,000 feet elevation, overlooking for 25 miles the beautiful Napa Valley. Good hotel accommodations. New skating rink installed this season. Open all the year round. Summer season opened April 1st. Terms on application to JOHN JACOB, Napa Soda Springs, Napa County, California.

## WILLOW RANCH

Delightfully located in the redwoods, five miles from Santa Cruz; spring water; fruit; milk; excellent table; daily mail; telephone Suburban 87; free conveyance; \$7 per week. MRS. M. J. CRANDELL, Santa Cruz.

## AGUA CALIENTE SPRINGS

Send your family to the nearest Hot Sulphur Springs to San Francisco. First-class accommodations. Special rates to families. No staging. Four trains daily. Fare round trip \$1.65. Tiburon ferry or Oakland; two hours' ride. Address THEODOR RICHARDS, Agua Caliente, Sonoma county, California.

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Close to St. Helena. The Main Sulphur Springs lost by quake returned stronger and larger. The Ideal Spot for your summer vacation. For particulars address MR. and MRS. JOHN SANFORD, St. Helena.

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SENTINEL HOTEL  
Opens April 1st

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Opens May 10th

For information regarding rates, etc., address  
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# SUMMER RESORTS

## SANTA CRUZ

The Atlantic City of the Pacific

World's most beautiful playground

Never a Dull Moment

Summer Season opened May 1st

Grand Opening of New Casino and Bathing Pavilion announced later

### Mark West Warm Springs

Sonoma County. Only 3½ hours from S. F., and but 7 miles staging. Meet trains of N. W. Pacific at Fulton, both morning and evening. Round trip only \$3.75. New ownership and permanent first-class management. Nine mineral springs and superb boating and swimming. Hotel veranda and driveway covered by a wild grape vine arbor that is 40 by 160 feet. "The prettiest place in California" is the verdict of thousands. Terms, \$2 a day or \$12 a week. Information at Bryan's Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street; Peck-Judah Bureau, 789 Market street, or address MRS. M. MULGREW, Fulton, Cal. Now open for guests.

## St. Margaret's Hall San Mateo

A delightful place to enjoy a comfortable home in the country. 10 minutes from S. P. Railway depot, on direct line of trolley car. Extensive grounds. Splendid roads. Excellent table and restful environment. Address as above.

## LAUREL DELL

15 kinds of Mineral Water and Baths; Bowling Alleys, Croquet, Marine Toboggan, Livery; the best paid Orchestras in the State; first-class table; dining-room seating 300; New Gasoline Launch on Lake.

Address EDGAR DURNAN, Proprietor, Laurel Dell, Lake County, Cal. (also proprietor La Trianon Hotel.)

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An ideal home in the Santa Cruz Mountains, surrounded by beautiful grounds, five miles from Santa Cruz, in the Redwood belt. Beautiful drives, good trout fishing. Telephone, gas. \$9 to \$10. Address MRS. E. H. BUNTING, R. F. D. 87, Santa Cruz, Cal.

### DUNCAN SPRINGS

Located at base of Duncans Peak, 2 miles from Hopland. Mineral Waters, Magnesia, Soda, Iron, Sulphur and Borax. Every comfort and convenience. Opens May 15. Rates, \$11.00 per week up. Write for particulars to HOWELL BROS., Hopland, Mendocino County, Cal.

### UKIAH STABLES

Stages for Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell, Saratoga Springs, Witter Springs, Upper Lake Pomo, Potter Valley. John Day's Riverside, Jerry Lierly's, Bucknell's, Hullville, San Hedrino, and Vichy Springs. W. H. MILLER, Proprietor. Phone Main 45.

## Sea Beach Hotel

SANTA CRUZ

(Opens May 1st)

Situated on a bluff within one hundred feet of the  
**FINEST BATHING BEACH ON THE PACIFIC COAST**

And within five minutes' walk of the

**Largest and Finest Bathing Pavilion in California.**

Fine tennis court, good boating, bathing and fishing. Beautiful drives.

HOTEL ST. GEORGE under the same management.  
J. J. C. LEONARD, Prop.



The Magnolia, One of the Buildings at

## HOWARD SPRINGS

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Season 1907 opens May 1st. The waters of Howard Springs will cure any case of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Trouble. Recommended by any physician who has ever visited the place in the past 20 years. Every outdoor sport, 42 Mineral Springs, Hot Sulphur and Iron Plunge Bath, Magnesia and Borax Tub Baths. Address all communications to J. W. LAYMAN, Proprietor Howard Springs, Lake County, Cal., or 905 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

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STOP AT THE

## Hotel Westminster

European Plan  
\$1.00 per day and up  
With bath \$1.50 and up

Moderate Priced Cafe  
Unexcelled Cuisine  
Centrally Located  
100 Rooms with Bath

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THE NEW

## Hotel Vendome SAN JOSE

Thoroughly rebuilt and refurnished. Unexcelled cuisine. Every modern convenience. Charmingly located in beautiful park. Swimming pool, bowling alleys, tennis courts. A delightful place to spend the summer. Rates reasonable.

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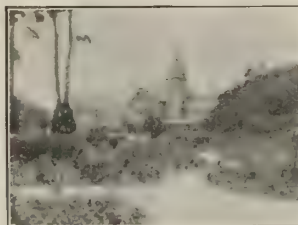
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## The Great Curse of France

(Continued from Page 8.)

and two friends had drank more absinthe than was good for them, and by the time they had reached the dessert, having consumed much wine, all three were more or less intoxicated. A sudden idea passed through the head of Lelarge. "I'll bet you," he said, "that I will fire my revolver at the first person I see passing." "You won't dare," replied his friends. "All right, we'll see," cried the young man. As he spoke he raised his arm and fired through the window with a revolver of heavy calibre. Unfortunately for him, a young painter, M. Beranger, who was going to his work, received a bullet behind the ear. A. M. Gille, living in the Faubourg Saint-Honore, came to the assistance of M. Beranger, but he in his turn received a bullet above the eye. The witnesses of the scene, now thoroughly sobered disarmed M. Lelarge, and handed him over to the police. The two victims were sent to the Saint-Antoine Hospital.

From La Patrie:—Without the slightest provocation a young ruffian of nineteen, named Laroche, who had been indulging in absinthe, plunged a dagger into the neck of a peaceful old gentleman, M. Denis Sonazo, who was sitting on a bench in the Champs-Elysees on Wednesday evening watching the people come out of the music halls. M. Sonazo was taken to the Beaujon Hospital.

From La Presse:—Just as the matinee performance of the Maison du Rire—one of the numerous side-shows in the Rue de Paris—was about to begin yesterday, a man in the audience named Felix Forget, residing at 19 Rue d'Antin, got up and drawing a revolver aimed at one of his neighbors who promptly decamped. Three shots were fired after him and one of them slightly wounded one of the attendants in the upper hip. The author of the little occurrence was arrested, but his victim, who was an American, has never been heard of again. Forget declared that he had been indulging in a glass of two of absinthe and thought he would have some fun. He didn't like Englishmen, he said, and thought he would try his new pistol on the first one he saw; and when informed that he had been shooting at an American he seemed to enjoy his fun better yet.

From La Parisienne:—A Parisienne, who bites like a ferocious dog, created a sensation yesterday. She is a pretty and attractive-looking girl, and was sipping a grenadine au kirsch outside a cafe on the Boulevard Rochechouart. At the table next to her sat a sewer-man, Gustave Vernaut, who had washed and changed after his day's work, and was tuning his young mind to gallant thoughts over a glass of absinthe. Exactly what happened nobody knows, but all in a moment Mademoiselle Josephine had flown at Monsieur Gustave like a tigress, and, without even waiting for an introduction, threw his absinthe, glass and all, into his eyes, clutched him by the ears, and actually and literally bit off his nose and both his lips, and proceeded to tear at one of his cheeks. By the time this she-devil could be torn away from her victim the poor fellow was in an absolutely unrecognizable condition, and had to be carried off on a stretcher to the Bichat Hospital. Josephine was carried off by five policemen.

From l'Echo de Paris:—M. Victor Leger, living at 7 Rue Asseline, was seized with hydrophobia yesterday while seated at his absinthe at a cafe in Rue Asselin, and howled, foamed at the mouth, and ultimately



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sprang up and rushed at the persons seated near, calling on them to escape or they would be bitten. A girl of fourteen, named Emilienne Fiolet, was not quick enough to escape him and was bitten in the arm. The unfortunate man was seized and bound by the police, taken to the nearest station, while his victim was conveyed to the Pasteur Institute to undergo a course of treatment for rabies.

When to all this wine, beer, cider, spirit and absinthe is added more coffee per head than is consumed by any other people—and the vilest and bitterest coffee ever doctored—and a greater use of the villainous cigarette, which is largely indulged in by women as well as by men—and a profligacy that may be seen at the theatre, the clubhouse, the church, at the cafe, on the curb, and in nearly all other places, I prophesy that in fifty years there will be no French nation as such; that the Government will meanwhile be overpowered many times, that the churches and picture galleries of Paris will be turned into barracks and hospitals, and that the whole people will become a sickening, pitiful mass of invalids, imbeciles, and knaves—unless there is an abatement of immoderate absinthe drinking and some of the other indulgences I have named. The army has been commenced with. Let all others beware!

## Her Lover

(Continued from Page 11.)

went out. I remained with a very unpleasant feeling in my mind. I listened. Her door was flung violently to—plainly the poor wench was very angry. . . . I thought it over, and resolved to go to her, and, inviting her to come in here, write everything she wanted.

I entered her apartment. I looked round. She was sitting at the table, leaning on her elbows, with her head in her hands.

"Listen to me," I said.

Now, whenever I come to this point in my story, I always feel horribly awkward and idiotic. Well, well!

"Listen to me," I said.

She leaped from her seat, came towards me with flashing eyes, and laying her hands on my shoulders, began to whisper, or rather to hum in her peculiar bass voice:

"Look you, now! It's like this. There's no Boles at all, and there's no Teresa either. But what's that to you? Is it a hard thing for you to draw your pen over paper? Eh? Ah, and you, too! Still such a little fair-haired boy! There's nobody at all, neither Boles, nor Teresa, only me. There you have it, and much good may it do you!"

"Pardon me!" said I, altogether flabbergasted by such a reception, "what is it all about? There's no Boles, you say?"

"No. So it is."

"And no Teresa either?"

"And no Teresa. I'm Teresa."

I didn't understand it at all. I fixed my eyes upon her, and tried to make out which of us was taking leave of his or her senses. But she went again to the table, searched about for something, came back to me, and said in an offended tone:

"If it was so hard for you to write to Boles, look, there's your letter, take it! Others will write for me."

I looked. In her hand was my letter to Boles. Phew!

"Listen, Teresa! What is the meaning of all this?"

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Why must you get others to write for you when I have already written it, and you haven't sent it."

"Sent it where?"

"Why, to this—Boles."

"There's no such person."

I absolutely did not understand it. There was nothing for me but to spit and go. Then she explained.

"What is it?" she said, still offended. "There's no such person, I tell you," and she extended her arms as if she herself did not understand why there should be no such person. "But I wanted him to be . . . Am I then not a human creature like the rest of them? Yes, yes, I know, I know, of course. . . Yet no harm was done to anyone by my writing to him that I can see. . ."

"Pardon me—to whom?"

"To Boles, of course."

"But he doesn't exist."

"Alas! alas! But what if he doesn't? He doesn't exist, but he might! I write to him, and it looks as if he did exist. And Teresa—that's me, and he replies to me, and then I write to him again. . ."

I understood at last. And I felt so sick, so miserable, so ashamed, somehow. Alongside of me, not three yards away, lived a human creature who had nobody in the world to treat her kindly, affectionately, and this human being had invented a friend for herself!

"Look, now! you wrote me a letter to Boles, and I gave it to someone else to read it to me; and when they read it to me I listened and fancied that Boles was there. And I asked you to write me a letter from Boles to Teresa—that is to me. When they write such a letter for me, and read it to me, I feel quite sure that Boles is there. And life grows easier for me in consequence."

"Deuce take thee for a blockhead!" said I to myself when I heard this.

And from thenceforth, regularly, twice a week, I wrote a letter to Boles, and an answer from Boles to Teresa. I wrote those answers well. . . She, of course, listened to them, and wept like anything, roared, I should say, with her bass voice. And in return for my thus moving her to tears by real letters from the imaginary Boles, she began to mend the holes I had in my socks, shirts, and other articles of clothing. Subsequently, about three months after this history began, they put her in prison for something or other. No doubt by this time she is dead.

My acquaintance shook the ash from his cigarette, looked pensively up at the sky, and thus concluded:

Well, well, the more a human creature has tasted of better things the more it hungers after the sweet things of life. And we, wrapped round in the rags of our virtues, and regarding others through the mist of our self-sufficiency, and persuaded of our universal impeccability, do not understand this.

And the whole thing turns out pretty stupidly—and very cruelly. The fallen classes, we say. And who are the fallen classes, I should like to know? They are, first of all, people with the same bones, flesh, and blood and nerves as ourselves. We have been told this day after day for ages. And we actually listen—and the Devil only knows how hideous the whole thing is. Or are we completely depraved by the loud sermonizing of humanism? In reality, we also are fallen folks, and so far as I can see, very deeply fallen into the abyss of self-sufficiency and the conviction of our own superiority. But enough of this. It is all as old as the hills—so old that it is a shame to speak of it. Very old indeed—yes, that's where it is!

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## Letters

### "The Lovers' Club"

Fifteen years ago there was in New York a coterie of young men who dreamed dreams of a new literature, something above and beyond the commonplace, out of the rut, but their dreams were destined to remain dreams, for the established publishing houses would have none of them. There did not seem to be readers enough, outside of the ranks to make their work a paying proposition, and "The Greeks," as they called themselves, were not rich enough to indulge in literary pursuits for fun. Two of the four, Richard Hovey, poet and dramatist, and Philetus Brown, are dead. The other two turned their attention, temporarily, at least, in other directions. They have prospered and "The Old Greek Press" of Chicago, Boston and New York established by these two survivors, is in some sort a memorial of the dead, the first issue being Philetus Brown's "The Lovers' Club." Though the avowed creed of "The Greeks" was to "Paint the passions of the human heart; paint them boldly, paint them truly, paint them with beauty," seekers after what is so often described as "strong" will be sadly disappointed if they imagine this will prove one of those volumes to be hastily thrust out of sight when a footstep is heard, or disembowelled and made to masquerade under the cover of some similar-sized book of poetry. While it cuts straight and deep, the cuts are clean, and there is no festering sore left where the knife has been withdrawn. The scheme is this: A number of men and women, all of an age to intelligence, and experience to enable them to give the subject serious thought, have been brought together by the half-humorous suggestion of one of their number that the fine art of love-making is deserving of study and a "school for lovers" a desirable thing. The members meet informally on Wednesday afternoons at the home of one of their number, and discuss various phases of the subject, illustrated by stories often drawn from their own lives and always from some known experience. There are touches of humor, sentiment and philosophy, and the problems enunciated are not to be solved off hand by a simple yes or no. Should a woman, bound only by the legal tie to an indifferent husband remain with him and die of heart starvation or should she leave him to form a new, if unsanctioned union, and live? Is the man who "sows wild oats" and leaves his successive companions to harvest the crops unaided any worse than the female flirt who drives men to destruction? Should society condone one more than the other? Is it less criminal to wrongfully bring a human life into the world than it is to send a soul forth in death? Is not the unfortunate child of an illicit union the real sufferer? Is love more than duty? Such are some of the questions discussed if not solved. Sherwin Cody, who stands sponsor for The Old Greek Press, is not seeking for infant prodigies to exploit, but is ready to help any really meritorious new comer to a public hearing. He has made a good beginning in "The Lovers' Club."

### "Poison Island"

A treasure hunt with A. T. Quiller Couch as pilot could not fail to prove a delightful adventure, whether the treasure were unearthed or not, therefore those voyagers who set sail for "Poison Island" will not regret their passage. The crew and the captain bold, the mate, and all the rest of the seekers, are quite out of the ordinary. Imagine a company composed first of all, of a fourteen-year-old schoolboy who is sadly in need of discipline, an English woman, landed proprietor, eccentric to the last degree, and inclined to masculinity; an elderly lady with literary proclivities, who breaks out into poetry on every occasion, an English country magistrate, a young carpenter and a retired sea captain, recently an usher in a school. Except that Captain Branscome is the navigator

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in charge there is virtually no head to the enterprise, and only a cheerful confidence in providence to guide them. The voyage itself proved all that could be desired, and the treasure hunt was successfully prosecuted, though these staid and god-fearing folk made the acquaintance of one of the greatest scoundrels who ever escaped hanging before they had completed their search. This amiable gentleman, whose last alias was Dr. Beauregard, had made himself the proprietor of the island and virtually possessed himself of the treasure. Two caches had been unearthed—the third still escaped him, but he had abundance for all he needed. He was a practical chemist, and had perfected his processes. With a home ideally situated, it was his pleasant practice to invite those whom he pleased to visit him, and when he tired of their company, to poison them by wholesale, and to complete his pleasure by laying them away in his private cemetery, with duly marked headboards to identify them by. Old Danny Coffin had a superstitious belief that if the loot of Puerto Bello passed into innocent hands it would cease to be an instrument of evil. Nothing further removed from the usual make-up of a treasure-hunting crew could be imagined than these half-dozen. There is a carefully concealed love-story which surprises the readers quite as much as it did Mr. Rogers, who really ought to have taken the hint and persuaded Miss Lydia Belcher to follow the example of her companion, Miss Plinlimmon. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

#### "The Giant's Strength"

The richest man in the world brought to bay by his own pampered child is the theme of Basil King's novel, "The Giant's Strength." Paul Trafford, originally a New England coal dealer, has pursued "modern business methods," of which indeed, he was the pioneer, until he controls practically the whole coal traffic of America. He is the idol of his family, all branches of which have risen with him, and he stands, the great embodiment of the American idea, financial supremacy. He has one child, a daughter, Paula, born after he had already achieved great wealth, and, like most children of the rich, she has been carefully shielded from any knowledge but that money will buy everything and people without it are envious of the more fortunate. Paula is not a particularly brilliant girl. She is beautiful, accomplished and amiable, but she has been accustomed to accepting things all her life as due her, matter of course. For some years the family has resided mainly in Europe because, in America, it was becoming more and more a custom to look underneath piles of dollars and question methods, and Paul Trafford's only justification for many of his transactions was that they were strictly legal and phenomenally successful. Trafford was anxious for Paula to marry abroad, and had every hope that the suit of the Duke of Wiltshire would be successful. He did not wish her to become a prey of some fortune hunter, and he earnestly desired that she should be placed in some secure social niche where she would be forever untouched by the criticisms and condemnation which in increasing force were directed against himself and his coal monopoly. Paula herself was not in love with the Duke of Wiltshire, but then, she was not in love with any one else and the probabilities were more in favor of than against the marriage being eventually accomplished. But eventually she falls in love with a poor portrait painter whose family fortune had been wiped out by Trafford. Then the complications begin. The painter was a romantically proud young man who had great contempt for Paula's father and who would not wed her unless she came to him dowerless. To accommodate him the remorseful man of millions set about making wholesale restitution. The Paul Traffords of real life are too busy making money and their wives and daughters too happy spending it to have any time for remorses and restitutions. However "The Giant's Strength" is a rattling good story. Published by Harper and Brothers.

—The Bookworm.



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TO THE PUBLIC: This is to certify that Dr. Wong Him has cured me of lung and stomach trouble, from which I had suffered for many years. I tried many doctors, but they failed to cure me. I consulted Dr. Wong Him, and after taking his Herb Medicine for six months am now permanently cured. I wish to recommend him to the public as an efficient and skillful physician.

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SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1907.  
TO THE PUBLIC: I had a very severe case of Throat Trouble and general breakdown. Did not sleep or eat for eight days. After trying every remedy I heard of without success, I called on Dr. Wong Him, 1268 O'Farrell street, who by feeling my pulse correctly diagnosed my case. His remedies gave me immediate relief. Cannot say too much in favor of his teas.

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## The Spirit of Discontent

Mr. William V. Rowe, in his zeal for our "continuous development as a nation," has entered, through the medium of the North American Review a solemn and earnest plea "for the national life and Constitutional centralization and for the only sane and effective regulation of wealth and its activities and correction of prevalent abuses by the use of certain of the practically unlimited powers of the Federal Government." Mr. Rowe has much contempt for the charlatans of journalism and the demagogues who preach the virtue of cure-all legislation. He knows that the wrongs of business and ills of humanity which arise from the imperfections of human nature cannot be cured by statute. He has no faith in isms and panaceas but he has confidence in an intelligent public opinion. He believes that it will safeguard the public interests and will insist that absolute justice be measured out to all. While Mr. Rowe condemns charlatans and demagogues he has not resisted their influence. Unconsciously he has permitted himself to be persuaded to think as they pretend to think. For example he has come to think that the alarming spirit of discontent in this country is based on certain fixed ideas respecting the abuses of wealth, ideas which have been fostered by reflection, aided by the constant campaign of exposure and investigation maintained by our newspapers and the public authority. This is the notion which the charlatans of the press and the demagogues have been sedulously disseminating, and undoubtedly they have caused some resentment, but it has not become as Mr. Rowe says, "a crystallized public opinion." The abuses of wealth have caused indignation and dissatisfaction and impelled the people to give their enthusiastic support to President Roosevelt in his efforts to smash trusts and discipline corporations. These popular emotions need occasion no alarm. They are manifestations of a healthy conscience, of a vigorous patriotism. The spirit of discontent is peculiar to our laboring class through which the maxims and principles of socialism are being diffused, boldly by the apostles of anarchy and deftly by the charlatans of the press and ambitious demagogues. It is a vague but turbulent spirit having no sympathy with suggestions

for the purification of our government. It is a remarkable anomaly inasmuch as it is coeval with unprecedented prosperity. It has no justification and is not based on fixed ideas but rather on the consciousness of power. It does not flow from a grievance against despotism, or from a sense of injustice, or from concern for the national welfare. It is a cynical spirit,—animated by a hatred, not of the frenzied financiers and the corruptors of government but rather of all employers of labor. This hatred is fostered by a direct appeal, as, for example, in cartoons depicting the tyranny of the employers and the cruelties inflicted on workingmen. Never do the mountebanks that foster this hatred make an appeal to civic pride; never do they seek to awaken sentiments of patriotism, but always is disaffection fomented by cynical pictures that contrast the arrogance of wealth with the miserable lowliness of the wage-earner. Obviously, the passions of these discontented ones are not to be abated by tinkering with the Constitution. Nor are they to be rendered amiable by prohibiting the watering of stock. The quickest way to improve their manners is to improve the manners of the vicious citizens who, to subserve their own selfish ends, keep the mob in a state of agitation.

## The Grievance of Our Intellectuals

According to Mr. Rowe the spirit of discontent is a phenomenon which is increasing in our intellectual classes and leaders of thought who are not led or misled by mere demagogic clamor or journalistic charlatanism." And he adds, "Our boasted prosperity has benefited chiefly the wage-earner and the man of wealth. The great class of salaried and professional men has felt no corresponding improvement." This is not to be disputed, but Mr. Rowe is unquestionably in error in concluding that our salaried and professional men attribute their failure to share in the prosperity of the country to the abuses of wealth. They have too much sense to do that. They resent the abuses of wealth because they apprehend the demoralizing effect of those abuses on our government. But among them is to be found the true life-blood of the country. They constitute the barrier against the despotism of the mob, the corruption of wealth and the liberty of the press so far as it has become the vent for anarchy. They are in favor of the pursuit of right ends by right means. They know that their failure to share in the prosperity of the country is because of the aggressions of organized labor which have increased the cost of living beyond reason and in despite of economic principles which cannot be ignored without causing confusion and injustice. They are not dissatisfied with existing governmental institutions; and we should not spend any time assuaging their feelings by promising political reforms. Such promises will only have a tendency to mislead them. What Mr. Rowe and other publicists should be doing is organizing that important class of our citizenship in a revolt against the demagogism which is magnifying self-interest and destroying faith in the wisdom of our political institutions. That class should not be deluded into the notion that the abuses of wealth are mainly of an economic character. It should be understood that they are abominated because of their effect on government and because they afford the demagogues of politics and the charlatans of the press a pretext to inflame resentment and irritate passions out of all proportion to the magnitude of the reprehended evils. To get contentment in this country we should discourage the differentia-



tion of classes, we should rely for the redress of wrongs on the enforcement of just laws, we should exact decent behavior from the rapacious union man as well as from the predatory rich man, and above all we should endeavor to bring people to a just estimate of the character of the pernicious demagogue who is forever grinding at the hurdy-gurdy of magnified grievances and while affecting a zeal for government is sapping the foundation of all government.

### The Czars of the Nation

A fine sample of the methods employed to persuade the mob that it is omnipotent and that it may rule this country should it so desire appeared in the Examiner the other day. Its inspiration was an excerpt from a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States which contained nothing more than a plain statement of facts. "Speaking generally," said the Court, "it may be observed that the judicial power of a nation extends to all controversies justiciable in their nature, the parties to which or the property involved in which may be reached by judicial process, and when the judicial power of the United States was vested in the supreme and other courts all the judicial power which the nation was capable of exercising was vested in these tribunals, and unless there be some limitations expressed in the Constitution it must be held to embrace all controversies of a justiciable nature arising within the territorial limits of the nation no matter who may be the parties thereto." Why this mere assertion of principles which are familiar to many laymen and every student of law in the first year at school should have provoked the comments that followed it is difficult to conceive. But that Mr. Hearst's editor discerned in this mere assertion something of quite sinister import, something that savored of wanton and vicious arrogation which should be promptly and fiercely challenged for the sake of the easymarks of this oppressed land is obvious. Hearken while he ululates:

"The statement that unless the Constitution gives the people the power to question a judicial decision that decision cannot be questioned anywhere, no matter who the parties thereto may be, is simple folly."

The people of the United States in 1776 gave jobs, salaries and power to certain judges.

And the people of the United States today, in 1907, give jobs and salaries to certain judges.

But they do not give the United States to those judges, and they don't give the territory or the property of the United States to those judges, and the people reserve the right to change at any time any decision, or change any constitution, or put any judge off the bench, or overrule any decision if they see fit.

All the power in the United States is in the people. The people own the country. They own the judges, the President, they control every official, every inch of ground, every dollar. All decisions of every court from the Supreme Court of the United States down to the little justice in a village are subject to the people's approvement and endorsement. If the people don't like a decision they can overturn it. It is their right and the Constitution provides it."

A curious rodomontade that, all out of proportion to the provocation. The gratuitousness of it warrants the inference that the author had it on his mind and had to get rid of it. The Supreme Court merely defined the nature of its judicial power and the scope of its jurisdiction. There was nothing in its language

to warrant the suspicion that it was indifferent to the exalted character of the imperious pee-pul. And yet it is quite possible that the Justices of the Supreme Court do not at all agree with Mr. Hearst's editorial writer respecting the power of the citizenry of our country. In all probability those jurists are not of the opinion that when the people dissent from the court there is a conflict of judicial authority. Nor is it likely that they concern themselves about popular opinion before rendering a decision, for it would be somewhat quixotic of them to reckon with the people since they are so far removed from the multitude that it is practically impossible for the multitude to reach them. To say that the people can remove them if the people don't like them is an extravagance that amounts to sublimated claptrap. It would be less extravagant were the senate elected by direct vote of the people as the demagogues demand, because in that event the senate would be ruled by the mob and the demagogues would rule the mob. Obviously Mr. Hearst's editorial writer is under a delusion respecting the supremacy of the people in matters of a judicial nature. From his sentiments we infer that he misapprehends the philosophy of our government and has an imperfect understanding of its mechanism. He probably believes that the opinion of the majority governs this country and governs it absolutely. He does not know that the founders of this Republic shrewdly safeguarded it against the ignorance and despotism of the majority; that in making a Constitution they were conscious of the fact that in all the relations which the social state admits and to which it gives birth from domestic order to political order, the presence of a power which may give and maintain the role of action is a necessary condition of the very existence of society. They were conscious also that the only power which has an inherent legitimacy is the power of reason, justice and truth, and that the object of government should be to realize that power and represent those elements in society. And they carefully adjusted the machinery of this government with a view to preventing the sovereignty of the people being reduced to the sovereignty of the majority. To familiarize one's self with the thoughts and motives of the fathers of this Republic is to become impressed with their dread of demagogues and their burning desire to anticipate the evils that in all ages have beset mankind in consequence of the chicanery of selfish and conscienceless politicians. They had no superstitious confidence in the infallibility of the majority. They remembered that it was a majority of the Israelites who would have murdered Moses and force Aaron to become the priest of idolatry. They recalled that it was a majority that brought Christ to the cross. What a miserable government would they have given us had they supposed that the majority possessed right by the mere circumstance of its being the majority, instead of understanding that the true law of government is that of reason, truth and justice, which no one possesses but which certain men are more capable than others of seeking and discovering. And it was because of their distrust of majorities that they gave us a Congress one house of which is not created by direct vote of the people but by men who would be likely to be selected because of their capacity for performing the special duties imposed upon them. And to minimize still further the influence of majorities they gave us a court created by an authority superior to legislation and beyond the reach of executive power, clothed with an authority above the law it was appointed to



administer, and charged not only with the general course of public justice but with the limitations of the powers of political bodies and the adjustment of the conflicting claims of sovereign states. Such is the Supreme Court of the United States, the most powerful tribunal in the world, and one of which there is no other example in judicial history. Not only does it interpret the Constitution, but it determines its construction and enforces its precepts. So while the Constitution rests on the foundation stone of popular sovereignty that sovereignty does not amount to arbitrary power. In England an act of Parliament is supreme. In the face of it the judges of England are powerless. The founders of this Republic extended the judicial protection of human rights not only against the rulers of the people but against the representatives of the people. Having as colonists had experience with parliamentary oppression they resolved to safeguard personal rights even against the popular will, and made a constitutional judiciary the final custodian of the liberty of the subject. It has been truly said that we have a court which is beyond the reach of popular assemblies; that it is the bulwark of the people against their own incendiary action, designed not only to save them from their enemies but also from themselves. And this is the court whose decisions according to the Examiner are like pie crust in the hands of the people, and the judges of which may be so easily removed if the people don't like them.

#### The Preliminary Skirmish

In Ohio where the game of president-making has been the most popular sport for many years and where the fortunes of politics show many surprising variations there is a mighty concern just now over the personality of the next Republican candidate for the Presidency. And with an unquestioning faith in their state which smacks a good deal of parochialism the resourceful Ohians are seeking an answer to this question which shall not carry them beyond their own boundary line. Having dismissed all other candidates for the exalted position with an impatient wave of the hand, the good people of Ohio are earnestly asking one another whether it will be Foraker or Taft. Just at present Taft looms large in a sense not merely physical. His star is burning with a bright luster and Foraker's light seems considerably dimmed. But the Senator has not earned his nickname of "firealarm" by false pretenses and he may be relied upon to stay with the fight until he is driven into the last ditch. The spectacle of these two maneuvering to outwit each other and the study of their widely different methods of campaigning are the two absorbing things in Ohio today. Outside of Ohio, however, there is a strange apathy. Neither Taft nor Foraker has yet gripped the national mind in connection with the presidential nomination. Enthusiasm has not yet spread the contagion of either personality beyond the state line. New York and Pennsylvania journals are devoting considerable space to the contest, it is true, but reading their comments one somehow fails to take the idea of strong conviction. The editorial pen seems to move uncertainly, without finality; the editorial mind seems waiting, as though conscious that decision is yet premature.

#### Thought Centers on Roosevelt

Everybody seems expectant of a sign and instinctively all eyes turn in the direction of the White House as to the place whence that sign will come. It is a

situation not without its humorous side. With a vehemence exhibited on no other occasion unless it be when electing a member to the Ananias Club—the President has iterated and reiterated his determination never again to be a candidate for the headship of the nation. He has averred until it has become more than impolite to question his averment, that he will not accept a nomination from the convention under any conditions whatsoever. And yet his statements might just as well have remained unuttered for any change they have produced in the common mind. Day by day senators, congressmen, state officials and men prominent in all sorts of politics, even including John Temple Graves, announce their belief that Roosevelt will be the choice of the next Republican convention and that he will be again returned to the White House. The President cannot stay in the background. His personality has gripped the general imagination so strongly that no effort of his to prove that he is going to seek the quiet of private life at the expiration of his term can be anything but nugatory. How long this situation is to continue none can say. It may last until the time comes for the convention to make its choice of a candidate and on the other hand some unexpected event may put an end to it and straighten out as remarkable a tangle as ever kinked American politics. That the original Foraker man who is of course none other than the senior senator from Ohio is not pleased by the uncertainty and doubt induced by this abiding shadow that darkens his path, goes without saying. That the trend of events is perfectly satisfactory to Taft seems equally obvious. His is no case of the man seeking the office any more than it is a case of the office seeking the man. He has been picked by outsiders to make the race and has entered with sincere unwillingness, for his ambitions pull him another way. It is quite probable that if Taft's deepseated conviction could be ascertained it would prove to be that Roosevelt and not Taft or Foraker will be the next Republican candidate for the Presidency. And it is because they share that conviction, whether rightly or wrongly only time will tell, that people outside of Ohio vouchsafe a lukewarm interest in the sparring of Taft and Foraker.

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**KING SOLOMON'S HALL**

Fillmore Street, Near Sutter. San Francisco



### Another Outbreak of American Vulgarity

Out of St. Louis where, it would seem, the forces of virtue and vice are perpetually aligned against each other, panting eagerly for the fray, comes the latest outbreak of furious American virtue. St. Louis has suddenly awakened to a realization of the appalling fact that in its art gallery, open for all the world to see, there are actually a number of nudes, copies of the world's most celebrated masterpieces of sculpture. On this discovery the peculiar brand of modesty characteristic of a certain class in every city of this country immediately became rampant and there has arisen a mighty ado over the naked and unblushing marbles. Greater righteousness could not be manifested if St. Louis were New York with Anthony Comstock to censor its morals. Such an occurrence as this should never be allowed to pass without vigorous protest. Not only does it indicate a lack of artistic appreciation which is humiliating, but it also reveals a prurience of mind, a willingness to see evil where evil is not; that is nothing less than immoral. Not everyone can appreciate the full measure of beauty in a Greek statue; that is largely a matter of education and it is too much to ask at this stage of American culture that there shall be many Paters in our midst. But everyone who lays claim to a respectable share of culture and refinement can look upon a marble Venus or a plaster Antinous with eyes which see something besides bodily exposure. To call these delectable prudes of St. Louis philistines or iconoclasts is to fling at their modestly bowed heads cant terms which have come by much use to mean very little. In plain English they are vulgarians. Such conduct as this has already brought too much reproach on this country and the day when education shall have removed this ridiculous ignorance cannot come too quickly. When Dickens came across the Atlantic to take a few American notes his keen eye was quick to see the rampant virtue and the bridling modesty that then as now were overwilling to find impropriety where none was meant. He satirized this characteristic when he drew in Martin Chuzzlewit the portrait of the woman whose delicate sensibilities were outraged when somebody mentioned the naked eye. Probably the fault is not so common now as it was fifty years ago. Already no doubt education has done much to broaden the general mind in these matters. But there still remains a great defect to be remedied. There must come a greater realization of the fact that virtue need not always be on the defensive. Meanwhile St. Louis and its solemn prigs who sit in self-satisfied criticism on the glories of ancient art should digest the meaning of the good old garter maxim.

### Educating Revolutionists

Judge Cabaniss remarked the other day, in dismissing a teacher baled into court for disciplining an unruly boy, that in his opinion corporal punishment should be more frequently administered. It is unfortunate that there is so widespread a prejudice against corporal punishment. Unfortunate also is the prevalence of the notion that all children are of the same temperament, as well as the fact that neither parents nor guardians can be depended upon to differentiate the children who are not to be improved by corporal punishment from the children who are absolutely in need of hand raising. The main objection to the punishment of unruly children is that it inclines them to slavish compliance with unjust demands and a tendency to lie and conceal faults. Doubtless these are the

effects of a rigorous discipline, but the stubbornness that calls for constant application of the rod is much more to be deprecated than servility. It never seems to occur to the modern parent that to encourage a child to resist a salutary rule is to encourage him to resist all government. What we need in the world today is more obedience and less refractoriness. There is quite a difference between an inclination to resist authority and a disposition to rebel against a despotism, and the trouble is most of the agitation in favor of resistance is among people who are congenitally stubborn and too ignorant to appreciate the philosophy of legitimate authority. Experience teaches that it is easier to start a revolution than to put a stop to one; also, that the invariable sequence to a resolution is a despotism. Since the beginning of the present industrial disturbances it has been evident that we are educating an army of revolutionists in San Francisco. And it is also evident that the revolutionary sentiment is inculcated at home, for nothing more certainly reflects the temper of the adults at home than the actions of the children abroad. A teacher in one of the south-side schools last week cautioned her pupils to keep away from the car-houses and do nothing to obstruct the tracks. A bright lad wonderingly inquired: "Can't we even fire rocks at the scabs?" and he received his negative answer with as much surprise as if he had been cautioned not to say his prayers.irate mothers are calling upon teachers and in violent language threatening them that if cars are patronized the schools will be boycotted. These lessons are not lost on the children. By and by, when they adopt strike methods to gain their own ends; when they break windows and crockery and play truant and stay out nights, who will be to blame? When the Juvenile Court is called upon to take cognizance of their misdemeanors, and reform schools and detention homes are filled to overflowing; when, later on, the county jail and the penitentiary claim their quota, there will perhaps be some sentimental blubbering over the gray hairs of sorrowing parents, and the heads of fond mothers bowed in shame.

## A Familiar Question

*"Where Shall We Go to Lunch?"*

*Those who know answer*

**"The Hotel St. Francis  
Grill Room**

On Union Square

It's excellent."

## The Green Kitten

Translated by R. Nisbet Bain from the Russian of Maxim Gorky.

The round window of my chamber looked out upon the prison-yard. It was very high from the ground, but by placing the table against the wall and mounting upon it, I could see everything that was going on in the courtyard. Beneath the window, under the slope of the roof, the doves had built themselves a nest, and when I set about looking out of my window down into the court below, they began cooing above my head.

I had lots of time to make the acquaintance of the inhabitants of the prison-yard from my coign of vantage, and I knew already that the merriest member of that grim and grey population went by the name of Zazubrina.

He was a square-set, stout little fellow, with a ruddy face and a high forehead, from beneath which his large bright, lively eyes sparkled incessantly.

His cap he wore at the back of his head, his ears stuck out on both sides of his shaven head as if in joke; he never fastened the strings of his shirt-collar, he never buttoned his vest, and every movement of his muscles gave you to understand that he was a merry soul and a pronounced enemy of anger and sadness.

Always laughing, alert and noisy, he was the idol of the yard; he was always surrounded by a group of grey comrades, and he would always be laughing and regaling them with all sorts of curious pranks, brightening up their dull and sorrowful life with his hearty, genuine gaiety . . .

On one occasion he appeared at the door of the prison-quarters ready to go for a walk with three rats whom he had dexterously harnessed as if they were horses. Sometimes his inventiveness took a cruel form. Thus, for instance, he once, somehow, glued to the wall the long hair of one of the prisoners, a mere lad, who was sitting on the floor asleep against the wall, and, when his hair had dried, suddenly awoke him. The lad quickly leaped to his feet, and clapping his slim lean hands to the back of his head, fell weeping to the ground. The prisoners laughed, and Zazubrina was satisfied. Afterwards—I saw it through the window—he fell a comforting the lad, who had left a no inconsiderable tuft of hair on the wall.

Besides Zazubrina, there was yet another favorite in the prison—a plump, reddish kitten, a tiny, playful little animal, pampered by everyone. Whenever they went out for a walk, the prisoners used to hunt him up and take him with them a good part of the way, passing him on from hand to hand. They would run after him, too, in the yard, and let him cling on to their hands and feet with his claws, delighting in the sportive tricks of their pet.

Whenever the kitten appeared on the scene, he diverted the general attention from Zazubrina, and the latter was by no means pleased with this preference. Zazubrina was at heart an artist, and as an artist had an inordinately good opinion of his own talents. When his public was drawn away from him by the kitten, he remained alone and sat him down in some hole or corner in the courtyard, and from thence would watch the comrades who had forgotten him just then. And I, from my window, would observe him, and felt everything with which his soul was full at such moments. It appeared to me that Zazubrina must infallibly kill the kitten at the first opportunity, and I was sorry for the merry prisoner who was thus always longing to

be the centre of general attention. Of all the tendencies of man, this is the most injurious, for nothing kills the soul so quickly as this longing to please people.

When you have to sit in a prison—even the life of the fungi on its walls seems interesting. You will understand therefore the interest with which I observed from my window the little tragedy going on below there, this jealousy of a kitten on the part of a man—you will understand, too, the patience with which I awaited the denouement. The denouement was, indeed, approaching. It happened in this wise.

On a bright, sunny day, when the prisoners were pouring out of doors into the courtyard, Zazubrina observed in a corner of the yard a pail of green paint, left behind by the painters who were painting the roof of the prison. He approached it, pondered over it, and, dipping a finger into the paint, adorned himself with a pair of green whiskers. These green whiskers on his red face drew forth a burst of laughter. A certain hobbledehoy present, wishing to appropriate Zazubrina's idea, began forthwith to paint his upper lip; but Zazubrina spoiled his fun for him by dipping his hand in the pail and adroitly besprinkling his whole physiognomy. The hobbledehoy spluttered and shook his head, Zazubrina danced around him, and the public kept on laughing, and egged on its jester with cries of encouragement.

At that very moment the red kitten suddenly appeared in the yard. Leisurely he entered the courtyard, gracefully lifting his paws, trotting along with tail erect, and evidently without the slightest fear of coming to grief beneath the feet of the crowd frantically careering round Zazubrina and the bespattered hobbledehoy, who was violently rubbing away with the palm of his hand the mass of oil and verdigris which covered his face.

"My brothers!" someone suddenly exclaimed, "pussy is coming."

"Pussy! Ah, the little rogue!"

"What ho, ginger! Puss, puss, puss!"

They caught up the cat and he was passed from hand to hand; everybody caressed him.

"Look, there's no starving there! What a fat little tummy!"

"What a big cat he's growing!"

"And what claws he has got, the little devil!"

"Let him go! Let him play as he likes!"

"Well, I'll give him a back! Play away, puss!"

Zazubrina was deserted. He stood alone, wiping the green paint off his whiskers with his fingers, and watched the kitten leaping on to the backs and shoulders of the prisoners. Whenever he displayed a wish to sit still on any particular shoulder or back, the men would wriggle about and shake him off, and then he would set off leaping and bounding again from one shoulder to the next. This diverted them all exceedingly, and the laughter was incessant.

"Come, my friends! let us paint the cat!" resounded the voice of Zazubrina. It sounded just as if Zazubrina, in proposing this pastime, at the same time begged them to consent to it.

There was a commotion among the crowd of prisoners.

(Continued on Page 34.)



## The Solitary Flagon

Charles Bandelaire

Translated by Harry Curwen

A tell-tale glance from deep passionate eyes,  
Which glides toward us, as the white rays glide  
From the lazy moon to the trembling tide,  
Where in naked splendor her beauty lies;

The last purse of gold in a gambler's fingers;  
A libertine kiss from your lips, my dear;  
The sound of music, as thrilling and clear  
As a cry where mortal misery lingers;—

All these are not worth, O Flagon profound!  
The healing balms which you scatter around;  
You bring to the poet—heart-sick, down trod—  
Gushings of hopeful youth, and pride, aye pride—

A treasure to those who have naught beside!  
To make us heroes!—liken us to God!

## Perspective Impressions

It is a significant fact that Abe Ruef's confession was written on yellow paper.

San Francisco's plutocrats were never so thoroughly united as they are now.

One touch of boodle sets all Burlingame aching. This was indicted without the assistance of Heney.

Richard Cornelius says he is going to devote the balance of his precious life to "the furtherance of municipal ownership." Of what? Soup-kitchens?

As Cleveland was called the stuffed prophet we shall probably, in the event of Taft's election, dub him the upholstered protege.

"My nation," says General Kurowi, "wants peace in which to develop the opportunities that are hers." It would be easy to applaud that sentiment if it did not appear that so many of those opportunities were in San Francisco. But come to think of it, the Japs are the least of our troubles at present.

We might have guessed that the brewery strike would be called off. With a famine in steam beer some of the most enthusiastic and vociferous strikers in town would be deprived of the source of their energies.

The Spectator of Portland edited by Hugh Hume, formerly of this city, has not forgotten his San Francisco. He says: "San Francisco suffered much from the dishonesty of her officials; she will suffer more from the jealousy of her private citizens."



JOHN BULL AS A PEACE-PEDLER

—Jugend (Munich).



EDWARD AS A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER

Kaiser William (to von Buelow)—"That fellow seems to have remarkable success."

Von Buelow—"You are right. He represents a thriving business, an old firm—and he gives credit."

—Amsterdamer.

# The Grave of Torquemada

By Edward Hutton.

It was already midday when I came to the great silent monastery of Santo Tomas that lies in the plain below Avila. I had been in the saddle since dawn; all day the tawny passionate landscape had unfolded itself before me, sierra rolling after sierra more barren than the waves of the most desolate sea. Weary with the heat and the dust of the way I thought I would rest in the church before entering the city. Having tied my mule in the shade I passed into the coolness of the church under the great western coro where it is always twilight, past the high altar on its arch, across the transept where in a beautiful ruined tomb Prince Juan, the only son of the Catholic kings, lies sleeping, into the sacristy where I thought to find a priest of whom I might ask a cup of water. As I opened the door I saw a white frock disappear a little hastily through the passage that led, as I supposed, to the monastery. It must be, thought I, that I have disturbed a siesta; but before I had time to think what to do, an old man in the Dominican habit came towards me and very courteously and kindly asked me what I needed. When I had told my tale he led me, with a certain familiar gentleness that I think is peculiar to Spain, into the monastery, where he insisted upon my partaking of some bread and fish—for it was Friday—with a little wine mixed with water.

After I had thanked him he offered to show me the church and the house which he explained was now used as a seminary for the education of those young friars who go to the Philippines. The time passed quickly in his company, so that the bell began to ring for Vespers before he had shown me all. "And is there nothing, Father," I ventured to ask, "in yon sacristy that is old, curious or holy?" He did not reply for a time, and then quite suddenly the bell stopped, and he turned towards me. "Nothing you would care for," said he quickly, "perhaps, tomorrow . . .", and then after he had made me promise to return there to sleep that night, he bade me good-bye.

After Vespers I set out for Avila scarcely more than a mile away on her hill. In the sweet evening light she seemed a vision from some ancient missal, a beautiful mediaeval city surrounded by perfect rose-colored granite walls, where the apse of the cathedral is just a bastion with the rest. Within there is the city. But its aspect upon those infinite stretches of sierra in a country as stony as Judea I can never forget. It is impossible to convey in words anything of the immensity of this land or its strength. It is like a passionate and difficult silence.

As I passed the great convent of Encarnacion, coming into the city at last, as I always preferred to do, by the Puerta S. Teresa, it was of that great Saint I was thinking, and it seemed to me for a moment that it was easy to renounce the world in a land without trees, flowers, or birds; and yet everywhere there are hedges of sweetbriar, which, notwithstanding their sweetness, as she would have reminded herself, hide thorns. I came to the inn at last to find it full of tourists, Americans, who, under the guidance of one of their number, had been "doing" the city as they informed me. They seemed to think I should be glad of their company. At dinner, which is an early meal in

Avila, they told each other of their adventures. But he who was the leader and guide began to speak of Santo Tomas in a loud voice, so that we all might benefit by his knowledge. I did not hear the beginning of his discourse, for I was talking with an old Spaniard who sat beside me; but my attention was caught when I heard him say, ". . . and so I spat right there, on the Tomb, and the monk didn't dare say anything, but he just looked, I can't tell you easily how he looked." My Spanish friend moved in his seat and asked me, "It is of the Tomb of Torquemada that he speaks?" I did not know, but at his request I asked: "Yes, sir, I'm telling you, aren't I? I spat right there on the tomb. I'm a free-born American, a liberty-loving educated Independent minister and I'm glad to have the chance to show the Spanish idolaters what I think of their man-burning devils." "And so say all of us," said a young man across the table with a laugh, while the others smiled and seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing.

A small part of this I told my neighbor: but alas, he had understood. "But it is too long ago, surely it is too long ago—to bear malice," he said in a quiet but agitated voice. "We are Christians: it is very necessary to forgive, is it not so?" . . .

But that strident voice that was used to domineer over many congregations would not have it so. "And yet," said my friend to me in the hubbub that followed, "and yet it was us he burned; if we have forgiven, why should he remember?"

It was night when I returned to Santo Tomas, but the Father was waiting for me in the sacristy. After a minute he said "My son, you are troubled, you are angry, what has happened? It is not well to sleep when one is angry." And somehow I told him all. Once or twice he smiled, but there were tears in his eyes as he led me to the bare slab of slate in the midst of that great room beneath which Torquemada sleeps. "It is true," he said, "we have forgiven him." There was a long silence, and then with a great deference he turned towards me and said, "If you will, senor, we will pray for him and for us all because—is it not so?—wherever one who is in need is left unaided, there passes an executioner and where two or three are gathered together in unkindness, there is the Inquisition." As we knelt I saw him wipe away the mark of scorn from the grave, with the strap of his cloak.

It is said that when a certain woman collected for interment the insulted remains of Nero, the pagan world surmised that she must be a Christian—only a Christian would have been likely to conceive so chivalrous a devotion towards mere wretchedness. Something of this kind came into my mind as I knelt with the old Father beside that rude slab of slate and tried to pray as of old that it might please Him to have mercy upon all men.

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# The Spectator

## The Jurors' Anguish

One cannot but feel profound sympathy for Foreman Oliver and his companions of the grand jury, who, according to Mr. Oliver were in a state of nervous collapse after the session last week at which they voted to indict several men who were their friends. Owing to their agony of mind they had to take a vacation. It was a pathetic and touching picture that Mr. Oliver painted of the misery of himself and his associates who, in the intensity of their high public spirit, had voted to put shame and stripes on their unfortunate and sinful friends. It is to be hoped, however, that Mr. Oliver's picture is highly impressionistic and that it will not bear close scrutiny; in other words that he has confounded friendship with mere casual acquaintanceship, and therefore that the feelings which accompanied the filing of the indictments were not quite so harrowing as one might, from his utterances, be led to imagine. To vote to indict a friend is a pretty serious matter. Which reminds me that I read somewhere the other day that there are persons in this city who put their friends above their country, and that they are among the loathsome individuals who sympathize with the accused financiers. Now it isn't quite fair to assume that a disposition to set the rich boodlers of this city free is fatally prejudicial to the interests of this country. It isn't even as fair as to assume that to encourage the anarchistic unions of this city is to indicate a treasonable spirit. But the idea of being more faithful to one's friend than to one's country is not so shocking as some people imagine. A very distinguished citizen once asserted that the laws of friendship are as austere and eternal as the laws of nature and of morals. In ancient Greece law givers thought so much of friendship that they studied more earnestly how to promote it than how to maintain even justice. History tells us as if to teach us what a sacred thing is friendship that when in the presence of the Roman consuls Caius Blossius was asked how much he would have done for his friend, the condemned Tiberius Gracchus, he replied, "All things."

"And what if he commanded you to fire our temples?" was asked. "I would have obeyed him," he replied.

"And, Montaigne says that answer was such as it ought to be."

## How They Might Have Felt

But Caius Blossius had such faith in his friend that he was sure that Gracchus would never have ordered him to fire the temples of his country. And he said that also. And it is by having that faith in one's friend that one may avoid violating friendship. The ideal friendship is that which has an audacious and unalterable trust in the truth of a friend's heart. The ideal friendship is not alone for the asphodel meadows of life, for the days of serenity, but for the storms of the terrestrial journey, for the days of poverty and persecution. The essence of friendship is unwavering confidence. So it is unlikely that Mr. Oliver or his associates were the true friends of any of the indicted financiers. If they were they would not have indicted them on the word of Abe Ruef. On that infamous person's word I wouldn't send a stray dog to the pound. And even on stronger testimony than Ruef's

one might easily have persuaded himself that the payment of a fee to that individual was not a bribe, especially after it had once been determined in the case of the French restaurants that it was extortion.

## A Curious Distinction

In the case of the Parkside franchise it must have been only by the most subtle reasoning that the sensitive jurors of the mental agony persuaded themselves that the crime of bribery had been committed. For this case was on all fours with the French restaurant cases in all but one particular: the French restaurants were being operated not in the public interest, whereas the Parkside magnates were promoting a project designed to benefit a large section of the city. Moreover the Parkside financiers earnestly endeavored to obtain the franchise legitimately, but were waylaid by Ruef with his blackjack. Such is my understanding of the case. As it is possible that I may be in error I shall not add that I can readily understand why the grand jurors had nervous prostration after that day's work. Perhaps it would be doing them strict justice to say that they had nervous prostration before beginning the day's work, a circumstance that might be explanatory of their failure to recall that they had indicted Ruef for extortion in the French restaurant cases. Of course it may be said that they were deeply impressed by that portion of Ruef's confession in which he represented that he was the weak, frail victim of plutocratic temptation. But then we have the affidavit of Rudolph Spreckels to the effect that in his case Ruef was the tempter. Ruef unfolded a glittering scheme for money making out of the bond issue to Mr. Spreckels, but Mr. Spreckels from the mountain top surveyed the glad prospect without batting an eye. He ordered satanic Abe out of his office.

## Putting Money in Circulation

Howsoever we may differ as to the policy of the graft prosecution we shall agree as to one thing: that Mr. Heney is very kind to his profession. He is doing more to enrich it than was ever done by any other



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man in the world's history. The more plutocrats he indicts the richer will be the harvest of the gentlemen with a fine taste for litigiousness and fat fees. It is already evident that the apparatus for the administration of justice is destined to be working overtime for many a day while the luxurious men of fortune thread their way through the maze that Heney has contrived. Whether they will be brought to trial I am inclined to doubt, for the probability is that the efforts made by Ruef and Schmitz to set aside the indictments will be renewed. And it will not be surprising if with all the legal talent now engaged for the defense some new points are discovered. Since the Ruef and Schmitz cases were in the Supreme Court public clamor has subsided in a measure and that tribunal may be found to have undergone quite a change of temperament. I have heard, by the way, that the court had almost made up its mind to release Ruef from the custody of Elisor Biggy when at the behest of the prosecution Ruef withdrew his petition. It is unfortunate that the decision was not handed down, for it might be edifying to know what the court thought of the denial of Ruef's right to bail. It is by no means certain, however, that the distinguished jurists would venture into elaborate comments on that subject. When a writ of habeas corpus is kept under advisement six weeks it is fair to infer that the court is not eager to say anything very much. And yet there is very much for the court to say, and I am inclined to the opinion that eventually it will be said.

### Spreckels and Reformers

"Many a reformer," said that great and good man Ralph Waldo Emerson, "perishes in the removal of rubbish." Of which I have been reminded by the forecasting of the finish of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, the distinguished civic patriot and plutocrat who is now striving to send most of the other plutocrats in town to jail. This is a herculean task that Mr. Spreckels has undertaken, the successful achievement of which depends in a large measure on the loyalty of public sentiment. Should the motives of Mr. Spreckels and of his associates be successfully impugned they would soon encounter some very formidable obstacles. And it is no easy matter for a reformer to safeguard his motives from scepticism. From Eschines to E. P. E. Troy reformers have found it a rather wearisome job trying to keep their motives out of quarantine. Whenever a man starts out to renovate things around him society, with a cynical air and a perverse indifference to his zeal for the public welfare, demands that he first renovate himself. This is unfair, for a man may have good intentions and some vices. But society is inexorable in its prejudices. And its suspicion of reformers is instructive. Perhaps this is due to the fact that so many of the notable reformers in the world's history were tediously good merely for their own sordid interests. Though there is not yet any indication of a waning of public confidence in Mr. Spreckels, a restless, prying, conscientious criticism of the methods of the prosecution has broken out, a dis-

position to scrutiny and dissent. Mr. Spreckels is hearing something besides diapasons of enthusiastic reverence, he is inhaling something besides the incense of passionate devotion. There is no longer that concord of ecstatic sound suggestive of the successful titillation of popular emotion. There is obviously an undercurrent of distrust.

### The Spirit of Distrust

When William J. Dingee offered himself as a Schmitz bondsman, "Ha! ha!" said the gents who are skilled in the science of psychology and who can scent a motive from afar off, "another plutocrat uncovered; they'll get on his trail next." No man is above suspicion these days. There is a strong and overwhelming sentiment against permitting any man to seem to be animated by noble motives. Even Mr. Spreckels has been scoffed at by the cynics ever since he began his career as a public benefactor, and yet he was unquestionably inspired by the most praiseworthy motives when he started his crusade. It is the disposition of small minds to challenge virtue whenever it becomes aggressive. I have before me a marked copy of the Salt Lake Tribune of Sunday, May 19, in which there is an interview with Judge William H. King, one of the leading lawyers of Utah. He had just returned from a visit to this city and he said to the reporter: "It should be borne in mind that Heney is really the special counsel for the State engaged and paid by Rudolph Spreckels and other citizens who have private axes to grind. Heney in my opinion is anxious to convict those whom Spreckels wishes convicted and cares nothing for those who are not in Spreckels's bad books." Of course Judge King's views are merely those of a casual observer. He gave articulate expression to that spirit of distrust which disposes men to impugn motives. And it is this same spirit which views with suspicion the relationship existing between Dingee and Schmitz. As Dingee has had much experience as the magnate of a public service corporation suspicious and cynical minds are convinced that it would be profitable to scrutinize their relations. But it is not improbable that their friendship was of an entirely disinterested character. Dingee is a man whose experience has inclined him to despise reformers; for it has happened that he has met some very tough ones. He took an interest in Schmitz in the Mayor's first campaign, and the Mayor appointed him Park Commissioner. They have been intimate friends ever since. As to the quality of Dingee's friendship there are several men in California who give very enthusiastic testimony. He does not endow churches, or erect statuary along the highways, or resort to any of the usual methods of acquiring a reputation for philanthropy or high ideals, but he has made some of his friends very happy, and the consciousness of having done that is about the most gratifying thing that I have ever been able to conceive.

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### McCarthy's Latest Switch

From the first day that it became known that Rudolph Spreckels, filled with righteous indignation at the looting of this city, had resolved to rescue it from the clutches of its despoilers, his motives have been challenged. First it was the labor leaders of San Francisco who were sceptical of Mr. Spreckels's intentions. They pronounced him a capitalistic conspirator and charged him with hostility to union labor. But now he enjoys their confidence. So obvious has it become that Mr. Spreckels does not intend to injure the unions that even the blatant protean McCarthy, the lightning-change artist of organized labor, is giving the prosecution his ardent sympathy and pompous encouragement. This chameleon agitator who, until recently was one of the main wheels of the Schmitz-Ruef machine was on the platform last Sunday telling the carmen what the prosecution was going to do with Calhoun. Furuseth, Casey and Macarthur have all been converted to confidence in the prosecution and it is said that when the reformers come to prepare for the next municipal campaign all those gentlemen will have a hand in the shaping of events. But while Mr. Spreckels has gained the sympathy of labor he has lost the sympathy of the leading lights of the financial world, and also of that large element of the community which has become intolerant of unionism, and in which the belief is prevalent that union labor sentiment is as prejudicial as the lust of the boodlers to the interests of the city.

### Doing the Popular Stunt

It is not strange that in a community divided against itself there should not be unanimity of sentiment in a matter that directly concerns the vital interests of the city. Under normal conditions Mr. Spreckels would be a great, popular hero, for he is doing the very thing that is always most agreeable to the multitude: trying to humiliate and punish the rich. Aristotle, the wisest of men, tells us that this policy was very successfully pursued even by demagogues in ancient times. "The confidence of the multitude," says the Stagirite, "was the great engine by which these politicians assailed the freedom of their country, and the pledge of this confidence was their hatred and persecution of opulence and nobility." And he tells us that it was by persecuting the wealthy Pediaci that Pisistratus enslaved Athens; that Theogenes pursued the same plan at Megara and that Dionysius by the impeachment of rich men raised himself to the throne of Syracuse. So Mr. Spreckels is engaged in a very popular occupation, but unfortunately he does not find it clear sailing. At this time the city is in great distress owing to the industrial strife through which many thousands of people have been sorely afflicted. It happens that one of the salient figures of that strife is Patrick Calhoun, who happens also to be one of the rich men whom Mr. Spreckels fondly hopes to put behind prison bars. Furthermore it happens that Patrick Calhoun, though he stands accused of having done some things that all good citizens reprobate he is now fighting for a princi-

ple the triumph of which is a consummation most passionately desired by everybody who has the interest of the city at heart. And thus we see the situation involves a conflict of salutary designs. For while Reformer Spreckels is trying to improve the morals of our political government and Reformer Calhoun is trying to improve the morals of our industrial system, Reformer Spreckels is intent on sending Reformer Calhoun to jail.

### Calhoun the Martyr

In the foregoing summing up of the situation, my contemporaries are not likely to concur. Breathing as they do the air of the transcendental regions they are at present strong on idealism, which, by the way, George Bernard Shaw has pronounced only a flattering name for romance in politics and morals. My contemporaries might stand for the reforming of the government by somebody who is less than an angel, but when it comes to reforming the labor unions the reformer must show a clean bill of health; there must be no flaws in his character; the labor unions are not to be renovated except with kid gloves and sterilized intentions. The newspapers have a strong prejudice in favor of labor unions. And the newspapers have been very sympathetic toward labor unions throughout the existing strikes. Moreover they have given the prosecution of the grafters and especially the pursuit of Calhoun their very enthusiastic support. It is of course highly creditable to be zealous for the enforcement of the law against transgressors, but zeal for justice is not vindicated by an implacable hostility to bribe-givers when it is associated with complaisance toward pestiferous labor leaders who promote industrial strife and disorder. This is said in no querulous spirit but merely to establish a basis on which to venture the opinion that the newspapers have not persuaded the public that Calhoun is wholly bad and that the unions are wholly good. This is a conviction of mine which I am sure is much stronger than the faith of Cornelius in his theory that Calhoun has been employing men to throw rocks at his own ears. And having this conviction I am not to be influenced by the disinclination of my contemporaries to accept Patrick Calhoun in the role of industrial reformer. Indeed it has been made so obvious that a kick at Calhoun is assumed to be

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tantamount to an obeisance to Cornelius, that I shall not be surprised if long before the railroad magnate feels the impact of the last boot he takes on in the public eye something of the aspect of a martyr.

### A Case of Confusion

Stern moralists will agree that a city that would condone the crime which Calhoun is charged with is in urgent need of regeneration. And perhaps stern moralists are right. But despite the moralities you cannot rid some people of the common sympathies of human feeling. They clear away masses of ponderous gravity simply by indulging their sense of the ridiculous which somebody has described as a combination of sound moral judgment and good humor. And there has been much occurring in this community that appeals to a well developed sense of the ridiculous; much that has been inspired by the gentlemen who are vociferously behind the prosecution and encouragingly behind the labor unions. They say they are not behind the labor unions. Rudolph Spreckels says so. I found myself wavering in my confidence in Mr. Spreckels the other day when I read that he was complaining of the inflammatory statements made by Patrick Calhoun through the press which were calculated to constrain the gentle union men to break the peace. As I have never read an inflammatory statement made by Calhoun I marveled at the Spreckels complaint. But after thinking it over I concluded that Mr. Spreckels had inadvertently confounded Calhoun and Cornelius. For whereas Calhoun has been merely insisting on his rights as an American citizen Cornelius has been indulging in coarse, vulgar abuse of the thousands of people who ride in street cars. It has seemed to me that his statements were designed to incite the lawless; that they were intended to create the impression among brick-throwers that it was not a crime to assault anybody that would ride in a street car. It is highly improbable that Mr. Spreckels would deliberately give color to Calhoun's charge that the graft prosecution was being conducted in the interest of the strikers for the purpose of injuring the United Railroads. The more color that can be given to that charge the more sympathy will Calhoun have. Of the fact that he has already gained the sympathy of rebellious instincts one may obtain abundant proof by a little interrogation. Men that some months ago were inveighing against him most bitterly and as he deserved for stringing this city with deadly trolley wires, and who hoped that he would be sent to the penitentiary if it were shown that he bribed our city officials are now praising him for his fight against rapacious unionism. They are not yet clamoring for his canonization, but they look to him to turn a jostling anarchy into an ordered productivity, and they argue that such a consummation would be hardly less deserving of popular acclaim than the success of Rudolph Spreckels in his campaign against

graft. When it was said the other day that he had been scheming for a lock-out and that Macarthur, Furuseth and Michael Casey were great heroes since they saved us from a sympathetic strike, it was remarkable how many people there were who failed to appreciate the heroism of that pacific trio. If Calhoun favors a lock-out he is not alone in that sentiment. And singular as it may appear there are many people who are so weary of being under the hoofs of organized labor, and so profoundly affected by the misery of the city they love that they would favor a lock-out though it meant bankruptcy, believing that it would bring surcease of torments quite as painful as the humiliation to which we were reduced by our corrupt officials.

### "Come Through, Abe"

I learn from the Call of Friday of last week that Ruef's original confession was not all that the prosecution desired. According to the Call his confession was not complete, and it was to his interest to "come through" with the information that was wanted because all the big magnates were ready to confess without reservation, and the cases against Ruef had been made so strong that his trial would be a mere formality. The Call's article read as though it were authoritative, as though, in fact, it might have been inspired by Mr. Heney, for the intentions of the prosecution were elaborately set forth, as for instance: "It is not the desire of the prosecution, so far as known, to mete out extraordinary punishment to Ruef, but it is said that the boss has all but forfeited his chances of leniency." In all probability when Ruef read the Call that day he sent a hurry-call for Detective Burns, and in all probability Burns was expecting it. The most significant statement in the whole article was one to the effect that when Ruef went before the grand jury he asked for but one concession: that no record be kept of his testimony; he wanted no record of his own shame. Why should Ruef have asked for such a concession? He knows that a record must be kept of his testimony when he goes into court; that there is no way of preventing a record of his shame. As a lawyer he knows these things. So it is highly incredible that he made such a request. But if, as the Call says, no record was kept then Ruef will have no difficulty in making a confession in a way that will insure leniency.

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### The Doors Are Open for Schmitz

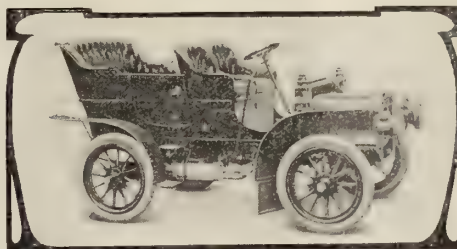
In another article, the other day, the Call said that Schmitz was not under surveillance, and that if he attempted to get away nobody would stop him. If such is the attitude of the prosecution then one might infer that it was not very sanguine of the Mayor's conviction. But the ways of the prosecution are inscrutable. And it must be admitted that for achieving results they are not at all bad. Detective Burns started out at the instance of Mr. Spreckels to put an end to the carnival of graft, and in that he has been successful. Even though nobody goes to jail and the desired moral effect is lost, the city at any rate will have been redeemed from the looters. And the success that has been achieved has been almost entirely due to Burns's genius for "fourflushing." Up to the time that Loneragan was trapped the prosecution was in possession of no evidence of any value, but Burns and Heney pretended to have enough information on hand to send every boodler in town to jail. With the confession of Ruef it was supposed that they would have no difficulty in convicting Schmitz, but now they are reported to be willing to let him run away. And meanwhile Schmitz is presenting a remarkable front. He told a friend the other day, when questioned in reference to the rumor that he intended to resign, that he wouldn't resign because of the inference that might be drawn. "I wouldn't resign," he said, "if they agreed to dismiss every charge that has been made against me."

### The Real Thing in Justice

Obviously Judge Dunne has determined that Mayor Schmitz shall be given the benefit of no subtle technicality by which he might wriggle through the meshes of the law. Judge Dunne will see that justice is meted out in strict accordance with a stern uncompromising and outraged public opinion. He will be as fair and impartial as it is possible for a man of his breadth of view to be. He is probably not an ideal jurist from the standpoint of the transgressor; his virtues are most easily appreciated by special counsel for the prosecution whose hired talents are consecrated to the holy task of rendering escape impossible to a defendant. Judge Dunne will make a record for himself in the Schmitz case, a record that will appeal to every honest and enlightened citizen who has been emancipated from the effeminate and fatuous tradition that every accused man should be presumed to be innocent until his guilt has been established in accordance with the forms of law. Judge Dunne being a stickler for the forms of law, Mayor Schmitz will have no reason to complain that those forms have been overlooked. He will get all that the forms entitle him to and perhaps a little more, as he deserves. It all depends on just how much he deserves and that Judge Dunne, the inflexible, will endeavor to find out. Knowing that we may go to beds o' nights feeling absolutely certain that Judge Dunne is not to be swerved from what he conceives to be the straight and narrow line of his duty, I have naught to suggest save that it might be well to

repress the attorneys for the prosecution, since they represent the State and since the Supreme Court which isn't at all times and under all circumstances to be influenced by public clamor, has been known to set aside a verdict of guilty on account of conduct on the part of the public prosecutor which might have prejudiced the jury. Judge Dunne must discipline special counsel; not harshly but gently. He must restrain them in their bursts of righteous enthusiasm; and they will appreciate his sage monitions, for they know the importance of keeping within certain boundaries, and appearing to give the defendant fair play. I want to see Schmitz convicted. I want to see Schmitz go to jail. And therefore I would anticipate the wanton interference of our Supreme Court, a tribunal which sometimes diverts the stream of justice from the direction given to it by the able and impartial jurist who is trying our Mayor. Far be it from me to give Judge Dunne the impression that I would animadvert on his irreproachable conduct as the agent of the blind goddess. It is for me merely to caution politely and deferentially in the interest of the law which Judge Dunne is administering in a way that makes it obvious

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even to the most obtuse layman that the pee-pul's side of the case is not to be disadvantaged though the heavens fall. I caution because I have had some misgivings. I read the other day that Prosecutor Heney characterized something that Attorney Barrett said as false and that Attorney Barrett, the superior nimbleness of whose wit has been vindicated in more than one contest in repartee with the inflammatory Heney, fired back a retort that was strictly responsive; all this I read, and also that Judge Dunne ignoring Heney's conduct threatened Barrett with punishment for contempt. Judge Dunne should remember the case of Samuel Shortridge. He should remember that there is a court higher up, a loathsome tribunal, perhaps, but it is there. There's no use kicking against the pricks.

#### In the Limelight of Graft

With graft discussions filling every household and graft cases choking the court calendars, with banks and security companies gathering money to loan on graft bonds and graft news filling the whole pages of the local prints, with our coming artists turning out graft cartoons for the dead walls of the city and the theatres putting on the latest up-to-date graft plays, with the ministers hurling anathemas at graft in all its forms and Heney delivering lectures on graft at both universities, with both universities sending its students on government to the city to study graft among the arch grafters and the correspondents of the biggest Eastern magazines and papers among us to depict the city as the home of graft and with more graft revelations promised by the Grand Jury surely San Francisco may be said to be experiencing the very golden era of graft. In the eyes of the curious world

the great Jamestown Exposition in the East, showing how our hungry forefathers landed in this country in the 1600's and how they proceeded to develop its resources, cuts but a small figure while San Francisco in the West is exhibiting the spectacle of how their descendants in the 1900's have developed the art of cutting up the profits.

But the most pregnant sign of change is already here. The lawyers have entered the scene. Never since the happy day when Fortune flung the golden apple of the Blythe case before the hard grinding local bar has there been such alluring opportunities for fame and fortune. The Blythe case laid the foundation of big bank accounts with numbers of attorneys and the graft cases promise to have a much wider influence for starting law libraries in edition de luxe bindings. The first call to the defense this week has certainly formed a notable gathering both of the old and the new guard: Judge Garber, Garrett McEnerney, D. M. Delmas, Jas. H. Budd, Joseph C. Campbell, Harry T. Creswell, W. H. Metson, L. M. Hoefler, John J. Barrett, T. C. Coogan, A. A. Moore, Frank Drew, C. A. Fairall, W. P. Humphrey, James C. Sims, Bert Schlesinger and the very eminent outlanders, Moritz Rosenthal of Chicago and Earl Rodgers of Los Angeles.

#### Shaking Down the Fee Plum Tree

There are several faces of the old guard that will be missed by those curious students of bygone famous local cases: General Barnes and the Wilsons. And where, oh, where is Henry I. Kowalsky? This is a feast of fees he could attack with infinite gusto. The Colonel always was a wonder to break into the great case of the day. Perhaps even now, as usual, he is developing

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an heir who will step in at the last moment and claim everything in sight. The fees of King Leopold must be something wonderful if they hold Kowalsky from answering the present bugle call for help. But then Kowalsky's favorite saying regarding fees was Soccorso non viene mai tardi.

#### Burns at His Best

San Francisco's much bedraggled and ragged grafter's cloak has attracted the hackney riding "chief among ye taking notes, and faith, he'll prent it." Sure he will, with copious notes, sketches, photographs, cartoons and effects warranted to add verisimilitude to the situation. Detective Burns was cornered by a cordon of Eastern writers in the foyer of the Fairmont, last week, and put through one of his own heart rending sweating processes that yielded the delighted Easterners a handsome batch of round unvarnished tales. S. S. McClure of magazine fame led the attack and George Kennan, Lincoln Steffens, Samuel E. Blythe and others of lesser note joined in the hold-up. Our own Jimmie Hopper arrived from Carmel just in time to assist McClure to land a study on the philosophy of graft. As for color and picturesque background, Confessor Burns gave them enough color to paint graft in rainbow colors all over the publications they represent and he took them on an hour's auto spin through the highways and byways of graft where they were afforded every opportunity to cut whole slabs of background out of the altorelievo atmosphere. If they fail to turn out a picture of San Francisco graft that will rank as the classiest of classics it is because Ruef has made another confession in the meantime and again has completely turned the graft world topsy-turvy.

#### The Labor Problem, East and West.

Incidentally, while here, Mr. McClure cast a philosophic eye over the labor situation. From his personal viewpoint he regards the liquor and gambling question in their relation to the police and the labor question as the two leading problems this country must face. The labor problem, according to his idea, differs materially in the East and in the West. He sets the Missouri river as the dividing line. The Eastern labor wing, as captained by John Mitchell, is moved by ideas that differ greatly from those dominating the Western wing. The key note in the Western propaganda is socialism and the indefinite ideas it represents. Many of its members are zealots in their attempts to force their connections upon the community. The result has been the wild and lawless scenes in Colorado, Idaho, Nevada and other Western states. From the magazine viewpoint such radical outbursts are handled simply in their relation to the law—the same law that is meant to curb alike the predatory corporation and the irresponsible labor faction.

#### History of the Strike

So many and so conflicting have been the statements published about the differences that led to the street car strike and the negotiations that proved futile that I have taken the pains to learn the facts in the matter. When President Calhoun of the United Railroads first agreed with President Mahon of the National Association to recognize the local union it was upon Mahon's representation that one of the objects of the associa-

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tion was to maintain industrial peace through arbitration. Yet in August of last year the carmen struck on the day of Calhoun's arrival here from the East without even proposing arbitration—a procedure forbidden by the general laws of the association. In spite of this violation of the agreement Calhoun offered to recognize the union and take the men back to work pending arbitration. We all remember the long and sometimes stormy session of the arbitration board. The result was that the men were given a twenty-two and a half per cent increase in wages. This increase applied to the time the men worked while the negotiations were on. Shortly after receiving this back pay the men determined to strike again, on May 1, the date at which their agreement with the United Railroads terminated. Calhoun, returning to New York from Europe on March 18, immediately sought an interview with Mahon. Cornelius was with him. Calhoun went to Detroit to see Mahon, having been told that he would be there. Mahon did not appear. Calhoun had a meeting with the executive committee of the Association, Cornelius being present. Cornelius professed utter ignorance of the intentions of the carmen. Calhoun told the executive committee that he would continue to pay the wages fixed by the arbitration board, and that if the men struck he would never recognize the union again. No satisfaction could be obtained at this meeting, and Cornelius was so evidently prejudiced that Calhoun gave up his plans for returning to New York and came immediately to this city.

### The Final Conference

When the conference committee of the Carmen's Union called on Calhoun after his arrival here he offered to continue to pay for six or twelve months the rate fixed by the Board of Arbitration. The car men refused and demanded eight hours and three dollars—the demand which had already been arbitrated and denied. On the night when the strike vote was taken Calhoun, Mr. Holbrook, of his company, Cornelius, the conference committee of the Carmen's Union and Mayor Schmitz met in the Mayor's office. As reports of other meetings of a similar character had been garbled, Calhoun had the proceedings reported by a stenographer. After some discussion, Calhoun offered to make a new start. If the carmen were not satisfied, he said, he would again submit to a board of arbitration the carmen's demands for eight hours and a flat wage of three dollars. The conference committee did not accept this offer made by the car company in the interests of industrial peace, but insisted on its demand and as a result the union struck. At this meeting, after Calhoun's offer of arbitration had been refused, he told the conference committee that a strike meant the permanent severance of the relations between the car company and the union. The strike was called with full knowledge, among the leaders, of this fact.

### Shifty Cornelius

By taking the action it did the union forfeited the support of the National Union, but that support has not been withdrawn. The strike was ordered without the authority of the National Association. At the meeting at which the vote to strike was taken Cornelius was asked if the National Association approved the strike. He avoided a direct answer—the method he pursued at that memorable meeting in regard to nearly every question asked him. He answered that

the Association approved the demands of the carmen. Under the general laws of the Association an approval of demands does not constitute authority to strike. Cornelius knew this. The majority of the men who voted for the strike did not. Moreover, as I have pointed out before, a local union is forbidden to strike

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without first offering arbitration. This union not only failed to make such an offer but refused the offer of arbitration made by Calhoun. It seems to me, in view of these facts, that the union has not a leg to stand on in the present controversy. Within a year it has twice struck in open and wanton violation of the laws that govern it. It has once refused arbitration and on another occasion has refused to abide by the decision of a board of arbitration. It has forfeited all claims that it had upon either the United Railroads or the National Association, which latter body, however, continues to recognize it.

### Giving the Goldfield Remedy

The indications are that local wholesale merchants are applying the same drastic medicine on the local labor troubles that was so successfully used in the recent Goldfield disturbances; namely, threatening with boycott those weak kneed retailers who are bullied into boycotting strike breakers by the autocratic unions. Certain Fillmore street butchers and bakers, notably those in the vicinity of the car barns, refused to sell meat and bread not only to the strike breakers but even to customers who were reported by union sympathizers to have been seen riding on the street cars. This action of the retailers was reported to a certain wholesalers' committee. This committee promptly notified the wholesale butchers and the Flour Millers' Association of the situation and they in turn sent word to the bakers and butchers that their flour and meat supply would be cut off at once if they did not promptly continue to sell to all customers without favor. To refuse meant business ruin. Just now strike breakers and union customers look alike to them and the ban is off.

### Bracing Up Spineless Merchants

Weak kneed proprietors of stores who have tipped their clerks not to be seen riding on the cars have also received curt notices to change such instructions else they will find it difficult in the future to fill orders for goods among the jobbers. It's the same brand of boycott medicine that is being handed out by the unions themselves only the reorganized and now thoroughly aroused wholesalers are giving it from the other end of the bottle. It brought about a successful cure of the anarchistic brand of labor troubles in Goldfield and in every other city where the wholesalers hang together. There is no reason why it shouldn't be just as successful here.

### "The Spread of San Francisco"

It is refreshing these graft, muck-raking days to open the pages of a magazine whose editor is convinced that there are many people in the world that do not insist on being supplied at every turn of the road with news of corruption in trade and in politics and of the stern activities of patriotic self-constituted instruments of retribution. One may read the June Sunset from cover to cover without being once reminded that Mr. Heney is engaged in his favorite pastime. And yet Sunset affords a wondrous deal of edification and instruction. Many of its pages are devoted to revelations respecting the spread of San Francisco. It appears that despite industrial strife and the driving of reluctant men out of employment by infamous agitators the city is growing rapidly. Rufus Steele calls

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attention to the fact that the city is now expanding down the peninsula and in a very interesting illustrated article he tells all about the latest engineering feats of the Southern Pacific Company by which San Francisco has been rendered accessible within an hour to residents of San Jose. I learn from this article that at South San Francisco or South City as it is now called which will be the first stop on the cut-off there are unmistakable evidences of activity in anticipation of new and rapid train service. Some time ago a firm purchased four hundred acres comprising two large valleys near South City and has been selling off town lots to wage-earners. This tract has already a population of over five thousand with all the facilities of a modern city. There are several large plants employing two thousand men there, and the American Smelting Company is constructing one of the most extensive establishments of its kind in the world at a cost of \$5,000,000. A deep water harbor is in course of construction that will provide docking facilities for ocean-going steamers. Within three months trains will be in operation over the cut-off which, says Mr. Steele, as a time-saver is in a class with the Ogden-Lucien cut-off across Great Salt Lake.

#### Finance as Insiders View It

The other morning a group of well known men on 'Change were discussing the retirement of John W. Gates from Wall street and the spectacular figure such daring speculators cut in the dazzling financial life of the nation. Their comments to several laymen present threw an entirely new light on the wizards who flit across the world's financial horizon. According to their views, from the days of Daniel Drew down some great man or men have dominated the great field of American speculation. Jay Gould, Villard, Woerishoffer, Lawson and our own Jim Keene are specimens, but their kind are not to be ranked in the same class

with the Harrimans, Morgans, Vanderbilts, Hills and Schiffs. Why? Because the latter are constructive financiers, their work is creative and lasting; they build railroads and organize industries and convert deserts into grain fields. No fledgling financier present deigned to notice a query flung into the discussion regarding "undigested securities." In contrast to the constructive financiers are the giant speculators, men of the Jim Keene type endowed with a remarkable capacity for market mastership. But the feats of the wizards in this line appeal only to the galleries, according to students of high finance. Gates is regarded by them simply as a skilful manipulator, a protean artist whose feats in stock juggling astound timid speculators and dazzle only the ignorant public. No man of financial judgment is deceived by them. It is because of this blind admiration and sheer ignorance of financial laws on the part of the public that the lambs among them are led to the regular shearings and slaughter by the arch manipulators of the country. And that is why those who have the money madness, the lost souls with the speculative fever burning up their financial life, follow such leaders blindly. By them Gates will be missed from the investment arena far more than Morgan.

#### Considering the Severn

I hear that Emil Bailly and Victor Reiter are to lease the now closed Severn and reopen it "after the strike" as a sumptuous dining place. M. Bailly is the St. Regis chef that the Laws brought out here from New York to open the Fairmont. He made a great record for himself in the brief week he reigned before turning over the culinary department he organized to the incoming Palace people. Victor Reiter was the maitre d'hotel under the same management. No man in his position is better known and better liked among the society people of San Francisco.



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# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## Her European Triumphs

Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson is, I hear, simply electrifying Europe with her beauty and charm of manner. Paris has long been at her feet, but her biggest social triumph was at Vienna, where she was made much of by what is considered one of the most exclusive of courts. Mrs. Robinson never penetrated the inner sanctuary of New York's 400 but she is thought to have done very well socially as not a few of Mrs. Fish's set asked her to dine not only in Newport but in New

The Viscount and Viscountess de Tristan, nee Josephine de Guigne, have arrived in Paris and are occupying their apartments in the Boulevard de Courcelles. The de Tristans do not mingle with the American colony, neither do they belong to the Faubony Sainte Germaine. They are a distinguished provincial French family of high standing in church circles. There has been some talk of Miss Marie Christine de Guigne becoming the wife of a representative of another French noble family.



Arnold Photo—Del Monte.

C. TEMPLETON CROCKER  
On the Golf Links at Del Monte.

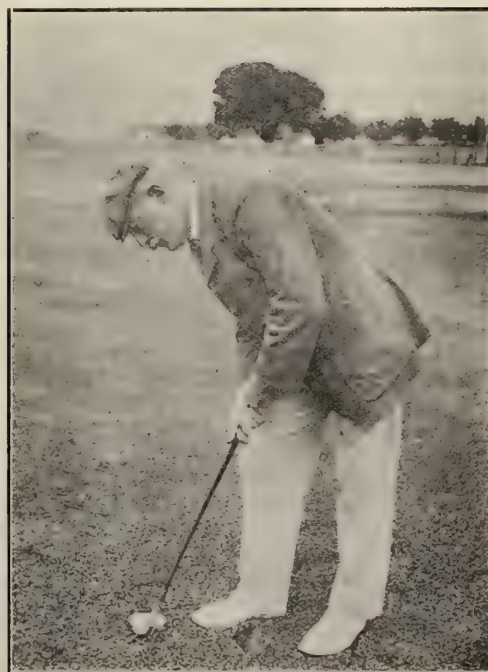
York. After these European triumphs she will be even more in favor. Mrs. Robinson's success I am told is largely due to her amiability. She never indulges in unpleasant criticism and therefore never makes enemies.

## The Parrotts to Leave Us

All the members of the Parrott family will soon be in Europe and it will be a long time before they again contribute to the gayeties of San Francisco society. The family home in San Mateo will be deserted for more than a year, and the famous Baywood Stud will soon be an institution of the past, for Jack Parrott has decided to abandon that great breeding farm from which has come some of the highest class hackneys in the country. This farm has long been a fad with Jack Parrott, and I have been told that it was excelled by none in the country.

## An Auto Party

In order to keep the various cliques and sets properly pigeonholed in the mind one should study a memory system. Then one could get a clue in some such way—"something like music, no it's not an automobile horn but that's nearer. A violin, a fife, a piano, a trombone, a drum—a drum! That's it! Sara Drum has taken the Jim Follises and the Latham McMullins motoring to Santa Barbara. When Mrs. McMullin was Mollie Thomas she was "knit to fit" the set dominated by Helen Hopkins and her sisters. But of late she has affiliated with the clique which consists of Mrs. Jim Follis, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss Sara Drum and one or two others who are on the outskirts of this little set.



Arnold Photo—Del Monte.

CHARLES E. MAUD  
Amateur Champion of the Pacific Coast Golf Association for 1907; also, Champion in 1903.

Sara Drum is one of the few society women who would attempt to make the run to Santa Barbara without an expert driver at the wheel. A great many young women can talk the motor patter and a few drive fairly

well but Miss Drum really runs a machine as confidently as any mahout.

There is one person in San Francisco who does not regret the invertebrate condition of the social spine and that is Captain Andrew Rowan who would rather carry another "message to Garcia" than risk the rapid fire entertaining which was aimed for his pleasure when his engagement to Mrs. Josephine de Greayer was announced two years ago. Owing to the difficulties of transportation a great many of the affairs planned in honor of the Rowans, who arrived on the transport Thomas, have been filed for future reference. They are at the Merrill home.

I hear that Mrs. John Merrill Jr. is one of the society women who was threatened because she rode on the non-union manned cars. A union sympathizer followed her from the car to the very door of her home trying to intimidate her with violent abuse of wealthy women who patronize the cars.

#### A Wedding Bulletin

There has been a change, I hear, in the plans for the wedding of Miss Frances Coon and Oliver Kehrlein. Miss Roma Paxton who was to have been bridesmaid is not to act in that capacity. The wherefore of this change has not been revealed to me, but I am told that social circles in which people are more interested in tittle-tattle respecting such matters than they are in affairs of vital interest, are much agitated by the news that Miss Paxton is not to be the bridesmaid at the wedding.

#### Landfield May Forswear Berkeley

A friend who met "Jerry" Landfield and his Russian bride in Paris writes me that "Madame Landfield" as she is called over there is a very fascinating young woman but has absolutely no claim to the beauty with which newspapers have endowed her. She speaks a quaint but fluent English with an accent reminiscent of Modjeskas. Her ideas of what life would mean in a university town are very well formed and contrary to current report they evidently have no intention of casting their life lines in Berkeley. In the French-American colony, Madame Landfield is credited with having a snug little fortune that will embroider their lot in a neat, if not gaudy pattern. "Jerry" Landfield did the society "stunt" even while he was at Berkeley and the perquisites of pink tea training are not lost in foreign drawing rooms. They have been entertained in the most exclusive Paris and London drawing rooms and of course their position in St. Petersburg, where they will spend the winter is gilt edgeski. The same informant tells me that Professor Landfield can already swallow the "ski's" and "offs" of the Russian language and cough them out again with a dexterity that would do credit to any linguist..

The widely alert gossips who only need half a straw to tell which way the wind is blowing have once more caught the twinkle of Cupid's heels in "Freddy"

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Greenwood's neighborhood. As the young lady in question makes demure denial and Mr. Greenwood, himself, says "Nonsense!" there is nothing for Mrs. Grundy to do but take a short lease of the Guessing Stool and await developments.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto are planning a unique outing to Bohemia Grove. The members are allowed the use of the delightfully rustic club house during certain months of the year but very few have availed themselves of the privilege of jaunting there with their family. Besides the Peixottos the party will include Dr. Humphrey Stewart, Miss Frances Stewart, George de Long and Fred Greenwood. They intend to spend a month in the grove.

#### A Stewart Concert

Dr. H. J. Stewart announces an invitation concert by his pupils, at the Knights of Columbus Hall, Pine street, on Monday afternoon, June 3. A very interesting programme of vocal and instrumental music has been prepared, and amongst those who will take part may be mentioned Mrs. Z. R. Jenkins, Miss Leola Stone, Miss Helen Wilson, Miss Corinne Goldsmith, Mrs. Carolyn Crew Raser, Miss Viola Van Orden, Mrs. Josephine Aylwin, Mrs. A. J. Harrington, Miss Louise Smith and Miss Lenor Burke.

#### The Beringer Musical Club Recital

One of the events of the past week was the piano and song recital given by the members of the Beringer Musical Club at the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society. An unusually large audience enjoyed the following well rendered programme: "Impromptu" (Schubert) Helen Hendricks; "Widmany" (Schumann); "Connaister" from "Mignon" (Thomas) Agnes Burrell; "Aufschwung" (Schumann); Variations on the Theme, Hush My Little One (Beignani) Wenn die Heide blucht (Beringer) Viola Jurgens; Chanson provencale (Dell 'Acna) Agnes Burrell; Eleven Hungarian Rhapsody (Liszt) Helen Hendricks; Ave Maria (Mascagni); "Flower Song" from Faust (Gounod) and "Stride la vampa (Verdi) Viola Jurgens. Paraphrase on the Waltz: Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald (Strauss-Schuett) Frances Westington.

Mrs. E. Lynch, accompanied by Mr. A. Tonn, cashier of the City and County Bank, Mrs. Tonn and Mr. G. A. Lynch made the trip from San Francisco by way of Redwood City returning by way of Oakland in Mrs. Lynch's new thirty-five horse power Cadillac touring car. The roads were found in excellent condition, making the hundred-mile trip very enjoyable.

Encouraged by the glowing reports of the trip to the Yosemite Valley, made by Mr. Frank H. Johnson in his 60 H.-P. Thomas "Flyer," Mr. John Craig, the well-known automobile enthusiast of Woodland, is organizing a party to make a trip of some three weeks, touring throughout the state, which will include a trip into the valley. Mr. and Mrs. Craig will use their Model "M" Winton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gibson will use their Model "C" Winton and, in fact, it will be exclusively a Winton party.

#### The Baywood Stud

That the Baywood Stud will cease to breed and be is deplored by all lovers of the fashionable Cob. There have been many sales of harness horses held in San Francisco during the past ten years, but it is a question if ever such a collection of high class, high stepping, show ring carriage horses as these now consigned to the auction at Fred H. Chase & Co.'s Valencia street horse sales Pavilion on June the 10th were ever presented to the buying public in any sales ring in the United States.

When it became a law that all docked horses in the state must be registered, the Baywood Stud, never behind in anything, complied at once with this ruling, and now, at this dispersal, registered, docked hackneys are to be had directly from first hands.

This breeding establishment has no second handed horses to offer. The important feature of this sale is, that this Stud never allowed an overstock of horses to accumulate, but from time to time sold its output, always retaining its best, as a matter of course, but now, at this closing out sale everything goes.

The cream of careful breeding, the type of form, the best actors, the prize winners and all go for the "High Dollar" at this sale. Never again probably in the history of California will such a collection of prize winning, docked and high acting long tailed horses be offered at public auction.

F. B. VOLZ

MRS. HELEN FREESE

## OPENING DAY

MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1907

# VOLZ & FREESE

IMPORTERS OF ART

947-949 VAN NESS AVENUE

SAN FRANCISCO

# Stage

## Dodging the Problem

Otis Skinner's place on the American stage is so conspicuously that of a brilliant and conscientious artist with dramatic ideals of a seriousness belonging to the good old fashion that it is no disparagement of his latest achievement to turn from the actor to the play. Through the clear medium of his interpretation "The Duel" which has been adequately translated from the French of Henri Lavedan, is seen to be an intensely interesting presentation of a problem that is as old as Christianity and as new as the latest atheistic cult. Professedly a problem play the merits of "The Duel" must be determined by its approximation to a solution of the problem with which its author grapples. So considered Henri Lavedan's play must be denied a large measure of commendation. To the stagecraft exhibited by this Frenchman no important technical objection can be raised, but issue may justly be taken with his handling of a theme admittedly difficult and delicate. "The Duel" is fought by two brothers; one has passed through dissipation to the priesthood, the other through piety to atheism; the priest, an "aristocrat of religious emotions," loving God with a "pagan love," is yet a serious worker in a squalid Parisian parish while the atheist's life has been given to medicine as a famous alienist and specialist in children's diseases. When it is stated that an aggressive hatred of religion on one side and a priestly horror of atheism on the other have kept the brothers apart for ten years and that their paths finally cross in a contest over the soul of a woman who flies from her reciprocated love of the atheist to the consolation of the priest's confessional, carrying always the chain of a marriage that has bound her to a hopelessly diseased and degenerate husband, it will be seen that here is a dramatic conflict to daunt even the most experienced playwright. It is the duel of deism and atheism fought by two opponents neither of whom may adequately appreciate the strength and truth of the other's weapon; a struggle between an enlightened and cultured hedonism insisting that the right to personal happiness is paramount and an enlightened and cultured mysticism inculcating the necessity of sacrifice; and it is complicated by the struggles of the woman between the forward impulse of her love and the backward pull of her religion. Merciless logic can deduce only two possible outcomes for this conflict, victory for religion and the priest or victory for the atheist and love; any other trifles with the importance of the problem or compromises with it. Lavedan has weakly compromised with his situation, making marriage with the atheist possible by the convenient dying of the degenerate husband. Here is an exaggeration of the complacency of fate which leaves the serious student of the problem totally unsatisfied. What might have been a straightforward attempt at solution loses all finality in a peal of wedding bells. It looks as though Lavedan lacked the courage of his climax, actually fearing to carry his characters to either of the two inevitable endings. After holding the scales remorselessly for two acts between renunciation and surrender he has weakly cast them from their fulcrum. So the problem is not solved in "The Duel" and a play which has the germ of greatness must depend for praise on the strength of its individual sit-

uations. Lavedan does not challenge comparison with Rostand and cannot be ranked with other French playwrights of today until he learns their trick of following a problem to a definite, even if unacceptable, solution.

—Edward F. O'Day.

## Goodwin's Lust for Gold

Ashton Stevens scored a very important scoop last Sunday when he gave publicity to Nat Goodwin's intention to retire from the stage. With Nat Goodwin in retirement the stage will be bereft of one of its most interesting personalities, and theatregoers will sincerely mourn the loss of the exuberant companionship of one of the most wholesome comedians, an actor who has towered to an eminence, whose career has been marked by dazzling brilliance that eclipsed most of his contemporaries. But it is a critic's privilege to doubt an actor when he talks of abandoning his profession. Actors are very whimsical. They easily despond, and in their gloomy moods they invariably meditate on the more lucrative triumphs to which they might have confidently aspired had they given rein to their exceptional genius in other fields. Nat Goodwin, greatest of prophylactics against the blues, is addicted to them. Things have not been coming his way of late, and all because the playsmiths, with a wearisome regularity, have been supplying him with comedies that defied his talents in their best form. Besides he has been more successful in speculation than in histrionics, and he imagines that the world is his should he be disposed to embrace it. So he is going after the precious metal in the bowels of the earth, but let us hope that he will soon subdue his febrile passion for gold and return to his art. We shall miss him in the interim more than he appears to miss the beautiful Maxine—if we may rely on the subtle hints of the insinuating Stevens. Meanwhile Maxine is doing nicely, thank you, in Lunnon. She has been doing nicely ever since she severed professional relations with Nat, and that is a curious phenomenon. Before Goodwin snatched her from the burning of a third rate company the public was bovinely indifferent to her charms of person and glitter of talent, but as soon as she was converted from the nebulous state of a provincial stock actress into an electric lighted star she became an object of great interest, and after a season or two with her husband she felt able to radiate alone. Her success has been continuous while that of her lonely husband has been confined to Wall street on occasions. Perhaps if they were to travel in double harness again history would repeat itself. But unfortunately Maxine is in love with Lunnon and Nat is passionately fond of—Goldfield. Another case of an artist divorcing himself from his muse to take up with that miserable jade, lucre.

## Graft Drama

The New Alcazar Theatre has caught the public ear with "The Undertow," a drama that mirrors one of the most interesting phases of contemporary life. "The Undertow" is a dramatization of graft, and it has sufficient of the element of universality to render it realistic to almost any community in this favored land. In other words it typifies modern graft methods



which are the same in Pennsylvania and Ohio as they are in California. Wherever there is a graft situation "The Undertow" matches it. The play is not good drama as understood by the higher critics but for the people who don't bother themselves about technique or the eternal unities, but who just want to be diverted, to feel that they can see through the plot and appreciate the emotions of the characters irrespective of the probability of those characters ever having been met with beyond the domain of fiction, it is to borrow from

the figurative vernacular, all wool and a yard wide. It has made such a hit that it will run for at least another week. Newspapermen have enthused over the play because it pretty accurately depicts the life of the local room. And all other patrons have enthused over the play because the actors have made up to look like some real figures in our own pet graft drama. "The Undertow" will be followed by that perennial favorite "Old Heidelberg."

#### Viola Allen in "Twelfth Night"

Viola Allen, one of the most popular of American stars, is to present Shakespeare's comedy "Twelfth Night" at the Van Ness Theatre during the coming week with matinee on Wednesday. Miss Allen will appear as Viola. Miss Allen was last seen here as Dolores in F. Marion Crawford's romance, "In the Palace of the King." At the Saturday matinee Miss Allen will appear in a special bill made up of acts from four classics. She will appear as Rosalind in the wooing scene in "As You Like It," as Lady Teazle in the screen scene from "The School for Scandal," as Juliet in the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and Portia in the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice."

#### Haydn to Join Calve

Carl Haydn, the sweet-voiced tenor from Austria, who joined the American Opera Company in this city and is now in Portland with that troupe of singers, has been engaged to sing in concert with Calve on her next tour. He will travel with her around the world. Haydn is a fine artist who has had the advantage of fine training in the conservatory of Vienna. He is a handsome young fellow with a voice of beautiful quality.

#### Orpheum Vaudeville

The programme at the Orpheum for the week beginning this Sunday matinee will be headed by the Finneys, James and Elsie, champion swimmers of the world. They swim, eat and drink under water in a large tank with glass sides. Mr. Finney stays under water for over two minutes, and performs some wonderful feats. Les Kinners Moulin, French Novelty artists, will make their first appearance in this city. They balance everything from a spoon to a bicycle with the feminine member of the team on the wheel. Among other newcomers are Emerson and Baldwin, two remarkably clever and diverting comedy jugglers whose act is perhaps hard to classify. They prefer to call it a display of dexterity and dementia which being interpreted means that it is conceived for laughing purposes only. James J. Morton, the droll dispenser of inanity, will continue to convulse his audiences with laughter. It will be the last week of the Four Fords, the Sutcliffe Novelty Troupe of acrobats, pipers and dancers, Werden and Gladdish and also of Valerie Bergere who will say good-bye in a dramatic incident by the veteran actor Dodson L. Mitchell, entitled "The Red Thief." It will be its premier on any stage and those who have witnessed its rehearsal are sanguine of its success and believe that in the title role, which is that of a feminine burglar and safe cracker, Miss Bergere will present another of those life portraits in the creation of which she has been so felicitous. New Orpheum Motion Pictures will terminate what promises to be a delightful entertainment.



VIOLA ALLEN

Who Appears as Viola in Shakespeare's Comedy "Twelfth Night" Next Week at the Van Ness Theatre.

### Idora Park

"The Wedding Day," a charming opera by Julian Edwards, the composer of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," will be the offering at Idora Park commencing Monday night, June 3. The Idora Opera Company is now the largest and most complete light opera organization in America and it will well repay all who care for that class of entertainment to take a little journey to this beautiful resort. It is the finest amusement park in the West. One can thoroughly enjoy a Sunday's outing at Idora. There is an excellent grill room under the management of the well-known caterer Ernest Ludwig.

### Vaudeville at the Novelty Theatre

At the Novelty Theatre next week the Stewart-Kimball Road Vaudeville Show will be the attraction, playing for seven nights and Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday matinees. The organization includes the cream of the talent of four of the leading Eastern Circuits. This will be the first appearance of the performers in this territory. Owing to the length of the list of acts there will be no intermission and the curtain will rise at eight o'clock sharp.

The Prices are to be 25c, 50c and 75c.

### "Leah Kleschna"

The Frawley Company opens at the Novelty Theatre on Monday, June 10th, presenting "Leah Kleschna." The manager has brought together some of the best known players in the East, and the leading woman, Marie Shotwell, is said to be an actress of exceptional talent. Among the plays to be staged is Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell."

### Lives of Irving

Mr. H. B. Irving and his brother Laurence are to publish a biography of the late Sir Henry Irving. No less than six books have been written about Sir Henry since his death, and there are at least two others to follow—one by Austin Brereton and another by Mr. Joseph Hatton. The final life by the sons will not be published for several years, and for satisfactory reasons. It promises to be an important book, for both sons have demonstrated that they have literary ability.

One of the big productions of the coming Frawley season will be "A Lady of Quality."

The advance sale of seats for the production of "Leah Kleschna" at the Novelty Theatre, begins next Thursday morning.

No less than four great pianists will visit the Coast next season. Paderewski, Hoffmann, Carreno and Harold Bauer.

### A New Art Store

Art lovers will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Helen Freese, who was formerly with S. and G. Gump, has opened a store at 947 and 949 Van Ness avenue with a choice stock of oil paintings and a most attractive line of art ware.

## VAN NESS THEATRE

VAN NESS AND GROVE  
Phone Market 500.

Commencing Next Monday Night—Six Nights—  
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

### VIOLA ALLEN

Every Night—Matinee Wednesday.  
Shakespeare's Comedy

### "TWELFTH NIGHT"

Saturday Matinee—Special Bill.  
Acts from "School for Scandal," "As You Like It," "Romeo and Juliet," "Merchant of Venice."  
June 10: Maude Adams in "Peter Pan."

## NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE TEL. WEST 6036

Corner Sutter and Steiner Streets.

BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.

Absolutely "Class A" Building.

Twelfth Week New Alcazar Stock Company.

Commencing Monday, June 3, Second Week of the  
Great American Play.

### "THE UNDERTOW"

The Sensation of the Season.  
Coming: "Old Heidelberg."

## ORPHEUM ELLIS STREET

Near Fillmore

Absolutely Class "A" Theatre Building.  
Week Beginning Next Sunday Afternoon.

MATINEE EVERY DAY

### CAPTIVATING VAUDEVILLE.

THE FINNEYS, Aquatic Marvels; Les Kiners Moulin, Emerson and Baldwin, JAMES J. MORTON, 4 Fords 4, Sutcliffe Novelty Troupe, Werden and Gladdish, New Orpheum Motion Pictures, Last Week of VALERIE BERGERE and Co. Presenting for the First Time on Any Stage "The Red Thief."  
PRICES: Evenings, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00. Matinees (except Sunday), 10c, 25c, 50c.  
PHONE WEST 6000.

## IDORA PARK OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

Commencing Monday Evening, June 3,

### "THE WEDDING DAY"

A Charming Opera by Julian Edwards.

## Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop.

NANCE O'NEIL Supported by Bishop's Players in

### "MACBETH"

Next: "La Tosca."

## NOVELTY THEATRE

Corner O'Farrell and Steiner Streets.

One Week Beginning Monday, June 3,  
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

THE STEWART-KIMBALL

### TRANS-PACIFIC ROAD SHOW

HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLE.

"All Feature" Acts.

PRICES: 25c, 50c and 75c.

June 10: The FRAWLEY COMPANY in "Leah Kleschna."



## RACING

New California Jockey Club

Oakland Race Track

Six or more races each week day, rain or shine.

RACES COMMENCE AT 1:40 P. M., SHARP

For special trains stopping at the track take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street; leave at 12:00, thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 P. M. No smoking in last two cars which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.



## The Summer Resorts

### DEL MONTE

Thomas Greaves, the Misses Greaves and Miss Esther Greaves of Mill Valley have been visiting Del Monte.

Mrs. William C. Peyton and Marten B. Peyton of San Francisco are at Del Monte for a few weeks' stay.

Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Poor and F. M. Whitney of Santa Barbara were at Del Monte recently.

The following Oaklanders paid visits to Del Monte recently: G. W. Goodfellow, D. V. Hughes and Bessie Henry.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden are still at Del Monte. Mr. Worden comes down now and then for a week-end visit.

Charles S. Aiken, Mrs. Aiken and the baby were at Del Monte last Sunday.

R. E. Allardice and R. M. Loeser of Stanford University are staying at Del Monte. They are enthusiastic golfers and spend much of their time on the links.

George Hatton and Mrs. Hatton were at Del Monte for a two days' visit last week.

E. W. Hopkins of Menlo Park, accompanied by Mrs. J. B. Crockett, M. S. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson of Burlingame toured down to Del Monte by motor car on Saturday last.

Miss Warren, who inherited a large portion of the wealth of the late Bertha Dolbeer, spent the week-end at Del Monte. She was accompanied by W. W. Carson, T. B. Eastland and Mrs. Eastland.

B. Kellogg, Miss Florence Fay and Hazel Anna Cooke, all of Stanford University, are among recent visitors to Del Monte.

M. Adler, Mrs. Adler, Miss Ruby Adler and Miss Helen Adler of San Francisco registered at Del Monte last week.

### PARAISO HOT SPRINGS

The following automobiling parties came up to Paraiso Hot Springs during the week-end: From Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Coleman; from San Francisco, Otto June Suden and party; from Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Beshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Wright. Among the prominent guests at Paraiso Hot Springs are Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dreypolchu, Miss Booth, Mrs. Edwards and grandson, Cebert Capwell of Oakland; Miss Hartwright, W. B. Cameron, Sam Bibb, Mr. Jacob Eberhardt, Miss Tillie Eberhardt, Miss Dollie Eberhardt of Santa Clara; Mr. and Mrs. C. Hopkins and Mr. Prince Hopkins of Santa Barbara; Mrs. E. J. Stoesser, Miss M. Stoesser, Miss Odgen, Mr. Nugent and Mr. Towne of Watsonville.

### WITTER SPRINGS

Recent arrivals at Witter Springs Hotel from San Francisco are: Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Smith, F. B. Ginn, Mrs. J. W. Peirpont, Dr. and Mrs. E. Mervay, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. O'Connor, Chester B. Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. F. Leslie Meeker and Chas. H. Bennett.

Mrs. A. W. Rhodes of Soda Bay brought over an auto party to Witter Thursday.

An Eastern Colony is practically assured at Witter this season, quite a number from the East having engaged apartments at Witter Springs Hotel or rented cottages.

Among the Southern Californians expected at Witter early in June are Mrs. Templeton Fletcher and maid, Mortimer and Mrs. French and their niece, Miss Fraser, who has just returned from abroad.

When the Witter Springs Golf Course is completed it will have the distinction of being the only course in Lake county and incidentally one of the best in the state.

**DUESSELDORFER GOLD MEDAL**, the Table Beer for the Home. Nourishing and invigorating, pure and wholesome; an aid to digestion.

Ask your grocer for it!  
Do it now!

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## LEVY'S CAFE

Third and Main Streets, Los Angeles

The Largest, Best Conducted and Most Fashionable Restaurant in Southern California. The Great Resort of After Theatre Parties and the Mecca of San Francisco epicures and travelers.



George Chandler Curtis will arrive at Witter in June. Mr. Curtis is writing a new book, the plot of which will be laid in Lake county and will deal with the Pomo Indians about the period of 1870.

#### PACIFIC GROVE HOTEL

The following are among the arrivals at Pacific Grove Hotel (formerly El Carmelo) for the past week: From San Francisco, E. B. Castlen, C. Roy Felming, Mrs. Janett M. Baldwin, J. F. Ransdall, E. F. Bayley, Ernest Allen, E. J. Brown, W. J. Davis, H. T. Mayo, A. J. Bond, Robert S. Boynes, H. W. Copp and wife, Captain L. W. Cornish, U. S. A., M. Famer, R. Dybergh, B. M. Schowfeld, C. T. Thomas, Ira Lillick, E. L. Paddock, W. F. Feader, Dr. Frederick R. Starr; from Oakland, Miss Tressie Bromberg, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. McCall, J. W. Grigsley and wife, H. Poutoppedan and wife, Edward S. Hough, wife and family; from San Jose, J. L. Blair, H. H. Ledyard, J. H. Pearce, P. T. Hincks, Miss Clay-ton, Miss Florence Gates, A. H. Anderson, C. C. Bullard; Riverside, Mrs. E. E. Lukins; Santa Barbara, Mrs. M. Gleason, Mrs. Major E. A. Root; Stockton, Mrs. C. C. Crow, Miss M. E. Murphy; Sacramento, C. T. Leggett.

#### THE NEW VENDOME

Among the arrivals at the Hotel Vendome during the past week were: From San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Scott, Mrs. Margaret May, Mrs. Alice B. Sexton, Mr. and Mrs. James Wood, Dr. and Mrs. John Gallwey, Isaac Upham, Jas. K. Wilson, W. P. Hammon, Mrs. P. Hammon, S. F. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Browne, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Green, Mrs. E. Pond, Miss G. Grant, L. P. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Woodruff, Miss M. Woodruff, J. H. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Neustadter, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Painter, Mr. and Mrs. Tirey L. Ford, Miss Byington, Lewis F. Byington, Samuel G. Buckbee, Mrs. R. J. Woods, Wm. Bliss, Miss Bliss, Miss Buckbee, Bradford Leavitt, James K. Lynch, R. L. Dalton; from Oakland, Mrs. W. G. Henshaw, Miss Farrier, Miss Dorothy Doyle, Miss S. E. McDowell, Miss A. H. McDowell, Mr. and Mrs. H. Havens, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Proctor, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Reilly; from Berkeley, Geo. C. Edwards, Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Stone; from Los Angeles, Miss A. Phillips, Miss Cecelia Hayes, Miss H. White, Mrs. L. R. Works; from Mill Valley, Mr. and Mrs. Whittle, Miss Whittle, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Bates, Miss Bates, W. R. K. Young; from New York, H. H. Leon, C. B. Morgan; Mrs. J. W. Mastick, Alameda; Mrs. F. W. Henshaw, Fair Oaks; Miss E. Lay, Fair Oaks; Mrs. N. H. Morrow, Palo Alto; Miss Morrow, Palo Alto; Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Lacy, Monterey; Dwight Miller, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Post, Redlands; from Seattle, H. J. Schaffer, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Simonds, James G. Speis, R. L. Carroll, Ralph Calland; Mrs. F. L. Clark, Spokane, Wash.

#### BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following: From San Francisco, W. F. Whittier, Mrs. Helen Tilden, Mrs. Bothin, Mrs. E. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Oxnard, Albert Maskey, W. F. Dunphy, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Foote, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Briggs, W. P. Buckingham and Mrs. L. Booth; Mrs. W. Sanger Pullman and Mrs. Hugh McDonnell of Belmont.

Chas. D. Smith, formerly Winton supervisor in the East, is now in general charge of the factory parts department at Cleveland.

## THE SPREAD OF SAN FRANCISCO

IN THE

## JUNE SUNSET

HOW THE NEW CITY UNDER THE  
IMPETUS OF THE RAPID REBUILD-  
ING IS MOVING SOUTH, FILLING  
THE ENTIRE PENINSULA, BEING  
HELPED TREMENDOUSLY IN SUB-  
URBAN EXPANSION BY THE

BAY SHORE RAILWAY CUT-OFF

### A GREAT ISSUE

ECLIPSES THE APRIL "ONE YEAR AFTER" NUMBER

SEND IT TO YOUR EASTERN FRIENDS

ON SALE MAY 25TH

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Sperry's Best Family.  
Drifted Snow.  
Golden Gate Extra.

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#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Thomas C. Reed, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Thomas C. Reed, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Henry G. W. Dinkelspiel, 1265 Ellis street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Thomas C. Reed, deceased.

HENRY CHRISTENSEN,

Administrator of the Estate of Thomas C. Reed, deceased.


Dated, San Francisco, June 1, 1907.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL,


Attorney for Administrator,

1265 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal.





# SUMMER RESORTS




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Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all-year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long distance telephone in rooms. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Interior court—a rare tropical garden. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. Good music. Fine automobile road, Los Angeles-Riverside to Coronado. Summer rates, \$3.50 per day. For further information address

**MORGAN ROSS, Manager**  
Coronado Beach, California  
**H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent,**  
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## TAHOE TAVERN

OPEN FROM MAY 15 TO OCTOBER 15

**MRS. ALICE RICHARDSON, MANAGER, TAHOE, CAL.**

Special excursion to Lake Tahoe leaving San Francisco next Friday, June 7th. Round trip tickets, \$8.00. Ask S. P. agents about it.



## HOTEL BON AIR

Located in the heart of Ross Valley. 45 minutes from San Francisco. Ideal home for business men and families. Terms reasonable. Address **STRASSBURGER & PARKER,**  
P. O., Larkspur, Cal.

## THE KENILWORTH

Mill Valley, 50 minutes from San Francisco. Superior accommodations. French chef.

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## BYRON HOT SPRINGS



The waters cure rheumatism—the environment is perfect—the hotel comfortable and supplied with an unexcelled table. See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, ground floor, James Flood Bldg., Peck Judah Co., 789 Market St., or address hotel.

## PACIFIC GROVE HOTEL

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JUST THE PLACE TO REST, Down Among the Pines, by the Sea, Close to the Presidio Army Post and Old Monterey, at

**PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA**

A Quiet, Exclusive Resort, with Every Comfort, at Most Reasonable Rates. You can readily go to San Francisco from here, but make your headquarters here, amid most healthful surroundings. Through Parlor Car from Los Angeles and San Francisco daily. For further information address **GEO. H. CORDY, Manager Pacific Grove Hotel, Pacific Grove,** or **C. W. KELLEY, Representative, 789 Market Street, San Francisco.**

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Hot Springs, Sonoma county, only 4½ hours from San Francisco and but 9 miles staging; waters noted for medicinal virtues; best natural hot mineral water bath in State; boating and swimming; good trout streams; telephone, telegraph, daily mail and San Francisco papers. First-class Hotel and Stage Service; morning and afternoon stages; round trip from San Francisco \$5.10. Take Tiburon ferry daily 7:30 a. m. or 3:30 p. m. Rates \$2.00 a day or \$12 a week. References: Any guest of the past twelve years. Information at Bryan's Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street, Peck-Judah Bureau, 789 Market street, or of **J. F. MULGREW, Skaggs, Cal.**

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First Class Summer and Winter Resort in the  
**SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS**

A Modern Resort with Every Accommodation for Rest and Pleasure. Terms, \$10.00 per week up. Free Conveyance. Address for reservation

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## SUMMER RESORTS

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ACCOMMODATIONS FOR 1200

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per day and upwards

Fronting the Ocean in Cool  
Santa Barbara

A DAYLIGHT RIDE THROUGH THE PRETTIEST  
COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

Most Picturesque Coast.

Golf, polo, tennis, fishing, automobilism, surf bathing, yachts, launches and horse-back riding. See the Santa Barbara Mission (still in use). Hope Ranch, Channel Islands, Le Cumbre trail and a thousand other things that will interest you.

Our representative, at 789 Market street, phone Temporary 2751, will show you plans, secure your transportation and attend to other details of travel. Reduced round trip rates good for thirty days.

## SODA BAY SPRINGS

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

Situated on the picturesque shore of Clear Lake. Season opens May 1st. Finest of boating, bathing, hunting and fishing; unsurpassed accommodations; new launch, accommodating 40 people, built expressly for the use of guests and excursions. Terms \$2 per day, \$12 per week; special rates to families. Take Tiburon Ferry, 7:40 a. m.; thence by rail to Hopland; then stage or automobile direct to Springs. Round trip, good for six months, \$9. Further information, address Managers, MARSHALL BERD and AGNES BELL RHOADS, Soda Bay Springs, Lake County, Cal., via Kelseyville Post-office.

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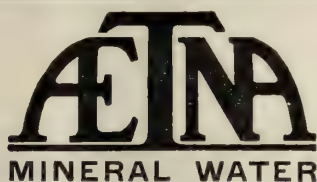
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## The Green Kitten

(Continued from Page 8.)

"But it will be the death of him," cried one.

"Paint the poor beast—what a thing to say!"

"What! paint a live animal, Zazubrina! You deserve a hiding!"

"I call it a devilish good joke," cried a little, broad-shouldered man with a fiery-red beard, enthusiastically.

Zazubrina already held the kitten in his hands, and went with it towards the pail of paint, and then Zazubrina began singing:

"Look, my brothers! look at that!

See me paint the ginger cat!

Paint him well, and paint him green,

And then we'll dance upon the scene."

There was a burst of laughter, and holding their sides, the prisoners made a way in their midst, and I saw quite plainly how Zazubrina, seizing the kitten by the tail, flung it into the pail, and then fell a singing and dancing:

"Stop that mewling! cease to squall!

Would you your godfather maul?

Peals of laughter!

"Oh, crooked-bellied Judas!" piped one squeaky voice.

"Alas, Batyushka!" groaned another.

They were stifled, suffocated with laughter. Laughter twisted the bodies of these people, bent them double, vibrated and gurgled in the air—a mighty, devil-may-care laughter, growing louder continually, and reaching the very confines of hysteria. Smiling faces, in white kerchiefs, looked down from the windows of the women's quarters into the yard. The Inspector, squeezing his back to the wall, poked out his brawny body, and, holding it with both hands, discharged his thick, bass, overpowering laugh in regular salvos.

The joke scattered the folks in all directions around the pail. Performing astounding antics with his legs, Zazubrina danced with all his might, singing by way of accompaniment:

"Ah, life is a merry thing,

As the grey cat knew, I ween;

And her son, the ginger kitten,

Now lives in a world all green."

"Yes, that it will, deuce take you," cried the man with the fiery-red beard.

But Zazubrina could not contain himself. Around him roared the senseless laughter of all these grey people, and Zazubrina knew that he, and he alone, was the occasion of all their laughter. In all his gestures, in every grimace of his mobile comic face, this consciousness manifestly proclaimed itself, and his whole body twitched with the enjoyment of his triumph. He had already seized the kitten by the head, and wiping from its fur the superfluous paint, with the ecstasy of the artist conscious of his victory over the mob, never ceased dancing and improvising:

"My dear little brothers,

In the calendar let us look,

Here's a kitten to be christened,

And no name for it in the book."

Everything laughed around the mob of prisoners, intoxicated by this senseless mirth. The sun laughed upon the panes of glass in the iron-grated windows.

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The blue sky smiled down upon the courtyard of the prison, and even its dirty old walls seemed to be smiling with the smile of beings who feel obliged to stifle all mirth, however it may run riot within them. From behind the gratings of the windows of the women's department the faces of women looked down upon the yard, they also laughed, and their teeth glistened in the sun. Everything around was transformed, as it were, threw off its dull, grey tone, so full of anguish and weariness, and awoke to merriment, impregnated with that purifying laughter which, like the sun, made the very dirt look more decent.

Placing the green kitten on the grass, little islets of which, springing up between the stones, variegated the prison-yard, Zazubrina, excited, well-nigh blown, and covered with sweat, still continued his wild dance.

But the laughter had already died away. He was overdoing it, very much overdoing it. The people were getting tired of him. Someone, here and there, still shrieked hysterically; a few continued to laugh, but already there were pauses. At last there were moments when the silence was general, save for the singing, dancing Zazubrina, and the kitten which mewed softly and piteously as it lay on the grass. It was scarcely distinguishable from the grass in color, and, no doubt, because the paint had blinded it and hampered its movements, the poor slippery, big-headed creature senselessly tottered on his trembling paws, standing still as if glued to the grass, and all the while it kept on mewing, Zazubrina commented on the movements of the kitten as follows:

"Look ye, Christian people, look,  
The green cat seeks a private nook,  
The wholesome ginger-colored puss  
To find a place in vain makes fuss."

"Very clever, no doubt, you hound," said a red-haired lad.

The public regarded its artist with satiated eyes.

"How it mews!" observed the hobbledehoy prisoner, twisting his head in the direction of the kitten, and he looked at his comrades. They regarded the kitten in silence.

"Do you think he'll be green all his life long?" asked the lad.

"All his life long, indeed!—how long do you think he will live, then?" began a tall, grey-bearded prisoner, squatting down beside poor puss; "don't you see he's dying in the sun, his fur is all sticking to him like glue; he'll turn up his toes soon."

The kitten mewed spasmodically, producing a reaction in the sentiments of the prisoners.

"Turn up his toes, eh?" said the hobbledehoy, "suppose we try to wash it off him?"

Nobody answered him. The little green lump writhed at the feet of the rough fellows, a pitiable object of utter helplessness.

"Pooh! I'm all of a muck sweat!" screamed Zazubrina, flinging himself on the ground. Nobody took the slightest notice of him.

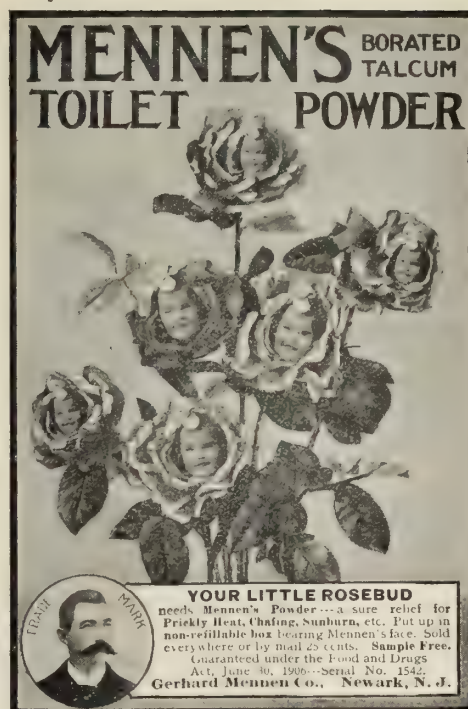
The hobbledehoy bent over the kitten and took it up in his arms, but immediately put it on the ground again. "It's all burning hot," he explained.

Then he regarded his comrades, and sorrowfully said:

"Poor puss, look at him! We shall not have our puss much longer. What was the use of killing the poor beast, eh?"

"Wait! I think it's picking up a bit," said the red-haired man.

The shapeless green creature was still writhing on



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the grass; twenty pairs of eyes were following its movements, and there was not the shadow of a smile in any of them. All were serious, all were silent, all of them were as miserable to look upon as that kitten, just as if it had communicated its suffering to them and they were feeling its pangs.

"Pick up a bit, indeed!" laughed the hobbledehoy sardonically, raising his voice, "very much so! Poor puss has had his day. We all loved him. Why did we torture him so? Let someone put him out of his misery."

"And who was the cause of it all?" shrieked the red-haired prisoner savagely. "Why there he is, with his devilish joke!"

"Come," said Zazubrina soothingly, "didn't the whole lot of you agree to it?"

And he hugged himself as if he were cold.

"The whole lot of us, indeed!" sneered the hobbledehoy, "I like that. You alone are to blame!—yes, you are!"

"Don't you roar, pray, you bull-calf!" meekly suggested Zazubrina.

The grey-headed old man took up the kitten, and after carefully examining it, pronounced his opinion:

"If we were to dip it in kerosene we might wash the paint off."

"If you'll take my advice you'll seize it by the tail and smash it against the wall," said Zazubrina, adding, with a laugh, "that's the simplest way out of it."

"What?" roared the red-haired man, "and if I were to treat you the same way, how would you like it?"

"The devil," screamed the hobbledehoy, and, snatching the kitten out of the old man's hands, he set off running. The old man and a few of the others went after him.

Then Zazubrina remained alone in the midst of a group of people, who glowered upon him with evil and threatening eyes. They seemed to be waiting for something from him.

"Remember, I am not alone, my friends," whined Zazubrina.

"Shut up!" shrieked the red-haired man, looking at the door; "not alone! Who else is there, then?"

"Why the whole lot of you here," piped the jester nervously.

"You hound, you!"

The red-haired man shook his clenched fist in Zazubrina's very teeth. The artist dodged back only to get a violent blow in the nape of the neck.

"My friends . . ." he implored piteously. But his friends had taken note that the two warders were a good way off, and, thronging quickly round their favorite, knocked him off his legs with a few blows. Seen from a little distance the group might easily have been taken for a party engaged in lively conversation. Surrounded and concealed by them, Zazubrina lay there at their feet. Occasionally some dull thuds were audible—they were kicking away at Zazubrina's ribs, kicking deliberately, without the least hurry, each man waiting in turn for a particularly favorable kicking spot to be revealed as his neighbor, after planting his blow, wriggled his foot out of action.

Three minutes or so passed thus. Suddenly the voice of the warder resounded in their ears:

"Now, you devils! what are you about there?"

The prisoners did not leave off the tormenting process immediately. One by one they slowly tore themselves away from Zazubrina, and as each one of them went away, he gave him a parting kick.

When they had all gone, he still remained lying on

the ground. He lay on his stomach, and his shoulders were all shivering—no doubt he was weeping—and he kept on coughing and hawking. Presently, very cautiously, as if fearing to fall to pieces, he slowly began to raise himself from the ground, leaning heavily on his left arm, then bending one leg beneath him, and whining like a sick dog, sat down on the ground.

"You're pretending!" screeched the red-haired man in a threatening voice. Then Zazubrina made an effort, and quickly stood on his feet.

Then he tottered to one of the walls of the prison. One arm was pressed close to his breast, with the other he groped his way along. There he now stood, holding on to the wall with his hand, his head hanging down towards the ground. He coughed repeatedly.

I saw how dark drops were falling on to the ground; they also glistened quite plainly on the grey ground of the prison wall.

And so as not to defile with his blood the official place of detention, Zazubrina kept on doing his best to make it drip on the ground, so that not a single drop should fall on the wall.

How they did laugh and jeer at him to be sure . . .

From henceforth the kitten vanished. And Zazubrina no longer had a rival to divide with him the attention of the prisoners.

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## Letters

### McGaffey's Essays

"Outdoors" is the modest title chosen under which to group those really enjoyable, brief essays on outdoor topics which Ernest McGaffey has been contributing recently to the St. Louis Mirror, the Chicago Evening Post and the Chicago Times. Unlike most of the modern essayists, Mr. McGaffey has observations to make, something to say. He is no "nature student" in the modern sense, which presupposes a notebook, a satchel of reference volumes, a microscope, a camera, and a host of other impedimenta. "Observation and experience," he says, "will give the power to read the channels and winding aisles of light and air as a book's pages may be scanned, and in this sympathetic perceptiveness the veil of Isis lifts, be it ever so little, and nature's secrets are mistily revealed to the gazer. It is not to be thought of as study, for that presupposes the judging, dissecting, photographing, numbering and theorizing which kills the freshness out of such things," an observation which would receive the hearty endorsement of the great John Burroughs, who long since contending that no one ever learned to love outdoor things by deliberately setting out to "study nature." Mr. McGaffey is no sentimentalist, despite his reputation as a poet. He discourses on hunting and fishing, without harking back to the cruelty of depriving creatures of their existence, and frankly states the proposition that rabbits were made for man, not man for rabbits, while his familiarity with the preparation of panfish and small game bespeaks many a camp meal prepared by his own hands. There is a delicious humor running riot through the pages, intertwined and underlying the soberest facts of information, apparently as unpremeditated as the merry laugh of a child. After a serious dissertation on the proper sort of bait to tempt bass we are told that "Fishing for panfish is very good sport if properly managed. In the first place, a spick-span clean boat should be selected, one that is clinker-built, wide, and not easily upset. Get the prettiest girl possible to go with you. Let her do all the fishing. It will keep you busy attending to baiting the hook, taking off the fish, stringing them, cutting bait and keeping up a running comment of airy persiflage." At the end of a page or two concerning quail, the varieties and habits of the birds, of guns, ammunition and dogs, there is a gentle hint to praise the dog and all he does. "Tell any strangers you happen to meet that he is the greatest dog on earth. The dog will know better, but his owner won't." We have all too few such books as this, but too many pretentious imitations. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

### A Wall Street Romance

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does not stop to bury the dead nor to comfort the wounded, neither did Napoleon, Washington nor Grant. The wheels within wheels, the susceptibility to influence from the vaguest of rumors, the panic terrors which afflict the speculators were never better set forth. It becomes clear at once why financial magnates advise people to keep out of stock deals unless for investment, not only because of the annoyance they wish to save themselves from being importuned for advice and held accountable for losses, but because the outsiders, meddling with matters they do not understand, are like mischievous children thrusting sticks between the spokes of moving wheels, liable to come to grief themselves and to bring disaster on everyone else. Of course there is a girl and a love story. Indeed Sam Rock's impulse to "do things" is primarily for the purpose of showing Fanny Collyer that he is more than a rich man's son, but the sentimental interest takes the same place in the story that it does in active life. It is important and interesting to the parties most concerned, but even they have other things to do. Perhaps there is nowhere in the world another writer equipped to write "Wall Street Stories" with the same attention to facts and detail as Edwin Lefevre. For years he has been connected with the financial reports of New York newspaperdom, and he is personally acquainted with every man of importance in Wall street. He has studied his subject well, and made sure of his ground before he attempted to write fiction, at all. It was he who piloted Frank Norris through the intricacies of stock manipulation in "The Pit." So far from being attracted by the chances of "making easy money," himself however, his hobby is the acquisition of rare old furniture and china. "Sampson Rock of Wall Street" is a book rather for men than for women, or, perhaps it would be better to say, for most men and some women, which again is to state that it possesses qualities which should make it of more than ephemeral value, to be read once and cast aside or given away. Published by Harper and Brothers.

#### A Book for Boys

"Dave Porter's Return to School" takes up the history of that boyish hero after his return from the South Seas, where he has learned of the existence of an uncle, a father and a sister, as well as of the fact that instead of being a poor-house waif he is really the scion of a wealthy family. The father and sister have not yet appeared in the flesh, and in the interim of waiting for some communication from them, Dave has returned to school at Oak Hall. It is a fashionable institution where the young gentlemen sport gold watches and diamond scarf pins; where indulgent fathers furnish their heirs with motor cycles and pocket money in fifty-dollar lots, and there appears to be unlimited leave and liberty. Naturally, there are two factions, the good boys, of whom David Porter is the leader, and the bad ones represented by the sons of money lenders and stock brokers. The good ones turn bats loose in the apartments of a teacher they dislike and the bad ones fill the beds of the good ones with burdock burs. The good ones plan midnight feasts of goodies in their dormitory, and the bad ones find out and snitch and find the tables turned so that the evidence is against themselves. The good ones have a secret fraternity into which they initiate candidates in the time-honored way. Edward Stratemeyer has written many boys' books better deserving of commendation than this one. It is high time that lads of sixteen and upwards took a more serious view of their actions than to regard the robbing of orchards, the annoyance of their teachers, and the breaking of school rules as commendable pranks in which no question of morals is involved and no harm done as long as no one is caught. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

—The Bookworm.



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**Father and Mother Write Letters Indorsing Treatment.**

SAN FRANCISCO, March 23, 1906.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Our three-year-old daughter, having been ill for some time and being treated by the most prominent physicians, gradually became worse and was finally given up by them. We were then recommended to Dr. Wong Him. We started with his treatment, and within two months' time our daughter was cured. Respectfully,

MR. AND MRS. H. C. LIEB,  
2757 Harrison street, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 19, 1906.

TO THE PUBLIC: This is to certify that Dr. Wong Him has cured me of lung and stomach trouble, from which I had suffered for many years. I tried many doctors, but they failed to cure me. I consulted Dr. Wong Him, and after taking his Herb Medicine for six months am now permanently cured. I wish to recommend him to the public as an efficient and skillful physician.

CHARLES BAEHR,  
632 Lyon street, San Francisco, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1907.

TO THE PUBLIC: I had a very severe case of Throat Trouble and general breakdown. Did not sleep or eat for eight days. After trying every remedy I heard of without success, I called on Dr. Wong Him, 1268 O'Farrell street, who by feeling my pulse correctly diagnosed my case. His remedies gave me immediate relief. Cannot say too much in favor of his teas.

O. REESE, 1552 Ninth Ave.

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TONIC LAXATIVE



# TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 771

San Francisco, June 8, 1907

Price, 10 Cents



THE YOSEMITE FALLS

REACHED VIA THE YOSEMITE VALLEY RAILROAD FROM MERCED

# TOWN TALK

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## Roosevelt's Railroad Speech

After raising expectation to the highest pitch by preliminary intimations President Roosevelt inspired a feeling of distinct disappointment by his speech on the railroad situation delivered in Indianapolis on Memorial Day. There was every reason why the country might look forward to a number of utterances in the most radical Rooseveltian vein; his well-known attitude towards the railroads, the revelations of the last few months in connection with the inquiry of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the operations of Harriman and the growing sentiment throughout the country against the overcapitalization of railroads and other big corporations, all combined to give assurance that when the President found utterance for his views, he would place a wider gulf than ever between himself and reactionaries of the Foraker type who have always been his bitterest and most powerful enemies. A reading of the speech causes a distinct surprise. Its conservatism is as little in keeping with the character of the President as hitherto exhibited as it is with the crying evils of railway manipulation in this country which prompted its preparation. It was announced a fortnight before the President delivered this speech that he had expressed dissatisfaction with the findings of the Interstate Commerce Commission and had requested Commissioner Franklin K. Lane to inject "ginger" into its report on the railroads. The natural inference was that the President was prepared to go to extremes in his denunciation of the big mergers in his widely-heralded Indianapolis speech which was then being written and that he desired the authority of the Commission to warrant his criticism. Yet there is nothing in his address which deals adequately with the exposures of stock jobbing and company wrecking, of "watering" and directorate manipulation which startled the country when Harriman and others were under examination. His remarks could not be more optimistic if he spoke from the vantage point of a captain of finance; there is not a trace of that pessimism which even James J. Hill, a railway baron thoroughly acquainted with the past, present and future of his business, seems unable to suppress.

## His Remarks on Overcapitalization

It is when dealing with "watered" stocks that the President in this surprising Indianapolis speech gives greatest pause to the student of railroad problems. With seeming reluctance he admits that many companies have been overcapitalized, but he deprecates severe criticism of railroads in general for this evil and insists that the actual amount of "water" in railway stocks has been grossly exaggerated. "There has been much wild talk," he says, "as to the extent of the overcapitalization of our railroads. The census reports on the commercial value of the railroads of the country, together with the reports made to the Interstate Commerce Commission by the railroads on their cost of construction, tend to show that as a whole the railroad property of the country is worth as much as the securities representing it, and that in the consensus of opinion of investors the total value of stocks and bonds is greater than their total face value, notwithstanding the 'water' that has been injected in particular places." President Roosevelt then goes on to say that "while there have been many instances of gross and flagrant stock inflation, and while, of course, there yet remain cases of overcapitalization," yet nevertheless the wholesome financial standing of the railroads is not impaired; and that "while those railway owners and managers who have enriched themselves by loading their properties with securities representing little or no real value, deserve our strongest condemnation," yet on the other hand, the large majority of railway men who "have worked faithfully, patiently and honestly in building up our great system of railroads," are to be accorded hearty commendation. If all this is true, it is difficult to realize the tremendous necessity for that radical measure of governmental supervision of railway capitalization and rates which Roosevelt's followers have always understood him to be battling for.

## Another View of Watered Stocks

Just what President Roosevelt means by wild talk about overcapitalization it is difficult to fathom in view of the actual facts. There is a very general and rapidly growing conviction among the thinking men of this country that most of our industrial troubles can be traced to this evil of stock inflation which the President treats so cavalierly. San Francisco has had a taste of the unfortunate results which follow this manipulation of capital stock in its dealings with the United Railroads and the Spring Valley Water Company, not to mention other corporations. A view of this evil more consistent at once with common observation and with what was believed to be the presidential attitude before the Indianapolis speech was delivered, is given by Will Payne, himself something of an authority on railroads, in an article entitled "The Cheat of Overcapitalization" which appears in the same issue of Everybody's which contains the President's caustic comments on the "nature fakirs." "In the past eleven years," says Mr. Payne, "there have been listed on the New York Stock Exchange new securities—stocks and bonds—to the amount of twelve and a half million dollars, not including government and city bonds. Of this total twenty-five per cent, or three and a half billion dollars, in round figures, is just water. Railroad securities listed since the last big panic include more than fifteen hundred million dollars of pure water. When the railroads argue that they are entitled to earn a fair return upon the 'in-



vestment,' they include this bogus billion and a half.' Mr. Payne's article deals exhaustively with the specious argument underlying President Roosevelt's optimistic treatment of overcapitalization by first citing the current Wall street defense to the effect that a concern should be capitalized according to its earning power instead of in accordance with the actual investment, and then showing conclusively by a series of illuminating instances that overcapitalization only succeeds when the element of monopoly is present. For monopoly in industrial corporations read traffic arrangements and rebates in the case of common carriers and very little basis remains for the President's ultra-charitable treatment of the railroads. Of course it is unfair to impute, as many insist on imputing, unworthy political motives to whatever is disappointing, unintelligible or seemingly inconsistent in the President's attitude on great public questions, but certainly to anybody previously unfamiliar with the presidential opinion on railroads a close study of the Indianapolis speech would not yield an explanation of the intense hostility hitherto manifested toward him by the railway barons.

### Possibly an Awakening

It is not altogether improbable that President Roosevelt has come to a realization of some of the unfortunate consequences of his impulsive and at times highly intemperate conduct. There is no doubt that the contagion of his example has not always been wholesome. Contrary to his design he has produced results from which a more cautious man, a statesman of greater breadth of vision and more deeply versed in the philosophy of history would have shrunk. Carried away by enthusiasm born of the consciousness of popular approval President Roosevelt has inadvertently played into the hands of the vicious demagogues who, in the past five years have been more active than at any time in the career of the Republic. Unmindful of the fact that the machinations of artful and unscrupulous demagogues constituted a far greater evil than even the corrupting influence of capitalistic combines he assumed the leadership of the crusade against the predatory rich and by the most spectacular methods stimulated popular prejudices and facilitated the propagation of class hatred. While his sincerity is not to be questioned, while there is no doubt that he did not exaggerate the magnitude of the evils which he sought to abate, nevertheless it is obvious that he has been entirely too impetuous, and that he might have accomplished greater good had he taken the precaution to circumvent the designs of the political humbugs who are quite apparently engaged in promoting civil disorder. While President Roosevelt was preoccupied with the regulation of railroads the demagogues were making use of his thunder to justify their own preachments. At the same time the charlatans of the press were goading him into a more bitter hostility by assuming a sceptical air, and intimating that he would have to go much further in order to convince the people that he was in earnest. President Roosevelt took the bait, and what is the result? The country is still prosperous, but class is arrayed against class. The relations between the employer and the employed are embittered, and the rich are held up to universal execration in the pillory built by Mr. Roosevelt. All over the land there is impatience with the law and distrust of the courts. In many states demagogues are inducing

the people to adopt new schemes designed to promote the sovereignty of the mob and destroy the safeguards of liberty. Everywhere the situation is akin to the situation which has immediately preceded most of the upheavals of history. It would not be surprising to learn that President Roosevelt has had an awakening, and that he has come to think it advisable to anticipate what might reasonably be expected to ensue when industry slackens and there is no work, when wages can no longer be maintained and savings dwindle. If he has decided to abate his transports there may yet be time for him to use his mighty influence to guide people into safer and more peaceful ways. Let us hope that when he next gets into aggressive mood he will be inspired with a scorn of demagogues and deem it advisable to hold them up to public execration.

### The Rising Generation

When a college president has the courageous honesty to file an indictment against himself it behooves all men to hearken to his words, for they are more than likely to be words of wisdom. College presidents are usually a self-sufficient generation and their most persistent claim is to an infallibility in pedagogic affairs which has come in many instances to impress the guileless public through the obstinate and tireless force with which it is urged. Unlike his fellows of the cap and gown President Faunce of Brown University is not too proud to acknowledge a fault when he discovers it. Speaking of the rising generation he has the following to say: "The young people of today, as compared with those of fifty years ago, are chiefly deficient in power of sustained attention and original thinking. They cannot, or at least they usually do not, think as clearly, as patiently, and as cogently, as did their fathers. They do not as quickly distinguish the irrelevant from the pertinent, the kernel from the husk, as the men of the last generation. They have an amazing fund of information; they are wide readers of bright ephemeral literature; they have tasted every fruit on the great tree of knowledge; they know a thousand interesting scraps; they are more versatile and ingenious and attractive than any other of the recent generations. But they are quickly led astray by sophistry, and easily led to surrender conviction when it conflicts with interest." It may just be possible that President Faunce did not intend this statement as a confession of the comparative failure of the American university system of which he is a conspicuous exponent. And yet, where so much rarely-acknowledged truth inheres in the words themselves, it is difficult to imagine that the college president does not realize thoroughly all that they imply without directly expressing it. The power of sustained and original thinking is not one for which its possessor may thank hereditary influences; the quick insight into sophistry is not innate; and the will to hold by conviction when interest beckons another way is not imbibed with mother's milk. These virtues of mind and soul are attained by careful cultivation, by the development which education at college and university is supposed to give. To admit that the rising generation lacks these qualities is to impeach the educational system under which the rising generation has been trained. It is interesting to see a college president do this, even by implication; for the tendency among college presidents has seemed to be to allow greater and greater scope for individuality among students,



instead of molding them to the standards which are negatively mentioned in President Faunce's statement. The laxity in mental equipment and the hebetude of moral perception which distinguish certain classes of the so-called educated among us are due to the methods followed at Brown and other universities; but now that the head of one of these institutions has cast a doubt upon their absolute perfection, it is to be hoped that others will follow and that the best parts of the passing educational systems may be revived for the good of the next generation.

### Berkeley's Latest Embroglio

Another college professor has been complaining of misconduct on the part of a college president. This time the charge is made against President Wheeler of Berkeley, and very properly he has not seen fit to set up a defense. We are told that the charge is so grave as to affect materially the discipline of the University, and that the public has a right to an explanation from President Wheeler. With this view we are not in accord. President Wheeler is responsible to the Regents of the University, and unless they demand an explanation he need not feel that it is his duty to challenge the assertions of the disgruntled gentleman who has seen fit to impart to his grievances a sensational tone. It is our opinion that it is the misfortune of some obscure college professors that they take themselves too seriously; also, that many of them misapprehend the character of the relations existing between themselves and the institution in which they are employed. They appear to be under the delusion that when they are put on the pay-roll they acquire certain valuable interests of which they cannot be dispossessed without due process of law. The rule at Berkeley is that a professor holds his job subject to the approval of President Wheeler. As President Wheeler is responsible to the Regents for the discipline of the institution it would manifestly be unfair to require him to retain in the faculty men who are not in sympathy with his administration. Though President Wheeler does not manage affairs at Berkeley as we should manage them, still we are not convinced that we could improve on his methods.

### A Significant Inaccuracy

Some time ago when demands were being made for the removal of the corrupt Supervisors from office it was said, in explanation of the policy by which the government is now being operated, that Schmitz would immediately fill their places with men willing to do his bidding. This was not a highly satisfying explanation. When it was suggested that as the district attorney was in possession of evidence of Mayor Schmitz's guilt he should institute proceedings for the removal of that official too, the explanation was offered that the procedure was tortuous and that delays could easily be contrived by which the accused official could hold on to his office until the end of his term. But now it appears that the district attorney has modified his views. We see that he is now conducting proceedings for the removal of Chief Dinan. We beg leave to suggest that if the evidence is sufficient to warrant the removal of Dinan, and if the district attorney is disposed to test the accuracy of his statement respecting the imperfections of the system that render protracted delays possible, he will not have the slightest difficulty

in demonstrating that he was in error. As a matter of fact the system is shrewdly designed to prevent faithless officials from holding office. Appeals cannot be had except on a writ of probable cause, and when the writ is issued there must be an immediate hearing.

### Science And The Book Germ

The authorities of the public libraries of Berlin have been making some interesting tests to determine the hygienic condition of books which have been circulated amongst the people. With the dirt which was collected experiments were made on guinea pigs. No particular evil resulted from the volumes two years or less in circulation, but from refuse derived from particularly soiled books and from those drawn promiscuously for three years or more, decided results were obtained in the direction of propagating disease. Efforts to sterilize by fumigation proved unsatisfactory, for the bacilli survived while the books were, in many cases, reduced to a condition which rendered further concern about their carrying contamination superfluous. The result of the experimentation is that hereafter the police and health authorities will make periodical inspection of public libraries and books which they seize upon as a danger to public health will be destroyed. They will not be sold to paper manufacturers, but either burned or reduced by chemical processes. Of course our city libraries were sufficiently fumigated a year ago, so we need have no qualms at present as to the danger of contracting disease, but no serious harm would result if people in general were to become imbued with the idea that they were courting deadly dangers in depending on public libraries. Those fastidious folks who would not for a moment contemplate the idea of drinking from a cup at a public fountain, cutting food with a knife which they even suspected of having been used previously, or using a napkin, towel, or any other article not guaranteed to be fresh, have no hesitation about handling books which, passing through hundreds of careless palms, have been subjected to all sorts of inspection. Attacks of diphtheria, scarlet fever and other malignant disorders have been traced to library books and the danger to children is obvious.

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## Certainty

By Mabel Porter Pitts

Long has it been and tedious, the way  
That marks the search, but hope shown ever bright  
And kindly stars appeared, to make the night  
Less dismal than had been the passing day,  
And, too, a cheering word would oft times stray  
On wings of folly down the barren waste,  
And tempting lips would check my eager haste,  
And pleading eyes my resolutions sway;  
But deep desire for that still held denied  
Came ever with the dawning of the sun  
And sent me on my way unsatisfied.  
One day I knew my pilgrimage was done;  
I knelt within a sacred shrine, aside,  
And heard my heart say, "Rest. This is the one."

## Perspective Impressions

A monument to Bill Nye is to be built by popular subscription. How different from Mark Twain whose monument is of his own building!

An Indiana writer asserts that literature is dying. Have the innumerable writers of Indiana relinquished the pen for more congenial tools?

Ruef says that his confession was made under oath. He thinks that from that circumstance it should derive the quality of impressiveness. Apparently Abe has no scruples against being hypocritical even with himself.

Thomas F. Ryan has retired from Wall street with a fortune of \$100 000,000 which he expects to enjoy. It is unlikely that he will be able to find anything quite so enjoyable as the making of the fortune. The ambition to accumulate that much money and the conscience essential to its accumulation are seldom accompanied by a taste for the real pleasures of life.

Governor Gillett favors a court of compulsory arbitration. A law prohibiting a union from declaring a strike except by secret ballot would be just as efficacious.

Mr. Hearst's representatives in Chicago have been arrested for violating the anti-trust law by "squeezing" newsdealers. Has it come to this that we must regulate our trust busters to prevent them from practicing what they preach at?

San Francisco is a great city, but its greatness fades into insignificance when compared with that of the illiterate, blatant Cornelius who denied the carmen's union the right to a secret ballot, and who has diffused distress and terror throughout the community.

It is reported that after being talked at by Mr. Francis Heney a Stanford student developed a mania for sending men to jail. He should come to San Francisco and apply to Mr. Langdon for a job.



John Bull—"Bless my bloomin' h'eyes, but it won't stay suppressed."  
—Doyle in the Philadelphia Press.



THE NEW TRIPLE ALLIANCE  
—Bradley in the Chicago News.

## An Emir

By R. B. Cunninghame-Graham

Only two years ago it was a waste of sand, which from the edge of a high cliff looked out across the straits at Spain, that submerged fraction of the Eastern world. On it dogs, yellow and as thin as jackals, played. When it was dark they howled, making night hideous or melodious, according as the listener's ears were tuned to the roar of cities or to the silence of the East. Ragweed and mignonette, and now and then a bur and now and then a gentian struggled from the sand, their stalks grown woody with the drought. Dead dogs and cats strewn it abundantly, with offal of all kinds, and on the scanty grass an ass or two fed without appetite, resigned to fate.

At times some Arabs from the interior camped upon it, their bell-shaped tents sewn with squat bottles of blue cloth springing like mushrooms from the sand, their mules and horses standing listless in the sun, stamping at flies or neighing shrilly when they were fed at night. Their owners wandered on the cliff looking across toward "El-Andalus" pondering, perchance, upon the black, the incomprehensible, the element on which Allah has given scant dominion to his faithful, and of which Musa, he who conquered Spain and died in far Damascus, poor and a prisoner, said, "It is a thing the mind of none can compass, vast and ungovernable, fools ride it to their ruin in their hollow ships . . . such is the sea, no man hath bridled it."

Perhaps the campers wondered why the people of the faith, those who alone can properly pronounce the letter "dod," did not again attempt the conquest of the land which once they ruled, or perhaps their thoughts but ran upon the price of eggs in Tangier, or in the sok of Jabaltar.

Jews and more Jews, the women handsome, but graceless as must be all condemned for centuries to persecution, and the men more Spanish than the Spaniards in their faces, but much more European in their minds, lived in long rows of pink or sky-blue houses, upon every side. The little plain called the Marshan, on which in Carolean times battles were fought against the Moors, under the chief the English called Lord Gayan, spread out between the cliffs above the sea and those which run down to the River of the Jews. Just at the end a Moorish cemetery, a field of stones, cut into little paths on every side, in which the feet of all the passers-by for centuries had left deep ruts, seemed to connect the living and the dead, in the familiar way of Africa, where no God's acre, railed and cut off from all the world, forms both a barrier against the quick, and yet a link with those who sleep beneath the grass.

The waste of sand, the cemetery, the howling dogs, and all the features of the life of Tangier, which have endured since first Ibn-Batuta left its walls to set forth on his travels, seemed likely to go on for ever, as changeless as the tide-rip which foams and billows in the middle of the Straits.

Then on a day a gang of builders suddenly appeared, Arabs with sacking tied about their loins, talking and shouting, and falling over one another in their zeal to do as little as was possible. A Spanish foreman, solemn and olive-colored (a Moor in trousers and a cap), speaking a jargon between Andaluz and Arabic, and half incomprehensible to all his workmen, walked

about, looking intensely grave, and now and then cursing his men for dogs of infidels.

A Jew, thin, lithe and eager, acted the part of clerk of works, and in a month or two walls and more walls of courtyards, the scheme of every Moorish house, rose as by magic from the sand. The noise and the confusion of the men would have shamed Babel easily, and yet the work went on, went on by force of human strength and sweat, men raising stone by pulleys, in which palmetto ropes creaked noisily, whilst donkeys waited patiently with lime.

So did they build the pyramids, the temples at Palenque, and thus did the Alhambra rise out of the rocks which crown the gorge above the courses of the Darro and Genil. Grave, bearded, white-clad men, holding each other's hands, as children do in lands where custom sets a gulf unbridgeable betwixt the actions of the old and young, came and sat down on heaps of stones and criticised. They gave their reasons solemnly, and with much calling upon God, raising their hands with a slow motion from the wrist, and turning up their palms towards their auditors, who listened to them silently with now and then a pious phrase, which whistled through the larynx as the wind whistles through the trees. Some held the employment of the Christian would bring bad luck, whilst others gave as their opinion that the infidel was given might by God over the steam and electricity, and it was right to profit by his lore, as Allah, for wise reasons of his own, allowed him greatly to enjoy the earth, reserving to himself the power, the world's play done, to cast him into Tophet where he should wither for a thousand years.

Men swarmed like ants about the walls, chattering like parrots in a field of maize, and mules and donkeys carrying bricks and lime went to and fro, men urging them with blows and shouting curses on their mothers, all which they took unmoved and uncomplaining, their round black eyes looking amazed and philosophically upon their fellow-slaves who ran beside them yelling in their ears.

Word came from Suez or Port Said that soon the owner of the place might be expected, and that all must be finished by a certain day, on which he with his women and his suite would be in Tangier, and would take possession of the house. Painters and decorators, working with a will, soon gave the interior a habitable air, glazing the windows with parti-colored glass, and painting dados of great stripes of blue picked out with orange, and finishing pink window-frames with green, a scheme of color which to a Western eye seems crude, but which in Africa the light tones down and softens, as in a garden flowers are blended by the sun into a harmony.

Then, all desisted from their work, and the great house stood silent in the sun, as some huge palace in the realms of the "Arabian Nights" called up by genii, springs in a night, and perhaps vanishes away as speedily, into the sand from which it rose. Though built so hastily, it yet looked solid, the long white walls without a window, giving it an air as of a fortress, which the great gate did not belie though plated with sheet tin.

The master landed at the port, his baggage packed

(Continued on Page 35.)



# Mr. Heney and His Ways

By Theodore Bonnet

The garrulous Mr. Heney, giving rein to his fatal passion for publicity, once more thunders headlong into print. But respecting Mr. Heney's latest plunge presswards, without the slightest disrespect it may be assumed that it was inspired by tactical considerations rather than the personal equation or the impulse to fill a literary vacuum. While I am willing to accept Mr. Heney as an embodiment of disinterested benevolence to mankind, I realize that above all things he is a tactician. It is not by the exercise of purely legal talent that he hopes to achieve success at the bar. If he should fail to bag all the big boodlers of this city his failure would not be attributed to a silly and superstitious reverence for the traditions of his profession. He is out for a glorious triumph over the entrenched forces of iniquity, and he is not to be handicapped by petty considerations of ethical propriety. Conscious of the fact that he is operating in the dual capacity of lawyer and Providence to a grateful community he does not hesitate to summon the people to his aid. His plan of campaign comprehends something more than the machinery of justice. That most powerful of all weapons—public clamor—he appreciates as almost indispensable in the furtherance of his most beneficent enterprise. Therefore he has been most fortunate in having the newspapers in their present temper. The newspaper, eager for the purification of the city, made it easy for Mr. Heney from the beginning. They did more: they made it possible for him to do all that he has done. It was the voice of the press that persuaded the humble and deferential courts of the city and state to facilitate the consummation of all Mr. Heney's salutary designs even in the face of Alpine precedents through which his pathway led. That Mr. Heney's labors might have been in vain had it not been for the grateful co-operation of the press is now to be presumed in view of the fact that even with the tremendous and unparalleled combination of agencies behind him there is danger of humiliating defeat. The imminence of this calamity was disclosed by Mr. Heney himself when he rushed into print the other day and horrendously protested against the hindering of the prosecution. So seriously was the prosecution being hindered in his opinion that he deemed it necessary to take the public into his confidence, and this he did to the extent of four or five columns of earnest and verbose disquisition. From this confidential communication to myself and the rest of the general I learn that Mr. Heney has incurred the opposition of the mighty and set loose the dogs of conspiracy. A shocking state of affairs!

What the nature of this conspiracy is I am unable to ascertain, but I have great confidence in the ingenuity of Mr. Heney, and I have no misgivings respecting his ability to hold his ground so long as he is able to retain the sympathy of the press. When Mr. Heney thumps his brisket and fans this city with a breeze of eloquent reproach we should not permit ourselves to be thrown into panic. We should remember that Mr. Heney is fertile in stratagems. When he parts his chin to release a bawl of blasting vehemence the probability is that it merely presages a motion before Judge Dunne, or augurs the indictment of Chief Dinan for daring to follow in the footsteps of Detective Burns. At any rate it is important that the voice of the court

should be an echo from the haunts of the multitude. I interpreted that bawl as the forerunner of a new Elisor. It never occurred to me that the prosecution was getting desperate or that Success which has been awaiting Mr. Heney with engaging attitude, rosy arms outstretched and palpitating midriff was threatening him with an icy shoulder.

In Mr. Heney's latest exhortation he ranged through a wide gamut of emotion. He was pathetic, scornful, petulant, denunciatory, and monitory. But he was not so persuasive as he might have been if tranquil and sedate, which is the proper state of mind for accurate perception and cool deliberation. The opinion even of the wisest man has not much weight when behind it is discovered prejudice and passion. Mr. Heney was so ferocious, dogmatic and dictatorial in his utterances, that I would adjure him to assuage himself lest he excite the exasperating guffaw of the irreverent groundlings. For they are notoriously fickle. Even great heroes must be discreet in their rages. Xerxes was not taken seriously when in a transport of passion induced by the destruction of his bridge of boats over the Hellespont he commanded the sea to be punished with three hundred stripes. There is nothing that the public so quickly resents as being preached at. Mr. Heney should not lose patience with the dear pee-pul, or they may lose patience with him. Nor should he be too reckless in his beguilements. The pee-pul have acquiesced in most of the things he has done thus far, but should they ever take to looking backwards, and become conscious of all they have acquiesced in they might become resentful. And it would be unfortunate if that should happen before Mr. Heney finished his job. Therefore he should be mindful of the versatility of public favor, which, by the way, is aptly illustrated by the story of a Conqueror, who, on entering a little town he had just subdued saw the citizens taking his effigy down from a gibbet and removing the statue of his enemy from a pedestal. Presently his effigy was placed upon the pedestal and his enemy's was raised upon the gibbet. "You see," he said, turning to a companion, "the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." It is that small difference which I would have Mr. Heney perceive before again taking the public into his confidence and classing as ignorant and insincere all that do not applaud his views and his methods.

Mr. Heney is very indignant that there should be the slightest change in the public sentiment respecting the prosecution of the corruptionists. And he ascribes this change entirely to mean motives, at the same time inveighing against all who stubbornly decline to accept his motives at his own valuation. Obviously Mr. Heney is unreasonable. And if Mr. Heney cannot perceive any solid basis for an honest difference of opinion respecting the conduct of the prosecution then he is unquestionably obtuse. This is the fatal defect of some lawyers that they are never able to see both sides of a case. It is the defect that distinguishes the man of mediocre ability from the genius. Mr. Heney should be able to see more than one moral question in the situation evolved from the prosecution of the grafters.

It is just such a situation that men animated with a strong passion for the great virtues, as they are mis-



takingly called, are utterly forgetful of the ordinary ones. One of the ordinary virtues is justice. That is the virtue which impels us to give every man his due. Mr. Heney will probably admit that it were better to let all the boodlers escape than to pervert justice in the trial of one of them. There are many laymen who would not admit as much. But Mr. Heney is a lawyer, an honorable member of his profession, and his training has impressed him with the truth of the maxim; "Cursed is he that removeth the landmark." There is probably no surer way to pervert justice than to seek to promote it with the aid of public clamor. And yet we find Mr. Heney appealing to the misgivings of the public mind and to its dislikings. We find him thus appealing despite the fact that the machinery of the law is in his hands. So far he has had no untoward experience. He has received no rebuke from any tribunal. The Grand Jury has done everything that he has requested. Judge Dunne has denied him nothing. Indeed Judge Dunne has been so sympathetic at times that only on second thought or, perhaps, a hint from Heney, has he done less than he purposed doing; as for instance when he refused to excuse E. P. E. Troy from jury service. Judge Dunne appointed an Elisor and refused to accept bail from defendant Abe Ruef, and the Supreme Court of the State was so long making up its mind to exact for the infamous prisoner his Constitutional right that Ruef broke down as Mr. Heney expected him to do, and confessed his crimes.

By these ways that seem oblique are we having justice vindicated. And yet Mr. Heney thinks there is only one moral question involved in the prosecution of the grafters. Nor is he content with all that public clamor has done toward persuading justice to connive at expediency. He is a glutton for public clamor. And therefore he laments the incivism of that element of the community which ceased to applaud after he began to indict the rich boodlers. "The briber and debaucher of our public service," he says, "doesn't arouse the manly resentment of the average banker, merchant or professional man." He doesn't know why, though in another breath he affirms having heard wealthy citizens insist that it would be better to have the streets of the city run with blood than have the carmen's strike compromised on any terms that would recognize the right of any man to belong to a union. Mr. Heney mentioned no names. It would surprise me very much if he remembered any. Very impulsive is Mr. Heney and given to going off half-cocked. What he probably heard was, Better the streets should run with blood than that anarchistic principles inculcated by riot should triumph over the right of an American citizen to employ an American citizen without the permission of a Cornish socialist. If Mr. Heney would reflect a little on his lately acquired tendency to misunderstand the issue between capital and labor, a tendency most emphatically evidenced in his latest hortatory address to the public, perhaps it would not be so difficult for him to appreciate the disinclination of a large element of this community to give impetus to his designs. Perhaps if he were to review his own utterances with the assistance of an unprejudiced exegete he would be able to appreciate the fact that there is a multiplicity of moral questions involved in the current controversy. But aside from these moral questions there are other considerations that might induce an honest citizen to refrain from clamoring for the conviction of the bribe-givers. An honest, indignant citizen, having been clamoring for the punish-

ment of the infamous grafters, believing them to be the worst rascals that ever infested a community, and having witnessed their confession and the amiable treatment that has been accorded them, it should not be deemed singular that subsequent proceedings interested him no more. Rather ought it to be deemed singular that such a citizen, free from bias and the venom of class hatred, should enter into the spirit that animates Mr. Heney. For it would require a combination of abnormal heart and eccentric mind to produce even in a zealot for civic virtue tolerance of a Ruef and hatred of one of the victims of his extortion.

All honest men would sympathize with Mr. Heney in his vigorous campaign against corruption, were all honest men of the conviction that his methods are the best that might be conceived for the purifying of our moral atmosphere. There are men sincere and not ignorant who do not agree with Mr. Heney that bribe-giving is in all circumstances worse than bribe-taking. They are convinced that his logic despite its impressive veracities is not unimpeachable. When he says if there were no bribe-givers there would be no bribe-takers, they reflect that it is also true that if nobody would accept a bribe there would be no bribe-givers and that if nobody would extort a bribe nobody would be compelled to give one. But it is not my purpose to fall out with Mr. Heney over the subtleties of difference between bribe-giving and bribe-taking. I am willing to concede that he is sincere in his views and that those views do not betray ignorance. I would merely persuade him not to be too dogmatic and querulous. Even when as a lawyer he tells the laymen of this community what the essence of a crime is, and when as laymen they decline to accept his explication he should not assume that they are either insincere or ignorant or even prejudiced in favor of boodlers.

A star-gazer with his little telescope was once viewing the moon and describing her seas and her topography. Said a clown to his companion: "Let him spy what he pleases, we are as near to the moon as he is and all his brethren." Truly has it been said, practice creeps where theory can soar. The philosopher proves as feeble as those whom he most contemns. So it is with our moral speculations. The lawyer deducting wisdom from general principles tells us that the essence of bribery is the giving of the bribe, but when we see a band of unconscionable scoundrels, practicing deception on the people by seeking office in the guise of honest men imbued with a righteous desire to serve the public; when we see such men after taking the solemn oath of office, organizing themselves into an association for the looting of a city and for extorting money from its citizens; when we see such men enter into a compact with one of the most wicked rascals of which there is any record, whereby he is empowered to capitalize their vile greed; and when, finally, we see such men—the corrupt officials and their unspeakable pimp vouchsafed absolution not upon the strength of a profession of repentance, but upon their promise to make all their past iniquities seem commonplace in comparison with the final achievement, in perfidy, we should not be censured if from this spectacle we turn in scorn and abhorrence and in no mood to demand for an outraged commonwealth, on the word of such carrion, its pound of flesh, Mr. Heney, however, influenced by what he believes to be the essence of the crime is concentrating his energies on

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# The Spectator

## Burns and His Methods

Many years will probably elapse before an authentic history of the graft prosecution is written, and it is very doubtful that we shall ever be supplied with a complete, impartial narrative revealing all the secret springs, various winding and perplexed mazes that are comprised in the sensational drama. This drama abounds in episodes of great human interest, with many of which the public are familiar, but over many an impenetrable curtain has been discreetly drawn. Desperate cases call for desperate remedies and when Detective Burns is dealing with rascals he doesn't adhere too strictly to the scented conventions of polite society. To catch a rascal he scruples not at a sly advantage, and from his long and varied experience he has become thoroughly versed in the psychology of rascality. He seldom errs in his conjectures respecting the course that will be pursued by a criminal in difficulties. After designing and launching the difficulties Burns is usually certain as to the outcome. Within a week after Ruef fell into the hands of the Elisor, Burns predicted his confession. How he persuaded Ruef to confess is one of the interesting, perhaps the most interesting, of the series of climactic occurrences in graft drama. The story has not yet been told for publication. Indeed very little of the truth respecting the career of Ruef since his return from the Trocadero has been diffused for public consumption.

## Some Historical Data

Gradually the story of that confession, in fragments, is escaping from the inner chamber of the Inquisition. Ruef himself has divulged some of it. He has disclosed to friends his reasons for taking Burns into his confidence. He says that he was deserted by all his partners in crime and that even Schmitz had assumed an unsympathetic attitude. The Schmitz family had discontinued all social relations with his family, and he felt that he was to be left to fight the battle for freedom alone and at his own expense. He told a friend that he did not regret the action he had taken, and that he considered Detective Burns his best friend. From another source I hear that Ruef confessed to Burns two weeks prior to the day on which he arose in court to enter his paradoxical plea of guilty for the purposes of the prosecution and not guilty as to the moral responsibility. If this is true then the trick that Ruef played on his attorneys was about as contemptible a piece of deception as he ever executed. His attorneys had not the slightest inkling to his surrender until he asked for a private conference with them. That was after he had listened to Samuel M. Shortridge's argument in support of a motion for a change of venue. When the attorneys sat down with him he produced the slip of yellow paper on which he had written his confession. It is certain that the attorneys for the prosecution knew what was occurring at that conference. Moreover there has been speculation as to whether the court was not cognizant of what was coming. It would of course be very interesting to learn whether the court, while gravely listening to the argument on the motion for a change of venue, was aware that Ruef had his confession in his pocket and that the attorneys were the dupes of a treacherous client. Whether the coming graft historian will be

able to gratify a vulgar curiosity respecting the scope of the court's knowledge on that notable occasion it is impossible to predict. Perhaps Judge Dunne will never tell. Perhaps if anybody else knows he will be equally non-communicative. All histories are more or less incomplete. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Ascalon! has been the motto of many an historian, for there are always occurrences to be hushed up rather than blazoned. Unto this day we don't know whether Dioclesian hanged himself in his garters or died in his bed. Even the veracious Eusebius with his golden reasons for favoring Constantine never alluded to the gossip relative to the death of Crispus. So let us prepare ourselves for disappointment.

## When Abe Blushed

The exact date of Ruef's confession is of course a matter of some importance to his accomplices as well as of interest to the public. As to the reasons that actuated him there is a variety of opinion. That he does not give the correct ones we may feel pretty certain. I have been told that Burns deftly worked on his misgivings, telling him that if he was wise he would beat Schmitz to the immunity bath. It was repeatedly hinted to him that Schmitz was wavering, and even that the Mayor was negotiating for terms. Never did Siren warble so dulcet a song to ears already prepossessed by a congenial prospect. Abe relished nothing more than pretexts for evacuating the danger zone. His bosom agitated by emotions by no means tranquil and serene, induced mainly by solicitude for his exchequer upon which there was a most aggravating drain, he was eager to play the puppet moved by secret wires behind the screen. And there were other instigations of self-interest. Detective Burns, I am told, made the curious discovery that Ruef is not without a sense of shame. If while shame keeps its watch, as we have been told, virtue is not wholly extinguished from the heart, then the badgered and distressed boss is not inaccessible to regenerative influences. For Ruef's brazen cheeks burned as he contemplated the prospect of being proved guilty of collecting toll from fallen women. And it is said that it was largely in consideration of Burns's promise to abandon the charge



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of extorting money from women of the town, that Ruef told the story of his lesser iniquities.

### Why the Prosecution is in Politics

Despite the protests of the men behind the prosecution of the boodlers, and their reiterated asseverations of exalted and disinterested motives, they are unable to thaw out a certain element of the community, the withholding of whose sympathy is entirely due to political considerations. It is suspected that the men behind the prosecution are now engaged on the side in perfecting a political machine for the coming campaign. But that circumstance is not sufficient to justify the challenging of their motives. Manifestly an ambition to complete the cycle of their benefactions is not deserving of reprobation. It is natural that Mr. Langdon should desire to wind up satisfactorily the work that was begun with the appointment of Mr. Francis Heney. The moving impulse of the graft prosecution is the political regeneration of the city, and to succeed the little coterie of reformers must bring order out of chaos, they must assist in giving us a clean set of municipal officials. The mistake they are making is one of evasion. The public, always on the qui vive for miserable charlatanerie, is ever distrustful of a secret purpose lurking behind a mask. Mr. Langdon and his associates should not expect us to blind ourselves to the natural course of human contingencies. They should not protest too much. It is well to remember that the signs of political energy are not to be easily mistaken. The Hon. Joseph J. Dwyer of the Independence League and the graft prosecution is a symbol of political energy. He isn't able to find a bushel at every corner large enough to hide the light of his political genius.

### Nursing the Saloon Vote

A story was related to me the other day by way of illustration of Mr. Dwyer's superior political sagacity. I will repeat it because it comes in pat to elucidate my meaning in reference to the laudable designs of the graft prosecution. Some time ago the Examiner was clamoring for an increase of the liquor license. It was argued that it would be the part of wisdom to compel the saloons to contribute more bountifully to the public revenues, especially now that we are so much in need of money to repair the damage suffered in the catastrophe. The proposition met with popular approval, but suddenly the agitation ceased. The circumstance filled curiosity. When the Examiner fathers a measure for the benefit of the public it usually stays with it until it is adopted. The Examiner is noted for its tenacity of purpose and its winning ways. So well is its reputation for persistency established that there was much surprise that it should cease its high license fight. According to my informant, the monarch of the dailies is not prejudiced against expediency. And the inexpediency of keeping up the fight for high license just as we are approaching a municipal election was

pointed out by Mr. Dwyer of the Independence League. The saloon vote must not be alienated. Of course it is unfortunate that the question of expediency should have arisen, for there is no time like the present to get a license tax raised; the supervisors are such good dogs that they will eat out of Detective Burns's hands.

### By Way of Warning

But "Politics is politics," said the Hon. Seonchin Maloney, "and when you're doin' politics you must do nuthin' but politics or take the count." And as I have suggested there is nothing essentially wrong in the ambition of the graft prosecutors to complete the cycle of their benefactions. Their efforts will find adequate results and consummation only in the complete routing of the grafters. And if they show us a strong change setting in on the current of our civil interests we should see a corresponding change in our duties. But—and here's the rub—it will always be difficult to convince some men that it is their duty to acquiesce in a scheme of government founded on a recognition of class distinction. If labor is to be a favored class politically because it is more solidified than any other, then the persons by whom that principle is espoused need not look for the sympathy of upright citizens. It is highly moral to send boodlers to jail, but it is highly immoral to conspire for the subjection of a city to the rule of any class of its citizens.

### Their Political Prospects

But granting that the men behind the prosecution are inspired with the best of intentions respecting the municipal government they are bound to experience great difficulty in carrying them out. Aside from the great diversity of political interests which our little band of purifiers presents, there is reason to doubt their ability to capture a primary election. Not even the machinery of the Labor Party is at their disposal. Gavin McNab is not likely to yield the management of the Democracy though it is understood that the Hon. James D. Phelan fondly expects to exercise his wonderful powers of fascination and weave the spells that were so successful in the days agone. Mr. Phelan's interest in the senatorship is as keen as ever. Mr. Dwyer is of course true to the Independence Leg, as it is called, and he relies on District Attorney Langdon to capture the imagination of the pee-pul merely by exhibiting himself as the symbol of the appointing power through which Mr. Heney was set in motion. While only a lay figure so far as the prosecution is concerned Mr. Langdon is a potential force politically of some magnitude. It will be remembered that in its inception the graft prosecution served to energize Mr. Langdon's gubernatorial campaign. If Langdon had been elected governor then would the graft prosecution

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have ended, for Mayor Schmitz would have appointed somebody to fill the vacancy in the district attorney's office, and Heney would have been left high and dry on the shores of innocuous desuetude. But fortunately Langdon wasn't elected, a circumstance that has enabled him to cause the pee-pul to forget that he ever had any intention of abandoning their interests.

### Coming Events

In justice to Mr. Langdon it should be said he has abated his fickleness and is for the present true to the old town. For two reasons he has no intention of running for Governor this fall. One reason is that we don't elect a governor this fall, and the other is that we do elect a district attorney. So far as Mr. Langdon's ambition is concerned the men behind the prosecution are heartily in accord, but should the Independence Leg be thrust into prominence the viperous worm of dissension would wriggle into view. Thus far the gentlemen are agreed that all their interests are best subserved by battering the Republican machine, and hence their oft repeated intimations of certain prospective indictments despite the fact that they are not in possession of one word of testimony to justify their reckless utterances. This machine smashing diversion will not preoccupy the gentlemen much longer. They must soon align themselves with their several interests and then we shall probably hear some jangling notes of discord.

### Speculations of The Cynical

Meanwhile the irreverent cynics, the men of feeble civic spirit, are talking with an unreflecting levity of Mr. Spreckels' ambition to enter the President's cabinet. These perverse scoffers and congenital pessimists have been at their old practice of putting two and two together with all the enthusiasm of metaphysicians who had discovered a new and infallible process of ratiocination. They argue that Heney's interest in the prosecution is largely inspired by President Roosevelt, not that the President is feverishly concerned over graft in San Francisco, but that in his intense hatred of one Harriman, he nurses the hope that as there has been so much intriguing in a city where that magnate has so many large interests something might be unearthed highly prejudicial to his enemy. And though this conjecturing may be somewhat far-fetched it is upon nothing more substantial than the rumor has been put in circulation respecting Mr. Spreckels' political ambition. This of course is a matter so dissonant from common sense that hardly can it be conceived by human understanding. While it is true that Mr. Heney has more than once announced his intention "to get" Mr. Herrin, the representative of Mr. Harriman, it is more reasonable to assume that his hostility to the Southern Pacific attorney is due to a desire to smash the Republican machine rather than to the hope of embarrassing the Wall street financier. But these are idle speculations. Mr. Heney's main

purpose is to regenerate the city, and thus far it does not appear to be essential to this achievement to indict Mr. Herrin, for notwithstanding the infinite ramifications of the Southern Pacific Company not one iota of evidence has, up to this writing, come to light to implicate the attorney in questionable transactions. And surely when Mr. Heney, equipped as he is for the beneficent business in hand, fails to verify his suspicions respecting the doings of a citizen of this city, then may we be justified in felicitating that citizen on his exemplary behaviour.

### Confusion of Sentiment

As Mr. Heney has told us, the sentiment of this community has undergone a change since he began demonstrating, to use his own forceful language, that the laws do not discriminate between the poor and the rich. When Mr. Spreckels began his gallant fight for decency not a note of croaking dissent could be heard except in labor union circles where it was supposed that he purposed humiliating organized labor by showing up the iniquity of the Schmitz administration. The labor leaders from Gompers to McCarthy dissented with the same vehemence that has characterized the protests of anarchic socialists against applying the law of the land to Moyer and Haywood. But the unionists have been persuaded that Mr. Spreckels is not prejudiced against them. The ox that has been gored is pastured on the hill, and the ox has a large family and many friends. Mr. Heney's round-up is of such dimensions, and directly affects so wide an area of this city, that the sentiment which it influences must naturally be reflected afar. It has penetrated even to the sanctum of the Inquisition. The men who have been indicted are men of affairs and it is not surprising that they have many sympathizers. It is not hard to persuade these sympathizers that the prosecution is not motivated entirely in civic patriotism, and being as they are in a receptive mood toward purveyors of gossip respecting the ulterior designs of the prosecutors, they abound these days in opinions that are far from sound. It does not occur to some of them that it is somewhat illogical to be prejudiced in favor of defendants simply because the defendants have been brought to justice by men inspired by malice. On the other hand there are men deeply in sympathy with the prosecution who assume that criticism of the methods of the prosecution must imply a prejudice against the indictment of rich boodlers. Obviously this assumption is illogical.

### Spreckels Was Afraid of Fire

Shortly after the change of sentiment of which Mr. Heney complains, one of the raw recruits in the ranks of the scoffers told me a story that belongs in Professor Henry Morse Stephens's history of the earthquake period. It is the story of the row in the Committee of Fifty over a proposition to permit the United Railroads to give us street car service. The story was

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told to me to give point to the suggestion that Mr. Spreckels was, as Mr. Calhoun has asserted, unfriendly to the United Railroads long before there was any talk of boodle, and I repeat it only to indicate the trend of men's minds since the pursuit of bribe-givers grew hot. Some days after the big fire, as my informant reminded me, the United Railroads' officials filled the people with joy by announcing that they were ready to operate their cars. Nothing could have more effectually roused the hopes of the sad and depressed community than this announcement indicating as it did the confidence of a big corporation controlled by Eastern capital and conveying the promise of an early revival of business. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels was the only member of the Committee of Fifty whose heart was not gladdened by the announcement. Mr. Spreckels frowned. He talked of the danger of fire. The cars were operated one day, everybody being permitted to ride free, and then they were stopped. The only explanation given was that the electric wires might cause a fire. The cars were stopped by order of Mr. Spreckels. The only member of the Committee of Fifty who was not influenced by Mr. Spreckels's misgivings was Gavin McNab. He is said to have made some investigation and to have learned that all the wires were insulated, and that there was no more danger from fire than there would be six months later. He brought the matter up in the committee, saying that the people wanted car service and asking why the cars were not operated. Mr. Spreckels arose and explained the danger. He based his statement on the scientific report of an engineer, which, he thought, should settle the matter. But apparently McNab was not deeply impressed. He suggested that Mr. Spreckels file a scientific brief on the subject and promised that if the cars were run he would read the brief six months from that date. Mr. Spreckels evidently detected a tone of sarcasm in Mr. McNab's remarks, for he immediately resigned from the committee. Then there was a commotion. Mr. McEnerney tried to save Mr. Spreckels's wounded feeling in a neat speech on the importance of all pulling together, but in conclusion he confessed that the people were crying for cars. Other speakers followed in the same strain, each patting Mr. Spreckels gently on the back, but conscientiously affirming that there was an insistent demand for car service. The cars were put in motion and Mr. Spreckels had nothing more to say.

#### To the Tall Pines for Jim

Those prying into graft matters obtain evidence daily that there will be a grand scattering of City Fathers when the big stick lifts. Immunity certificates are but short lived at best and the coming inquisition may be directed against the minor thieves. Thus it is but the part of thrift to prepare against the next Grand Jury. More than one supervisor, I learn, has assigned his interests to his wife and placed dummies in the corporations in which he is concerned. But Jim Gallagher is a noble exception to the rule. When

released, the once acting-Mayor announces, he intends to retire to his ranch in the high Sierras. There as a man of simple tastes he may live comfortably upon his income. Nor, since the mountains about are well covered with chaparral, need he worry as to what the next Grand Jury may do. His fellow members are closer mouthed. Of course imprisonment would be annoying, but imagine being compelled to disgorge!

#### Senator Nixon Replies

Mining stocks have been hit hard by the present crisis. Most of the values are cut in half, some are chopped two-thirds of their prices of six months ago, while the "wilcats" are cut completely out of the field. It is the old, old story of squeezing the lemon. But some of the brokers and promoters who have faith in the proven mines as a field for investment are vehemently protesting against the tactics on the part of certain owners whom they believe contributed largely to the present depressing conditions. Brokers Doubleday, Mims, Kirley, Lambaud and Stonebarn and a corps of "resolutes" are out in interviews, articles and "letters" denouncing the methods of the so-called manipulators. "Grossly exaggerated reports of strikes," "splitting up a good mine among leasers and letting the leasers get the bullion at the expense of the stockholders," "no dividends when good ore is being milled," and "overcapitalization," are only a few of several gross charges being made. Even the back bone of the Goldfield group, Goldfield Consolidated is declared to be overcapitalized. This last shot evidently stirred the choler of Senator Nixon for he is just out with a vigorous reply in which he endeavors to clear up the whole situation. He emphatically insists that the Goldfield mines are in the best possible condition and will yet astonish the world; that Goldfield Consolidated is in a position to take out high grade ore at the rate of one million dollars every twenty days and that he is managing the merger mines purely from a mining standpoint and not with a view to manipulation. Stung by the continual charge of being a manipulator and thereby partly responsible for present conditions he says he has never solicited a man to buy or sell a share of Goldfield Consolidated and has not traded in that stock during the last sixty days. It is safe to say the plucked public will be regaled with these

## Announcement

Spring and Summer

We desire to announce that our complete selection of strictly confined Imported and Domestic Woolens, consisting of unusually attractive patterns in popular weaves and fashionable materials, is now ready awaiting inspection.

It gives us pleasure to state that every garment is made by skilled tailors, cut on stylish and artistic lines that command the admiration and approval of our customers.

We cordially invite and solicit patronage, and endeavor to uphold our past reputation for high-grade tailoring at moderate prices.

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charges and answers as long as the slump continues and from present indications that will be, according to the doleful rail birds "sometime next winter."

### Bromides and Sulphites

Down in Southern California, whither people are generally supposed to flock to rid themselves of chronic disorders, the Sulphitic theory, as expounded by Gellett Burgess in his book on Sulphites and Bromides, has taken hold with a grip that promises nothing short of an epidemic. The germ was introduced by Outlanders from New York and vicinity. Inasmuch as the Sunny South cannot do without these Outlanders, the plague cannot be fought by an embargo after the manner of the Tahitian orange scale. Yet all hope is not lost, for, as the good ladies of the Friday Morning Club know, Los Angeles once lived through a personally introduced epidemic of Henry James, and this fact is advanced by those who hold that the Sulphitic theory will die a natural death. "Amatory Poems" by Thomas De Las Torres has a prefatory note which loosely translated means that, provided the morals of an author are pure, it signifies nothing what the morals of his books are. A still freer translation would mean that an author's work is no key to the personality of the man. This will not hold good when applied to the author of the Sulphitic theory. There are certain situations which allow of no deviation as to conversation. One may say "If you please," "Thank you," "Excuse me," "I want to thank you for a very enjoyable evening," or, if one happens to be a lady, "I've had a perfectly charming time." One must say the inevitable Bromidiom and be classed as a Bromide, or one must say nothing. Even the most Sulphitic of Sulphites, the very expounder of the theory itself, could invent no way out of such a difficulty, and so said nothing. Here in San Francisco before the quake—even before the existence of the Sequoia Club—lion-taming was considered a fair diversion; and it so happened that Burgess, then known as the creator of the Purple Cow, was petted, combed and fed by kindly, well intentioned people who would vary the monotony of those tranquil times. And it is recalled that he left the scene of functions given in his honor without other preliminary than the covering of his head some considerable time before he was out of doors. Of course these poor Bromides saw nothing Sulphitic in this; the sulphitic theory had not been expounded at that time. They only saw a pompous little person who evidently was lacking in knowledge of the first principles of social usage. But then, these kindly people were only Bromides.

### Still Freaking it to Fame

That Gellett Burgess has not exhausted that pristine originality which stood him in such good stead when he was slowly soaring with The Lark to a quasi-fame is apparent from his latest outbreak, news of which reaches me by way of the staid and cultured Aldine

Club of Boston. Burgess has added a new word to the language which may or may not endure as long as that other creation of his, the goop. This word which he sprang first at the Aldine Club aforesaid is "blurb." A blurb, according to the manufacturer of the word, may be defined as "a sound like a publisher—a cheek drawn on Fame which is seldom honored." As a matter of fact the blurb resembles the paper jacket of a novel and bears the superscription, "Yes, this is a blurb! All the other publishers commit them. Why shouldn't we?" Beneath the superscription is shown a portrait of "Miss Belinda Blurb in the act of Blurbing." Then comes the book's title and the author's name; and finally the "noise like a publisher"—after this fashion: "Say! Ain't this book a 90 horse-power six-cylinder Seller? If We do say it as shouldn't We consider that this man Burgess has got Henry James locked into the coal-bin, telephoning for 'Information.' We expect to sell three hundred and fifty copies of this great, grand book. It has gush and go to it, it has that Certain Something which makes you want to crawl through thirty miles of dense tropical jungle, and bite somebody in the neck. No hero, no heroine, nothing like that for Ours, but when you've Read this masterpiece, you'll know what a Book is, and you'll sic it onto your mother-in-law, your dentist, and the pale youth who dips hot air into Little Marjorie until 4 Q. M. in the front parlor. This book has 42-carat Thrills in it. It fairly Burbles. Ask the man at the counter what He thinks of it! He's seen Janice Meredith faded to a mauve magenta. He's seen Blurbs before, and he's dead wise. He'll say, 'This book is the proud purple penultimate.'" Burgess may consider this good adver-

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## THE CADILLAC

Last Sunday a 30-horse-power regular stock CADILLAC, price \$2650.00 carrying four people, won the fifty-mile race at Agricultural Park, Los Angeles, defeating

Royal, 45-horse-power; price.....	\$4150.00
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Pope Hartford and Tourist entered but did not start.

THE CADILLAC made every mile in less than 1 minute, 17 seconds; its best mile was the forty-third—1 minute, 9½ seconds. In the forty-sixth mile one tire blew out. At that time the CADILLAC was six miles ahead of the nearest car. Time, 46 miles in 57 minutes, which is faster than any car ever carried four people 46 miles in a Track Race. THE CADILLAC ran the last four miles without a tire and finished two miles ahead of the nearest competitor.

Thanksgiving Day THE CADILLAC, 30-horse-power, won the Riverside-California Hill Climb, making better time than thirty-seven other cars.

September 14th, THE CADILLAC, 30-horse-power, made a perfect non-stop run, in the San Francisco-Del Monte reliability test.

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tising for his latest book and no doubt it is, if the Aldine Club stands for it, but it seems altogether too commonplace for the originator of the sulphitic and bromidic division of mankind and it apes George Ade without getting nearer to his genius for slang than it does to the argot of the hoodlum of the Irwin love sonnets. Just the same Burgess may blurb his way into something not unremotely resembling fame before he gets through.

### Grinding the Faces of the Publishers

There was an incipient strike here last week which was settled out of court—that is, without newspaper publicity. The stereotypers and pressmen on the Call, Chronicle and Bulletin threatened a tie-up which would deprive the public of San Francisco of that not unmixed blessing—its daily paper. The Examiner was not threatened, as it is independent of the other papers in the matter of wages. When the papers got started after the fire the proprietors of the Chronicle, Call and Bulletin came together for a talk over the labor situation, and agreed on account of the increased cost of living to raise the wages of the stereotypers and pressmen a dollar a day. This new schedule was kept up for a year, then it was agreed that the wages should be put back to the scale in force before the fire. That is, the publishers agreed to this. But they reckoned without the workers, who, having become accustomed to the higher wage, were reluctant to submit to a cut. They went about their resistance methodically. A meeting was held at which a new scale was adopted—a scale that covered the dollar a day bonus that they had been enjoying for a year or more. The new scale was submitted to the publishers, who kicked mightily. They had naturally looked upon the bonus as in the nature of a gift, and when the employees proposed to force a continuance of the bonus the publishers regarded the demand as tantamount not only to looking a gift horse in the mouth, but pulling his teeth as well. But stereotypers and pressmen are scarce, and the publishers had to give in.

### Pardee's Senatorial Boom

There is a strange fascination about public office. Once a tax-eater always a tax-eater, said a curb-stone philosopher one day, after listening to an ex-supervisor discussing water rates, and often have I been reminded of the sentiment. For the latest reminder Dr. George C. Pardee, who was once Governor of this State, is responsible. Dr. Pardee is an eminent specialist in matters pertaining to the eye, ear and nose. So large is his practice that he could live at ease careless of the welfare of his countrymen. But he scorns ease. He likes to circulate freely and widely handing out free sets of his views. He has an inextinguishable ambition to mingle with the statesmen of his country at Washington, though he must know that there are few places on earth where a man of his peculiar ineptitude would be sure to find greater obscurity. When the eminent doctor retired from office I was persuaded that I should never again feel it my duty to make him the object of unfavorable criticism. And in that delusion I was mightily pleased, for I appreciate the doctor's scientific ability and I know that in private life he is a man of irreproachable character. It is not agreeable to call attention to the shortcomings of such a man, shortcomings that are exhibited only when he enters the sphere of politics, for which he is unfitted temperamentally and intellectually. But here he is again

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Any goods that come under the classification of **WASH GOODS** are sure to be found here, and not in one or two patterns but in a multitude of designs, and adaptations of the same cloth.

**INDIA DIMITIES**—A superb line of these popular fabrics, in all shades and combinations, floral patterns predominating—**25 cents the yard.**

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**PRINTED BATISTES AND SWISSES** in endless variety. A stock in themselves—**10 and 15 cents the yard.**

**JAPANESE CREPES**—Plain and fancy stripes, solid colors in all the staple and many new shades of the season, best quality—**20 cents the yard.**

**SCOTCH MADRAS**—Checks, stripes and fancy weaves, in proven wash colors—**35 to 75 cents the yard.**

**SCOTCH PLAIDS**—In both imported and domestic GINGHAMS; light, dark and medium colorings—**12½ to 35 cents the yard.**

**VOILE TISSUE**—A new creation of the season in dainty checks, stripes and plaids—**30 cents the yard.**

**WHITE WASH GOODS**—Madras, Mattings, Cheviot, etc.; quality hard to duplicate—**25 to 50 cents the yard.**

**IMPORTED LINENS**—In solid colors, embroidered effects, invisible checks, stripes and plaids—**25 cents to \$1.00 the yard.**

### Specials

**CHECKED BATISTES**—1000 yards, white grounds, dots, checks, buds and floral effects—**SPECIAL at 12½ cents the yard.**

**WHITE SWISSES**—1500 yards, dots and fancy figures (27 inches)—**SPECIAL at 25 cents the yard.**

**"HYDEGRADE" GALATEAS**—Large assortment, white and colored grounds, dots, checks and stripes—**SPECIAL at 15 cents the yard.**



thrusting himself forward in apparent unconsciousness of the fact that his political career is at an end. Though his political machine went to smash in the campaign of 1906 he gathered up the remnants of it, and with a makeshift he has since been trying to give impetus to a senatorial boom. Several small newspapers in the interior are nursing it for him. One of them is the Los Angeles Express owned by Edwin T. Earl, brother of Guy Earl. The promotion and publicity bureau is in Oakland, and it is there that Guy Earl prepares the boom stuff for the Express. It is queer stuff, the keynote of which is the inferiority of the quality of statesmanship exhibited by Governor Gillett and Senator Perkins when compared with the brilliant record made by George C. Pardee, as Governor of California. It requires a good deal of courage on the part of an editor to publish that sort of twaddle at this time when so many people, by reason of the fearless stand taken by Gillett in every emergency that has arisen since his election, are so forcefully reminded of the invertebrate policy of his predecessor. I earnestly hope that Dr. Pardee is not having his leg pulled. If it is worth pulling it, is surely accessible, for he must be guileless indeed if it has not yet dawned on him that all the political strength he possessed prior to the last election was derived partly from gubernatorial patronage and partly from hostility to the party machine. Now that he has lost the prestige of his office he must have a wondrous amount of confidence in his personal magnetism to suppose that he can still command the support of the inconsequential dissatisfied element in a contest over the senatorship.

#### The Ban is Off Okolehao

"Hawaii's own peculiar alcoholic drink is at last to come into legitimacy," writes my Honolulu correspondent. "Okolehao," the very name of which declares its primitive origin, after more than sixty years of legislative outlawry, during which it has never lost its hold on Hawaiian sentiment, is at last to be distilled with the full approval and even guardianship of the government, and to be put within the reach of every individual having the price. A distillery for the manufacture of Okolehao is now being operated under the inspection of Internal Revenue officers in the District of Kooa on the Island of Hawaii. Okolehao is a liquor distilled from the root of the ti plant, a sort of pandanus-like tree of low stature, whose leaves have been used from time immemorial, and still are, to wrap up fish and similar commodities to be carried from the market. This use of the leaf was known to the ancient Hawaiians. But it took the perverted ingenuity of Botany Bay convicts or other beach combers who almost trod on the heels of Captain Cook, the discoverer of these Islands, to discover the alcoholic virtues of the root of the ti. Their first stills were constructed of an iron pot and a twisted gun barrel, from which combination the Hawaiian, ever ready with descriptive epithets, quickly evolved the name. It quickly found favor with the Hawaiians, and in the early days held its own in competition with the New Bedford rum which whalers and others brought as one of their chief commodities of trade to these Islands. But with the discernment of its evil effects on his people Kamehameha III interdicted its manufacture and use early in the last century. He would have interdicted British rum, American whiskey and French brandy at the same time, if he could have done so, but men-of-war threatened the defenseless kingdom and forced these articles of commerce on his people.

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### Proud of Their Tipple

Despite the royal inhibition Okolahao has always been distilled in primitive fashion in inaccessible valleys and mountain fastnesses, there has grown up a sort of national pride in its virtues from which event the missionary has not been free. So at the time of the last Paris Exposition the Puritanic provisional government winked at the manufacture of quantities sufficient for exhibition purposes, and when it came back with a gold medal and a diploma of merit from the government of the French Republic it found a place among the show objects at the capitol. It is said of Okolehao, and that was the verdict of the jury of award at the Paris Exposition, that it contains fewer deleterious ingredients than any other spirituous liquor. As it comes from the still it is of very high proof, and except to the confirmed toper not specially appealing as a straight drink. But as the basis for mixed drinks it is said to be superb, and housekeepers say that for punches and sherbets and as a flavoring and fortification for ices and in cookery it is unequaled. During these later days of its illicit character, the Japanese, who have been its principal distillers, have sophisticated it with honey, and substituted Albaroba beans for the ti root itself, and its reputation has suffered in consequence. But Uncle Sam has accorded it recognition as a legally distillable liquor, a distillery to manufacture it as a special product has been established and will soon be putting its product on the market.

### The Kitchen Check

The other day in the foyer of the Fairmont I listened to the story of a man who made a fortune out of an idea that saved another man a fortune. Later I listened to a man who told me how other men were making small fortunes by demonstrating to themselves that the first man's idea "leaked dollars." Some years ago man No. 1 kept a big restaurant in New York. He knew his business, as it was known in that day, enjoyed a big trade, but try as he might he could not make money. He realized there was a leak but he could not locate it. It was only when his business was tottering on its last legs that he found the exact spot: in the passing of the food from the kitchen to the dining-room. In that shift the waiters made their checks to suit the customers and the proprietor was obliged to pay the difference. The discovery came too late to do him any good and he turned over everything to his creditors. He was broke. But he decided that other big restaurants were in the same predicament and he resolved to work out his idea. The result was what is now known as the "kitchen check," the method where the waiter pays at the kitchen door for the food he serves the restaurant or hotel patron. The man took the idea to a big hotel keeper in New York and the latter grabbed it. A swell restaurant was fitted out. Man No. 1 was put in charge at a fat salary together with a percentage on the receipts. In the first year he paid all his debts and had a handsome balance at the bank.

### Beating the Check

Man No. 2 is wise in the ways of cooks, waiters, barkeepers and those who wax fat on tips. I told him the tale of No. 1. The wise one smiled after the fashion of one who knows it all and forthwith he began to illuminate the subject as follows: The time may come when they'll have no strikes but I don't believe



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it'll ever come when waiters won't graft on either the proprietor or the customer. Before the so-called "kitchen check" was instituted the waiter grafted chiefly on the proprietor; now he grafts chiefly on the customer. The latter now pays the graft plus the tip. How is it done? By erased checks, by bogus checks, by bluffs, by juggled figures, by the thousand and one tricks known to the grafting waiter. No Macbeth ever had more tricks at his command. The proprietor of one of the swellest restaurants on Van Ness avenue knew that his customers were being fleeced by one of his men. He detailed a subordinate to watch the table and catch the waiter but the latter did the trick right under his nose—with a bogus check. When the check was turned in it was quickly seized and the figures compared. But the fellow knew his business and had adroitly made the substitution. Private room diners are held up by bold, bluffing tricks, for apparent reasons. As for beating the "kitchen check" it is done right along but of course not as clumsily as formerly. Say a couple of diners order a "porterhouse for two," the waiter turns in an order for a single porterhouse and the customer pays the difference. Again when a waiter is passing the cashier the hand supporting the tray sometimes has sandwiched in between a plate containing some dish that escapes charge. If the cashier at times becomes too vigilant the waiters organize a "rush" on him; that is, four or five will hold back till all their trays are heaped then start a stampede for the cashier. If he gets rattled, he's lost as far as checking goes, for the wily ones know every trick in the game and either the customer or the proprietor must pay. Of course there are waiters and waiters: I'm speaking now of only the organized grafters. Despite all the systems gotten up to check them they're making money faster than ever. Why, it has got so now that in some places they will even pay for the privilege of being allowed to wait on tables. But that style of grafting is another story.

### Owl Wagons for Night Birds

Nothing can quench or subdue the joyous spirit of San Francisco. The desire for a good time cannot be put down by so little a thing as a car strike. There are no owl cars for early morning trips home—but there are owl wagons. The rough, uncomfortable, jolty vehicles in which all who do not walk have been riding after dark run until four o'clock in the morning. After midnight revelers ride back and forth on them, and during the early morning hours they do a big business not only in the Tenderloin but all the way up from the lower end of town. A few of them run out into the residence districts, too, as late as the coming of dawn. It was written of San Francisco shortly after the fire that "all the blossoms of her mirth" were "crushed, like her youth, beneath the stones." Maybe they were—but they're blooming again as gaily as ever.

### NEW ART STORE

A new and beautiful art establishment has been opened at 947 Van Ness avenue by Mrs. Helen Freese who has been with the S. & G. Gump Co. for many years. The new firm, which is known as Volz & Freese, will be direct importers of Original Oil Paintings, Water Colors, Marbles, Bronzes and all rare objects of art. A feature will be the taking of orders for any works of Art, Rugs, Furniture, Draperies, or appointments.

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## NEW SILK PETTICOATS

The swellest of taffeta Silk Petticoats in the latest of shadings and in ample variety and novelty are coming in all the time. There are not less than thirty distinct shades and colors in this Summer's new Petticoats.



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This section carries a full line of the guaranteed "S. H. & M." Silk Petticoats. All the world knows what this guarantee means—a new petticoat, if a split or crack should appear within three months after purchase.

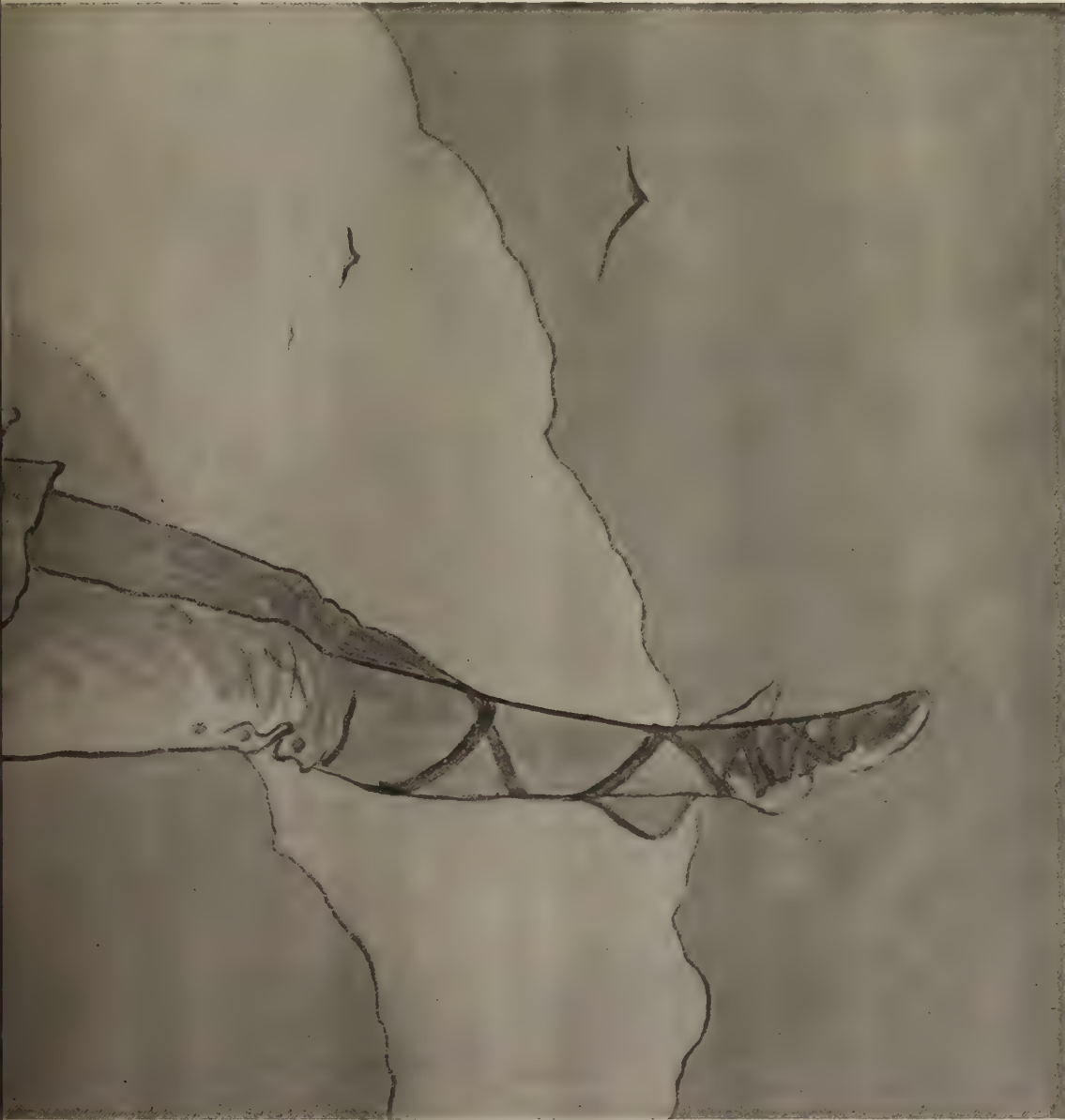
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MAUDE ADAMS  
In "Peter Pan" at the Van Ness Theatre.

# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## The Taylor Baby

A friend of the family tells me that E. W. Hopkins has developed a Rooseveltian antipathy to race suicide and as Mrs. Will Taylor has just added to the baby crop she is crowding her sisters for the height of papa's regard. The latest addition to the Taylor family is a boy and I hear that Mr. Hopkins's gift is the sort that pays dividends. The Taylors have one little girl, named Edna after Mrs. Taylor. They are at present living at the Hopkins's home on California street but are planning to go down to Menlo Park in a week or two.

## Borel Buys a Narjot

I hear that Antone Borel feels the bite of the ambition to become an art connoisseur and intends to have a picture gallery that will favorably compare to the one the late Irving M. Scott collected and which his heirs sold to New York dealers. Mr. Borel recently bought a very fine example of Narjot's earlier work which makes his collection of the work of California artists very complete. Aylett Cotton, who is a prospective son-in-law of the French bankers, returned from Manila the other week, and with the repression that has characterized this courtship will await here the return of his fiancée in November instead of hurrying over to Switzerland where the Borels are enjoying a protracted visit.

## Feminine Club Gossip

The Francisco Club keenly feels the absence of Mrs. Henry Scott who more or less controls the destinies of the fashionable club. The building on the site of the old Carolan house on California street, near Franklin, is rapidly nearing completion and the question of sub-leasing part of the building animates present discussion. It takes a neat sense of discrimination to comb over prospective tenants and select the sort fitted to breathe the rarified atmosphere of the Francisco Club and the other members feel that Mrs. Scott possesses almost divine intuition as to Who is near Who. It is said that a careful observer can judge from the angle of Mrs. Scott's bow just what position the recipient occupies in society. Her daughter, Mrs. Walter Martin, has a democratic little nod and a smile that is a whole chapter in Socialism. Apropos of the smile and bow which are the currency of common greeting, one must cultivate something distinctly original to be good form these days. The funny little bob of Ethel Barrymore and the rakish nod of little Alice Nielson have their understudies in local society. Some very bizarre poses have been adopted by the most ardent sidesteppers of the commonplace and to see a lot of women exchange greetings at a fashionable crush is well worth the price of admission.

## The Deans at the Fairmont

I hear that the Walter Deans Sr. intend to make their home at the Fairmont Hotel this winter. For many years the Deans occupied an extensive apartment, that had all the earmarks of a private home, at the old Palace Hotel. They even had a spacious private dining-room where they entertained with all the privacy of a personally conducted establishment. Their summer home in San Rafael likewise had a hotel setting. For years the same apartments at Hotel Rafael have been reserved for them and even during their prolonged residence in New York these rooms have been held in readiness for them. Mrs. Dean is devoted to her grandchildren, who pay her a daily visit, as the Walter Deans Jr. are also located in San Rafael. Mrs. Dean Sr. intensely amuses her family and friends by plaintively saying "I do hope the children like me—do you think they find me congenial?" As the oldest youngster is somewhere on the sunny side of ten it is doubtful whether his emotions include congeniality but he evinces a fondness for his grandmother that should satisfy her capacity for juvenile affection.

The gossips are taking a sporting interest in the cardiac affairs of Helen Dean, who is the most excessively alive young thing in that somnolent suburb. They have gone so far as to lay a wager on the ultimate success of the three young men who evidently put their feelings in the warming oven when Miss Dean went East, for their attentions have begun right where they left off at her departure.

## Another Tour For Mrs. Preston

Mrs. Preston is contemplating another tour of the world and was very anxious to have her daughter, Mrs. Willard Drown, accompany her. But business affairs prevent Mr. Drown's leaving San Francisco just now, and he doesn't like the role of stay-at-home husband, so his wife will forego the delights of a whirl around the world. The Worthington Ames intend to travel on the continent this summer, and Mrs. Drown will have her sister's two children under her care.

## Generous Miss Crocker

Miss Jennie Crocker, whose plans for the summer have turned so many handsprings, has now decided to

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stay out here instead of going over to Europe with her aunt, Mrs. Alexander. When she went on to New York a month or two ago her friends did not expect to see her until next winter but she surprised every one by fitting back just as soon as she had officiated as bridesmaid at the wedding of Mrs. Alexander's niece. Miss Crocker brought back a trunk full of hats and fancy slippers and all sorts of the latest New York novelties for her friends out here. Mrs. Walter Martin and Virginia Joliffe were the recipients of the lion's share of these dainty tokens of Miss Crocker's generosity.

### A Belle Singed

I have just heard the reason why a popular young society woman in the Burlingame set has kept in such close retirement of late. Her vanity and her hair were severely singed in a recent amateur attempt to Marcel a head of hair that was none too thick before the hot irons started a fire in the underbrush which padded out her pompadour. Even skillfully applied the Marcel wave has a tendency to violate scriptural precedent—in the end it makes one blade of hair flourish where two had grown before. But fashion insists that women be Marcelled and so we cheerfully cultivate the bald headed bacillus. The young lady who almost lost her hirsute adornment in the cause tried to get a hairdresser to Marcel her at a moment's notice and failing in that entrusted the irons to a friend who was staying with her. Fortunately the conflagration which ensued was largely confined to "store" hair, nature suffering a singeing that will take liberal applications of ointments, unguents and tonics to remove.

### Footo-Swift Wedding

A wedding of more than provincial interest was so quietly celebrated at Grass Valley the other day that only the faintest echo of the wedding bells sounded in the press. Elizabeth Footo, who is now Mrs. Rodman Swift, is a young woman of noteworthy promise. She is the daughter of Arthur Footo, one of the leading mining engineers of the West, and Mary Hallock Footo, the author. Mrs. Swift has full measure of her mother's talent. Some months ago her first story appeared in the Century Magazine—an unusual medium for a maiden effort. The Footos have a beautiful home at the North Star mine where they live ideal lives. The Bourns have their summer home in Grass Valley and in spite of the difference in their purpose Maude Bourn and Elizabeth Footo have always enjoyed a peculiarly satisfying friendship. Miss Bourn was the only outsider at the wedding. Mr. Swift is a young mining engineer and comes from a distinguished Boston family.

### May Sutton Will Be Disappointed

May Sutton is not likely, I hear, to gratify the wish dearest to her heart on her present visit to England for the reason that the lady whom she desires to defeat, Mrs. R. L. Chambers, has not been playing tennis this year. This is the California girl's third trip to England. She first went abroad in 1895, winning the championship of all-England in singles and also winning in the Northern tournament and Welsh championship. In the English championships she defeated Mrs. R. L. Chambers, then Miss D. K. Douglass, the

holder, in the final round. Miss Douglass then was suffering from a sprained wrist and it was explained that that very likely was the reason that Miss Sutton defeated her. The following year Miss Sutton returned to England and there met defeat at the hands of Miss Douglass in the Northern and all-England championships. Miss Sutton won the Welsh championship again, Miss Douglass not playing there. Miss Sutton and Mrs. A. Sterry won the English championship in the women's doubles. The chances are that this year Mrs. Chambers will not be playing tennis when Miss Sutton is over there. Mrs. Chambers has not played in any matches recently, and it is not considered likely that she will take part at all. Her retirement is not expected to be final, as she is too good at the game to want to stay out.

### When the Longworths Come

Clamoring on the heels of the announcement that the Nicholas Longworths intend to pass through San Francisco on their way to Alaska are half a dozen invitations urging them to accept the hospitality of this or that society leader. Mrs. Longworth's father distinctly opposed pulling any of the latch keys that were hung out during the trip to the Orient with the Taft party, but that jaunt was semi-official whereas this is a purely pleasurable enterprise so it may be that the Longworths will hang their hats up in Burlingame or on a Pacific Heights's hatrack. In any event Mrs. Eleanor Martin will surely entertain in their honor as she was the hostess whose invitation was singled out for acceptance during the Taft visit. It will lend a bouquet to the stale seasoning which usually dresses July to have the Longworths again served up to society.

### An Archaic Function

A thoroughly unique entertainment was given on Saturday by the ladies of the Adelphian Club of Ala-

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—MURINE EYE REMEDY, A FAMILY FAVORITE. SOOTHES EYE PAIN. MAKES WEAK EYES STRONG. AN EYE FOOD.

meda. It was a reproduction of the characteristic functions of a generation ago, even to the stage settings, which had as a centerpiece wax flowers under glass, and reproduced other things in the way of ornament which we have grown to look upon as inartistic. The what-not loaded with shells and bizarre curios was there, and the crayon portraits on the wall each had a "throw" draped over the corner of the frame. The songs, recitations and music were of thirty years ago. "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" was recited with proper elocutionary thrills, trills and gestures, "Jebediah" was sung, and the old parlor classic, "The Maiden's Prayer," was played as in the crossed-hands manner affected by the young ladies of our parents' time. The time when the parlor organ was absolutely necessary, although the dear one for whom it was fondly bought could not get beyond a two-piece repertoire. The illusion was carried out even in the matter of the bouquets presented to the performers, the flowers being of every variety, and jammed together in a hard and symmetrical mass after the manner once thought proper and artistic. The costuming of the participants and some of the auditors accorded with the spirit of the affair. They dressed as maidens did thirty or forty years ago. From the standpoint of beauty I cannot say that the hoopskirts and bustles were a success. But there were creations in the way of hats which show that women are cruel to themselves in following the styles instead of striving for individuality. It was thoroughly demonstrated on Saturday that plain features may be made to look beautiful by huge hat ribbons tied in fluffy bows underneath the chin, and by a wealth of flowers supplementing a poke-bonnet and clustering softly against the hair. If any of the old boys had been there they would have pointed to the quaint headgear worn on Saturday, with the remark, "That, my son, explains why girls work for a living now instead of marrying as they did thirty years ago. Let the average stenographer start to look with such fixings as that on her head and with that fluffy bow under her chin, and she'd be captured before she got half way to the office."

Professor Allardice and Professor Loeser of Stanford University with Mrs. Loeser and Miss Cotter are still at Del Monte deriving much pleasure from a daily round of the links.

The pupils of Mrs. Arthur Bridge gave an interesting studio recital on Saturday afternoon.

Professor Joseph Beringer has been presented with a number of new instructive compositions for pianoforte by his friend and former teacher Adolf Ruthardt of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Leipzig. The new publications are novel Pedal-Studies, which may fairly claim the title of concert pieces. The treatment of the pedal is so closely allied both to the contents of the work of art to be rendered and to the individuality of the performer, as also to the musical ideas of the composer, that even the most fertile brain and cleverest artist could not exhaust the variety of its effects. Professor Beringer, who is much delighted with the ingenuity of Ruthardt's latest works, will impart the novel idea in a course of lessons to his scholars.

On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall of Burlingame reached Del Monte from Paso Robles in their Packard car.

## AUTOMOBILE NOTES

A line of coupes, especially for the use of physicians, is nearing completion in the Winton factory at Cleveland. The body is modeled after the coupe that Mr. Winton has had in his personal service for more than a year. The body encloses the steering wheel, the dash and its equipment and the seats, affording the fullest protection from the weather to driver and passenger.

Messrs. J. Hoyt Toller, W. McMillan, A. Peralta and J. Peralta have just returned from a week's trip to Blue Lake, Lake county, going via Pieta, in Mr. Toller's Model "A" Oldsmobile. They report the roads in good condition, with the exception of eight miles between Cloverdale and Pieta. The roads in the immediate vicinity of Blue Lake are in excellent condition.

Following is an exact copy of a telegram just received by the Pioneer Automobile Co. from the Olds Motor Works, Lansing, Michigan, dated June 3, 1907. Viz.:

"Oldsmobile wins more records one day than any car on record. Touring car broke world's record hundred mile Model H won fifty mile race readville, Massachusetts, perfect score three days reliability run at Newark, second and third places Washington hundred mile race, best time Kansas City Hill climb, winners at Bridgeport and Wilkesbarre, largest reunion of automobiles ever held in New York. Two hundred Oldsmobiles all makes in line. President Roosevelt rides in Oldsmobile at Lansing Friday."



MISS ROSSINGTON

One of the San Francisco Colony at Witter Springs Hotel.



## Viola Allen in "Twelfth Night"

By Edward F. O'Day

Twelfth Night! 'Tis the luxuriant flowering of Shakespeare's prime. Through its midsummer atmosphere the music of the lilting lines steals upon the ear like the sweet sound that breathes upon a bank of violets. Here is matter for a golden morning in May when the fancy of youth dallies with the innocence of love; when virtue bears an unforbidding demeanor, when there are cakes and ale and mellow wassail and ginger is hot i' the mouth. Can you imagine the pen of the playwright blotting paper with these exuberant scenes, packing them with the poetry of happy love, twisting each vital word ten giddy different ways in an excess of imagination? Can you reconstruct that world of Illyria with its lovesick duke, its roistering blades, its prankful servants and its fair young women who deepen the charm of their modest maidenhood with the fluttering boldness of budding passion? Can you forget the light airs and recollected terms of these most brisk and giddy-paced times for the more brooding music, the more spontaneous phrases of that spacious age when it was possible to write such a play as this and toss it to the groundlings without a name, bidding them carelessly, "Call it Twelfth Night or what you will; I care not?" If you cannot make the journey out of this world into that without a guide, Viola Allen will aid you. She is, in fact, the aptest person for your purpose that has come this way in many moons. She knows the highway that you must travel and will take care that you miss no open or hidden beauty of the journey. She is very fair, this guide, but willing withal when the adventures of the way require to don trunk and hose; adapt her legs to a manly strut, her hand to a manly pressure and would fain harden her gentle features to the severe lines of a mock-masculinity if that were possible. Besides she will speak you fair, beguiling your ear with beautiful sentences the while she wins your heart with a half-pouting, half-winking and altogether captivating trick of the face that makes you wish the road were longer and the company by the way more numerous. The way would be longer if clumsy carpenter hands had not hacked at the text, transposing scenes or omitting them altogether, dropping passages of pregnant import and softening words of guileless crudity to suit an imagined supersensitiveness. Too bad the complete text may be enjoyed only in the closet and that the wealth of the stage manager's resources must be showered on a mangled play. As for the company you will meet under the guidance of Miss Allen, they are surely a congenial party. Sir Andrew Aguecheek (Henry Hadfield) and Sir Toby Belch (Fuller Mellish) do not depend alone, the one on his shrunk shank and the other on his drink-ruddied face for their mirth-moving propensities. Nor is Malvolio (Sidney Herbert) beholden merely to his stiff stride and his yellow cross-gartered hose for his success. These are all fit for the companionship of Miss Allen; their humor, conscious and unconscious, contracts well with her nimble wit, their broad grins with her tender smile, their heavy joking with her delicate masking. For Olivia (Miss Zeffie Tilbury) much in praise cannot be said; and for the clown, only in dispraise that he is too conscious of his brains. There is much music on this excursion into Illyria, of which that provided for by Shakespeare cannot be too much commended and that of more

modern arrangement, too much deprecated. Here are not barren lines that must be made to sing from the orchestra; the very play is music, and Miss Allen's voice falls so pleasantly on the ear that the occasional accompaniment becomes a churlish trick of disparagement.

## Stage

### Maude Adams in "Peter Pan"

"Peter Pan," the play in which Maude Adams will make her appearance at the Van Ness next week, is pronounced by critics the greatest dramatic fantasy that has yet come from the pen of J. M. Barrie. It was easily the greatest of the New York successes of last season. And not only is it the finest of Mr. Barrie's achievements; it is also the greatest of the triumphs of Charles Frohman's managerial career, besides being so perfectly adapted for the exploitation of the delight-



ARTHUR DUNN AND MARIE GLAZIER  
Who Will Present "The Messenger Boy" at The Orpheum  
Next Week.

ful personality of Maude Adams that she has surpassed in it all her previous conquests of theatre-goers. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

### Frawley Will Give Us Shaw

The Frawley company at the Novelty Theatre is playing "Leah Kleschna" before delighted audiences. This strong play in the hands of the clever people of the new Frawley organization proves a rarely fine treat for those who like the intensely dramatic class of stage offering. "Leah Kleschna" will be seen up to Sunday the 16th inst., when manager Frawley will give San Franciscans their first opportunity to enjoy Bernard Shaw's greatest comedy, "You Never Can Tell." This comedy according to the London critics is one of the cleverest of the many clever Shaw conceits. There will be Saturday and Sunday matinees during the Frawley season at the Novelty Theatre. Special prices prevail for all performances, ranging from 50c to \$1.00.

### From Graft to Heidelberg

That favorite drama of German student life, "Old Heidelberg," will be the attraction at the New Alcazar Theatre in the week following the conclusion of the run of "The Undertow." Eugene Walter's great political play, "The Undertow," has caught this city. This week Francis J. Heney and Detective Burns attended a performance and affirmed that the play teaches a great moral lesson. But lovers of the sweetly romantic drama will welcome the change from graft exploitation to the soothing and inspiring German play that deals with the career of an heir to the German throne, who was housed in a castle until his twentieth year and then given a delicious taste of the atmosphere of Old Heidelberg, where he fell in love. There are few plays that more poignantly stir pleasing emotions.

### A Big Hit at Idora

"The Wedding Day," a charming light opera by Julian Edwards, the composer of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," is proving a strong attraction at Idora Park and deservedly for it is one of the best comic opera performances ever given on the Coast. The splendid company is being continually strengthened and improved and is unquestionably the best comic opera organization in America today. The complete orchestra under the direction of Paul Steindorff is alone worth going miles to hear. Frank Daniels' great success, "The Ameer," will follow.

### Orpheum Vaudeville

The programme announced for the week beginning this Sunday matinee is a lure which no lover of vaudeville will resist. The headliners are "The Little Comedian," Arthur Dunn and Marie Glazier, who will appear in their new skit "The Messenger Boy," which is said to be one of their most felicitous vehicles. Katherine Hayes and Sabel Johnson will appear here for the first time and introduce their novel idea, "A Dream of Baby Days." Both actresses personate society ladies who dream of childhood and apparel themselves in short frocks and Buster Brown blouses. They sing, dance and indulge in pranks that appeal to the front rows. Frederick Hawley and his company who are also new here will if all reports are true create a sensation in their melodrama, "The Bandit," next

## VAN NESS THEATRE

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## MAUDE ADAMS

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Coming: "Old Heidelberg."

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Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

The Brilliant Comic Opera

## "THE WEDDING DAY"

Next: "The Ameer," by Victor Herbert.

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Direction H. W. Bishop.

Week of June 10th.

Nance O'Neil and Bishop's Players in

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Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.



week. The Bootblack Quartette, consisting of Brouillette, Adams, Weber and Hayes, singers, dancers and comedians, of whom so much has been heard, but who have never been seen here, will be candidates for public approval. An Eastern critic says of them, "One and all hold up their side of the fun and the result is that this organization gets to the house on both floors early and often." The holdovers will be The Finneys, Les Kinners Moulin, Emerson and Baldwin and the inimitable James J. Morton. There will be new Motion Pictures, without which no Orpheum entertainment is complete.

### In the Limelight

During the Frawley season at the Novelty Theatre all the new productions will receive their initial presentation on Sundays.

The final performance of "Twelfth Night" will be given by Viola Allen at the Van Ness Theatre on Saturday night.

The special Shakespearean matinee on Saturday afternoon at the Van Ness Theatre will show Viola Allen in acts from "The School for Scandal," "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Romeo and Juliet."

Maude Adams and her company will arrive here Sunday from the East.

Jan Kubelik, the marvelous violin virtuoso, made his reappearance in London last week after an absence of two years. The big "Queen's Hall" was crowded to its utmost capacity and the audience went wild with enthusiasm. Daniel Frohman is to bring his artist to America for a season of fifty concerts, every one of which is already booked. Through the energetic efforts of Will Greenbaum Kubelik will play here in January next.

It has been definitely arranged to open the concert season of 1907-08 in San Francisco with a series of recitals by Galski, one of the most popular artists we have ever had visit us.

Miss Maude Adams recently saw a post card which told of an automobile accident that happened to Mr. Clyde Fitch. Mr. Fitch was badly upset in a great touring car which he called Pauline Panhard. After reading the news Miss Adams exclaimed: "There, that was because he didn't take my advice. I told him he ought to name his French car Peter Pan-Hard. Peter wouldn't have upset, and if he did it would have been all right, for Peter could fly."

Senora Celia Hernandez Vda de Sarra of Havana, Cuba, has placed an order for the first Winton landaulet produced for use on this continent. Earlier Winton landaulets were manufactured for the British market only.

The latest bit of automobile art work is an immense photogravure view of the Winton factory, which stretches along the Lake Shore railroad in West Cleveland for a distance of five hundred yards.



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# The Summer Resorts

## THE HIGHLANDS, ROSS, CAL.

The following registered at The Highlands during the past week: Mr. Roger D. Tapham, Mrs. E. R. Latham, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Thom, Mr. P. Umbesen and Miss Umbesen, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wellington and family, Mrs. August Weihe, Mr. Harry Weihe, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie Dunn, Major and Mrs. Kranthoff, Mrs. Alexander Isenberg and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Downin, Mr. Henry Carter and son, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bartlett, the Misses and Mr. Brewer, Mr. A. G. Fisk and family.

## PACIFIC GROVE HOTEL.

Among the arrivals at Pacific Grove Hotel (formerly El Carmelo) during the past week are: Ernest Allen, C. B. Castleten, Mrs. M. Eldredge, Harry E. Dore, W. C. Pacey, J. S. Webster, A. J. Bond, E. H. Myer, B. A. Norris, P. A. Zeigenfuss, L. D. Bostwick, F. W. Brown, G. G. Fadden, G. S. Hickey, wife and son, H. W. Copp and wife, A. H. Anderson, Edward S. Hough, Mrs. J. J. Rauer, Viola M. Clark, Mrs. M. J. McLeod and grandson, Major E. A. Root, U. S. A., R. W. Reed, Captain and Mrs. Borrowe, Miss Small, A. M. Barnet, Geo. W. Robinson and wife, W. F. Feader, C. M. Gerrish and Frank Kennedy, from San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Presher and W. P. Reese and wife, from Oakland; Walter H. Dore, Wm. F. Booth and wife and W. F. Booth Jr., from Berkeley; Captain Frank Barrett, from Palo Alto; W. H. Hanscomb and wife, Mrs. H. G. Leonard and Miss K. Leonard, from Burlingame; C. C. Bullard, A. Ramage, T. A. K. Fassett, Clara L. Pfaff, F. L. Blair, F. H. O'Keefe, H. H. Ledyard and F. C. Bethell and wife, from San Jose; Captain H. G. Leonard, U. S. A., Mrs. H. G. Leonard, Miss K. Lyon, from Presidio.

## WITTER SPRINGS—LAKE COUNTY.

San Francisco arrivals the past week at Witter Springs Hotel are: E. E. Hecht, J. M. Hecht, G. H. Taubles, Sollie Aronson, F. B. Abenheim, L. P. Signer, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Crording, C. E. Franklin, L. Weiss, Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Patrick and daughter, Mrs. J. C. Patrick, Mrs. Wm. Eckhardt, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Goeppert, Mrs. H. C. Goeppert, Karl Goeppert, H. L. Price; from Oakland, Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Boyes, Mrs. Chas. Larson, F. Bertain; from Berkeley, Rev. and Mrs. William Herman Hopkins, Mrs. B. D. Hopkins; from Chicago, Wm. H. Carpenter, John H. Neville, C. E. Williams; from New York, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Rhineland and servant.

Mr. Arthur Prentiss of New York, who has been spending the past month in the South, will arrive at Witter in June. Mr. Prentiss is a crack polo player and will confer with Manager Arroll about the chances of a polo grounds for Witter.

Mr. J. M. Patrick and party came up in their auto, and after a few days at Witter proceeded on to the different points in Lake county.

Mr. J. E. Butterfield of San Francisco arrived at Witter Sunday for a month's stay.

## TAHOE TAVERN

Among the recent arrivals at Tahoe Tavern are: C. W. Clapp, Reno, Nev.; Mrs. M. Kirkpatrick, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Marshall, Salt Lake City; Thos. Wallace and wife, Goldfield; E. A. Watson, Pasadena, Cal.; Mrs. Geo. T. Wright, Miss L. Landsberger, Julius A. Landsberger, Fred Hall, Alameda; C. C. Cobb and wife, J. M. Smith and wife, Russell, Ky.; W. Lawrence, Pinole, Cal.; Mrs. W. C. Stone, Goldfield; A. E. Webb and wife, Coalinga; R. M. Jones, H. J. Amigo, J. A.

Forney, Goldfield; P. W. Brady, San Francisco; Samuel G. Knott, Goldfield; J. H. Wolbert and wife, Tacoma; W. R. Wood, San Francisco; W. O. Franklin and wife, Los Angeles; John Hurd, Stockton; M. T. Veitch, J. F. Nelson, J. R. Moffitt, Oakland; C. J. Chittenden and wife, Sacramento; Dr. W. Leslie Cooper, wife and child, Detroit, Mich.; Chas. A. Tuttle, Auburn, Nev.; J. H. Tyrer, Goldfield; Samuel Center and wife, Miss M. A. Byron, Alameda; C. L. Clark, San Francisco; O. Sowards, Los Angeles; F. R. Nichols, E. A. Porter, U. S. G. A.; M. Pruett, Reno; M. G. Newton, Seven Troughs; J. W. Jones, Reno; L. H. Taylor, Fallon, Nev.; T. H. Kelsey and wife, Alameda; G. W. Baird and wife, Miss Prather, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Geo. A. Bartlett, Mrs. L. A. Gates, Tonopah, Nev.; M. L. Effinger, Blain, Nev.; Mrs. E. U. Hugunin, Miss L. A. Schulenberg, Blair, Nev.; C. F. Kohn and wife, San Mateo; W. H. Hall, Gridley; J. Looney, A. W. Gunnison, J. C. Coppage and wife, R. Maertins, San Francisco; R. G. Lunt, Los Angeles; Mrs. C. Cohn, Tahoe City.

## BYRON HOT SPRINGS

The following are the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week: Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bogart, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Revalk, Mr. V. Revalk, Dr. Ernest Johansen, L. S. Stone, from San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Tyson, Miss Jean Tyson, from Alameda; Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Gordon, from Sacramento.

## THE NEW VENDOME

The following registered at the Hotel Vendome during the past week: Mr. and Mrs. H. Weinstock, Rev. and Mrs. M. D. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. B. G. White, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hanrahan, Geo. Howard, Richard Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wenlin, Mr. and Mrs. B. Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft, Mrs. H. P. Umbesen, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Pike, D. B. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Bentley, R. I. Bentley Jr., W. H. Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. L. Larzelere, Mrs. Rush Baird, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cooper, Mrs. H. L. Lacey, Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, Dr. C. A. Dozier, Mrs. C. A. Dozier, Miss Bessie McBride, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ellis, Dr. and Mrs. W. Winterberg, Mr. and Mrs. O. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. C. Edward Innes, Mrs. T. J. Clunie, Miss Ethel Turton, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Hoffman, Bradford Leavitt, A. C. Pennell, Mrs. Geo. R. Sanderson, from San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. L. Tasheira, Miss Georgia Strong, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Gray, Miss Mabel Gray, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Turner, Lois Turner, A. D. Shepard, from Oakland; Mrs. James McNeil, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Krantz, from Santa Cruz; Mr. and Mrs. F. Wolle, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Stone, from Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Porter, from Alameda.



The Celebrated Guide, George Cook, and Party, Leaving the Hotel at Klamath Hot Springs on a Deer Hunt.





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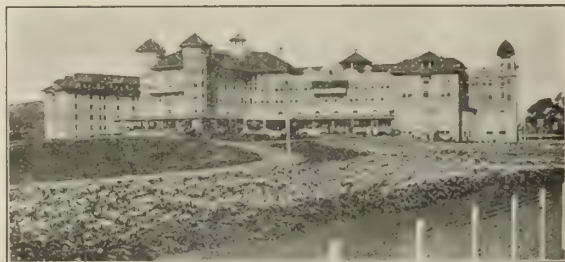
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### Never a Dull Moment

Summer Season opened May 1st

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Pavilion announced later

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**FINEST BATHING BEACH ON THE PACIFIC COAST**

And within five minutes' walk of the

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Beautiful drives.

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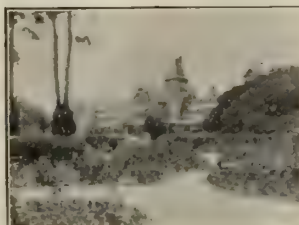
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## Mr. Heney and His Ways

(Continued from Page 10.)

the task of punishing the bribe-givers, and to consummate his purpose it is agreeable to him to compromise with the organized grafters. It is not for me to question his sincerity, but I cannot forbear from suggesting that acuteness of moral perception is not so much an intellectual as a moral gift. It is easy to overdo the intellectual part of the process. Fully as important as mental keenness is moral emotion. Mr. Heney should remember that while our laws against crime are dictated by reason our sympathies and emotions spring from the heart. It may be a delusion under which our sympathies are excited, but there is no delusion which has a better claim to be indulgently viewed than that under the influence of which a man abates resentment for the transgressions of the weak. Moreover it is less mischievous than a venomous judgment which ascribes to the guilty the most vicious sentiments and abominable motives and abhors the suggestion of palliative circumstances.

I am inclined to the opinion that if Mr. Heney did less toward exciting public clamor and more to keep justice from devious paths, he would command a greater volume of intelligent sympathy. It is in the fullest sense of our obligations to Mr. Heney, and of his tremendous zeal for the public weal, and in no spirit of carping censure that I remind him that public justice is endangered whenever what is thought to be expediency is put in the place of what is known to be the law. At the same time I am sensible of the many obstacles that Mr. Heney encountered in the beginning, obstacles that impelled him to extreme measures; as well am I sensible of the inevitable disposition of the lawyer habituated to the task of sending men to jail, to yield to inordinate enthusiasm. But now that he has his cases so well in hand Mr. Heney should hardly find it necessary to appeal to the public to stand for everything that a zealous prosecution might want to do. The most upright judge may find it difficult to ignore public clamor. It is very hard to be a good judge. Even good Matthew Hale who was so resentful of wickedness that he believed it part of his mission to hang poor witches, in the nervous apprehension of being suspected of selling justice, sometimes hindered and delayed it. Mr. Heney knows the weaknesses of judges and he should avoid aggravating those weaknesses. It should not be necessary to prostitute justice in order to vindicate it. Persuading the public to inject its passions into a criminal trial is not vastly different from the offense which Lord Macaulay stigmatized as infamous in discussing Mr. Montagu's biography of Lord Bacon. That offense consisted in persuading judges to confer with a law officer of the crown about criminal cases which they were afterwards to try. Today, in this country, the crown is worn by the people and the people should not be expected to interfere with the courts of justice. Our laws though designed to protect the good from the bad must also afford a shelter to the bad whenever they are too vigorously pursued. It is a crime to undervalue the rights of the wicked and when the crime is committed by a judge it is despicable. But weak judges are often inclined to it by public clamor, and it is only when public clamor subsides that they apprehend through public resentment, how contemptible was their behaviour.

## A Familiar Question

*"Where Shall We Go to Lunch?"*

*Those who know answer*

**"The Hotel St. Francis  
Grill Room**

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It's excellent."

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DINNER, SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS  
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Is headquarters for men who demand and appreciate the best there is to eat and drink. Popular prices always. Entire basement H. W. Hellman Building, Fourth and Spring streets, Los Angeles.



## An Emir

(Continued from Page 8.)

in carpets and in great wooden cases, filling a lighter to the water's edge, and he himself dressed all in fleecy white, was welcomed by his friends. He got upon his mule, settled his clothes, and followed by a friend from Mecca, rode slowly through the town. Women and eunuchs followed, and the whole train emerging from the walls, clattered and slithered up the slippery street paved with rough cobble stones, and stood before the house. Cushions were brought and, sitting down, the owner's part was done, for he sat drinking tea and opening letters, handing them to his secretary to read and comment on, as if he had already lived a lifetime in the house new risen from the sand. His household silently fell into its accustomed round. A throng of wild retainers lounged about the door, which opened on a narrow street, giving no inkling of the splendor of the place. Horses and mules were hobbled in the grounds, and tents were pitched in corners, in which mysterious men dozed on their saddles, or sat drinking tea, and to which messengers arrived bearing exaggerated news about the doings of the French upon the frontier, the fights between the tribes, and of the struggles of the various European Powers for the predominance at Fez.

The owner having been a minister of State, one of those men who in the East are sure to sow the seeds of jealousy in sovereigns' minds by standing out too high above the crowd, and who had fallen into disgrace, losing most of his property, and running danger of his life, looked on his palace as a sort of exile, not that he as an Arab, probably was more attached to one place than another, but as a banishment from power, which so appeals to all men of his race, that Diocletian, the one philosopher in practice, who has sat upon a throne, to them would be a madman, and his retirement, the wisest action history has set down of any ruler in the world, incomprehensible. Their subtle, quick and yet material minds rise to few flights of fancy. That which exists, for them is absolute, and Allah sent his sun, his rain, his power or poverty for men to bear, enjoy or profit by, but not to criticise.

So in his garden, which had been made as quickly as the house, and which his taste had set with beds of Indian corn and vegetables, after the fashion of his race, that holds all gardens should be used for profit, and flowers as incidental, and not necessities as in the West, he passed some of the portion of an Oriental's life that Westerns see. Dressed all in spotless white, eager and lithe, and never still an instant when upon his feet, he roamed about much as a tiger roams about its cage. At times he sat, quiet and impassible, as is a joss upon its shrine, in one of those small narrow rooms the Moors construct in which to see their friends who cannot pass into the house. Beside him sat his secretary, a young black-bearded Arab doctor of the law, who had passed years in Mecca and at Cairo, and yet had learned no word of any tongue but Arabic. Quick and intelligent, almost vivacious in his speech, his manner courteous, and his smile as ready to break out as sun in April, and to illumine all his face with seeming kindness, some thought he was a fanatic at heart, others that in the holy city of the Haj, seeing the mystery too near, he had become indifferent, even a sceptic, as happens now and then to ardent Christians who have lived long in Rome, and become too familiar with their faith. But, if his thoughts were difficult to fathom, as no doubt the thoughts of Europeans, ever



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a mystery to Easterns, were to him, they were as clear as crystal beside those of the accomplished ex-minister, now fallen from his high estate, to whom the house belonged.

Jews, Moors and Europeans and an occasional out-at-elbows Turk, all thronged his doors, most of them anxious for assistance of some kind. To some he gave hard cash, to others promises, but always courteously, so that none said of him as says the adage, "The man has neither charity nor a kind word to give."

But, on the other hand, the richer Europeans, in want of lions, which had long ago retired into the Atlas Mountains beyond Fez, had hailed with acclamation his advent in their midst.

No party was complete without him, and as the dancers whirled about, with arms and shoulders bare, he sat and possibly discreetly wondered at the show.

Silent and bored, but smiling, he sat at parties, timid but haughty, for no one better than an Arab knows all the gradations of society, or is so quick to take offense at courtesies omitted, or any social sin committed by his host. Women, young, beautiful and half-undressed stood by his side, their petticoats just mingling with his flowing robes, and he who from his youth had never looked a woman in the face, except she was his sister, or his wife, stood unconcerned, although his blood, no doubt, ran boiling through his veins. Still he smiled on, a smile so enigmatical that even diplomats who put him down as a hot-headed Arab chief, must surely now and then have wondered what he thought.

The hospitalities that he received from German, English, and from French alike, he paid back amply in his new palace, in which the plaster and the paint were hardly dry, and where the flowers in the garden seemed to have been planted all in bloom, and yet which, by the virtue of the climate and the custom of the land which makes it natural to let a house decay for want of necessary care, then build another by the side of it, neither seemed old nor yet conspicuously new.

Playing at tennis with young ladies in his court, which, painted green to mitigate the glare, looked out upon the sea, he still looked dignified. Walking about the open yards, which serve in Arab houses as reception-rooms, after a dinner party, and no doubt conscious that a dozen curious eyes of carefully veiled women watched from upper windows, envying or perhaps despising the greater opportunities their European sisters had, he looked as must have looked the Emirs of Granada, when they entertained a batch of Christian knights and ladies, in the last bulwark of Islam, in Spain.

So, in the house which he had built, as it were by chance, and in the garden looking on the sea, he passed his days, for the most part, after the fashion of his fathers, half of his life shut from the world behind a curtain, from which at times came voices in dispute and sometimes songs, harsh and high pitched, but haunting as is a cricket's paeon to the sun, heard in a noonday halt beneath the trees. Sometimes he rode abroad, erect and swaying on his horse, his long white draperies afloat, with his eyes fixed upon the distance, after the manner of his ancestors who, as they rode across the sands, looked out for enemies. His, though concealed, are just as imminent, and he awaits them still, uncomprehended and incomprehensible, courteous and cruel, rash and yet diplomatic, lounging the hours away upon the cliff, from which he sees the land where his race flourished, and from which, constrained by circumstance or fate, it sunk again into the sands.

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## Letters

### "Prophet's Landing"

Edwin Asa Dix's theme in "Prophet's Landing" is singularly like that of Basil King's "The Giant's Strength." Mr. King has chosen the richest man in the world and his "business methods" to exploit, and Mr. Dix has contented himself with a small Connecticut village and its most prosperous citizen. He has worked on a smaller scale and his colors are less brilliant, but in effect the picture is the same. The "smartness" by which one man takes advantage of his colleagues in business, the little shifts, perfectly legal, very simple, and very remunerative, by which he is able to undersell others, the resort to binding contracts in a community where heretofore the rule has been live and let live, and where moral uprightness has always been a business asset, are set forth, and the gradual weakening of neighborly respect, and family ties. Joel Harney, the central figure of this story, was the modern business man of this little community. His father had kept the general store, and Joel, after the manner of the earlier generations, came, in time, to be the assistant, and eventually the proprietor of the place. When he came into possession he discovered in himself unexpected resources. Little by little he improved his business and then began branching out, adding new departments, crowding out old neighbors and friends who dealt in a single line of goods and acting on the principle that there can be no friendships in business. Like greater men in larger fields Joel Harney kept strictly within the letter of the law, and like them also, he was a kind and indulgent father and husband, while every external success made him more keen for profits and less considerate of those with whom he dealt. While gradually losing the respect of his neighbors, it was not unnatural that his success should gain their admiration, and only to be expected that they would strive, in feeble way to emulate his example, without, however, having the largeness of vision which is given to those who know their dice are loaded. But it is not to be assumed that "Prophet's Landing" is a sordid drama of the muck-raking variety nor that all is gloom and sorrow on one side and exultation on the other. There are many quaint touches of characteristic humor, and amusing individuals, and there is a Thanksgiving entertainment at the Presbyterian church with a programme of exercises given in full which will transport readers "back home," if they have ever lived or visited in a country town. It is a question whether the Joel Harneys of real life would not rather have rejoiced in the precocious cleverness of their sons so early capable of following in their own footsteps than have been brought to a realization of their misdeeds by the tactics of the young generation, but the happy, that is to say, the moral ending is devoutly to be wished for. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

### "The Turn of the Balance"

This is a mighty arraignment of the administration of the laws, both civil and criminal, an exposition of the advantages enjoyed by the rich and influential and a refutation of the theory that all men are equal before the bar of justice. Brand Whitlock has had a varied experience himself and knows whereof he speaks, and because he is cool, calm and dispassionate, avoiding the methods of the muckraker, his words carry weight. Inasmuch as he has chosen the cumulative misfortunes of one humble family to illustrate his points, his book recalls Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," but there is this great difference: The "Pelion on Ossa Piled" in the case of the Lithuanian stockyard victims left us unmoved as to them, but mightily perturbed for our own salvation of our own stomachs from embalmed filth, while Mr. Whitlock enlists all our sympathy for the Koerners. The poor old man,

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who had worked for nearly forty years in the railroad yards at starvation wages, yet who had raised his family, saved some money, and had at last ventured to invest it in a little home on a mortgage, slipped and fell on a stormy night, catching his foot in an unblocked switch, and before he could extricate himself was run down by an engine, crippled for life and left without means of support. His suit for damages was delayed on one pretext or another, fought inch by inch and appealed until final judgment was given in favor of the corporation because his work finished, the employe was a trespasser at his own risk on the railroad property, and it was the ice, an act of God, which caused him to lose his footing, primarily. Archie Koerner, just returned after three years of campaigning in the Philippines, brought back with him a record for marksmanship, a distaste for soldiering, and no inclination for anything else. His stories of the service made him a welcome addition to saloon company and his good shooting attracted him to the galleries where he "made business" by the emulation of others to equal his records. He drifted into a "gang," but might have been withdrawn from it, if indeed, his inherited inclinations from steady, hard-working parents had not manifested itself in time. Unfortunately there was a trifling theft committed and though Archie had no connection with it, as a member of the gang he was caught in the police net, convicted and sentenced to a term in the workhouse. From that on, Archie was a marked man. He was a "suspicious" character, liable to arrest at any time. His experience in the corrective institution, where he met the usual fate of the weak and easily led, made acquaintances who led him still further astray was not improving. It is needless to say more, as any diligent reader of the daily news knows how much easier it is for a detective or a patrolman to pounce upon some unfortunate who has already felt the clutches of the law, when someone is wanted and fit the crime to the criminal than it is to make a bonafide search for the real culprit. A particularly brutal murder was committed. Archie, not twenty-four hours released from the penitentiary, did not even know of the occurrence, but there was a reward and a chance to make a record. The detective who had made him a convenient scapegoat before determined to fasten this crime upon him. The task was not difficult, but thought Archie had nothing to do with the Flannigan matter he was goaded to sufficient desperation to make an end of Kouka, and again we have an exemplification of the methods of prosecutors bent on a "record" and of the certainty with which punishment is meted out when a police official has been injured. Archie, though on trial for the shooting of the officer, was actually convicted by public sentiment, for the other case. The selection of the jury, the ill-concealed bias of the judge, the one-sided rulings, the witnesses, incompetent in their own natures, to give any testimony anywhere on any subject, the farcical oath to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," while every effort is being made to have such truth as is admitted distorted and every fact not favorable to one side or the other barred out, are patent to every observer of court proceedings. There is a grim and horrible realism in the descriptions of the third degree, the dark cells, the death chamber and the final electrocution. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

—The Bookworm.

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Father and Mother Write Letters Indorsing Treatment.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 23, 1906.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Our three-year-old daughter, having been ill for some time and being treated by the most prominent physicians, gradually became worse and was finally given up by them. We were then recommended to Dr. Wong Him. We started with his treatment, and within two months' time our daughter was cured. Respectfully,

MR. AND MRS. H. C. LIEB,  
2757 Harrison street, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 19, 1906.

TO THE PUBLIC: This is to certify that Dr. Wong Him has cured me of lung and stomach trouble, from which I had suffered for many years. I tried many doctors, but they failed to cure me. I consulted Dr. Wong Him, and after taking his Herb Medicine for six months am now permanently cured. I wish to recommend him to the public as an efficient and skillful physician.

CHARLES BAEHR,  
632 Lyon street, San Francisco, Cal.

TO THE PUBLIC: I had a very severe case of Throat Trouble and general breakdown. Did not sleep or eat for eight days. After trying every remedy I heard of without success, I called on Dr. Wong Him, 1268 O'Farrell street, who by feeling my pulse correctly diagnosed my case. His remedies gave me immediate relief. Cannot say too much in favor of his teas.

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HENRY CHRISTENSEN,

Administrator of the Estate of Thomas C. Reed, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, June 1, 1907.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL,

Attorney for Administrator,  
1265 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal.



# TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 772

San Francisco, June 15, 1907

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## By Way of Enlightenment

Editor Town Talk: Am I correct in assuming that you do not approve the course of Mr. Francis Heney in causing the indictment of bribe-givers? I ask this question because there is some doubt in the minds of several of your constant readers as to your exact position. We know that you are against graft, and also that you condemn Mr. Heney and Mr. Spreckels for playing to the union labor gallery and for compromising with Ruef and his despicable gang. In all that we heartily concur and also in your strictures on the men whose hostility to Calhoun has been in proportion to their servility to the vulgar and indecent Cornelius. We appreciate your prejudices against charlatanerie as you call it, but we would like to know whether you have espoused the cause of bribe-givers and wish to be understood as holding that they are merely victims of extortion? —A Constant Reader.

There is nothing that affords us greater pleasure than making Town Talk understood. This is a task that is especially gratifying when it is undertaken for the benefit of constant readers who concur in our criticisms and strictures. If we have been obscure in our sentiments respecting bribe-givers it is probably because we assumed that our readers were not in need of enlightenment. Bribe-giving is a crime and no decent citizen has any quarrel with the statute which makes it a felony. As for the men who have been indicted by Mr. Heney's amazingly but most beneficently tractable grand jury we are not convinced that all are bribe-givers. Moreover we are not convinced that Mr. Heney is convinced they are bribe-givers. We shall not believe that Mr. Heney is convinced until he affirms his conviction in open court. We have great respect for Mr. Heney's judgment in some things, and it is our belief that it is his judgment that his jury has been a little too fructiferous in the matter of indictments. He should not be expected to admit as much at this time. He may never make such admission, and yet he cannot be unconscious of the improbability of his ever being able to procure the conviction of some of the men who have been brought to the bar of justice. This is where we find our pang: in the thought that Mr. Heney is doomed to an inglorious fiasco. It is this thought, buttressed by a knowledge of many details with which the public are not familiar, that has impelled us to adverse criticism of the course of the stern and impetuous little attorney. We have reflected

that more harm than good will ensue from his activities if it should finally appear that boodling is by no means a hazardous occupation. Not only will harm result from his failure to send Ruef and his gang to the penitentiary and his inability to convict the men from whom they received their boodle, but also from the great shock that may yet be given to the slumbering senses of men when they come to a comprehensive appreciation of all that has been done to consummate the great triumph over corruption.

## Heney's Glorious Achievements

Like the stone of Sisyphus, the more laboriously and with unnatural effort a resisting object has been rolled up to a high summit, with so much the more thundering violence does it return. When reaction sets in, as it probably will before long, it will be attended with something in the nature of a storm. We are gravely apprehensive of the outcome. Sanguine as we were for awhile of the ability of Mr. Heney to give this city a splendid lesson in morals, it is in mournful mood that we view the symptoms of vitality as they disappear one by one. With pardonable egoism the cocksure attorney, we fear, has miscalculated the limits of his genius for jailbirding. Lulled by the breeze of popular acclaim he has permitted himself to be wafted into the breakers. Impetuosity is Heney's besetting vice. It was that vice that exposed him to ridicule when he made his absurd boast one memorable night in the Mechanics' Pavilion. He made it, as we know, on the strength of a mere rumor, and when his bluff was called he fled to Washington. Fortuitous circumstances for which he is indebted to Mr. Spreckels have enabled him to redeem himself in a most felicitous manner. And as nothing succeeds like success the ovations to Mr. Heney have been like a continuous performance. His recent career has been that of a man of destiny. Lampooned two years ago for the vanity of his utterances, today he is a hero wearing his unblushing honors after the manner of a Napoleon whose course of Empire was designed with true genius and executed with unerring accuracy. Far be it from Town Talk to bedim the lustre of his achievements. We merely purpose analyzing them. His record speaks for itself. It matters not that we now know that his passionate pronouncements promulgated at brief intervals after his appointment by District Attorney Langdon were all wind, and that the trapping of Lonergan by Burns happened in time to prevent the decay of public hope. Success is the sole standard of measurement, and it would be idle for anybody to attempt to detract from the merit of Mr. Heney's achievements up to date. He has been successful and that is sufficient for us to know. But luck is not eternal. It is possible that Mr. Heney may yet shrink from facing expectations that have been so highly raised by sundry indictments against numerous rich citizens. The published testimony taken before the grand jury reveals an amazing sterility of material upon which to base a demand for conviction. It is inconceivable that Mr. Heney can expect such a rope of sand as the case presents to remain intact under the rough handling of able lawyers.

## Ruef's Testimony

According to the daily press which has been so serviceable to Mr. Heney the testimony taken before the Grand Jury was conclusive of the guilt of the indicted. But as a matter of fact that testimony is



so weak that the prosecution would not have given it out for publication had it not been deemed important to communicate to the public in advance of the Schmitz trial the fact that Ruef had confessed to sharing certain boodle with the Mayor. This was a triumph of Heney's strategy. It was a masterly coup; one of the strokes of Mr. Heney's genius that commands admiration and gives some buoyancy to the lingering, drooping hope that he will yet be able to smile through the bars of a prison cell at the wicked victims of his ingenuity. It was only after reading Ruef's confession that we adequately appreciated this consummate ingenuity of Mr. Spreckels's lawyer. For it was then that we understood why the prosecution announced for publication two weeks ago that Ruef's testimony had not been reduced to writing, and that it was insufficient—in the nature of a lemon, said the reporter—and that he would forfeit all claims to leniency unless he "came through" with more substantial matter. Indubitably it was not Mr. Heney, but what gentleman connected with the prosecution, if any, did inspire the publication of sentiments that savor of a willingness to put a premium on perjury and suggest the glad consent of a Superior Judge to serve as a red-rubber stamp in the pocket of an attorney. Those sentiments were printed, and as it is notorious that the prosecution has ably conducted most of its case through the newspapers it is reasonable to infer that this was not an extraordinary instance of a reporter's dream slipping into type. But let us examine the testimony of Abe Ruef in the Gas Company's case, and then let us ponder the action of Mr. Heney's grand jury. Speaking of the money received from the Gas Company, Ruef said:

"I received a fee for attorney's services of \$1,000 per month for two or three months prior to that, and then finding it, as I explained, necessary to request or suggest an additional fee, which I thought would be covered by the payment of \$20,000, I suggested that to Mr. Drum. I wish to say also, in justice to him, I never told him it was to be paid to these men.

"Q.—That isn't the way of doing that kind of business, is it? A.—I don't know what the way of doing that kind of business is, except as far as it has concerned myself. I never told any living being that I was receiving or accepting money on any proposition to be given supervisors, except Mr. Gallagher."

Of course if we assume that nobody ever gave Ruef any money except for bribery purposes we shall not consider it important that he never told any man from whom he received money that it was to be used as a bribe. But is that a fair assumption? According to the Prosecution's system of reasoning it is a fair assumption. But Mr. Heney's system of reasoning has not yet been grafted upon our system of jurisprudence. If during Ruef's career as boss of the Schmitz dispensation he received "fees" which he did not find it necessary to divide or which he made no pretense of dividing; if people had reason to suppose that Ruef would not divide anything that he could keep intact; if they had reason to suppose that in some matters he could exact favors from certain miserable officials who were indebted to him for their jobs—if all these things are plausible, may not a jury be found that will be reluctant to resolve all doubt in all cases against the citizens with whom Ruef did business? It is because we fear that a jury of this temper is not impossible of impanelment in this city, that we have grave misgivings of Mr. Heney's ability to triumph over the forces of iniquity. These misgivings crowd upon us when we consider Ruef's testimony in the Gas Case. For Ruef said among other things:

"At the time of the fixing of the gas rates some of the supervisors, as I was informed by Supervisor Gallagher, insisted upon fixing an extremely low rate, such a rate as would have been ruinous to the business of the company, a rate which neither I nor any one who had looked up the question would have considered under any circumstances to be reasonable, proper or maintainable, and said they were determined absolutely to reduce those rates."

In the circumstances it may be argued that the average public service corporation would have been quite willing to pay more than a hundred thousand dollars to the Supervisors, and that when Ruef asked for only twenty thousand, it was most unlikely that Drum supposed that he intended to distribute it among eighteen men. Indeed we fear that a jury composed of men that have not been trained in the atmosphere which Foreman Oliver of the Heney jury breathes will be inclined to doubt that Mr. Drum gave the money as a bribe or for any purpose save that of engaging Ruef's influence. And we fear also that when the pee-pul rebel against having their thinking done for them in these matters by the daily press, and come to realize that when Ruef exacted his fee his gang of grafters were preparing to ruin the business of a public service corporation it will occur to them that when the subtleties of difference between extortion and bribery are too delicately spun there may result condemnations more criminal than the crimes they condemn.

#### The Qualities of a Prosecutor

We hope that we have made clear our reasons for doubting that Mr. Heney is convinced that all the men who have been indicted at his instigation are bribe-givers. We also hope that it will not be assumed that we suspect Mr. Heney of maliciously procuring the indictment of anybody. Mr. Heney is merely performing the functions of a special prosecutor for which he will no doubt be handsomely rewarded. He is not to be influenced by his prejudices or his affections or his sentimental obligations. He is a stern patriot animated by love of country and hatred of graft. Cold and austere is Mr. Heney, divinely endowed with the peculiar qualities that make for success in the honorable office which he is superbly filling. It is an office in which lawyers mindful of the importance of discouraging criminals are sometimes unconsciously persuaded to acts of oppression. It requires unusual strength of character and a judicial temperament to avoid, in the performance of the functions of this office, being carried too far by zeal for the vindication of justice. We believe that Mr. Heney was carried too far in the case of the Parkside victims of Ruef's extortion. Despite our aversion to bribery we confess a weak and unbecoming sympathy for those gentlemen, who, by the way, are not millionaires and in whose behalf we may protest without exciting the suspicion of Mr. Heney. Indeed we believe that Mr. Heney on reflection is likely to reconsider the indictment of Mr. Brobeck, the attorney, who had no financial interest in the Parkside enterprise; who, unlike Mr. Heney's friend, Mr. Cope, had no interview with Mr. Ruef; who did nothing but draw an ordinance for his clients; whose only offense so far as we have been able to ascertain is his relationship through marriage with Gavin McNab, a gentleman who must be properly subdued before the Democratic machine can be taken out of his hands. It is unlikely that Mr. Brobeck, a young lawyer, whose standing at the bar,



even now that he is under indictment is not inferior to that of Mr. Heney; whose reputation for integrity in this community today is not inferior to that of a single juror who voted to put a blot on his character,—it is unlikely we say, that he or the men by whom he was employed and from whom money was extorted will be seriously prosecuted for bribery.

### Tests of Municipal Ownership

The people of this city are still being advised that there is nothing so nearly approximating a catholicon as government ownership of public utilities. It insures better service, shorter hours, higher wages and less wickedness. Of the many fascinating innovations now being recommended to a guileless millenium-loving public there is none so rich in inducements, so susceptible of adaptation to the filling of long felt wants as government ownership. Where any public utility corporation is rendering an inferior quality of service, there may government ownership be urged with absolute confidence of a sympathetic hearing. Where workingmen are dissatisfied because they have to work almost as long as their employers for less money despite their muscular capital and sense of the dignity of labor, there may government ownership be advocated with no uneasiness as regards the temper of the audience. For workingmen know they are ruled by demagogues, and it is easy for them to reason that government ownership spells demagogic ownership. Wherever graft is commanding special attention there may the praises of government ownership be chanted, and there may it be asserted without much fear of contradiction that graft is purely a by-product of private ownership, and that the abolition of private ownership would be necessarily fatal to corruption. But notwithstanding all the engaging theories respecting the beneficent potentialities of private ownership, practically it has not gratified expectations. We are constantly being informed of sporadic instances of successful tests, but by statistical data it has been most convincingly demonstrated not only that government ownership fails to yield all the glorious benefits which are claimed for it but that it is conducive to far greater ills and annoyances than are incident to private ownership. Even in this country where its advocates assert that it has not been given a fair trial there are over fifty cases in which the experience of our own little Berkeley across the bay has been exactly duplicated. In other words there have been abandoned over fifty plants for the construction of which communities incurred a bonded indebtedness on which they are still paying interest. And when we look to Europe for evidence of the advantages to be derived from government ownership we find very little to persuade us of its virtues. The two countries that have been most partial to it are France and Germany. It is the opinion of many statesmen that France is again drifting to a grave crisis and that the untoward impetus which it has received is entirely due to the widespread system of government ownership, which is responsible for one of the most infamous political machines of which there is any record in history. In Germany government ownership has produced great disgust. In no other country except France can one examine the relative efficiency and economy of State managed and privately managed public services to greater advantage. The bureaucracy there is more numerous and its attitude toward the general public is more autocratic than elsewhere among civilized people

except in Russia. In Berlin the chief branches of public service, the Metropolitan railroad and the telephone system, are operated by the Government. The railroad is the object of derision to all travellers, at least to the travellers from America. When it was built a quarter of a century ago it was regarded as a masterpiece of technical achievement, but it has steadily deteriorated ever since. Influential incompetence is at its head, it is overloaded with personnel, and it is pervaded by the bureaucratic spirit of contempt for the rights of the public. As for the Berlin telephone system, it is notoriously the worst in the world. Perhaps here in San Francisco where we do things in deference to a fine civic spirit we shall show the world some of the superior advantages of public ownership, not with our City Hall which we have not yet begun to repair, but with our Geary street railroad.

### One Lesson of the Boise Trial

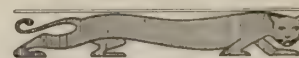
Since Harry Orchard, the confessed murderer of former Governor Steunenberg of Idaho and of at least a score of other men, took the stand at Boise to give evidence in the trial of William D. Haywood, the secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, the over-enthusiastic union-laborites all over the country who have been active in the organization of Moyer and Haywood clubs must have come to a sobering realization of their ill-advised hastiness of action. These unthinking protagonists, having already gone to the extreme in their championship of the indicted officers of the federation, now find themselves committed to a cause upon which defeat and complete discredit are lowering and are naturally embarrassed and hesitant as to the best means of withdrawing gracefully from an untenable position. At meetings held in New York and other large cities during the time that a jury to try Haywood was being slowly impanelled, the most blatant advocacy of the cause of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone was announced and the most unmitigated criticism of President Roosevelt was indulged in because he had dared to characterize these three as undesirable citizens. At that time—and it was only a few



NO BRANCH STORES—NO AGENTS.

IT HAS TAKEN SOME MAKERS FIFTY ODD YEARS TO LEARN HOW TO MAKE GOOD CLOTHES. JUST THINK, HALF A CENTURY. THIS EXPERIENCE COUNTS MUCH TO THE PROGRESSION OF READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES. SUCH TALENT YOU FIND HERE IN THIS EXCLUSIVE MEN'S SHOP.

"From Sire to Son" those are our credentials. Every worthy effort to perfect (as near as we can) the making and fitting of clothes you are offered here always. Smart dressers know where to get good clothes. They have experience. They come here.



**KING SOLOMON'S HALL**

Fillmore Street, Near Sutter. San Francisco



days ago—a large section of organized labor in this country stood pledged to support Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone guilty or innocent. But since Harry Orchard began the unfolding of his narrative of fiendish crimes, committed, he insists, at the instigation of the inner circle of the Western Federation of Miners and paid for by the three leaders of that organization, a most significant silence has taken the place of the erstwhile noisy protestations of confidence. True, there are still to be heard at intervals feeble declarations that the story told by Orchard is a fabrication and that he will be entirely discredited before the trial proceeds much further, but there is none of the aggressiveness of unalterable faith in these spasmodic statements. It is quite evident that the demagogic element in the labor organizations is learning a bitter but salutary lesson in the advisability of tempering passion with common sense and in distinguishing between the loyalty due honest, law-abiding leaders and the oblique approval of criminals. Equally obvious is it that many who never understood before the anarchic trend of the principles hotly espoused and untiringly inculcated by many labor leaders are coming to a tardy appreciation of their dangerous direction. Greater good could hardly come out of the Boise trials than this. It may be that Harry Orchard's confession will be discredited; possibly there is truth in the assertion that he has been used as the unscrupulous and lying tool of the Mine Owners in their warfare on the Western Federation. There is just a possibility of this, as there is just a possibility that anything which does not contradict reason may be true; but whatever the outcome of these trials—whether or not it is proved that Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were the instigators of the assassination of Steunenberg and hired Orchard to do the dastardly deed—good will have resulted if union labor learns from them the necessity of temperance in its advocacy of suspected persons and the advantage of less whole-souled trust in some of its leaders.

### Democracy and the Presidential Election

While the Republican party, by an interesting process of elimination, is gradually reducing its available number of presidential candidates to a unit which is not Taft or Foraker, Fairbanks or Cannon or Knox, the opposing organization which lives on the memory of Jefferson, Jackson and Cleveland is slowly preparing for the not-too-hopeful fight. Candidates for the Democratic nomination are not numerous, for reasons not difficult to surmise. Three consecutive defeats have discouraged most of the ambitious men of the party and leave only Bryan as an announced candidate with Joseph Folk not unwilling that his name should be discussed and Colonel Henry Watterson of Kentucky nursing the cryptic boom of a "dark horse" whose name he refuses steadfastly to reveal. It is not a situation to inspire enthusiasm, but neither for the matter of that, is the line-up in the Republican ranks, so perhaps it is too early to make pessimistic prophecies audent the foredoom of the Democratic party. Nevertheless there is a widespread opinion that another de-

feat is likely to be the portion of the Democracy and an equally positive conviction that such defeat, if it comes, will be fatal to the Democratic party as at present organized. In other words the notion is prevalent that in the next Presidential election the Democratic party will be fighting for its life. With death implied in defeat it should certainly make a tremendous struggle; yet is there, so far, no indication of preparedness for the fray and no sign of a serious disposition to make ready. Bryan, without whom none may reckon in casting up the resources of the party, has forsaken his will-o-the-wisp of governmental ownership of railroads to chase the butterfly of the initiative and referendum in national affairs, just as he relinquished bimetallism to run after government ownership. His enduring capacity for fresh enthusiasms is no doubt admirable but it is also the despair of the party leaders who are looking for a stout plank whereon they may float a candidate to victory and who will find the Republicans, so at least they claim, stealing all their old issues, not excluding that of tariff revision. Watterson, while not engaged in the dissemination of dark hints about his mysterious candidate, is trying his voice on the shout of "back to the constitution" and finds it a high-sounding and (to him) a satisfactory war-cry, but so far nobody of any consequence is rooting with him. Meanwhile there looms in the background the figure of Hearst, who seems destined to vie with Bryan as the most undaunted of defeated candidates. Having read himself out of the Democratic party and having convinced himself that the mantle of Jefferson and Jackson has fallen on his shoulders and that the true ark of the covenant of Democracy rests in the sanctuary of the Independence League, he is doing all in his power to disrupt the party, no doubt with very shrewd notions as to the valuable salvage that may come to its shipwreck. Hearst, on the outside, is perhaps as dangerous an obstacle to Democratic success as when he was forcing his way to the innermost mysteries. Those who see an end of the Democratic party in one more national defeat are convinced that in "the socialized agglomeration," to use a Wattersonian phrase, which will succeed the present organization, Hearst will hold the whip-hand. No greater spur to Democratic efforts should be needed than this forecast; but unfortunately it is a strictly intraparty consideration and will not suffice to assure success.

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## “Monsieur Alphonse”

By L. R.

All Paris, the dispatches tell us, is in a ferment over the revival at the Theatre Francais of “Monsieur Alphonse.” What memories of the past are awakened by the title of that play!

Thirty odd years ago Alexandre Dumas the younger wrote “Monsieur Alphonse,” a play which stirred the conscience of France to its depths, which helped the country, indeed, to shape itself a new conscience. The author handled in it the subject of conjugal infidelity and the rights of illegitimate children, and he did so with a boldness to which the public were unaccustomed. Zola had not yet made his mark, and the literary models of the time had formed their ideals among the snobs and upstarts of the Tuileries and of Compiègne. Alexandre Dumas’ sincerity came at a moment when the country, just recovering from the shock of the war, thirsted for something different from the frivolity of the Second Empire. He was himself an illegitimate child in the eyes of the law, and yet privileged because, however born, Dumas the younger could feel proud in being the child of Dumas the elder. The attachment between father and son was tender and life-long.

Yet Alexandre Dumas fils felt that he was by reason of his birth the champion of children unfortunate enough not to know their parents. His views on a wife’s infidelity he set forth in a pamphlet which appeared about the same time as the play, and was soon out of print. His advice to the husband, “Kill her!” must be taken as a paradox. It meant simply that as long as French law refused to recognize divorce there must be hopeless situations in French families. His logic was pitiless in its form only. His real feeling he shows in “Monsieur Alphonse.”

This play, which enriched the French language by a new word—an “Alphonse” is the lowest state of infamy to which a man may sink—and which, indirectly, enriched the French Statute-book by a new law, the Naquet Divorce Act, came out originally at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre in 1873, with Mlle. Blanche Pierson in the leading feminine role of Raymonde de Montaiglin. She was then in the early bloom of her creole—creole of Bourbon Island—loveliness, which was, above all things, remarkable for harmoniousness. Alphonsine, the comic actress of the Palais Royal, in the part of “Madame Guichard,” relieved the long-winded dialogues of the leading personages with her side-splitting drollery and fun, which closely approached low comedy. Her humor was rather masculine than feminine, and full of good humor with no nervous effect.

She it was who suggested the title of the play. Alexandre Dumas was perplexed about the name he should give his hero, a very low sort of Don Juan—not even a Don Juan. He was afraid of actions at law from namesakes in real life. Alphonsine came to his help. “Since the hero is my lover,” she argued, “you may call him Alphonse. As long as I do not object, I do not see who has a right to.” And thus it came to be that the pale-faced, professionless individuals who prowl about the night haunts of Paris qui s’amuse are to this day called “Alphonse.” “Monsieur Alphonse” was more than a play: it was a political pamphlet, a plea for divorce—a thing prohibited by the Catholic Church, and conse-

quently forbidden in all Catholic countries—and also a vindication of the rights of illegitimate children.

This pamphlet has wrought its purpose: divorce now exists in France, children born outside the pale of marriage are no longer—or much less than formerly—social outcasts. Legislation is now quite different, public taste has altered. Dumas was ahead of his times. Thirty years ago his play created a profound sensation because the author’s viewpoint was novel. Now it is the point of view of the man in the street, but the play, say the dispatches, has awakened keen interest.

The story is as follows: Octave, a young ruined bourgeois, is a sort of Don Juan. He is what one would call nowadays a degenerate—a word that was not used thirty years ago. He is about to marry a former housemaid, the widow of a wealthy hotel-keeper who went through the form of marriage with her during his last illness, and left her his fortune. Mme. Guichard’s ambition, with a fortune of several thousand a year, has been to marry a “gentleman,” and in Octave, who is five or six years her junior, she has found her life’s dream. The scene opens at the house of Captain de Montaiglin, of the French Navy. The Captain is getting on in years. He is leaving on the next day for a long cruise, which will be his last one, and then he will retire. He says to Mme. de Montaiglin, a former village schoolmistress, who is his junior by fifteen years: “Do not thank me for having raised you out of poverty. You have made my life worth living. For five years you have been my companion, and now, in my old age, you will be my friend.”

In the first scene the author brings us into the heart of his subject. Mme. de Montaiglin is talking with Octave. Her swollen eyes show that she has been crying. Octave is shrugging his shoulders. They are talking about a terrible secret. It was a long, long time ago. Octave was not twenty years of age. He met the young lady who was to become Mme. de Montaiglin and fate took its course. There was a daughter, whose birth was kept a profound secret. She was sent to the country to be brought up by peasants. Mme. de Montaiglin sees the child as often as she can. Octave goes down to see her, too, from time to time, but under an assumed name as “Monsieur Alphonse.” Now Alphonse has just become engaged to the wealthy Mme. Guichard. But she has no idea of the existence of this daughter. Octave is bent on getting the fortune as well as the hand of Mme. Guichard, and he now feels that his daughter, a girl of thirteen, is indeed an encumbrance. So he asks Mme. de Montaiglin to take his daughter off his hands. Octave tells the Captain a plausible story. The daughter’s mother, he says, is dead. The Captain agrees to receive the girl as if she were his own child.

This arrangement is upset by the arrival of Mme. Guichard, whose part in the play is that of the “comic Irishwoman.” This excellent lady was struck by certain mysterious absences of her fiancé. With the help of a private detective she traced him down to a country farm, whence he was seen to return to Paris with a little girl, and the pair were followed to the house of Captain and Mme. de Montaiglin.

The incidents of the plot now follow upon one an-



other with a rapidity that leaves you no time to breathe. The Captain discovers that the little girl is his wife's daughter, and that Octave is the father. Mme. de Montaiglin drops on her knees awaiting her husband's sentence. He generously forgives her; as he says: "You have sinned, you have suffered, you have atoned, you have repented; what right have I to punish you?" Every sentence in this scene shows the hand of a master. The good Mme. Guichard now discovers the existence of the little girl. "I will adopt

your child," she tells her fiance; "I make this a sine qua non condition of our marriage." Octave, or "Monsieur Alphonse," who was so anxious to get rid of his daughter, is now equally anxious to get her back. Too late, however. The Captain has adopted her, and "Monsieur Alphonse" loses, not only his daughter, but the large fortune he was to have secured by his marriage, because Mme. Guichard, dazzled at first by his fine manners, now sees the sort of scamp he really is and sends him about his business.

## One Autumn Night

Translated from the Russian of Maxim Gorky by R. Nisbet Bain.

Once in the autumn I happened to be in a very unpleasant and inconvenient position. In the town where I had just arrived and where I knew not a soul, I found myself without a farthing in my pocket and without a night's lodging.

Having sold during the first few days every part of my costume, without which it was still possible to go about, I passed from the town into the quarter called "Yste," where were the steamship wharves—a quarter which during the navigation season fermented with boisterous laborious life, but now was silent and deserted, and indeed we were in the last days of October.

Dragging my feet along the moist sand, and obstinately scrutinizing it with the desire to discover in it any sort of fragment of food, I wandered alone among the deserted buildings and warehouses, and thought how good it would be to get a fair bellyful.

In our present state of culture hunger of the mind is more quickly satisfied than hunger of the body. You wander about the streets, you are surrounded by buildings not bad-looking from the outside and—you may safely say it—not so badly furnished inside, and the sight of them may excite within you stimulating ideas about architecture, hygiene, and many other wise and high-flying subjects. You may meet warmly and neatly dressed folks—all very polite, and turning away from you tactfully, not wishing offensively to notice the lamentable fact of your existence. Well, well, the mind of a hungry man is always better nourished and healthier than the mind of the well-fed man—and there you have a situation from which you may draw a very ingenious conclusion in favor of the ill fed!

The evening was approaching, the rain was falling, and the wind blew violently from the north. It whistled in the empty booths and shops, blew into the plastered window-panes of the taverns, and whipped into a foam the wavelets of the river which splashed noisily on the sandy shore, casting high their white crests, racing one after another into the dim distance, and leaping impetuously over one another's shoulders.

It seemed as if the river felt the proximity of winter, and was running at random away from the fetters of ice which the north wind might well have flung upon her that very night. The sky was heavy and dark, down from it swept incessantly scarcely visible drops of rain, and the melancholy elegy in nature all around me was emphasized by a couple of battered and misshapen willow-trees, and a boat, bottom upwards, that was fastened to their roots.

The overturned canoe with its battered keel, and the old and miserable trees rified by the cold wind . . . everything around me bankrupt, barren, and dead, and

the sky flowing with undryable tears . . . everything around waste and gloomy . . . it seemed as if everything were dead, leaving me alone among the living, and me also a cold death awaited.

And I was then eighteen years old—a good time!

I walked and walked along the cold wet sand, making my chattering teeth warble in honor of cold and hunger, and suddenly, as I was carefully searching for something to eat behind one of the empty crates, I perceived behind it, crouching on the ground, a figure in woman's clothes dank with the rain and clinging fast to her stooping shoulders. Standing over her, I watched to see what she was doing. It appeared that she was digging a trench in the sand with her hands, digging away under one of the crates.

"Why are you doing that?" I asked, crouching down on my heels quite close to her.

She gave a little scream and was quickly on her legs again. Now that she stood there staring at me, with her wide-open grey eyes full of terror, I perceived that it was a girl of my own age, with a very pleasant face embellished unfortunately by three large blue marks. This spoiled her, although these blue marks had been distributed with a remarkable sense of proportion, one at a time, and all of equal size: two under the eyes, and one a little bigger on the forehead just over the bridge of the nose. This symmetry was evidently the work of an artist well inured to the business of spoiling the human physiognomy.

The girl looked at me, and the terror in her eyes gradually died out . . . She shook the sand from her hands, adjusted her cotton head-gear, cowered down, and said:

"I suppose you too want something to eat? Dig away then!—my hands are tired. Over there"—she nodded her head in the direction of a booth—"there is bread for certain . . . and sausages too . . . That booth is still carrying on business."

I began to dig. She, after waiting a little and looking at me, sat down beside me and began to help me.

We worked in silence. I cannot say now whether I thought at that moment of the criminal code, of morality, of proprietorship, and all the other things about which, in the opinion of many experienced persons, one ought to think every moment of one's life. Wishing to keep as close to the truth as possible, I must confess that apparently I was so deeply engaged in digging under the crate that I completely forgot about everything else except this one thing: what could be inside that crate.

The evening drew on. The grey, mouldy, cold fog grew thicker and thicker around us. The waves roared

with a hollower sound than before, and the rain pattered down on the boards of the crate more loudly and more frequently. Somewhere or other the night-watchman began springing his rattle.

"Has it got a bottom or not?" softly inquired my assistant. I did not understand what she was talking about, and I kept silence.

"I say, has the crate got a bottom, for if it has we shall vainly try to break into it. Here we are digging a trench, and we may, after all, come upon nothing but solid boards. How shall we take them off? Better smash the lock—it is a wretched lock."

Good ideas rarely visit the heads of women, but, as you see, they do visit them sometimes. I have always valued good ideas, and have always tried to utilize them as far as possible.

Having found the lock, I tugged at it and wrenched off the whole thing. My accomplice immediately stooped down and wriggled like a serpent into the gaping-open, four-cornered cover of the crate whence she called to me approvingly, sotto voce:

"You're a brick!"

Nowadays a little crumb of praise from a woman is dearer to me than a whole dithyramb from a man, even though he be more eloquent than all the ancient and modern orators put together. Then, however, I was less amiably disposed than I am now, and, paying no attention to the compliment of my comrade, I asked her curtly and anxiously:

"Is there anything?"

In a monotonous tone she set about calculating our discoveries.

"A basketful of bottles—thick furs—a sunshade—an iron pail."

All this was uneatable. I felt that my hopes had vanished. . . . But suddenly she exclaimed vivaciously:

"Aha! here it is!"

"What?"

"Bread . . . a loaf . . . it's only wet . . . take it!"

A loaf flew to my feet, and after it herself, my valiant comrade. I had already bitten off a morsel, stuffed it in my mouth, and was chewing it . . .

"Come, give me some too! . . . And we mustn't stay here . . . Where shall we go?" she looked inquiringly about on all sides. . . . It was dark, wet, and boisterous.

"Look! there's an upset canoe yonder . . . let us go there."

"Let us go then!" And off we set, demolishing our booty as we went, and filling our mouths with large portions of it . . . The rain grew more violent, the river roared; from somewhere or other resounded a prolonged mocking whistle—just as if Someone great who feared nobody was whistling down all earthly institutions and along with them this horrid autumnal wind and us its heroes. This whistling made my heart throb painfully, in spite of which I greedily went on eating, in which respect the girl, walking on my left hand, kept even pace with me.

"What do they call you?" I asked her, why I know not.

"Natasha," she answered shortly, munching loudly.

I stared at her—my heart ached within me, and then I stared into the mist before me, and it seemed to me as if the inimical countenance of my Destiny was smiling at me enigmatically and coldly.

\* \* \* \* \*

The rain scourged the timbers of the skiff incessantly, and its soft patter induced melancholy thoughts, and the wind whistled as it flew down into the boat's battered bottom—through a rift, where some loose splinters of wood were rattling together—a disquieting and depressing sound. The waves of the river were splashing on the shore, and sounded so monotonous and hopeless, just as if they were telling something unbearably dull and heavy, which was boring them into utter disgust, something from which they wanted to run away and yet were obliged to talk about all the same. The sound of the rain blended with their splashing, and a long-drawn sigh seemed to be floating above the overturned skiff—the endless, laboring sigh of the earth, injured and exhausted by the eternal changes from the bright and warm summer to the cold misty and damp autumn. And the wind blew continually over the desolate shore and the foaming river—blew and sang its melancholy songs. . . .

Our position beneath the shelter of the skiff was utterly devoid of comfort; it was narrow and damp, tiny cold drops of rain dribbled through the damaged bottom . . . gusts of wind penetrated it. We sat in silence and shivered with cold. I remember that I wanted to go to sleep. Natasha leaned her back against the hull of the boat and curled herself up into a tiny ball. Embracing her knees with her hands, and resting her chin upon them, she stared doggedly at the river with wide-open eyes; on the pale patch of her face they seemed immense, because of the blue marks below them. She never moved, and this immobility and silence—I felt it—gradually produced within me a terror of my neighbor. I wanted to talk to her, but I knew not how to begin.

It was she herself who spoke.

"What a cursed thing life is!" she exclaimed plainly, abstractedly, and in a tone of deep conviction.

But this was no complaint. In these words there was too much of indifference for a complaint. This simple soul thought according to her understanding, thought and proceeded to form a certain conclusion which she expressed aloud, and which I could not confuse for fear of contradicting myself. Therefore I was silent. And she, as if she had not noticed me, continued to sit there immovable.

"Even if we croaked . . . what then . . ."

Natasha began again, this time quietly and reflectively. And still there was not one note of complaint in her words. It was plain that this person, in the course of her reflections on life, was regarding her own case, and had arrived at the conviction that in order to preserve herself from the mockeries of life, she was not in a

(Continued on Page 35.)

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## Poetry

I am the reality of things that seem;  
 The great transmuter, melting loss to gain,  
 Languor to love, and fining joy from pain.  
 I am the waking, who am called the dream;  
 I am the sun, all light reflects my gleam;  
 I am the altar-fire within the fane;  
 I am the force of the refreshing rain;  
 I am the sea to which flows every stream.  
 I am the utmost height there is to climb;  
 I am the truth, mirrored in fancy's glass;  
 I am stability, all else will pass;  
 I am eternity, encircling time;  
 Kill me, none may; conquer me, nothing can—  
 I am God's soul, fused in the soul of man.

## Perspective Impressions

How about the Milk graft, Mr. Heney? Have you forgotten it? Nothing quite so bad, you know, as poisoning babies.

When the Graft prosecution began with its flourish of trumpets we were told by Mr. Spreckels that there would be no favorites. Why was the Milk graft investigation dropped so soon? We are merely curious.

In our present spasm of zeal for the vindication of justice, how singular that we should view so calmly the shipping of dynamite to this city and to the homes of strikers. Is it because we have so much confidence in the law-abiding character of union labor? Do we really believe that Patrick Calhoun imported the dynamite to scare the people off his ears?

Why has the Home Telephone inquiry been put on the hook? We hope that it has not become advisable to refrain from going too high up.

The Hon. James D. Phelan is like unto the shrinking violet. From faraway New York he points to his protegee the Hon. Rudolph Spreckels as the head and front of the graft prosecution. Jimmy is a wonder at standing from under.

It is suggested that the men indicted for bribe-giving should scorn their constitutional rights and go to trial to establish their innocence. But they have been watching justice take its wild and woolly course in Judge Dunne's court, and the spectacle gives them pause.



This cartoon bearing the caption "Men are Known By the Company They Keep" was recently published by the Los Angeles Times, the most important and most influential daily newspaper in California. We reproduce it merely to indicate public sentiment beyond the borders of San Francisco.



From Harper's Weekly. Copyrighted 1907 by Harper & Brothers.

## THE BRANDING SEASON

—Rogers in Harper's Weekly (New York).

# The Spectator

## A Poet for Senator

Joaquin Miller says he "has found it in his heart" to be a candidate for Senator from Oregon. Is it a strange place to look for a political ambition?—in a poet's heart? I know that the ribald will jeer and that the sordid will sneer; but let me tell these that Oregon could not honor herself more than by honoring her poet—Joaquin Miller is Oregon's poet first, as he is the poet of the Sierra by adoption and the world's poet finally. Why should not this poet "brush the dust from the seat once occupied by old Jim Lane" and remove the stain from the curule chair disgraced by John H. Mitchell? And a poet in the Senate of the United States! Think of it!

## From Tadmor to Babylon

Forty years ago Joaquin Miller's name first appeared in print. He delivered the valedictory class poem at Columbia College, Eugene, Oregon, in 1859. His next poem to appear in print was called "Is It Worth While," and it appeared in 1866. Then came "Specimens," a thin book of thin verses at which some people laughed and others grieved as those grieve who also deride. "Joaquin et al." was published in 1868 in Portland, Oregon, and although it won brave words from Bret Harte in the Overland Monthly, it merely served to advertise the young poet as a vain imitator of Byron and a pretentious upstart from the wilderness where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save its own dashings—surely no good could come out of that Nazareth. So it may be said that the poet suffered on behalf of the land that gave him his nascent inspiration. Why should not Oregon repay her poet for that early suffering on her behalf? One day the poet who had taught the youth of the backwoods of Oregon, and who had soiled his white soul with the defilement of things called Laws but were in fact no better than subterfuges for the undoing of his fellow men—one day this poet came up out of the wilderness and stood in marts of Babylon. But his pilgrimage thither led past the grave of Burns where he knelt in reverence to the muse that sang of things human and humane; past the tomb of Byron, lover of liberty and the rights of the oppressed; past the mausoleum of Goethe and the marbles that mark the last resting place of Schiller—even through battlefields coagulated with the blood of heroes and slaves, to Babylon; for as he has himself said it, the poet must be loyal, loyal not only to his God and his country, but loyal, loving to the great masters who have nourished him. In London he lived near Whitechapel where Bayard Taylor had lived, and bared his head in the Abbey where the great poets sleep; then he lived at Camberwell, because Browning was born there; then at Hemmingford Road, because Tom Hood died there. Finally he pawned his watch because his stomach rebelled against the long delay in the publication of "Pacific Poems." Even the publishers turned him away from their doors; thinking him but a mendicant on the paths of Parnassus. But finally the poems were published and with the "press notices" that were grudgingly bestowed on the little book (a miserable hundred copies of which only were printed) the exile boldly approached the king of all the publishers and told him that a great poet had come

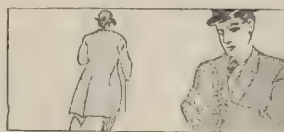
to Babylon. The king was surprised but he listened and eventually he believed. Thereafter the name of Joaquin Miller, the long-haired poet of the backwoods of Oregon, was a world poet; for genius must come to its own even in Babylon.

## Reaching for Their Souls

Now the poet that made Oregon famous is once more a candidate for the suffrages of her people. Once more, I say, for it is part of the history of Oregon that Cincinnati Heinne Miller was, in 1870, a candidate for the Supreme Bench of that sovereign state. But they laughed the poet to scorn, because he was a poet, and told him he would "better stick to his poetry." How many of those who denied the right of a poet to sit in the seat of the law-givers will deny him the right to sit in the seat of the law-makers? Yet it is the theory of this poet to whom Oregon and the Pacific States owe so much, that there never was, and never will be a great general, judge, lawyer, statesman, who was not at heart at least, a great poet. That will be the poet's plea when he stands before the people of Oregon asking them to let him represent them in the Senate of the Republic. And he has great faith in the good sense of the people of Oregon—notwithstanding that they have faltered at times, and allowed the high priests of political graft to throw dust in their eyes to blind them to their own interests. They vote by the primary law method up in Oregon, and therein is the dependence of Joaquin Miller in this campaign. He feels that he will be able to reach down into the great heart of the sturdy Oregonian and touch the chord that vibrates in unison with his own heartstrings. Senator Joaquin Miller! Hail!—and shall we say Farewell!

## Where Beauty Sleep is Not to Be Had

A disgusted correspondent writes me: "All during my life I have noticed that the world is full of people blundering along at occupations for which they are not fitted. But the country hotel business has attracted more misfits than any other. I had a painful demonstration of this Saturday night at the leading hotel of



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one of our larger interior cities. It is a pretentious place, charging what one pays at first-class metropolitan hotels. The designer of the building in question was the original offender. He planned the hotel with such diabolical ingenuity that every room is directly over the kitchen. The disadvantage of this arrangement seems to act as an inspiration for the manager to devise ways of annoying his guests. The kitchen uproar begins at five o'clock. It was inaugurated last Sunday morning by one scullion roaring to another at the top of his voice, 'Get up, there. Do you think that you are going to sleep all day?' It may be that he was shouting at the guests. At any rate, I know of one guest whom he thoroughly awakened. There was no sleep after that. The kitchen help took turns at holding the stove-lids high in the air and dropping them with resounding clangor. When they ceased this—presumably because the lids were growing hot—they commenced chopping wood. It would occur to any one but the manager of a country hotel to have the wood chopped during the day. These and similar—some worse—noises continued until six o'clock. Then began the shouting of orders. The first sign of slumber would be driven away by some one yelping, "Tenderloin. Have it rare. Ham and—turn 'em." This was an indication that guests, driven frantic by the previous noises, had arisen and were eating. I determined to make one more effort to get a nap. I had nearly succeeded when some one in the kitchen began hammering on a plate. Why such a thing was done I cannot explain. I would have gone down to inquire, but I knew that if I went into that kitchen and beheld the authors of my sleepless morning hour, there would be murder done. I was trying to ignore the banging of the plate, when a negro in the passage adjoining the kitchen began to sing, "I was born in ole Virginny." I arose and dressed and went to the dining-room, joining a sleepy looking horde. The waiter who took my order fairly roared it into the kitchen, and I grimly thought, 'That will bring some more of them down.' I was glad to leave that interior town and get back to the so-called noises of San Francisco. And now I am in favor of moving the capital from Sacramento to Berkeley."

### Spreckels of San Diego

While Mr. Rudolph Spreckels is making noble efforts to purify the murky atmosphere of San Francisco, Mr. John D. Spreckels and Mr. Adolph Spreckels are engaged in the more peaceful occupation of vivifying the somnolent atmosphere of San Diego. The Spreckels brothers have already put much life and money into the old Spanish town which, however, has suffered a smaller measure of transformation than any of the other mission settlements of the State. The atmosphere is still ante-Gringo. But it is rapidly being impregnated with the germs of a bustling commercialism. The Spreckels brothers are stringing trolley wires through the town and far into the suburbs, and real estate agents are propagating rapidly and thriving im-

mensely. John D. Spreckels is the H. E. Huntington of San Diego. He has given the town a genuine full blown Yankee boom, and the people are happy. It is said that John D. and his brother Adolph have invested \$6,000,000 in their several enterprises in San Diego. These enterprises are not all brand new. The Spreckels's have had interests in San Diego for many years. The Coronado Hotel has long been their property, and they have long owned the principal newspaper, the Sun. But not until recently did the great financial potentialities appeal to them. John D. Spreckels became conscious of them during his very severe illness of some months ago. It will be remembered that he was reported at one stage of his illness to be dying. He is now once more in sound health, and he attributes the metamorphosis to the invigorating qualities of the San Diego atmosphere. Nowadays he spends nearly all his time at Coronado and he is building a handsome residence on the beach.

### They Are Not Californians

One of Patrick Calhoun's imported conductors was enlightened the other day as to the reason for the independence and daring of San Francisco women. One of them boarded his car, her arms full of flowers. The conductor looked at the flowers in admiration and, addressing the woman, said: "There are two things that I will tell them about when I get back East; the beauty of the California flowers and the bravery of its women. I've helped break strikes in lots of towns, but never have I seen such a plucky lot of women as live in San Francisco. As a rule, when we start to run out cars during a strike, days pass before the women dare to ride. Here they were on board the cars the first hour they started to run, and they have been riding ever since. I tried to persuade them not to ride at first, but it was no use. There's no stopping them. They don't seem to be afraid of anything that walks. I have seen them get off and on during the time I have been here at lonely, unguarded places as fearlessly as though there were a dozen policemen in sight. It's the topic of conversation among the boys up at the car barn. Not a night passes but some of them have stories to tell of women who ride in spite of stones and curses. It's a puzzle to all of us." "It's merely heredity," the woman told him. "We who are daughters of pioneer women came naturally by our independence. Besides that, in the early days here a lone woman was as safe in a mining camp among rough men as she was in a drawing-room. On this account we all grew up unafraid. It's tradition with us. The fact that we are women makes us safe from Californians. For, mind you, these fellows who are insulting women are not Californians."

### London's Captain Returns

Roscoe Eames, who left here with Jack London on his seven years' journey around the world in the Snark, arrived from Honolulu on the Sierra, which got

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in on Sunday. Eames has decided not to be a navigator bold, sailing trackless seas. The charm of life on land appealed to him so strongly, he says, that he forsook the raging main. Besides, before arriving at Honolulu Mr. Eames realized that a continuance of his voyage meant a seven years' absence from his family—for, unlike London, he had not taken his family with him. The returned voyager did not say anything about having quarreled with London, but my Honolulu correspondent tells me that the two could not get along together. He says that he could not ascertain the specific grounds for the rupture that arose. When the Snark left here, Eames was her commander and navigator. It is supposed that London, being the owner of the boat, thought he was entitled to do a little of the commanding and navigating. Perhaps he found that his captain was not much of a deep sea sailor. I told several weeks ago how Captain Eames, while sailing across the bay, became involved with a ferry-boat and had a narrow escape from being swamped. So I imagine that on the voyage to Honolulu he became tangled up with the whales and endangered the Snark. Hereafter he will confine his sailing to such peaceful voyages as fall to the lot of the commuter. My correspondent tells me that London and his wife have been having a royally good time in Honolulu, and that the author, booted and spurred, has been climbing volcanoes and exploring the picturesque parts of the island.

#### General Lauck, Please Take Notice

A correspondent writes:

"Let us hope that the state law now going into effect to prevent the profanation by fraternities and civilian bodies of the uniform of the country's service may be extended to individual offenders. Numerous 'uniformed ranks' will no doubt be forced to return to the car conductor model, and the Sunday pedestrian of faulty taste may have to wear other khaki than that made for the soldier. To be concrete, during the Memorial Day exercises a most unmilitary figure strutted to the laughter or suspicion of all that saw. His chest, its flatness offset by the roundness of his shoulders, was decorated with three medals struck off by a certain quasi-military but ununiformed patriotic society. His excuse for purchasing an army officer's dress—exchanging regimentals for the society's insignia—I do not know. That he had never seen so much as militia service I took pains to ascertain. However some one may have called him a son-of-a-gun. Even the well forgotten 'heroes of '98' appeared out of place in their treasured khaki on Memorial Day, so what may be said in extenuation of the offense of one

wearing an officer's uniform, whose only claim is that his father once enlisted. I respectfully call Adjutant General Lauck's attention to the case."

—A Civilian.

#### Heney Apologized

That Francis J. Heney is not overly popular with newspapermen may seem strange to those who have never realized how great a difference there may be between the personal and the "for-publication" opinions which reporters hold of the great personages of the hour. Newspapermen are notoriously hard to please and it must be admitted that a great many of them in this city are not pleased with the public prosecutor. Mr. Heney learned this rather unexpectedly a few days ago when a reporter on one of the morning papers rang him up to settle a point in connection with an account he was writing of the proceedings in the Schmitz trial that day. Mr. Heney happened to be very busy, as he usually is, and lapsed a good deal from courtesy in answering the question put to him over the telephone. Whereupon the reporter said very calmly, "Please understand, Mr. Heney, that I do not ring you up because I want to, but because I have to," and hung up the receiver. Next day, be it said to the credit of Mr. Heney, he was not too busy in the courtroom to seek out the offended newspaperman and tender an apology. It is more important for Heney to hold the friendship of newspapers than of the courts.

#### Steffens Collaborated with Heney

When, recently, Francis J. Heney hurled about five columns of rhetoric at the public in the shape of a review of what he had done and a promise of what he will do many were the innocents who looked upon the special prosecutor as a literary man as well as a lawyer. The discerning who were not on the inside merely classed him among writers, being unable to discover anything to justify the term "literary." But

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they were all wrong, for Heney was not the sole author of the impassioned appeal. He was the original author of it, but after he had concluded his labors Lincoln Steffens, special exposé of graft, took a peep at it. Steffens was kind in his comments, but gently hinted that there were certain passages in it that he might strengthen. He went at it, and before he got through there was more Steffens than Heney in the article. Steffens is a high-priced writer. Whether he got paid for this work out of the special prosecution fund I do not know.

### Modest Mr. Langdon

District Attorney Langdon was thrust hopeless into the background as soon as the real work of the Schmitz trial was begun. He has not been given the slightest opportunity to distinguish himself. This is unfortunate since Mr. Langdon is to be a candidate for office again this fall, and it is therefore to his interest to show the pee-pul that he is able to earn his salary by doing something more than looking wise. I fear that Mr. Langdon is not taken with sufficient seriousness by his associates. It is reported that recently, on a visit to San Jose, young Mr. Cobb was interrogated relative to Mr. Langdon's legal ability and that he made this reply: "Why he couldn't draw a promissory note." Now it is my opinion that Mr. Cobb is mistaken. Mr. Langdon was once a teacher in a commercial school and in commercial schools promissory notes are drawn with wonderful precision.

### Now for the Verdict

There is only one regret that I have in connection with this remarkable trial of Eugene Schmitz: that it was necessary to employ the word of Abe Ruef to establish the defendant's guilt. I must confess that I have been sorely and poignantly disappointed. After all that I had heard about the mass of evidence in the hands of the prosecution I was sure that the strategic Mr. Heney would make the guilt of Eugene Schmitz so clear that there would not be left the slightest margin for doubt. But now it appears that if Ruef had not confessed it would have been impossible for Mr. Heney to prove the crime. Nevertheless Mr. Heney is deserving of congratulation. The verdict of guilty, which I assume will be given, is his triumph and also Judge Dunne's. Judge Dunne has shown that he is to be depended on in an emergency to safeguard the interests of the pee-pul, if not of the individual. The only unfortunate thing about the case is that Judge Dunne found it necessary to brush aside so many technicalities. He took a street-sweeper to them. And consequently every lawyer in town from the highest to the lowest is laughing at the way Eugene was cinched. They are also laughing at Mr. Heney because they know that the Supreme Court cannot afford to approve

everything that has been done by Judge Dunne. The bar agree that a verdict of guilty will be set aside owing to Judge Dunne's haughty indifference to fundamental principles. But the laugh is not on Mr. Heney. That strategic gentleman knows what he is about. He wanted a verdict of guilty and he wasn't particular about the method of obtaining it. He knows that a verdict of guilty will hold Mr. Schmitz for awhile. He also knows that it will hold the public for awhile, and holding the public is the main desideratum just now. With Schmitz convicted we shall all feel that Mr. Heney has "made good" in the most important matter for which his talents were employed. With Ruef's guilt confessed and Schmitz's proved to the satisfaction of a jury, perhaps it doesn't matter much what else happens.

### Handing It to Eugene

I take it for granted that by the time this week's Town Talk makes its appearance the Schmitz trial will be over and the verdict of guilty entered. Of one thing I should be absolutely certain: that the jury will agree on a verdict of guilty. A failure to agree on a verdict of guilty would be a most stupendous miscarriage of well laid plans and curious specifications. Nothing so extraordinary is within my capacity for conceiving curious and inexplicable phenomena. This case is being tried with every loop-hole for escape covered with impenetrable armor plate. When the jury was being impaneled Judge Dunne saw to it that the special prosecutor should not have to waste any peremptory challenges. So when a talesman bobbed up who did not look good to the critical Mr. Heney, if it could be shown that he was a fourth cousin of the grand-uncle of Mrs. Schmitz's third cousin's wife's nephew, or within any closer degree of consanguinity, he was given "23" in a jiffy. And during the trial of the case, Judge Dunne, with that same scrupulous devotion to the interests of the State which he exhibited when the jury was being impaneled, has most generously facilitated the labors of the special prosecutor. Judge Dunne has not, however, indulged Mr. Heney in all his curious caprices. As sympathetic as Judge Dunne has been with the prosecution, Mr. Heney has been able to challenge successfully the courage of the court's prepossession. And thus has he enabled the court to give a touch of verisimilitude to the correct judicial pose. Yet notwithstanding Judge Dunne's denial of some of Mr. Heney's remarkable requests, a wag remarked the other day that it was obvious that Judge Dunne is less familiar with the decisions of our Supreme Court than with those of Pontius Pilate. A coarse jest and obviously unjust.

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Judge Dunne is performing a great public function, and he cannot so regulate the affairs of his court as to exclude therefrom all men against whom he has no legitimate prejudice. We all know that Mayor Schmitz is guilty; if not of the crime of blackmailing French restaurants, of others equally bad. And that is probably how Judge Dunne feels about it.

#### Failing to "Make Good"

There is in the minds of the people of this city an almost ineradicable impression of the guilt of Eugene Schmitz. There is an overwhelming sentiment in favor of giving him the punishment he deserves. Yet I am told that the tactics pursued by Mr. Heney with the kind and noble indulgence of Judge Dunne have caused something of a shock to public feeling. It was not, I am convinced, a very violent shock; not half so vertiginous as it might have been had not the daily newspapers contrived to make it appear that the court proceedings were in strict accordance with the forms of law and that Mr. Heney was making good at every turn of the road. How easy it is to deceive the dear pee-pul! How easy it is to make multitudinous stupidity think in the way most suitable to your purpose! Few there were that recalled the repeated assertions in the press of Mr. Heney's intention to prove that Mayor Schmitz, at a Sunday meeting at his home, told Commissioner Reagan that Ruef had received a fee from the French restaurants and that it was to be devoted to the expenses of the Administration's political machine. Not one word of such testimony was given, and yet the newspapers in screeching headlines last week told how the commissioners had borne out

all that the prosecution promised to establish. When court adjourned at the end of last week the dailies told us that the proof of Schmitz's guilt was conclusive. Yet on Monday morning of this week, Mr. Heney in his argument in support of his motion to be permitted to rake and scrape the town in search of fragments of circumstantial evidence of Schmitz's veniality in a thousand and one transactions having no bearing upon the French restaurant deal, he virtually admitted that if not vouchsafed this extraordinary latitude he would be unable to establish in the case at bar the guilt of the defendant.

#### Curious Tactics

Though Judge Dunne is not noted for the acuteness of his perceptive faculties he saw the importance of not letting Mr. Heney go as far as he liked. It is hardly possible that Mr. Heney expected Judge Dunne to give him the latitude he demanded. Possibly it was merely his purpose to introduce evidence by the newspaper route, which he did by an elaborate recitation of the evidence he purposed putting in. If I was not quite convinced that a notable exception is to be made in the case of this jury by absolutely depriving it of the newspaper accounts of the trial, I should be inclined to suspect that Mr. Heney had the jury in mind when he told the court all that he wished to prove. It is easier for a lawyer to tell what he expects to prove than to get in the proof. So it may have been to Mr. Heney's advantage to have his motion denied. Nevertheless I regret that Mr. Heney should have maneuvered himself into so miserable a position as to find it necessary to try

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to persuade the court to indulge him to such posterous lengths. Mr. Heney is a learned lawyer and it is hard for me to believe that he was laboring under the delusion that it was permissible for him to demonstrate the guilt of Schmitz in the French restaurant cases, by showing that there were entirely different transactions from which the defendant's guilt might be inferred.

### An Awful Prospect

It would gratify me very much to be able, after the manner of my contemporaries, to felicitate Mr. Heney on his achievements, but it is apparent to me that he has tangled himself inextricably. It appears to me that he has reached a pass where in sheer desperation he is willing to procure the conviction of Schmitz even though for that consummation it should be necessary to break every law from the Decalogue to Phelan's charter, and as I contemplate his predicament I am almost moved to tears. What a sorry triumph will be his, if after having, with the aid of the press, smashed the graft machine, he should fail to land a single crook in the penitentiary.

### A Modest Prediction

At this time the probability is that Mr. Heney is doomed to miserable defeat. The conviction of Schmitz will be of no significance. The route pursued for its achievement has been entirely too tortuous and a verdict of guilty will unquestionably be swept aside. A tribunal as fearful of press censure as would be one composed of judges as timid as the meekest representative of our Supreme Court would find it too prodigious a struggle with conscience to squint at all that has been done in the Schmitz case. This state of affairs is indeed to be deplored. Even though Mr. Heney should continue to hold the Home Telephone case in abeyance for the purpose that is ascribed to him, he will not be able, in my opinion, to prevent the State's highest tribunal from disposing of all these graft cases in short order. If I am any judge of the higher qualities of human nature that bench must be by this time in a state of revolt against all that has taken place in the past few months. I predict now that it will be shown that Mr. Heney has overplayed his hand, and that for breathing a moral mildew over our system of jurisprudence he will suffer rebuke.

### Ruef's Lemon

Meanwhile I am curious for developments in the matter of the snarl for which one Abe Ruef is responsible. This is a matter that appeals to one's sense of humor. When Abe pleaded guilty and confessed the Prosecution yielded to a spasm of hysterical glee. When Abe gave his testimony in the Gas case before the Grand Jury, the full import of it was somewhat delayed in infusing itself into the consciousness of Mr. Heney. Abe asserted on that occasion that to no man

that ever gave him money did he tell that he was to spend any part of it for the bribery of an official. Now it was not bribery to give Abe Ruef money for the purchase of his influence. The whole town knew that his influence was worth something. Mayor Schmitz served notice on the whole town in an open letter published immediately after his first election that he was under profound obligations to Abe and that he would be forever prepared as an official to vindicate his gratitude. Many citizens took a tip from that letter and paid Ruef fees that were not used for bribery. However if Ruef had not confessed the Prosecution would have been able with circumstantial evidence to make out pretty strong cases of bribery against men who paid him large sums of money. But with Ruef as the witness for the Prosecution, asserting that he did not receive money with the understanding with those from whom he received it that it was to be divided with public officials, the case assumes quite a different aspect. In the circumstances it is easy to infer, if one be of a reasonably suspicious mind, why on his second appearance before the Grand Jury Abe's testimony was not taken down by a stenographer. It is the theory of some attorneys that it was not taken down because

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then it would be impossible to alter it in the event of Ruef's deciding at the request of the Prosecution and for a sufficient consideration to convert his lemon into a substantial roast. This theory is borne out by an inspired newspaper article in which it was asserted that unless Ruef "came through" he would forfeit leniety. But to come through he will have to contradict his sworn testimony so far as the alleged bribe-givers are concerned. There are some people who suspect that Ruef has played a very shrewd game for the purpose of forcing the corporation officials into the fight to take the burdens off his shoulders.

### The Horror of It

Few people who do not come in immediate contact with the lower elements of humanity realize how strong a hold unionism has upon the ignorant. Its principles are a religion with them, and they look upon a scab as a being thoroughly beyond the pale of decency—something to be talked of as a thing apart from the human race. I witnessed an illustration of this sentiment on Market street on Saturday. A car was going by, manned by a good-looking young motorman. A woman who observed him remarked to her companion. "My God, how can he do such a thing? And he's a nice looking young fellow too." There was horror in her voice, such as would be caused by witnessing a trespass on an altar. His exercise of a man's right to work for whomever he pleased had to her all the elements of sacrilege.

### Unionism in Eureka

My Eureka correspondent writes me that "this has been a hard week for unionism in Humboldt county. Jack Hayes, one of the longshoremen who was implicated in the shooting of non-union men during the water-front strike in Eureka a year ago, was found guilty of murder in the second degree. The woodsmen's strike has been declared off without any concessions on the part of the mill-owners. The community has lost about half a million dollars on account of the strike, and the position of the workingmen has been weakened more than they wish to admit. The lumber workers who have gone back to work are loud in their denunciations of unionism. The strike was agitated and forced by a lot of foot-loose single men, most of whom left the county after doing the mischief, going North to work in other lumber camps. They left the men with families to suffer the consequences."

### Things Doing in the "Upper World"

Have you any Wells Fargo stock? If so you're likely to get a handsome profit on it for just now there is a stiff fight going on for the controlling interest, the storm center being in the East where the rival factions are raiding each other's camps. The present clash is another outburst of the bad feeling which broke out nearly a year ago when a vigorous attack was made against the management. At that time the dominant party, led by E. H. Harriman, acquired all the stock that was obtainable either at public or private sale. Harriman had to have it in order to retain control. Several months after the fracas, and while his enemies were sleeping on their arms, Harriman again sent out emissaries to gather in all holdings of stock that could be picked up. Several big blocks were gathered in and tucked away for future service. What the present search for stock presages the curious street is unable

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to fathom. It was during a resting spell in the famous contest for control of the corporation, last summer, that William Nelson Cromwell, the highest priced corporation attorney in the country, let fall his celebrated remark about Harriman moving in an "upper world where ordinary stockholders may not enter."

### Lambasting Senator Nixon

The bitter feud going on between Senator Nixon of Nevada and the Larry Sullivan "combination" promises to be something historical in Coast mining records. The Sullivan snipers have been artfully pinking Nixon lately with charges that he is responsible for the present slump in mining share values through his neglect to have a dividend declared in the case of Goldfield Con., a holding which Nixon acknowledges has not only a million dollars in the treasury but picture ore in sight that can be taken out at the rate of one million dollars every twenty days. So keenly has Nixon felt the smart of these attacks that he is coming out in column interviews in the Nevada papers denying the charges made against him and defining his "position as a mining man with a mine to be developed intelligently and not through stock speculation." He has a press bureau of his own that has been actively firing charges into the Sullivan camp. Sullivan has been figuratively tarred and feathered as a shanghaiier, a charlatan, swindler, Dick Turpin of promotion schemes: to cap the climax he has just been arrested in New York charged with circumventing a customer out of a big sum of money on a "wild cat" promotion.

### No Quarter Asked

Graham Rice, his righthand, rushed to his defense with the explanation that the complainant had not got his stock through Sullivan but through a man who is now being tried here in San Francisco for his connection with business of that character. No sooner did Rice appear in the open than he was charged with being an ex-convict, a man masquerading under an assumed name, and a fellow too far gone in iniquity to be improved by an immunity bath or even a confession in extremis. Both sides have flung away their scabbards and if their ink wells and lung power hold out the investors who have been fleeced in the recent slump in Goldfield issues may learn something of the manner in which the trick was done. Meanwhile the attacks on Nixon have evidently prodded his captains into supporting the market, for during the last few days values have shown growing signs of something like life. That the end of the feud is not in sight is only too apparent to those who know the relentless spirit dominating both Sullivan and Rice. Nixon was instrumental in dragging them from their lofty position as the most successful promoters in Goldfield and the claim is made by their friends that the two will make him feel the day he did it.

### The Illimitable Gabfest

A city divided against itself may not fall immediately but it will exhibit a toppling condition morally, physically, financially and many other ways, as is illustrated in the acts of the leaders here in San Francisco. To add to the already long list of men and factions who madly, stubbornly refuse "to pull together" comes the Committee of the Builders' Exchange, the same committee appointed to confer with bankers,

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builders, investors and the labor interests with a view to harmonizing differences and obtaining an understanding whereby wages and the prices of material should be kept within certain bounds for a period of two years. Much was expected of this committee. As with all the others they found conditions most deplorable but when it came to suggestions for remedying them they split upon the same old rock. The labor element held steadfastly to the high wages it had captured and the material men clung to all that the traffic showed an inclination to bear. Sarcastic and taunting charges were shot back and forth and the final meeting ended in even personal criminations. Such actions among leaders in their respective lines are a biting commentary on our ability to handle the present situation. No wonder the ordinary citizen, sick at heart, is hugging his few remaining savings in the retirement of his home and muttering, "What will happen next?"

#### Who's Who On a Job

Some 2,500 men are out of work in Chicago because of freak strikes, nobody being able to determine what class of mechanics shall do certain kinds of work. Who should cut the hole for a door—a carpenter or a woodworker? Several big buildings are delayed pending the determination of this very important question. Not only were the carpenters on the Illinois Athletic Club building called out, but for some reason which nobody seems able to explain, union carpenters have been forbidden to touch material made by the firm furnishing doors for the building in question. There is another strike which, while it involves only two men and a boy, is still more freaky. In this case it is impossible to install elevator machinery until some Solomon shall settle whether the setting of screws in the elevator shaft is the work of a machinist or an elevator constructor. In the same building several hundred marble slabs are lying untouched because nobody knows which of two unions shall spread on the cement which is to hold them in place. The cement workers' union says that no one save members of that organization can handle cement. Marble cutters assert that they should be the only ones allowed to handle marble after it reaches a building of which it is to be a part. Another puzzling strike has been in progress for some time in the yards of the National Brick Co. There are a dozen or more small engines in the yards, and to run one of these requires the services of only one man. He shovels coal, and at the same time manipulates the levers and gauges. Nobody, not even his employers, can tell whether this man is a fireman or an engineer. Several hundred workmen and teamsters employed about an amusement park struck, although perfectly satisfied with hours and wages, because non-union waiters carried beer to the patrons of the place. After staying out for one day a glimmer of intelligence worked its way into their heads, and they went back to work. But meanwhile, the question of what branch a mechanic belongs to is up in the air, to the serious detriment of several important enterprises.

An ordinance regulating automobile horns would be much appreciated by the victims of those blighted beings of perverted instincts who take satanic and imbecilic delight in making nuisances of themselves with the aid of raucous sounds. There are many parlor cut-ups in possession of automobiles nowadays. You can tell them by a certain device which they employ to make a noise like an ass in agony.

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North End



# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## San Franciscans in Paris

My Paris correspondent writes me some interesting gossip concerning San Franciscans in the gay French capital. Mrs. Hart McKee, formerly Mrs. Tevis of San Francisco, continues her sway and is the most feted as well as the most lured woman in the American colony. Mrs. McKee though in the American colony is certainly not of it. At the start she had the sagacity to keep as much out of the American colony as possible, and allied herself with the brilliant foreign set that numbers Spanish grandees and Russian grand dukes among its most conspicuous members. The McKees have made many a faux pas but their fortune is sufficient to make their new-found friends regard them as quaintly eccentric. One of the blunders that the gossips of Paris have not yet forgotten happened a few weeks ago when Hart flushed by the success of his own dinner party impulsively took one of his guests, an attache of the Turkish Embassy and a persona non grata in many homes, to call on a countess who did not know nor wished to know this particular attache. The Turk was allowed to pass into the salon but the McKees noticed that the air in the vicinity of the countess and her family was somewhat congealed. They soon inferred that although their company was desired they could not bring whomsoever they chose in that impromptu and informal manner. The Infanta Eulalia has been the staunchest of friends to the McKees in spite of the fact that the jealous dames of the American predicted an early termination to their intimacy. The Infanta is not noted for her constancy and many are the American women she has taken under her sheltering wing only to turn them out into the cold a few months later when she tired of them. The fair Cornelia has managed to hold the interest somehow of the fickle Eulalia and through her royal friend has met half of the reigning families of Europe. It must be said that the Infanta is not considered to be a top notcher in court aides,—she has lost caste by her democratic ways—but to the rich Americans she is a star of the first magnitude. The American women in Paris throw out all kinds of bait to Eulalia but she refuses to be tempted except by the McKee lure. One sharp tongued California woman declares it is Cornie's cook that fascinates Eulalia, for the Infanta is fond of the pleasures of the table and the McKees' cook is famous."

## Addie Murphy Breckenridge

"Mrs. McKee's chief rival for social honors in Paris is none other than Addie Murphy Breckenridge. She has almost cast into the shade this sprightly little dame who only a few seasons ago promised to be a leader. Cornie and Addie were once fast friends but since the Denver lady got fairly started on her meteoric career it was noticed that there was not as much gush between these two dames. Since Mrs. Breckenridge became reconciled to her father her revenue increased materially and now she has all the financial backing necessary when heretofore she could not cope with the Tevis-McKee millions in spite of her clever management and wit. Now that her fortunes have been recouped the wise ones are predicting that she will give Mrs. McKee a close race for social supremacy. Her

gowns this spring season are so gorgeous as to startle even the Parisians. She has invested in the latest of automobiles and there is no more dashing figure on the Bois than our Addie. She is still the brilliant raconteuse whose stories used to delight San Franciscans a few years ago; in fact, her stories are quoted in St. Petersburg as well as in London. The mercurial Addie does not confine her attention wholly to the smart set but her salon is the rendezvous for many of the brilliant literary men and musicians of Paris. Mrs. McKee does not favor the highbrows but revels in people with handles to their names."

## Aitken a Pet

Bobby Aitken is now and then seen in the drawing-rooms on the right bank of the Seine, although he prefers the life of the region adjacent the Boule Miche. In Paris they speak of Bobbie as an infant prodigy. They seem to be laboring under the impression that our pet sculptor is only twenty-three. All the Paris papers speak of him as "that San Francisco youth." A certain San Franciscan who is studying music in Paris thinks that the young sculptor has discovered



Photo by Arnold Del Monte

MRS. R. G. HANFORD  
At the Finish of a Drive.

the fountain of youth for as he says "I knew Aitken in San Francisco five years ago and he was then twenty-three. Now I meet him again and they tell me he is going on twenty-four. Will Bobby ever be a man?" In Paris the rumor is afloat that Mrs. Hearst is Aitken's financial backer, but that has been denied by some of his friends, I believe."

Among the fashionable Californians in the French metropolis recently were Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Potter, Mrs. Cort, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley, Mrs. Mayo Newhall and the Misses Newhall, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson, Prince and Princess Poniatowski, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Sperry, Miss Bessie Bowie, the Misses Joselyn, Mrs. Morton Mitchell, formerly Mrs. Ladd.

#### The Martins in Camp

The Walter Martins have an attack of Simple Life-itis and they intend to get it out of their systems by camping in the woods for two months. Several men are now busily engaged pitching camp near Cisco in the Sierras and the camp promises to be a marvel of rustic convenience. Mrs. Martin has gone up there several times to oversee the arrangements and returns more than ever delighted with the prospect of a sylvan existence. Probably the out-and-out camper who travels through the Sierras with a sleeping bag, a side of bacon, and a sack of beans would sniff contemptuously at the Martin outfit, which includes a dozen horses and as many servants. Mrs. Martin plans to have her two little children with her and will have a great deal of company besides, so all the inconveniences of woodlanding have been obviated as far as possible. Mrs. Eleanor Martin has decided that when one is "seventy years young" camping out is unseemly and

she will spend most of the summer at the Walter Martin place in Burlingame.

I have often marveled that more of our wealthy people do not establish camps in the mountains where they can slough off all the impedimenta of modern life. In the East the so-called "camp" of the millionaire is of a piece with the masquerading of the Newport palace as a "cottage." There camping has been devitalized of its tonic virility until it is almost as exsanguinous an existence as life at the St. Regis. In comparison the Martin camp will be the real rustic thing.

E. W. Hopkins reserves a cottage at Boca, where the company of which he is president runs a plant, for his own use and once a year his entire family migrate up there to get on how-de-do terms with nature. The cottage is furnished with the bare necessities and during their stay up there they scissor off all the frills from life. Even Mrs. Gus Taylor, who is so sartorially fit that she always looks as though she has just come out of a silk lined, scented bandbox, loafs around in corduroys. A month on the water in this wise, trolling for the tonic that is abundant as trout, braces one for the sloppy pink tea winter.

#### Engagement Announcement

Dr. and Mrs. A. O. Lindstrom at an informal dinner given at their home, 1515 Scott street, last Monday

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evening announced the engagement of their daughter Corrine Marion, who has just returned from a tour of Europe, to Charles Witzel Baker Jr., son of the millionaire mining man. Mr. Baker is a well-known commission merchant.

### The Calhouns

The arrival of Mrs. Calhoun and her daughters has crowded Thornwell Mullalley out of the house which he has occupied all winter and he has taken a handsome apartment at the Fairmont. Mr. Calhoun leased a beautiful house on Webster street last year so that he and his family could have a home out here on their visits to this city. During Mr. Mullalley's residence there he has entertained in the charming fashion which is always served with the real Maryland terrapin. It is not thought that Mrs. Calhoun will endeavor to put a head on the flat state of social affairs, as she is not overfond of the frivolings of society, preferring to fortify her circle of friends with the sort of people who take life somewhat seriously. Last year Mrs. Calhoun gave a number of small dinner parties that were delightfully informal. One of her most intimate friends here is Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies.

### Society at the Show

The opening night of "Peter Pan" brought out a goodly gathering of society, considering how scattered the smart set is. The largest theatre party of the evening was given by Miss Jennie Crocker, with Mrs. Walter Martin as usual in the capacity of chaperone and Gertrude and Virginia Joliffe peopling the perspective. I love to watch Gertrude at a play she is so utterly unconscious of opera glasses focused in that direction, and is so frankly interested in the play. These blase days most society girls feel that it is vulgar to show animated interest in anything, but Maude Adams' whimsical charm tore the mask of indifference from the most indurated theatre goer. Gertrude Joliffe almost fell out of the box so eager was she to show she still believed in fairies.

### Landsberger Has a New Relative

Mr. Raoul C. Herz, the young thespian who has just married the charming little actress, Lulu Glaser, is a brother-in-law of Nat. J. Landsberger, the violinist. The young couple have sailed for Europe to spend their honeymoon. They will stop at the home of Mr. Herz's mother in Brussels.

### At Del Monte

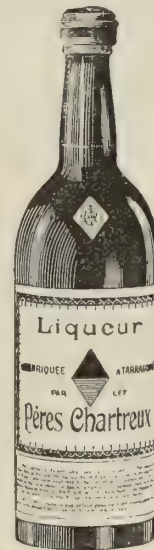
My Del Monte correspondent writes:

C. S. Aiken, editor of the Sunset Magazine, rejoined Mrs. Aiken for the week-end. \* \* \* Arnold Genthe, the well-known San Francisco photographer, was at Del Monte for a week-end visit. \* \* \* Miss Blanche Partington, former musical and dramatic critic on the San Francisco Call, with her mother Mrs. J. H. E. Partington were at Del Monte for a few days last week. Miss Partington spent much of her time in the Art Gallery examining the collection of pictures by California artists. \* \* \* Mrs. Geo. A. Robinson of Burlingame accompanied by Mrs. M. H. Wilbur of Colorado Springs are at Del Monte. \* \* \* The first putting contest of the season on the Clock Green at Del Monte was held on Wednesday afternoon, four

ladies taking part. The winner was Mrs. Loeser, who made two rounds in 24-27, total 51. Mrs. H. R. Warner and Miss E. A. W. Morgan tied with 52. \* \* \* The second event of the Ladies' Continuous Handicap Golf Tournament took place on Saturday morning and was won by Mrs. H. R. Warner, who beat Mrs. Loeser by one stroke on the last hole. \* \* \* Among the notable visitors at Del Monte were D. M. Delmas and Mrs. Delmas, who stayed for a few days last week. They were so delighted with the varied charms of Del Monte that they will return the end of June and Mrs. Delmas will stay throughout the summer. Mr. Delmas will come down from San Francisco as often as his work permits.

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SCENE FROM "OLD HEIDELBERG"

A Romantic Play of German Student Life, at the New Alcazar Theatre.



MR. AND MRS. R. G. HANFORD AND MISS GUITTARD

In a Thomas Flyer at Del Monte.



## Maud Adams in "Peter Pan"

By Edward F. O'Day

Confronted with the unusual conjuncture of an actress who discounts sophisticated criticism in the title role of a play which artlessly but yet firmly repels the advances of cold-blooded analysis, the commenter on Maude Adams and "Peter Pan" need not feel that his task is a perfunctory one. Criticism does not of necessity spell censoriousness and in the present instance that would be a most discourteous critickin who would begrudge the actress whole-souled praise or pretend serious faultfinding with the play. At the same time the exuberance of appreciation may well be restrained within reasonable bounds; to say that Maude Adams and "Peter Pan" represent the perfection of acting and playwriting would only be slighting them both with the insincere exaggeration that superlatives usually suggest; it would also be aping the manner of those critics whose enthusiasm mounts with every clock-tick that brings press-time nearer and cools to indifference before the first paper is inked. The author of "Peter Pan" and the splendid actress who interprets him deserve more thoughtful consideration than that. James M. Barrie offers us a dramatic fantasy which marks a truly wonderful advance on the craft that shaped the delightful idea of "The Admirable Crichton" into a rather unwieldy satirical comedy. All the clumsiness shown in the handling of that play has been rounded to the graceful purposes of as delicate a theme as was ever reduced to dramatic proportions. Like the mother who imprisoned Peter Pan's shadow, Barrie has caught the intangible, has arrested an evanescent thought that must have tantalized many, many times a score of authors besides himself. "Peter Pan" challenges comparison in my mind only with "Alice in Wonderland" and a beautiful short story by H. G. Wells called "The Door in the Wall." Like these it embodies the quintessence of fairy lore together with the absolutely sure and satisfactory expression of all the daydreams that make childhood a magical estate and recur in quick, unexpected and uncontrollable flashes to show grown-ups how much they have lost in gaining worldly knowledge. Every child has dwelt sometime in Never-Never Land; has flown with the fairies to their enchanted dwelling-places; worsted pirates in blood-curdling hand-to-hand encounters and hauled down the skull and crossbones; has roamed the plains with the Indians; put howling wolves to flight; explored mysterious subterranean places; and felt the ecstasy of impersonating that hero of heroes, Napoleon. There is no healthy boy with access to the books boys love who has not known these things for greater realities than life itself. And there is no girl who has not experienced through the marvelous anticipations of instinct the joys of romantic love and the sweet cares of motherhood. These realities fade as men and women travel the ever-narrowing road that leads away from childhood, but when the occasional backward look into that sweet past is vouchsafed, those are unfortunate indeed who do not tremble on the verge of tears. Such poignant glimpses are allowed all of us at times and they leave a haunting fragrance in our lives that should not be undervalued for its benignant influence. The author of "Peter Pan" gives us more than a glimpse; he transports us to that fairyland of childhood and keeps us there for five throbbing acts. Be-

cause it accomplishes this "Peter Pan" must be given a place in the literature of childhood alongside of Lewis Carroll's masterpiece. As for Miss Adams, there is probably none of her admirers who will dispute her assertion that she is "the wonderfulest boy that ever lived." Comparison with Annie Russell's Puck immediately suggests itself, but Puck is a fairy while Peter Pan is just a boy, human to the red-ripe of the heart. The shy smile, the embarrassed movements, the husk in the voice, the fleeting moments of seriousness and the total abandonment to the excitement of adventure—these are some more obvious elements of her characterization; but there are others, subtler, hardly perceptible sometimes, that suggest an epicene quality in Miss Adams that might be startling if it were not so irresistibly captivating. Speculation as to the future of "Peter Pan" is futile; the years deal so grotesquely with what are called popular successes that it requires extreme hardihood to venture a prophecy of enduring fame. But if "Peter Pan" is still on the stage fifty years from now, the achievement of Maude Adams in the role will be at once the standard and the despair of her successors.

### Stage

#### "You Never Can Tell"

George Bernard Shaw's numerous admirers will be pleased to know that his great comedy, "You Never Can Tell," will be presented by the Frawley Company at the Novelty this Sunday afternoon. The piece abounds in brilliant lines, pungent epigrams and



E. L. BENNISON

A New Member of the Liberty Company, Oakland.

amusing situations. It was the dramatic sensation of last season in London. The story centers around a lady of literary tendencies who has been separated from her more material and money-making husband for a great many years, and her children, who have been brought up in a state of ignorance as regards their paternity. Through a singular chain of circumstances the entire family is thrown together in the office of an impecunious dentist and the complications that ensue are such as can only be conceived by the mind of a Bernard Shaw. The characters are all finely drawn and should receive splendid portrayal at the hands of the unusually clever players whom Mr. Frawley has brought to the city for his summer season.

### A. Countess for a Headliner

Particular interest attaches to the Orpheum programme for the week beginning this Sunday matinee from the fact that it is headed by the Countess Olga Rossi and Monsieur Paulo. The latter is a lyric tenor of renown, while the Countess is the wife of one of the Czar's proudest nobles. Previous to her marriage she was Olga Bosquovitch, one of the most popular members of the Royal Opera Company in Moscow. After a bright but disastrous matrimonial experience she returned to the operatic stage. In Russia when a wife expresses a desire to leave her husband it is taken for granted she is insane and he can have her locked up in an asylum. This is exactly what the Count did. By bribery she managed to effect her escape and with her little son, whom her relatives had gained possession of she fled across the frontier to Paris where to support herself she sang at the theatre Folier and the Marigny. This is the romance that ought to count as an asset in a stage career. In Paris the Countess met Monsieur Paulo, who induced her to make a vaudeville tour of this country. It is the lady's intention as soon as she can acquire a legal residence to institute divorce proceedings against her husband and to ask the American law courts to make her the legal guardian of her little son. The Countess and Monsieur Paulo will appear in a sketch entitled, "During the Performance," which abounds in lyric opportunities. The other new people in the week's programme are the St. Onge Brothers, the greatest comedy cycling novelty act in vaudeville, Ferry "the human frog," in his acrobatic act, "The Dismal Swamp," and the Three Abdullah Brothers, European novelty acrobats. Next week will be the last of Hayes and Johnson, the Frederick Hawley Company, the Bootblack Quartette and Arthur Dunn and Marie Glazier.

### "Old Heidelberg"

"The Undertow" has had its day at the Alcazar, and hereafter we shall see the players in pieces of less ephemeral character. For a starter we shall see them in "Old Heidelberg," the most sweetly alluring play that has been seen in this country in many years. I have begun to think of "Old Heidelberg" as something of a classic. It surely has the enduring qualities of a classic. I have seen it half a dozen times, enjoyed each time and hope to enjoy it many more times. I know many people who are equally enthusiastic. Yet "Old Heidelberg's" vitality is mainly in its atmosphere. But it presents some very good character drawing and tells a story that can be best appreciated by those who are conscious of the conditions that make for the emotions which it depicts.

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"OLD HEIDELBERG"

As Played by Richard Mansfield.

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A Positive London and New York Sensation.

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## IDORA PARK OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

Commencing Monday Evening, June 17, Victor Herbert's

"THE AMEER"

Next Opera: "The Highwayman."

## Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop.

Nance O'Neil and Bishop's Players in

"THE JEWESS"

Next Week: "The Fires of St. John."



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Returning trains leave track after fifth and last races.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.



### Another Italian Opera Season

Manager Will Greenbaum has a string of attractions for the season. In addition to Gadski, Kubelik and Hoffman, he will present an Italian grand opera company. The season will open in September. Contracts are now being entered into with some of the leading artists of Italy. Signor Polacco has been engaged as the conductor.

### "The Ameer"

Victor Herbert's picturesque and tuneful opera, "The Ameer," will be the main attraction at Idora Park for the next two weeks. This opera is one of the many melodious works written to exploit the personality of Frank Daniels, and like "The Idol's Eye" and "The Wizard of the Nile" it is also suitable to the talents of Ferris Hartman. The popularity of Idora appears to be increasing every week.

### In the Limelight

"You Never Can Tell," the Bernard Shaw satire to be played by the Frawley company at the Novelty Theatre, was one of the big hits of the past season in New York as played by Arnold Daly.

It is said that the immense Van Ness Theatre has held no less than twelve thousand people during the past week at the performances of "Peter Pan."

Ethel Barrymore follows Maude Adams at the Van Ness Theatre and will be seen in her latest success from the Empire Theatre, New York.

Seats for the remaining performances of "Peter Pan" at the Van Ness Theatre have been taken up in great numbers. There is a continual line of ticket purchasers before the box office.

### AUTO NOTES

Mr. J. Goldberg and family made a trip to Santa Cruz and return on Sunday last in their 60 H-P. Thomas "Flyer."

One hour and fifteen minutes is the somewhat modest time that Mr. W. F. White claims for his model "M" Winton on a recent run to San Jose.

On Saturday last, the Pioneer Automobile Company sold 70 H-P. Thomas runabouts to Messrs. Fernando Nelson, E. J. Freeman and W. A. Speck.

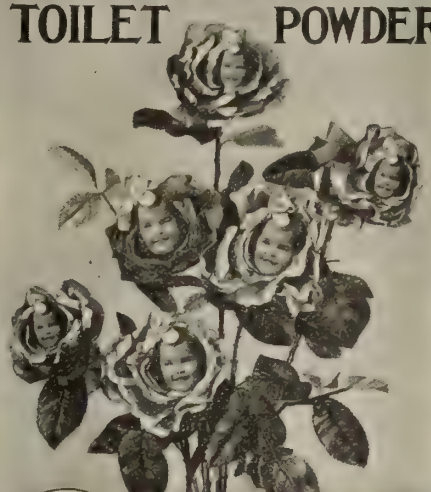
Mr. M. M. Michael of Des Moines, Ia., has in his service a Winton Model C that has run more than 20,000 miles and is doing excellent work every day.


The Cadillac touring car which started at 6:55 a. m. Tuesday, May 28, from Los Angeles, came to San Francisco, returned to Los Angeles and ran on the streets of Los Angeles, stopped Tuesday, June 4, at 4 p. m., having run seven days and nine hours without a stop.

Mrs. Haily Booth will drive her new 40 H-P. Oldsmobile to Santa Barbara the latter part of this month and, if road reports are good, the tour will be extended to Los Angeles and possibly San Diego. Mr. and Mrs. Booth have just returned from a trip to Monterey.

Chas. B. Shanks, general sales manager of the Winton Company, has arrived home from a three weeks' visit to Pacific Coast cities. "San Francisco looks infinitely better than when I was there just after the fire," said Mr. Shanks, "and it will once more be the cosmopolitan metropolis of the great West. Seattle is brim full of

## MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER





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Frickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn, etc. Put up in  
non-refillable box bearing Mennen's face. Sold  
everywhere or by mail 25 cents. Sample Free.  
Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs  
Act, June 8, 1906—Serial No. 1542.  
Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.



**LUTTED'S HAWAIIAN  
TARO FLOUR**

*A Palatable Nutritious Food  
for the Infant or Adult*

One pound of Taro Flour contains more  
nutrition than ten of wheat flour.

As a tissue builder it has no equal.  
If you have dyspepsia and indigestion  
live on TARO FLOUR. It is Nature's  
most substantial food.

**GOLDBERG BOWEN & CO.**  
San Francisco and Oakland  
CALIFORNIA

**PRICE 25¢**

E. P. BARRETT  
Member S. F. Stock and  
Exchange Board

Phone Temporary 1725

H. ZADIG  
Member Merchants'  
Exchange

# ZADIG & CO.

## STOCK BROKERS

324 BUSH ST.

SAN FRANCISCO

We have installed a private wire connecting San Francisco and Goldfield

## THERE'S ONLY ONE DEL MONTE



Golf, Sea Bathing, Mo-  
toring  
Parlor Car from San  
Francisco twice daily  
Special week-end rates  
Free Art Exhibition and  
Sales Gallery of Califor-  
nia Painters.

C. W. KELLEY  
789 Market Street  
Phone Temporary 2751

enthusiasm and hustle, and is certain to become one of America's greatest cities. Automobile interest out West grows with the country. The demand for highest quality cars is decidedly on the increase."

Five hundred miles without a skip, thereby earning a perfect score, was the record of a Winton Model M in the recent New Jersey Automobile Club's endurance contest. Under the test the cars ran on a legal speed schedule and were penalized not only for tardiness at each control, but also for repairs and replacements.

#### Rare Chances for Book Buyers

Book-buyers, especially those that appreciate works of rare character, should avail themselves of the exceptional opportunities afforded at Fay's book store at 1534 Bush street. Mr. Fay is a man of great experience in this field, and he has a knack for picking up old classics at English auctions and works that appeal to lovers of the best literature. He deals more extensively in English publications than any other local dealer, and he does not limit his stock to high class literature. He carries all the latest fiction in the English editions, and at present he is having a remainder sale of the products of English publishing houses, and disposing of books at about one-third of the regular price. There is a great demand these days for the works of such men as George Moore and G. K. Chesterton and H. G. Wells, in the English editions, their admirers greatly preferring the workmanship of the London publishing houses to those of New York and Boston. Fay's book store is the one that makes a specialty of this trade, and hence its great popularity. Mr. Fay is holding the remainder sale to make room on his shelves for a large stock of rare and attractive works recently purchased in London and now arriving in sections almost daily. People who lost their libraries in the April fire, and who are laying in a new supply of books, will find it greatly to their advantage to visit Fay's and inspect some of the editions that have been imported from England.

#### A New California Syndicate

A notable example of the energy and progressiveness of the "young blood" of our rising generation is found in the personnel of the Ocean Shore Realty Syndicate (a California Corporation), whose principals are well known in San Francisco's social and financial circles. They have chosen for their field the developing of properties along the line of the Ocean Shore Electric Railway, which is rapidly nearing completion.

The Syndicate is developing the property known as Brighton Beach, which includes a lagoon of warm salt water, connected at high tide with the ocean. Around this lagoon bath houses, cafes, tourist hotels and amusement enterprises will be constructed, similar to the most exclusive Eastern watering places, affording San Francisco what has heretofore been her greatest need—a safe surf bathing resort.

The directors of the Syndicate are Arthur H. F. Renton, Arthur G. Duncan, Percy T. Hannigan and Carter P. Pomeroy. The officers of the company are: President, Arthur H. F. Renton, a sugar planter and capitalist of Hawaii; Vice-President, Arthur G. Duncan, a successful suburban real estate man; Secretary and Treasurer, Percy T. Hannigan, for many years with Baker & Hamilton; Depositary and Registrar, Mercantile Trust Company; Attorney, Carter P. Pomeroy. The General Offices of the Syndicate are at 20 Fifth street.

## GUARANTEED GAS RANGES

# \$13.50

Including connections—Reliable or Jewel—Free adjustments and cooking lesson by our demonstrator in your own home—Call at our exhibition rooms for *free* asbestos Gas Cooking Mat and *free* Gas Cook Book.

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

## The Gas and Electric Appliance Co.

1131 Polk Street, Near Sutter

Phone Franklin 140



**MURINE**  
*Wins Laurels*

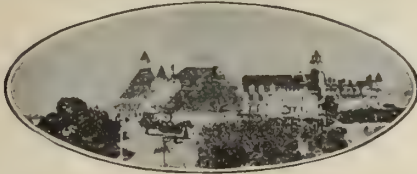
**MURINE**  
EYE  
REMEDY

Makes  
Weak Eyes Strong  
Sick Eyes Well  
Dull Eyes Bright  
Does Not Smart  
Soothes Eye Pain  
An Eye Tonic





# SUMMER RESORTS

## HOTEL DEL CORONADO

(UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT)

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all-year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long distance telephone in rooms. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Interior court—a rare tropical garden. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. Good music. Fine automobile road, Los Angeles-Riverside to Coronado. Summer rates, \$3.50 per day. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Manager  
Coronado Beach, California  
H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent,  
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles.

## TAHOE TAVERN

POPULAR AS EVER

MRS. ALICE RICHARDSON, MANAGER, TAHOE, CAL.

Enjoy a few days of excellent trout fishing.  
Ask S. P. Agents about low round trip tickets.



## HOTEL BON AIR

Located in the heart of Ross Valley. 45 minutes from San Francisco. Ideal home for business men and families. Terms reasonable. Address  
STRASSBURGER & PARKER,  
P. O., Larkspur, Cal.

## THE KENILWORTH

Mill Valley, 50 minutes from San Francisco. Superior accommodations. French chef.

W. J. GRUSS, Proprietor

## BYRON HOT SPRINGS



The waters cure rheumatism—the environment is perfect—the hotel comfortable and supplied with an unexcelled table. See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, ground floor, James Flood Bldg., Peck Judah Co., 789 Market St., or address hotel.

## PACIFIC GROVE HOTEL

Formerly El Carmelo

JUST THE PLACE TO REST, Down Among the Pines, by the Sea, Close to the Presidio Army Post and Old Monterey, at

PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA

A Quiet, Exclusive Resort, with Every Comfort, at Most Reasonable Rates. You can readily go to San Francisco from here, but make your headquarters here, amid most healthful surroundings. Through Parlor Car from Los Angeles and San Francisco daily. For further information address GEO. H. CORDY, Manager Pacific Grove Hotel, Pacific Grove, or C. W. KELLEY, Representative, 789 Market Street, San Francisco.

## SKAGGS

Hot Springs, Sonoma county, only 4½ hours from San Francisco and but 9 miles staging; waters noted for medicinal virtues; best natural hot mineral water bath in State; boating and swimming; good trout streams; telephone, telegraph, daily mail and San Francisco papers. First-class Hotel and Stage Service; morning and afternoon stages; round trip from San Francisco \$5.10. Take Tiburon ferry daily 7:30 a. m. or 3:30 p. m. Rates \$2.00 a day or \$12 a week. References: Any guest of the past twelve years. Information at Bryan's Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street, Peck-Judah Bureau, 789 Market street, or of J. F. MULGREW, Skaggs, Cal.

## VILLA FONTENAY

First Class Summer and Winter Resort in the  
SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

A Modern Resort with Every Accommodation for Rest and Pleasure. Terms, \$10.00 per week up. Free Conveyance. Address for reservation

RICE HARPER, Prop.,  
R. F. D. No. 1, Santa Cruz.



## THE ANGELUS

LOOMIS BROS., Proprietors

The most elegantly and luxuriously furnished hotel of its size in the United States. Now under new management. American and European plan.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

## SUMMER RESORTS

# THE POTTER



**ACCOMMODATIONS FOR 1200**

**Rates:**

**MAY 1st TO JANUARY 1st**

**\$2.50**

per day and upwards

**Fronting the Ocean in Cool  
Santa Barbara**

**A DAYLIGHT RIDE THROUGH THE PRETTIEST  
COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.**

**Most Picturesque Coast.**

Golf, polo, tennis, fishing, automobiling, surf bathing, yachts, launches and horse-back riding. See the Santa Barbara Mission (still in use). Hope Ranch, Channel Islands, Le Cumbre trail and a thousand other things that will interest you.

Our representative, at 789 Market street, phone Temporary 2751, will show you plans, secure your transportation and attend to other details of travel. **Reduced round trip rates good for thirty days.**

## SODA BAY SPRINGS

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

Situated on the picturesque shore of Clear Lake. Season opens May 1st. Finest of boating, bathing, hunting and fishing; unsurpassed accommodations; new launch, accommodating 40 people, built expressly for the use of guests and excursions. Terms \$2 per day, \$12 per week; special rates to families. Take Tiburon Ferry, 7:40 a. m.; thence by rail to Hopland; then stage or automobile direct to Springs. Round trip, good for six months, \$9. Further information, address Managers, MARSHALL BERD and AGNES BELL RHOADS, Soda Bay Springs, Lake County, Cal., via Kelseyville Post-office.

## AGUA CALIENTE SPRINGS

Send your family to the nearest Hot Sulphur Springs to San Francisco. First-class accommodations. Special rates to families. No staging. Four trains daily. Fare round trip \$1.65. Tiburon ferry or Oakland; two hours' ride. Address THEODOR RICHARDS, Agua Caliente, Sonoma county, California.

## NAPA SODA SPRINGS

California's famous mountain spa, only 50 miles from San Francisco. The nearest watering place and summer resort to the city. 1,000 feet elevation, overlooking for 25 miles the beautiful Napa Valley. Good hotel accommodations. New skating rink installed this season. Open all the year round. Summer season opened April 1st. Terms on application to JOHN JACOB, Napa Soda Springs, Napa County, California.

## WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

Close to St. Helena. The Main Sulphur Springs lost by quake returned stronger and larger. The Ideal Spot for your summer vacation. For particulars address MR. and MRS. JOHN SANFORD, St. Helena.

## Witter Medical Springs

Lake County

Witter Springs Hotel opened in 1906. A Resort for particular people. Under the management of Albert J. Arroll, formerly of the New Willard, Washington and the Seelbach, Louisville. Auto headquarters of Lake county. Tennis, saddle horses, bowling, fishing, hunting. Cuisine and service unexcelled. Fresh berries, vegetables, milk and cream from our 1400-acre ranch. Witter Water famous all over the world. Clear Lake, Bachelor Valley and Sunrise Peak in Glorious Bird's eye view. Rates \$14.00 per week and upwards. Main office at 647 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.

Call or write for Booklets.

Witter Water cures Stomach Troubles.

## YOSEMITE

SENTINEL HOTEL

Opens April 1st

CAMP YOSEMITE

Opens May 10th

For information regarding rates, etc., address

J. B. COOK, Prop.,  
Yosemite, Cal.

## LAUREL DELL

15 kinds of Mineral Water and Baths; Bowling Alleys, Croquet, Marine Toboggan, Livery; the best paid Orchestras in the State; first-class table; dining-room seating 300; New Gasoline Launch on Lake.

Address EDGAR DURNAN, Proprietor, Laurel Dell, Lake County, Cal. (also proprietor La Trianon Hotel.)

## WILLOW RANCH

Delightfully located in the redwoods, five miles from Santa Cruz; spring water; fruit; milk; excellent table; daily mail; telephone Suburban 87; free conveyance; \$7 per week. MRS. M. J. CRANDELL, Santa Cruz.





# SUMMER RESORTS



## YOSEMITE VALLEY

IS NOW REACHED

### BY RAIL

ROUND TRIP **\$18.50** MERCED  
YOSEMITE

#### AN 80-MILE STEEL HIGHWAY

Formerly 2 days of hot, dusty staging—now 4 hours in an observation car.  
Fine Train 2:30 p. m. every day. Write O. W. LEHMER, Traf. Mgr.  
YOSEMITE VALLEY RAILROAD CO., Merced, Cal.

Arrange to Spend Your Summer Vacation in

### SANTA CRUZ

The Leading Seaside Resort of the Pacific Coast.

Grand Formal Opening and Dedication of Magnificent  
New \$500,000 Resort Buildings—Absolutely the  
Finest and Most Modern in America.

**SATURDAY, JUNE 15th**

Remember the Date and Plan to Attend.

**A Day and a Night Filled to the Brim with a Variety  
of Attractions.**

Music, Fire Works, Electrical Display, Grand Ball in  
the Elegant Casino Ball Room, Illumination of  
the Floating Palace "Balboa" in Monterey Bay, and a Host of Other  
Attractions.

**FISHING, SAILING, BATHING, DRIVING, ROLLER  
SKATING.**

Never a Dull Moment on "The World's Most Beautiful  
Playground."

### Sea Beach Hotel SANTA CRUZ

(Opens May 1st)

Situated on a bluff within one hundred feet of the  
**FINEST BATHING BEACH ON THE PACIFIC COAST**

And within five minutes' walk of the

**Largest and Finest Bathing Pavilion in California.**

Fine tennis court, good boating, bathing and fishing.  
Beautiful drives.

**HOTEL ST. GEORGE** under the same management.  
J. J. C. LEONARD, Prop.

### ROWARDENNAN

SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

**OPEN NOW**

**HENRY G. WALTER, PROPRIETOR**

#### Mark West Warm Springs

Sonoma County. Only 3½ hours from S. F., and but 7 miles  
staging. Meet trains of N. W. Pacific at Fulton, both morning  
and evening. Round trip only \$3.75. New ownership and perma-  
nent first-class management. Nine mineral springs and superb  
boating and swimming. Hotel veranda and driveway covered by  
a wild grape vine arbor that is 40 by 160 feet. "The prettiest  
place in California" is the verdict of thousands. Terms, \$2 a  
day or \$12 a week. Information at Bryan's Bureau, 1732 Fill-  
more street; Peck-Judah Bureau, 789 Market street, or address  
MRS. M. MULGREW, Fulton, Cal. Now open for guests.

### RANCHELLA

An ideal home in the Santa Cruz Mountains, surrounded  
by beautiful grounds, five miles from Santa Cruz, in  
the Redwood belt. Beautiful drives, good trout fishing.  
Telephone, gas. \$9 to \$10. Address MRS. E. H.  
BUNTING, R. F. D. 87, Santa Cruz, Cal.

### GARDEN CITY SANITARIUM

CALIFORNIA UNIVERSITY OF HEALTH.  
SAN JOSE, CAL.

There is but one Royal Road to Health, and the above Sani-  
tarium will put you upon that road. First find the cause that  
makes you sick, then get proper assistance to remove that cause.

Here you will find educated physicians and nurses with every  
facility for analyzing you from head to foot. Careful analysis  
of the blood, blood pressure, and all excretions of the body,  
including stomach fluids. Added to these, we have every facility  
to awaken the vitality and start anew the life forces. Educated  
back to health.

A complete system of water treatment, Electricity, x-Ray,  
Massage, Light and Sun treatment, Vibratory, etc. Rest Cure.  
Ten acres, quiet, restful. Surgical cases receive the best of  
attention. Large new building nearly completed with salt and  
fresh water swimming baths. For literature address Garden  
City Sanitarium, San Jose, Cal.

WHEN IN LOS ANGELES  
STOP AT THE

### Hotel Westminster

European Plan  
\$1.00 per day and up  
With bath \$1.50 and up

Moderate Priced Cafe  
Unexcelled Cuisine  
Centrally Located  
100 Rooms with Bath

**Fourth and Main Sts.  
Los Angeles, Cal.**

F. O. JOHNSON  
Proprietor

# SUMMER RESORTS

THE NEW

## Hotel Vendome SAN JOSE

Thoroughly rebuilt and refurnished. Unexcelled cuisine. Every modern convenience. Charmingly located in beautiful park. Swimming pool, bowling alleys, tennis courts. A delightful place to spend the summer. Rates reasonable.

CHARLES C. WELLMAN, Manager.

## PARAISO HOT SPRINGS

California's most famous Health and Pleasure Resort, under new ownership and management. Natural Hot Soda and Sulphur Baths and wonderful Mineral Waters are a positive cure for Rheumatism, Malaria, Liver, Kidney and all Stomach Troubles. Elevation, 1,400 feet. Only seven miles staging. Waters awarded first prize at St. Louis. Address H. H. McGOWAN, Owner and Manager, Paraiso, Monterey County, Cal.

## KLAMATH HOT SPRINGS

A fine health, fishing and hunting resort. For particulars apply to PECK JUDAH CO., 789 Market street, or S. P. INFORMATION BUREAU, ground floor Flood Bldg., or write EDSON BROS., Beswick, Siskiyou County, Cal.

## EL PIZMO BEACH

The Finest Beach Resort in California

Write us for our auto map,  
San Francisco to Los Angeles

EL PIZMO COMPANY

PIZMO, CAL.

## DR. C. C. O'DONNELL'S MINERAL SPRINGS AT GLEN ELLEN

The best camping, picnic and pleasure resort on the coast. The greatest remedy for lung disease, liver and stomach complaints, rheumatism and catarrh in the world; 46 miles from San Francisco. The S. P. or S. F. and N. P. Railways direct; 30 furnished cottages and tents to rent; good hotel on grounds if desired; fine fishing and bathing free. Write for particulars. DR. C. C. O'DONNELL, Glen Ellen, Cal.

## The Palms

For an Outing on  
Russian River

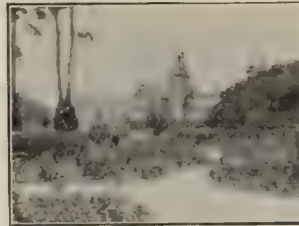
\$10 PER WEEK UP

Everything Good

H. B. Crocker, Healdsburg



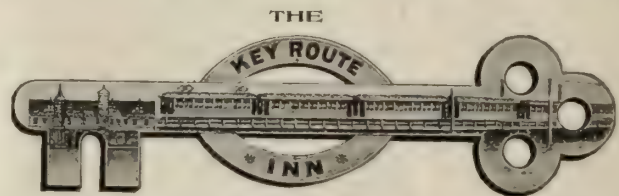
## THERE IS ONLY ONE DEL MONTE



Open all the year  
Golf, Sea Bathing, Mo-  
toring  
Parlor Car from San  
Francisco twice daily  
Special week-end rates

GEO. P. SNELL, Mgr.,  
Del Monte, Cal., or  
CHESTER W. KELLEY,  
789 Market Street.  
Phone Temporary 2751

## Oakland's Beautiful New Hotel



Twenty-second and Broadway : : Oakland

Opened Tuesday Afternoon, May 7th, 1907

N. S. MULLAN, Manager

## MONTRIO HOTEL

For rates and particulars apply

C. F. CARR, Proprietor, Montrio.

## GILROY HOT SPRINGS

Open the Entire Year.

A modern health and pleasure resort. The waters are beyond compare as a remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Kidney and Liver Complaints. Excellent Hotel, 15 Cottages, Hunting and Fishing. Stage meets 8:30 train from Third and Townsend Streets, San Francisco. Send for booklet.

W. J. McDONALD, Prop.

## THE HIGHLANDS ROSS

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

J. A. ROBINSON

## HOWARD SPRINGS, Lake County, Cal.

Season 1907 opens May 1st. The waters of Howard Springs will cure any case of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Trouble. Recommended by any physician who has ever visited the place in the past 20 years. Every outdoor sport, 42 Mineral Springs, Hot Sulphur and Iron Plunge Bath, Magnesia and Borax Tub Baths. Address all communications to J. W. LAYMANCE, Proprietor Howard Springs, Lake County, Cal., or 905 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.



# SUMMER RESORTS

A DELIGHTFUL PLACE TO SPEND THE SUMMER



Our Automobiles meet trains at St. Helena every day except Sunday. Take 7:40 a. m. Broad Gauge Boat. Fare, \$7.00, Round Trip.

## WEEK-END GUESTS

Will be met at St. Helena on Friday and Saturday afternoons. Take 3:30 Tiburon Ferry. Back to the city in good time for business Monday. Write for full information to

Manager AETNA SPRINGS CO.,  
Napa County, Cal.

## TALLAC

LAKE TAHOE

OPENS TO GUESTS JUNE 1st

The Most Ideal Mountain Resort in the World

M. LAWRENCE & CO.

## CAMP CURRY

YOSEMITE VALLEY

A Tented City in Nature's Grandest Park

D. A. CURRY, Proprietor



## HOTEL CARLTON

Telegraph Avenue at Durant  
BERKELEY

A FIRST-CLASS TRANSIENT AND FAMILY HOTEL

Phone Main 36

## SEEING SANTA CRUZ

San Lorenzo Livery Stables

COL. A. G. ABBOTT, Proprietor

21-23 Front St., Santa Cruz, Cal.

Delightful surroundings and splendid accommodations at El Portal, terminus of the Yosemite Valley Railroad and entrance to the Valley

YOSEMITE TERMINAL COMPANY

W. M. SELL, Manager

## DANNEMARK BROS. GROCERS

CORNER HAIGHT AND SCOTT STS., SAN FRANCISCO

Country Orders Carefully Packed and Shipped

We Pay Freight

## Kodaks and Films

Developing and enlarging by experts  
Satisfaction guaranteed. Prompt delivery  
BOOKS . . FINE STATIONERY

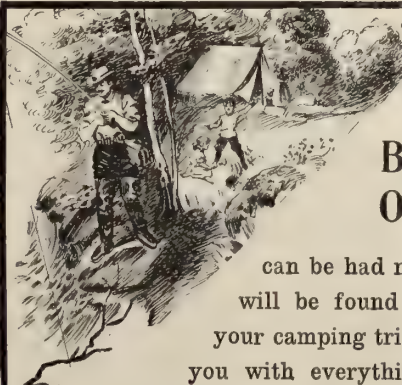
SMITH BROS., 462-464 13th Street, Oakland

## GLENBROOK, NEVADA

On the Southerly Shore of

### LAKE TAHOE

Splendid fishing and the place of all others on the lake where real home country life can be enjoyed. Our own private vegetable garden and poultry ranch. Fresh native fruits and our own dairy, insuring fresh milk and cream. Good hotel accommodations. Address GLENBROOK IMPROVEMENT CO., Glenbrook, Nev.



## The Genuine Blue Flame Oil Stoves

can be had now from us and will be found very handy on your camping trip. Let us supply you with everything you require.

Our business is to ship goods everywhere wanted, and in quantities to suit, although at wholesale rates. Our auto now delivers daily to residences in Alameda County and in Marin County. You get the best of everything when you trade here.

## SMITH'S CASH STORE, Inc.

14-24 STEUART ST., NEAR MARKET

## UKIAH STABLES

Stages for Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell, Saratoga Springs, Witter Springs, Upper Lake Pomo, Potter Valley. John Day's Riverside, Jerry Lierly's, Bucknell's, Hullville, San Hedrino, and Vichy Springs. W. H. MILLER, Proprietor. Phone Main 45.

## The Summer Resorts

### HOTEL DEL CORONADO

The following San Franciscans registered at Hotel del Coronado during the past week: Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Westover, Miss Sara Drum, Mrs. H. B. Goodwin, Miss J. H. Smith, Miss Maude Frittenback, Miss Marcella Padkins, Mrs. B. F. Norris, Mrs. Frank Norris and child, J. L. Graf and wife, Miss Estelle Graf.

### PARAISO HOT SPRINGS.

Among the recent arrivals at Paraiso Hot Springs are: From San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Barre and wife, Jos. King, H. C. Warwick, Mrs. Edwin Bert, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gantner, Captain Drusel and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey, A. Samuel and wife, Mr. and Mrs. David Stearn, Robert Hancock and wife; from Sausalito, Mrs. Wm. Mersfelder, Mrs. Fred King; from Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. R. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Nilson, all the latter coming from Burlingame in their machine; from Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Whipple; from Santa Clara, Mr. J. Eberhardt and daughters.

### GILROY HOT SPRINGS

The following guests arrived here during last week: From San Francisco, Leo Nolan, J. W. Rylander, Mrs. W. Haushield, Miss E. E. Sottrell, J. Michaelis and wife, J. A. Hughes, Mrs. G. Bell, Frank Maskey and wife, S. Blum, J. A. Lytgens and wife, H. Loverich; from Oakland, Arthur Rupke and wife, H. Abrahamson and wife, Mrs. I. M. Jawby, Victor Newbell, Mrs. W. Sachau; from Alameda, H. G. Band, A. Wolfrom, E. E. Banister; from San Felipe, J. F. Dunne and wife; from Newark, P. Stinhoff, Wm. Claxton; from Hollister, E. S. Logan and wife; from Santa Cruz, Miss Francis Kelsey.

### HOTEL VENDOME

Among the guests registered at the Hotel Vendome during the past week are: From San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Camm, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Howell, Chas. J. Leighton, Mr. and Mrs. B. Hart, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Follis, Milton Latham, B. L. Cadwalader, David Rich, Robert T. Devlin, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Bentley, R. I. Bentley Jr., W. H. Bentley, A. B. Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hart, Wm. B. Stadefeld, Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. S. S. Winslow, Harry N. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Robertson, T. I. Bergin, Mrs. Duncan McKinlay, Mr. and Mrs. P. Rossi and child; from Oakland, Wm. J. Laymance, Mr. and Mrs. W. Havens, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Newell, O. E. Hotle.

### BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week are the following: Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Crane, Miss Crane, O. W. Greenewald, Mr. and Mrs. D. Roth, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hilmer, W. S. Duncombe, Mrs. H. C. Williams, Chas. Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. McGill, Frank Schwabacher, Miss M. S. Schwabacher, Miss Stella Schwabacher, Mrs. Tyson and Miss Warren, from San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. McDonald, Mrs. E. B. Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Havens and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wilhelm, from Oakland; Mrs. W. S. Morrow and Miss Morrow, from Alameda; Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Barton and child, from Fresno.

### TAHOE TAVERN

Recent arrivals at Tahoe Tavern are: F. B. Southworth and wife, Mrs. H. Wilkins, Miss Nichols, Mrs. A. C. Nichols,

Kenneth Archibald, J. W. Lickens, W. W. Kezog, San Francisco; H. C. Dunlap and wife, Stockton; C. A. Winship and wife, W. W. Ross, Los Angeles; Mrs. E. C. Stewart, Stockton; Miss M. Huntington, A. Whittell, Wm. A. Allen, wife and son, F. J. Miller and wife, C. W. Frank and wife, San Francisco; F. W. Mortimer and wife, G. S. Whitcomb and wife, Oakland; J. A. Filcher, M. A. Bead, Sacramento; Robt. McMurray, Oakland; Wm. Wallace, Mrs. G. P. Hayes, San Francisco; J. C. Wright and wife, J. Salsberfer and wife, Berkeley; C. O. Ball, Grace Richardson, San Francisco.

### WITTER MEDICAL SPRINGS

San Francisco arrivals the past week are: Miss Irene Henderson, N. P. Millington, M. Dobner, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Campbell, Geo. H. Stoddard, J. Casey, D. M. Griffiths, B. H. Weiners, G. Carlson, H. L. Morse, J. H. Etter, A. W. Knowles, General W. S. Graham, W. M. Dean, Mrs. J. Joost, Miss Joost, Miss F. Thompson, Jos. G. Lewis, Colonel and Mrs. Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Felder, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Moran, Miss Moran, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bradley, Miss Callahan, J. Scherner, H. A. Smith, J. H. Kleiser, Mrs. M. P. Dorsey, Miss Dorsey, Mrs. G. Colquin; from Oakland, H. G. Rowland, Mr. and Mrs. Don M. Morris, J. R. Neyland, Miss Weillish, Mr. Wolfson, Miss Dora Smith, F. B. Ginn; from Berkeley, Jos. J. Mason and Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Dr. T. N. Simpson.

General Graham and W. S. Dean were at Witter Springs Saturday to complete arrangements for a new light and power plant at Witter.

### PACIFIC GROVE HOTEL

Among the recent arrivals at Pacific Grove Hotel (formerly El Carmelo) are: From San Francisco, A. P. Fuller, Norman W. Hall, Mrs. J. J. Rauer, Mrs. R. J. Graf and child, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft, Geo. P. Wendell, L. W. Cordy, Walter M. Cordy and wife, Chas. W. Hanna and wife, W. F. Feader, C. F. Nottmagle, A. H. Anderson, Wm. B. Bosley, Major E. A. Root, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Barnett, F. Wilson, Miss H. Wilson, A. G. Anderson; from Berkeley, B. B. Robinson and wife, Master Robinson, W. B. Webster, S. H. Webster, Sam I. Schwabacher; from Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Abrahamson and family, Mrs. L. N. Jawbey, Victor G. Newhall, H. D. Raymond, wife and children; from San Jose, F. J. Blair, John Leonard, Mrs. John Leonard, Mrs. N. S. Richards, Mrs. A. G. Field.

Mrs. R. B. Hollingsworth and Miss Hazel Hollingsworth are at Pacific Grove Hotel and will remain for some time. Mr. Hollingsworth will join them later in the season.



The Short Stage Ride from El Portal, the Terminus of the Yosemite Valley Railway to the Center of the Valley Was Largely Blasted Out of Solid Granite.



## One Autumn Night

(Continued from Page 10.)

position to do anything else but simply "croak," to use her own expression.

The clearness of this line of thought was inexpressibly sad and painful to me, and I felt that if I kept silence any longer I was really bound to weep . . . And it would have been shameful to have done this before a woman, especially as she was not weeping herself. I resolved to speak to her.

"Who was it that knocked you about? I asked. For the moment I could not think of anything more sensible or more delicate.

"Pashka did it all," she answered in a dull and level tone.

"And who is he?"

"My lover. . . . He was a baker."

"Did he beat you often?"

"Whenever he was drunk he beat me. . . . Often!"

And suddenly, turning towards me, she began to talk about herself, Pashka, and their mutual relations. She was "one of the street-walking girls who . . ."—and he was a baker with red moustaches and played very well on the banjo. He came to see her at "the establishment," and greatly pleased her, for he was a merry chap and wore nice clean clothes. He had an under-vest which cost fifteen roubles and boots with dress tops. For these reasons she had fallen in love with him, and he became her "creditor." And when he became her creditor he made it his business to take away from her the money which the other guests gave to her for bonbons, and getting drunk on this money would fall to beating her; but that would have been nothing if he hadn't also begun to "run after" other girls before her very eyes.

"Now, wasn't that an insult? I am not worse than the others. Of course that meant that he was laughing at me, the blackguard. The day before yesterday I asked leave of my mistress to go out for a bit, went to him, and there I found Dimka sitting beside him drunk. And he, too, was half seas over. I said to him: 'You scoundrel, you!' And he gave me a thorough hiding. And he kicked me and dragged me by the hair—and did everything. But that was nothing to what came after. But he spoiled everything I had on—left me just as I am now! How could I appear before my mistress? He spoiled everything . . . my dress and my jacket too—it was quite a new one—I gave a fiver for it . . . and tore my kerchief from my head. . . . Oh, Lord! What will become of me now!" she suddenly whined in a lamentable overstrained voice.

And the wind howled, and became ever colder and more boisterous. . . . Again my teeth began to dance up and down. And she, too, huddled up to avoid the cold, pressing as closely to me as she could, so that I could see the gleam of her eyes through the darkness.

"What wretches all you men are! I'd burn you all in an oven, I'd cut you in pieces. If anyone of you was dying I'd spit in his mouth, and not pity him a bit. Mean skunks. You wheedle and wheedle, you wag your tails like cringing dogs, and we fools give ourselves up to you, and it's all up with us! Immediately you trample us underfoot. . . . Miserable loafers."

She cursed us up and down, but there was no vigor, no malice, no hatred of these "miserable loafers" in her cursing that I could hear. The tone of her language by no means corresponded with its subject-

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matter, for it was calm enough, and the gamut of her voice was terribly poor.

Yet all this made a stronger impression on me than the most eloquent and convincing pessimistic books and speeches, of which I had and have read not a few, both earlier and later, and still read to this day. And this, you see, was because the agony of a dying person is much more natural and violent than the most minute and picturesque descriptions of death.

I felt really wretched, more from cold than from the words of my neighbor. I groaned softly and gnashed my teeth.

And almost at the same moment I felt two little arms about me—one of them touched my neck and the other lay upon my face, and at the same time an anxious, gentle, friendly voice uttered the question:

"What ails thee?"

I was ready to believe that someone was asking me this and not Natasha, who had just declared that all men were scoundrels, and expressing a wish for their destruction. But she it was, and now she began speaking quickly, hurriedly.

"What ails thee, eh? Art cold? Art frozen? Ah, what a one thou art, sitting there so silent like a little owl! Why, thou shouldst have told me long ago that thou wert cold. Come . . . lie on the ground . . . stretch thyself out and I will lie . . . there! how's that? Now put your arms round me! . . . tighter! How's that! thou shouldst be warm very soon now. . . And then we'll lie back to back. . . The night will pass so quickly, see if it won't. I say . . . hast thou too been drinking? . . . turned out of thy place, eh? . . . It doesn't matter."

And she comforted me. . . She encouraged me.

May I be thrice accursed! What a world of irony was in this single fact for me! Just imagine! Here was I, seriously occupied at this very time with the destiny of humanity, thinking of the reorganization of the social system, of political revolutions, reading all sorts of devilishly-wise books whose abysmal profundity was certainly unfathomable by their very authors—at this very time, I say, I was trying with all my might to make of myself "a potent active social force." It even seemed to me that I had partially accomplished my object; anyhow, at this time, in my ideas about myself I had got so far as to recognize that I had an exclusive right to exist, that I had the necessary greatness to deserve to live my life, and that I was fully competent to play a great historical part therein. And a venal woman was now warming me with her body, a wretched, battered, hunted creature, who had no place and no value in life, and whom I had never thought of helping till she helped me herself, and whom I really would not have known how to help in any way even if the thought of it had occurred to me.

Ah! I was ready to think that all this was happening to me in a dream—in a disagreeable, an oppressive dream.

But, ugh! it was impossible for me to think that, for cold drops of rain were dripping down upon me, the woman was pressing close to me, her warm breath was fanning my face, and despite a slight bouquet of vodka it did me good. The wind howled and raged, the rain smote upon the skiff, the waves splashed, and both of us, embracing each other convulsively, nevertheless

shivered with cold. All this was only too real, and I am certain that nobody ever dreamed such an oppressive and horrid dream as that reality.

But Natasha was talking all the time of something or other, talking so kindly and sympathetically, as only women can talk. Beneath the influence of her voice and kindly words a little fire began to burn up within me, and something inside my heart thawed in consequence.

Then tears poured from my eyes like a hailstorm, washing away from my heart much that was evil, much that was stupid, much sorrow and dirt which had fastened upon it before that night. Natasha, too, encouraged me:

"Come, come, that will do, little one! Don't take on! That'll do! God will give thee another chance . . . thou wilt right thyself and stand in thy proper place again . . . and it will be all right. . ."

And she kept kissing me . . . many kisses did she give me . . . burning kisses . . . and all for nothing . . .

Those were the first kisses from a woman that had ever been bestowed upon me, and they were the best kisses too, for all the subsequent kisses cost me frightfully dear, and really gave me nothing at all in exchange.

"Come, don't take on so, funny one! I'll manage for thee tomorrow if thou canst not find a place"—and her quiet persuasive whispering sounded in my ears as if it came through a dream. . .

There we lay till dawn. . .

And when the dawn came, we crept from behind the skiff and went into the town. . . Then we took friendly leave of each other and never met again, although for half a year I searched for that kind Natasha, with whom I spent the autumn night just described by me, in every hole and corner . . .

If she be already dead—and well for her if it were so!—may she rest in peace! And if she be alive . . . still I say: peace to her soul! And may the consciousness of her fall never enter her soul . . . for that would be a superfluous and fruitless suffering if life is to be lived . . .

## PAPER OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

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## Letters

### A Tale of Mystery

In "The Mayor's Wife," Anna Katherine Green has produced a tale of mystery which will prove fascinating enough to those who enjoy dark secrets, to make them defer bed time, or anything else until the secret is revealed. This time it is neither murder nor robbery, but the sudden and singular indisposition which attacks the wife of the mayor of a western city, in the midst of a political campaign in which he is candidate for governor. The woman, young, beautiful, comfortably well-to-do, happily married, popular in society, and of a naturally cheerful disposition, suddenly becomes hysterical, moody and distraught. There is no apparent reason for the change, and none can be either surmised or discovered, and Mayor Packard, unable to give up his business arrangements, is unwilling to leave his wife alone, fearing, indeed, that her reason is tottering, engages a companion for her. The development of the plot reveals the fact that the house has the reputation of being haunted, and the lady in the case admits herself that she has seen something. There are unpleasant personal paragraphs appearing in the local newspapers intimating untold things, and there are notes in cypher as mysterious as all the rest. There is a legend of a great fortune spirited away almost under the eyes of the legatee, and of a scape grace nephew who has disappeared from the knowledge of his kin. There is also the remarkably handsome, efficient and deferential secretary to the mayor, and all of these are in one way or another involved in the matter which weighs on the mind of the mayor's wife and which she will not even admit exists, much less confess or confide to her husband or any one else. Part of the solution is discovered by accident, and the first break in the rampart of silence and mystery easily lets in the light, but, as the whole interest of the story is in the matter of what is the matter, it will be unfair to give even a hint of the end. The remarkable cypher, however, in which the threatening notes was couched is but a slight modification of one known to nearly every public school child of the seventies. Mrs. Green has almost as large a following as A. Conan Doyle, and none of them will be disappointed in "The Mayor's Wife." Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

### A Botanical Book

"Fifty Flower Friends With Familiar Faces" is the somewhat cumbersome title chosen for Miss Edith Dunbar's field book for boys and girls. The title, however, is accurately descriptive. It is a botanical treatise designed for the use of young observers, but by no means a dull, scientific text book. For each of the fifty representatives chosen there is a page of scientific description, but added thereto are other pages telling of the habits and habitat, family connections, origin of names, and other matters of interest, besides such well-known poems as Arlo Bates's "Columbine," Whittier's "Jack in the Pulpit," Longfellow's "Fleur de Luce," and Bryant's "Fringed Gentian." Each flower is accurately presented through the medium of a drawing by W. I. Beecroft, artist and botanist, besides which there are twelve full page colored plates, making a remarkably handsome, as well as a useful and interesting volume, but one more suited to the eastern and New England states than to the Pacific Coast, since many of the familiar faces are unknown in our part of the world. However, it will prove a revelation to little Californians, who meet references to the "bouncing-bets," "butter-and-eggs," "bluets," "arbutus," and others, and to see how insignificant they are as compared with their own escholtzias, Mariposa lilies, "baby-blue-eyes," and hundreds more. A book prepared on the same lines as this of Miss Dunbar's on the familiar wild flowers of the west

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would be an excellent thing. It would do for the Pacific Coast children what she has undertaken for those of the other shore, and would, moreover, give the other little people a glimpse of the glories of California, where flowers bloom all the year round, and where instead of poking under the dead leaves of last spring for May blossoms, the fields are aglow in late February. "Fifty Flower Friends" is not put forth as a special edition at a high price, though it easily challenges comparison with the expensive holiday books and editions de luxe of children's classics. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard who make a specialty of books for the young generation.

#### George Ade's Latest

"The Slim Princess," George Ade; that places it at once as a humorous and more or less satirical quip. Kalora was the elder daughter of the Governor-General of Morovenia, an Oriental kingdom in which the beauty of womankind is measured by avoidupols, and where, likewise, it is the rule for the younger sisters to wait with what degree of patience they may possess or acquire for their turn in the matrimonial market until their predecessors are disposed of. Kalora was decidedly falling into the period of the sere and yellow leaf. She was nineteen, and had, as yet, no suitors, for, despite the fact that the Oriental beauties are discreetly secluded rumor and gossip cannot be as rigidly confined. And Kalora was frightfully ugly and unrepresentable. She weighed only a hundred and eighteen pounds and she persistently refused to eat of the prescribed starchy and saccharine diet. She doted on pickles and olives, and exercised most shamefully, aided and abetted by her tutor. The Governor-General, once, in a fit of rage, had hurled at Popova such epithets as made him long for a suitable revenge, and though the potentate had long since forgotten, Popova had not. So, it was with the deliberate purpose of heaping sorrow on the paternal head that Popova had evolved this slim princess. Jeneka, the younger daughter, was all that a dutiful child should be. She slept and idled and feasted and fattened. She weighed a hundred and eighty, was as shapely as a balloon, and waddled as gracefully as a goose. She was sought by all the eligibles, and could have been married a score of times but for the obstacle of the elder and undesirable one who would not grow fat and therefore could not be married. It was at a garden party given in honor of the British Consul that Kalora disgraced herself entirely, and likewise, where she discovered, for the first time, that weight and circumference were not the universal tests of worth, and it was after the departure of the guests that she made the acquaintance of a fresh American youth, the heir of the "Pike family of Bessemer, that robbed all the orphans, tore down the starry banner, walked on the humble working girl, and gave the double cross to the common people," according to the muck-rakers of the ten cent magazine. What happened then, and thereafter, and what surprising advantages may accrue from being an exalted ruler of this and a grand sachem of that, and a cockorum of something else will be found duly set forth. Some foundation must surely exist for the American notion, and the surprisingly small amount of jealousy that exists, considering that the Presidency is an elective office supposed to be open to all, that the real reason which lay back of the calumny was that we are a nation of Presidents. There is none so poor that he cannot be president of something. And after all, a Knight Templar, a Noble of the Mystic Shrine, or any other of the high-sounding designations carries with it as much real power as that of many of the political titles of our unchristianized grandfathers. It would not do to derive a particle from the interest of "The Slim Princess" if one were to peruse all the details of this plot, for nobody but George Ade can tell a story, and it is the telling that counts. Published by the Bobbs Merrill Co.

—The Bookworm.



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MR. AND MRS. H. C. LIEB,  
2757 Harrison street, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 19, 1906.

**TO THE PUBLIC:** This is to certify that Dr. Wong Him has cured me of lung and stomach trouble, from which I had suffered for many years. I tried many doctors, but they failed to cure me. I consulted Dr. Wong Him, and after taking his Herb Medicine for six months am now permanently cured. I wish to recommend him to the public as an efficient and skillful physician.

CHARLES BAEHR,  
424 Lyon street, San Francisco, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1907.

**TO THE PUBLIC:** I had a very severe case of Throat Trouble and general breakdown. Did not sleep or eat for eight days. After trying every remedy I heard of without success, I called on Dr. Wong Him, 1268 O'Farrell street, who by feeling my pulse correctly diagnosed my case. His remedies gave me immediate relief. Cannot say too much in favor of his tea.

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#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of the estate of Thomas C. Reed, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims or demands against the said estate, to present the same to the undersigned Administrator of the said estate, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL, Attorney for Administrator, 1166 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Witness my hand and seal of office, this 1st day of June, 1907.  
HENRY CHRISTENSEN,  
Administrator of the Estate of Thomas C. Reed, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 1, 1907.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
1166 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal.



# TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 773

San Francisco, June 22, 1907

Price, 10 Cents



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## An Explanation Wanted

In his own good time the triumphant Mr. Francis Heney will probably explain why the testimony taken before the Grand Jury in reference to the trolley deal was not taken down in shorthand. We hope that Mr. Heney is able to give an explanation that will silence his critics and satisfy the courts. This hope we indulge, because as we have heretofore intimated, the failure to take down the testimony is susceptible of diverse interpretations none of which is complimentary to the Prosecution. While at this time the Prosecution can afford to mock at the thin, small voice of unfriendly criticism, it would be fatuous for our little coterie of redeemers to persuade themselves that they have been divinely anointed with a prophylactic against reaction of public sentiment. The laws of human nature are very much like those of the laws of physical nature. Mr. Heney and his confreres cannot afford to be indifferent to the fact that the life of the present Grand Jury is brief. Perhaps the next Grand Jury will inquire into the methods of Mr. Oliver and his associates, and endeavor to ascertain whether there has been a conspiracy to indict innocent men. Hence the importance of an explanation of the failure of the Grand Jury to take down in shorthand the testimony given by the principal witness for the Prosecution. It is the right of the defendant to demand a transcript of such testimony. This was the course pursued in the case of Louis Glass, and upon his demand he was furnished with a complete record of all of the evidence upon which the indictments were founded. The justice and fair play of this procedure are apparent. It is a substitute for the confrontation of witnesses, which is every defendant's right. In ordinary procedure, a defendant who is cross-examined on a felony charge appears in court and has the right to cross-examine witnesses against him, and if he be held for trial, he has information of all the matters upon which the indictment is based and of all of the facts which he is called upon to meet to prove his innocence. The transcript of the evidence taken before the Grand Jury is a substitute for this. A poor substitute, it will be admitted, and yet a substitute which, as we have said, makes plainly for justice and fair play.

## What Their Critics Are Saying

When it is asked, as it is asked ten thousand times, Why was not Ruef's testimony before the Grand Jury

taken down and why were not Calhoun and his associates given a copy of it as the law contemplates shall be done, the enemies of the prosecution make answer that the only conceivable reasons are two: first, because the prosecution proposed to force indictments whether the evidence justified them or not and to this end were unwilling that the records should show that indictments were returned without evidence. The second reason advanced is that by preserving the testimony of Ruef and furnishing the defendants with a copy of it, it would thereafter be impossible to force Ruef to change his testimony to meet the needs of the prosecution. With no present record of his testimony Ruef may be lashed into saying whatever the prosecution may desire him to say. In this connection, it is pointed out that the inspired article in the "Call" to the effect that Ruef had requested that no record be kept of his testimony is puerile and on its face, absurd. If Ruef's testimony was damaging to the defendants, he could not have objected to its preservation since in the course of affairs it is inevitable that he will be called upon to testify in open court and thus to publish his shame and infamy to the world. These are the arguments which are urged by the enemies of the prosecution which is doing so much to purge our civic government. Of course, they are unfounded; of course, they are untrue. A ready and complete answer to them must be at hand, but unfortunately that answer has not yet occurred to us and we are reluctantly compelled to add that, despite much zealous inquiry on our part we have not yet been able to find anybody to whom it has occurred.

## Medical Pessimism

If gentlemen of the medical profession in this country had not long ago lost the power to startle laymen by their revolutionary statements, the United States would probably be in a ferment of excitement over the declaration of one Dr. J. H. Kellogg, made to the national conference of charities and corrections, that the American people are rapidly becoming a nation of idiots. Dr. Kellogg who may or may not be a respectable authority on alienism and degeneracy—certainly his fame has not yet penetrated to this western country—maintains that in the last fifty years insanity has increased three hundred per cent. The logical outcome of this increase he finds to be a nation of slant-heads with weak knees, bleared eyes and all the other outward manifestations of physical decadence. Within a year, says Dr. Kellogg (if the press report of his address may be relied upon) fifteen million Americans will die. At that rate of mortality the dullest student of primary number lessons could figure just how long the country will continue populated. But obviously Dr. Kellogg does not wish his vital statistics too rigorously applied for he also declares that in three hundred years from now Illinois (the doctor hails from Michigan) will be a state of driveling idiots. All of these statements of Dr. Kellogg are said to have been backed up with statistical tables which demonstrated their truth to a mathematical nicety. Strangely enough none of these medical pronouncements inspires the least alarm. The lugubrious influence which on their face they may seem calculated to exert is entirely absent. The prospect of this country becoming within a short space of time something between a vast cemetery and an insane asylum ought to be tremendously depressing, but it is not. American common sense refuses to believe that idiocy is a synonym for dementia americana and American health scouts the notion of national decay. Despite the deductions of the gloomy science



the country refuses to take to its sick bed and it will not submit its mental condition to the tender mercies of a commission in lunacy appointed by Dr. Kellogg or any other expert. The plain truth of the matter is that this country is "on to" the doctors, to use a homely phrase. It knows that when they step outside the narrow limits of their calling they are usually the most credulous persons in the world and that their credulity is most frequently seasoned with the rankest sort of pessimism. The medicine of the books is a conservative science, like every other science that rests on solid principles, but the ordinary practitioner and especially the medico with an inclination toward the newspaper exploitation of his opinions is the most arrant radical in the world. The ethics of his profession prevents him from openly seeking publicity as other men seek it, so he has learned the trick of winning it through the enunciation of startling statements which are either read at medical conferences or contributed to medical publications. Fortunately these methods have become so common that little weight attaches to such utterances as those of Dr. Kellogg. Whether his pessimistic outburst raised the Michigan physician in the estimation of his brothers of the Esculapian craft cannot be known to outsiders, for the doctors are extremely careful about criticizing one another in public, but certainly it does not elevate either Dr. Kellogg or his profession in the minds of hard-headed laymen. Accustomed to the bewildering variations of medical belief and to the spectacle of doctors continually recanting on second thought what is most revolutionary in their utterances, the exoteric show a most unflattering indifference to such prophecies and are not at all surprised when the usual retraction follows. Remembering that so learned a doctor as Sir Thomas Browne was not ashamed to say about his own divagations from wisdom: "These opinions I never maintained with pertinacity, or endeavored to enslave any man's belief unto mine, nor so much as ever revealed or disputed them with my dearest friends; by which means I neither propagated them in others, nor confirmed them in myself; but suffering them to flame upon their own substance, without addition of new fuel, they went out insensibly of themselves"; laymen will be inclined to admire rather than despise Dr. Kellogg when he chants his palinode.

#### Preaching Peace, Conniving at Violence

Let us felicitate ourselves on the awakening among our passionate and pugnacious labor leaders of a sense of the deference due to public sentiment. Some months ago, at a labor mass-meeting in this city, called to protest against the trial of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, the prevailing tone of the speechmaking was most sanguinary. The blood of the meeting was on fire. The dominant sentiment was favorable to the organization, if necessary, of resistance to abominable governmental authority. One of the perfervid orators talked of blood as though it were his favorite beverage. The speeches were published in all the newspapers without comment. To be sure the speeches were all sound and fury, but they embodied a sentiment far more dangerous to society than any crime that since received the attention of our aggressive moralists. There is no immorality worse than that which attacks social order. It was most distressing to right thinking persons that our reformers of the press with their exalted ideals and praiseworthy sensitiveness in the matter of decency and the higher moralities should have re-

mained quiescent while the ranters of unionism were giving utterance to their incendiary appeal. But now it is pleasant to observe that without the influence of any moral agency the labor leaders have assuaged their passion for internecine strife. We learned of their change of temperament this week when the terrific Tveitmoe from the socialistic atmosphere of Norway and the fustianic Furuseth from God-knows-where, rushed into print to deny that there had been any talk of wading through streams of blood at the meeting held last Sunday. That meeting was called when the Norwegian gasconader and his bilge-water pal became conscious of the fact that Patrick Calhoun has demonstrated his ability to operate his street car system despite the hostility of organized labor. It was called to urge the poor, unfortunate carmen, who were coerced into quitting their jobs, to pursue a course of intimidation toward the patrons of the car service. Ostensibly their purpose was to discourage union men from riding on the cars; for while the blatant Cornelius has been vociferously affirming, with most indecent disregard of the obvious truth, that the boycott is a success, thousands of members of the unions have been putting nickels into the treasury of the United Railroads. Union men have been riding in despite of the fines by which the unions have testified their consciousness of the disloyalty of their members, and all the while Cornelius and his fellow screechers have been ululating against the loathsome element of the community which has seen fit to associate with blood-stained strikebreakers. Ostensibly, we say, to deter union men from riding on the street cars, was the course of intimidation agreed upon, but the underlying motive was to provoke turbulence and scare the public. And when Furuseth and Tveitmoe were represented as having fired the hearts of their hearers with old-fashioned blood and thunder discourse, these erstwhile belligerent leaders were quick to demand a correction. They emphatically denied that they had employed any incendiary language. They wished it to be understood that the meeting was a peaceable one, and that it was resolved to win the strike without resort to violence. But as violence is being employed every day, and as the methods decided upon at that meeting can be productive of nothing but violence nobody is likely to be deceived by the transparent insincerity of these amiable advocates of peace. The strike is over so far as Calhoun is concerned. He has triumphed over the forces of anarchy and for the fight that he made he is entitled to the gratitude of the community.

#### War Notes at The Hague

Remembering that the idea of an international peace conference originated with the czar, it may seem grotesque that the first speech listened to by the delegates at The Hague should be a repudiation of the proposal to limit armament and that it should come from the leader of the Russian delegation; but the mask of hypocrisy which nations usually don before sitting down together in diplomatic pow-wow is so carelessly worn when the abolition or restriction of warfare is the subject of international debate that this obvious inconsistency surprises nobody. It is, in fact, so coolly taken for granted that Mr. William T. Stead who recently made himself so unpopular in this country by his pugnacious advocacy of peace and the parliament of the world, did not draw special attention to it in writing of the opening of the conference. With Russia,



Germany, Austria and the United States obstinately opposed to the limitation of armament, it is difficult to see what good can come of the Hague conference, even on the violent supposition that Great Britain, France, Italy and the other powers should espouse the contrary side of the argument. To be sure there are delegates in the conference who insist that plans for the inauguration of universal comity must be considered, but their piping tunes of peace have been pretty effectually drowned by the trumpet note of war which M. Nelidoff hastened to sound. According to this gentleman who left St. Petersburg in the condition of an armed camp, universal peace is a dream, "a star floating far above this mundane sphere, to be always striven for but never attained." Considering that this delicate intimation that the delegates were engaged in the pleasant but inutile pastime of stargazing was made by the president of the conference in the speech which opened proceedings, there is little likelihood that the doors of the temple of Janus will be slammed to during this summer. The abolition of war is a fascinating idea and the nations are always willing to discuss it, but they regard it as being strictly an academic question. Germany's position in regard to the matter was frankly set forth before the peace conference began when Chancellor von Buelow said: "Our armament has shown itself to be a good instrument of peace, not only technically, but morally too. Nobody can resent our desire to keep this instrument." This is a trifle more euphemistic than the "walk softly but carry a big stick" of President Roosevelt, but it expresses the determination of all the great powers to keep on building battleships and inventing explosives—and to keep on using them—until the millennium and the Greek kalends arrive. Meanwhile the nations are not unwilling to accept the pleasant hospitality of Holland and to soothe the asperities of winter diplomacy with soft summer speeches.

### The Immunity Doctrine

Those who have registered a mental protest against the immunity which rumor says was granted to the self-confessed boodlers of the board of supervisors by the officers of the graft prosecution, will find food for serious thought in the position which this country finds itself placed in with regard to Edward H. Harriman. Despite the revelation of criminal acts committed by him in the notorious Alton railroad deal, it is announced that there is no possibility of proceeding against him, for the reason that his testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission renders him immune from prosecution. Here is an extension of the immunity doctrine to conditions so grave that the principle becomes infinitely more mischievous than in its local application. In this city the immunity of the supervisors, if immunity has really been promised them, is compensated for, in principle at least, by the use of their testimony against other offenders, but in the case of Harriman there is no such advantage to be derived from his escape. He alone has offended, yet he is to go scot free. The decision of the federal agents that it would be useless to institute criminal proceedings against the railroad baron is based on the Humphreys' decision in the case of the Chicago packers, a decision which was bitterly but vainly fought by former Attorney General Moody. Unless Bonaparte, his successor, finds new arguments wherewith to break down the immunity doctrine as at present formulated,

it will be possible for Harriman and all other corporation manipulators to safeguard themselves against criminal prosecution by the simple process of testifying against themselves before the Interstate Commerce Commission, surely as anomalous a condition as can well be imagined. The barrier which the government thus finds itself unable to surmount in its pursuit of powerful criminals cannot be removed too soon. No immunity was promised to Harriman when he gave his testimony before the commission; it seems to have come automatically through the application of the Humphreys decision. The necessity for the reform of the laws which place such offenders as he beyond the reach of punishment is obvious; until the obnoxious decision which has already saved the beef trust men and the railway overlord is overturned the government attack on corporation abuses will proceed but haltingly.

### The Mob's Idea of Justice

The Chronicle is of the opinion that the men who have been indicted by the grand jury should waive all technicalities and go to trial. "As for the claim," so says the Chronicle, "that an indictment improperly brought works an incalculable injury to the accused if he is innocent, that is all nonsense. If a man is innocent he need not fear the action of a trial jury. If there is no evidence to convict he will be vindicated by an acquittal far more thoroughly than by quashing an indictment because of some informality." These are quite plausible platitudes, but in the light of the recent trial of Eugene Schmitz and in the consciousness of the facilities to hand for exciting public clamor against all men who have come within range of the Prosecution's guns they are not so persuasive as they might otherwise be. Moreover we know that a man may be innocent and yet have reason to fear a trial jury even when he is not the victim of public clamor. This fact was illustrated not long ago when a man who was sent to the penitentiary for robbing Dr. Leland was subsequently vindicated by the confession of the real culprit. The



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conviction of innocent men is by no means an uncommon occurrence. But even though trial juries were infallible, it is hardly just to condemn a man or question his motives for availing himself of his constitutional privileges. It is especially unjust to assume this hostile attitude against the men indicted by Mr. Heney, for we know that that gentleman expects to procure their conviction with the assistance of Abe Ruef who has been repeatedly told in the public prints that he must give the "desired" testimony or suffer the consequences of his own stubbornness. Surely the editor of the Chronicle would not wish to see a friend tried for a felony amid such circumstances as those that will attend the trial of the men indicted by the Oliver grand jury. We doubt that it would please him to see an enemy sent to the penitentiary on the word of Abe Ruef especially if that word had been uttered in consideration of a guarantee of immunity. It might be well for the editor of the Chronicle to fancy himself in the place of one of those indicted, and speculate as to whether he would forfeit his constitutional rights in order to hasten his trial before Judge Dunne even though he were assured that his jury would be nicely cared for by Mr. Biggy. The unprejudiced viewpoint of the person most concerned is conducive to accuracy. It was from that viewpoint that Justice McFarland discussed the Bruner case years ago when a writ of prohibition was applied for to restrain a Superior Judge from trying the defendant on an indictment found by an irregularly impaneled grand jury. "In times of great public excite-

ment," said Justice McFarland, "a citizen who has incurred censure in certain quarters would have scarcely a remnant left of that protection which is afforded by a fair trial before an impartial jury; and to say that such unlimited power can be safely lodged with all men who may happen to be judges would be to ignore human history and the principles of human nature. It must be remembered that unauthorized power may be used for bad as well as for good purposes. A spectator might, for the moment, look in safety and complaisance on the barbaric tumult of a mob, if he happened to be in sympathy with its present design; but let the fury of another mob be directed against him, or those whom he knows or believes to be innocent, and he will appreciate at once the value of legal protection. So also he may look lightly on the spectacle of a jury packed for the purpose of prosecuting one whom he believes to be guilty; but if such a course were pursued toward him or his friend, he would have clear views of personal security and the sacredness of a jury trial. Under the best system that human wisdom can devise, an innocent man will, at long intervals, be punished and a guilty one go free; but that a government of law is better than a government of unlimited personal power is a principle that has been fought out in England and American history, and established as a monument of liberty." It is gratifying to know that Justice McFarland is still on the Supreme Bench. There is perhaps no jurist in California who enjoys a greater measure of the respect of the bar.

## Perspective Impressions

The passing of Chief of Police Dinan will be hailed with delight by a long suffering community.

That the long delayed cleaning of the Augean stables is about to begin seems too good to be true.

How to maintain the equipoise of the chip on the Japanese shoulder is a problem that may baffle the sagacity of the statesmen of the world.

Why not give us B. P. Oliver for Mayor and his confreres for Supervisors? With that layout it would be highly interesting to sit tight and await developments.

Patrick Calhoun says that a carmen's union composed of unemployed gents is like unto a railroad without rails. Mr. Calhoun has an aptitude for convincing comparisons.

"Eight hours for housewives" is the latest slogan of the social reformer. How could they do their shopping under that time limit?

Corneille says it is the guilt not the scaffold which constitutes the shame. Not so with acting-Mayor Gallagher. Guilt purples his indurated visage with an extra tint of dignity.

The pastime of dynamiting street cars goes merrily on in the midst of purity, patriotism and politics and the vociferous reformers aren't saying a word. But they suspect Calhoun.

Mr. Weinstock who operates a general merchandise business in the interest of the plain people has wired his felicitations to Mr. Heney. We have a copy of the despatch in our scrapbook for future reference.

The moral effect of the parading of acting-Mayor Gallagher as a full-blooded symbol of dishonesty among thieves is perhaps the most inspiring phenomenon that was ever served up for the edification of a fascinated populace.

There's another big scandal in the army over the exclusion of an officer's wife from the military reservation at West Point. If the officers don't watch out Teddy will make celibacy a feature of military discipline.

# The Blat Elephant

By George Maxwell

Ahman, my head boatman, came into the verandah by the front stairs, and I knew that he had important news. The old man had his own way of doing everything, and whenever he came to see me about the Government boats, or any other matter of pure business, he came in through the servant's entrance. If he came on an errand connected with shooting or fishing, he felt that the relationship between us justified him in using a side entrance to the bungalow. But when he came with khabar of big game, he always presented himself at the front door.

"The Blat Elephant is feeding near Kuala Sol." He paused to let me take in the news to its full extent, and then continued: "The tide will be running up this afternoon. If we start at five o'clock in the big house-boat, we shall reach Kuala Sol by eight o'clock, and can start tracking the first thing to-morrow morning. May I give orders accordingly?"

He went away to make the necessary arrangements, and a few minutes later Sleman, another of my boatmen, came up to put my ten-bore rifle in its case. He was the youngest of my crew, and always accompanied Ahman and myself upon our shooting expeditions, his special duty being to carry the sandwich case and water bottle. An exceedingly nice youngster of about nineteen, he came from one of the northern unprotected states of the Malay Peninsula, and being new to the ways of the white men was, when he first joined my service, somewhat shy and awkward. He was very keen, however, to learn all that he could about every form of sport, and under Ahman's tuition was going through a regular course to "obtain courage." Abstinence from certain kinds of food, ghee in particular, seemed to be the most important condition, but there were many charms and invocations to jins and legendary heroes to be learnt, and there were some rather extraordinary observances to be kept. Both men looked upon the course as a very serious matter.

Punctually at five o'clock everything was ready; the house-boat pushed off from the landing-stage at the bottom of my garden, and the incoming tide bore us smoothly up the Kuantan river.

Both banks of the broad river were covered with a dense forest of mangroves, and trees with dark, glossy, fleshy leaves and quaint shaped fruit pushed one another actually into the river. A couple of miles above my house we entered a tributary of the Kuantan, the Blat, which gave its name to the elephant we were seeking.

Soon after sunset the house-boat entered the Sol, a tributary of the Blat. A short way up this river the mangroves were replaced by ordinary forest, and before long a bend in the river disclosed the cheerful light of a small house in an isolated clearing on the bank. We tied up at the landing stage, and in answer to our hail the owner of the house, a man named Brahim, came down to the boat.

He was able to give us all the information that we required. The great solitary elephant, which for years out of memory had appeared at intervals in the valley of the Blat, played no small part in his life and in that of the agricultural population of the district. On every visit it did an enormous amount of damage in the plantations and gardens, destroying cocoa-nut and plantain trees and knocking down houses, and Brahim and the Malays of the district looked upon it as one of the ills to which their life was subject. They regarded it as they would regard a flood, a harvest failure, or small pox. All of these things were alike in the respect that of none of them could the occurrence be prevented by any human power, and that forethought was therefore merely an unnecessary and unintelligent anticipation of a possible future evil. A calm acceptance of the fate that placed him within the area influenced by the elephant thus gave a curiously impersonal tone to the manner in which Brahim thought and spoke of it. He said that the elephant had fed the night before in an abandoned clearing about a mile further up the river, and that he expected it to invade his plantation this night or the next, but talked in a voice so unconcerned that one could hardly realize that he was speaking of the imminent depredation of what was practically the only property that he had in the world.

He told us that he had vowed to slay a goat when the elephant was killed, and mentioned the names of some of the richer Malays in the Blat district, each of whom had vowed to slaughter a buffalo upon the same auspicious occasion.

While we were thus talking, voices hailed us out of the darkness that lay upon the river. A couple of Malays passing down stream in a dugout, recognizing the house-boat and guessing our errand, called out to let us know that they had just heard the elephant feeding on the opposite bank of the river about half a mile up stream. Brahim told us that the ford by which the elephant generally crossed the river was at this place, and we decided that, if we waited there in a boat, we might possibly surprise the animal at the shallows. Ahman, Sleman, and I therefore took a dug-out and started without further delay.

Before we had gone far, we heard the elephant feeding about a quarter of a mile inland from the river bank. It is not easy to say how impressive was the sound in the stillness of the night as it came from the darkness of the forest, which stood up wall-like above the river bank. The wind was blowing from it to us, and we waited in silence beside the ford. It fed slowly towards us until only a couple of hundred yards separated us, and then stopped a long time under a tree to pull down a hanging creeper. The whole operation was marvellously distinct. We could hear the branches shake, and bend, and creak, as the animal

(Continued on Page 34.)

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# In the Matter of Justice

By Theodore Bonnet

A great deal of nonsense is being uttered these days about the conduct of Judge Dunne in the trial of Eugene Schmitz. It is all very well to criticise him for a course that seems arbitrary and autocratic and to deplore his impatience with the set forms of judicial procedure, but we must consider the urgent necessity of ridding ourselves of the Schmitz incubus and vindicating the morality of the community. Judge Dunne's conduct may have the gravest aspect in the eyes of the wisest and best, but so great was the provocation that it is vain to expect effective condemnation of it by public opinion. It is in times such as these that the law is made to subserve the ends of moral rather than of legal justice by judges whose instinct for its principles and susceptibility to its spirit and traditions are subservient to their zeal for the public weal. And fortunately for them they may feel assured that they will be sustained and approved by the people so long as there is colorable justification for triumphs that make the merely judicious grieve.

It might be urged that even when the public mind has been upset, a decorous and resolute enforcement of the law is feasible, and that such enforcement would satisfy the public welfare and desire without deranging the sober course of justice. In the abstract this is true, but in the concrete case of Eugene Schmitz there were circumstances over which Judge Dunne had no control. The fact is that despite the moral certainty of the defendant's guilt, the prosecution was handicapped by a shortage of evidence. So we should not be inclined to censure harshly Judge Dunne's conduct. His conduct was justified by a noble and salutary object.

The sentimental may be inclined to reflect that we are a people whose boast it has always been that we never press hard on the vanquished, that we are inflamed by the spectacle of a man struck when he is prostrate on the ground, but it is more important just now to realize that the stricken city of San Francisco has been redeemed from corruption. It is of course unfortunate that to abate graft in public office it should be necessary to deface the shrine of Justice, but history abounds in examples of desperate remedies applied to desperate cases.

While admitting that much of what Eugene Schmitz received at the hands of Judge Dunne is facetiously called justice, I would not be understood as accepting the views of his severest critics respecting misinterpretations of the law. One of Schmitz's attorneys has announced, and a daily paper has given publicity to the slander, that fifty exceptions were taken to the rulings and conduct of Judge Dunne, almost any one of which is sufficient to justify the setting aside of the verdict. Obviously this assertion implies malfeasance to a colossal degree on the part of the court. It is almost incredible that in this enlightened age and Christian country a judge would so far transcend the bounds of decency and justice even in his zeal for reform. It is to be hoped that Schmitz's attorney has been guilty of gross exaggeration; that he has, let us say, multiplied the number of fatal errors by not less than two. Fifty fatal errors! Was there ever a record in an American criminal court so thickly inter-

persed with expressions of juridical prejudice? Most certain am I that no such record can be found.

That Judge Dunne committed some errors I do not doubt. The records of the Supreme Court show that Judge Dunne finds it extremely difficult to try cases in strict accordance with law. And by a singular fatality he invariably errs on the side of the prosecution. This circumstance is an infallible indication of temperament. But this temperament is not peculiar to Judge Dunne. Nor can it be truly said that his attitude toward the defendant in this particular case was vastly different from his attitude toward the average prisoner in the dock. Judge Dunne in common with most of the judges of our criminal court in recent years has exhibited a salutary severity toward offenders. These judges as a rule regard their elevation to the bench as a special and blessed interposition of providence for the good of mankind, and they devote themselves most earnestly to the task of improving the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness for all that keep out of the dragnet of the law. We usually have one or two judges on the bench who are entirely unconscious of the fact that while the attributes of God are all equal that of His mercy is in our eyes the most pleasing and attractive. But the severity of these judges is not altogether due to a dread of indulging the infirmities of men. Not because of a lack of human sympathy do they restrain every impulse to lenity, but rather because of their consciousness of the popular notion that a judge who is zealous for the ridding of the community of criminals is a good man to keep on the bench.

Some among these judges are conscious also of a strong popular prejudice against technicalities, and they cater to that prejudice to the best of their ability. Nor is it only in open court that they smooth the pathway of the prosecution. Behind the draperies of their chambers they consult with the attorneys for the prosecution as to the best course to be pursued to minimize the defendant's chances of establishing his innocence. They have even been known to give prosecutors special tips in open court, by significant winks, respecting jurors who, like themselves, are animated by a mad passion for sending men to jail. Singular to relate these occurrences have not occasioned much scandal. They are the subject of gossip in the legal profession, but that is all. Some lawyers have been shocked in their experience with judges of the character of these I have described; others have become callous, and now view with cynical indifference the vicious practices of tyrannical magistrates who are ever on the alert for the bribe which comes in the shape of public favor. There is perhaps not a lawyer in town who has not laughed at the boast of one of our judges: that he can contrive to get more limelight out of the trial of a petty larceny thief than the cleverest of his confreres can extract from a murder case. This is perhaps a harmless conceit indicating nothing more detestable than an inordinate craving for publicity, which, to say the least however, is hardly consistent with the dignity of the Bench. It suggests an unbecoming avidity for fame, and implies a yearning for popularity that must impair the quality of justice dispensed by a magistrate thus afflicted. "A popular man," says John Dryden,



"is in truth no better than a prostitute to common fame and to the people; he lies down to every one he meets for the hire of praise, and his humility is only a disguised ambition." It is perhaps to be regretted that we have men on the bench, especially on the criminal bench, who desire above all things to be popular.

This yearning for popularity is especially mischievous when it is manifested by a disposition to earn a reputation for zeal in the interest of the people. So many are the ugly passions which find zeal a convenient mask that it has been said that it would have been for the benefit of mankind if zeal had never been reckoned in the catalogue of virtues. To zeal may be attributed the fact that the Bench has been disgraced by so vicious a knave as Wright, so loathsome a rascal as Saunders, so bloodthirsty a villain as Scroggs and so hideous a tyrant as Jeffreys. It is the zealous judge eager for popularity who caters to ignorant prejudice against technicalities in despite his knowledge of the fact that public justice is endangered whenever the principles of the law are permitted to be warped by judicial decision, whenever what is thought to be expediency is put in the place of what is known to be just.

Every judge who is not a Shallow or a Dogberry knows that while legal justice ought to form the nearest approach to moral justice that human tribunals are capable of, it must always take effect through general rules applicable to all men alike. Every judge who is learned in the science of jurisprudence knows that it is most mischievous and vicious for him to ignore the general principles upon which the law is founded.

But in addition to popular and harsh judges there are judges woefully unfamiliar with the science of jurisprudence. They came to the bench upon the same theory as that which moved Robert Wright to follow the advice of Lord Jeffreys. "As you seem," said Jeffreys, "to be unfit for the bar, or any other honest calling, I see nothing for it but that you should become a judge yourself." And he did, and he became Lord Chief Justice of England in which position he gained distinction for his ignorance and his knaveries.

But to return from my digressions:—it was the design of the earlier paragraphs of my simple recital to indicate the spirit of our bench and bar so that it should be obvious that there is much to be urged in extenuation of the attitude of Judge Dunne toward so monstrous a criminal as Eugene Schmitz. Unquestionably Judge Dunne started upon the trial of that case with preconceived notions respecting the character of the defendant. It was human nature for him to do so. He must have been conscious moreover of the importance of co-operating with Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Heney and Mr. Burns for the redemption of this city. That he did gallantly co-operate with them nobody will deny. The gentlemen behind the prosecution have affirmed in the public prints that Judge Dunne is entitled to the gratitude of the community. If he had merely presided over the trial in the manner prescribed by law, and performed the functions of his office in strict accordance with the spirit of his oath, it would be the height of absurdity to suggest that he was entitled to gratitude either from the people or the defendant. But it was obvious to the whole city that Judge Dunne, throughout the trial, was intent on facilitating the beneficent task of the prosecution. And in view of the factitious factors of which the prosecution availed itself, its deft evocation of public sentiment, and its successful exploitation of public clamor, it should be said in justice to Judge Dunne, that a man of far greater strength of character might have found

it difficult to resist so powerful an influence. Judge Dunne's conduct of the case was that of a magistrate discreetly deferential, of a jurist sensible of the concessions to which the mob is entitled. Not altogether by his rulings did he thus vindicate his respect for the pee-pul; he held court in a hall of dimensions commensurate with the importance of the case, and gave signal recognition to the newspaper camera as a paramount aid to justice.

And now we are told that he gave Schmitz the worst of it in as many as fifty distinct rulings, each of which entitles the defendant to a new trial. Well maybe he did, but it will surprise me very much if the higher tribunal decides that Schmitz did not have a fair trial before an impartial judge. It will surprise me because I am aware of the fact that there is lacking in our judiciary two qualities which are essential to the dispensation of justice. One of these qualities is intellectual honesty. This is a mental, not a moral quality, though, to be sure, it involves high moral integrity. It is the faculty of seeing things just as they are, unmoved by prejudice or passion or excitement or clamor; seeing them and reaching conclusions by a conscientious course of reasoning. That quality has been a characteristic of every great judge that ever lived. It is a quality that is universally recognized, and commands immediate confidence. Chief Justice Marshall possessed it in a high degree. And it was so generally recognized in him, that even in the times of great political excitement when he decided important constitutional questions, the defeated side went away satisfied, convinced that it was mistaken.

The other essential quality is moral courage. It has been said that you can find plenty of men to face batteries but very few that will face majorities. When it comes to resisting the pressure of an excited popular opinion even proud and learned jurists exhibit a cowardice that is most despicable. Indeed in no department of public life can we find any species of courage other than that which plucks dead lions by the beard. But the bench above all places is where we most need the courage that would prefer to abide in self-respecting obscurity than yield to the dictates of an inflamed public opinion. Daniel Webster's motto, "Vera pro gratis," is a very old fashioned sentiment, but it is one that makes for reputation with posterity if not with one's contemporaries. Daniel Webster possessed a high degree of moral courage and he had many detractors in his day, but now he stands the stateliest figure of his period, the noblest citizen of his time. There is hardly any vice which so debases us in our own esteem as moral cowardice; there is no virtue so ennobling to character as moral courage. It remains to be seen which predominates in the court that must pass upon the questions raised in the case of Eugene Schmitz.

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# The Spectator

## Phelan Emerges

The Hon. James D. Phelan solemnly assures us through the medium of a newspaper interview that he does not wish to succeed the unlamented Schmitz. "I have been mayor for five years," says the Hon. James, "and I really do not want another term." In that same interview he said that he would return to San Francisco this week, but only to look after his business interests. But the Hon. James will undoubtedly find time while here to look after his political interests too, for while our distinguished young publicist has no appetite for the mayoralty job there is a job higher up that he would not scorn. That he intends taking a hand in politics I infer from these statements: "The next mayor of San Francisco will be honest and efficient. The supervisors will appoint any man we decide on, as we hold indictments over their heads." The Hon. James has emerged from his modest self-sought obscurity to take the helm and guide the ship of State once more. Some weeks ago I suggested that Mr. Phelan was the genius in the background of the Prosecution, the main source of Mr. Spreckels's inspiration, and now he kindly gives verisimilitude to my surmise. From far away New York he discloses the most secret plans of the Prosecution. Schmitz is to go to jail for life, Ruef is to be dealt with leniently, the supervisors will not be prosecuted, and the political campaign will soon be opened. Thus has it been ordained by the guiding spirit of the Prosecution.

## The Ways of a Millionaire

The fanfare of the coming campaign has already been sounded and all the old-time reformers are gathering for the fray. The Hon. James Duval will mash them and resume where he left off with his incomplete and somewhat rickety political machine. Let us welcome the young millionaire into the field once more. There is one thing about Jimmy—he will give us a clean administration, and that is the main desideratum. With Jimmy in the saddle we can go to bed o' nights reasonably certain that the sacks of coin in the treasury have all been hefted and that our funds will be intact in the morning. There is only one objection to be urged against Jimmy—he will do politics. And when Jimmy does politics he is remorseless. Now it is not wrong for a sacrosanct reformer to do politics providing he does not confound his personal interests with those of the community. Unfortunately Jimmy is given to this sort of confusion. He was guilty of it when he designed the charter ostensibly for the purpose of perfecting our system of government but in reality to facilitate the upbuilding of a political machine with the aid of which he might reach the United States Senate. One of the most conspicuous consequences of the charter is Eugene Schmitz. Nevertheless I am quite willing to give Jimmy another trial. He has learned a lesson; perhaps it will profit him. Now if he can discipline himself into assuaging his congenital prejudices against all that do not agree with him it will be much easier to bear with him than it was in the days when every man was pronounced a crook who saw flaws in the charter.

## Our Ferocious Reformers

It seems characteristic of reformers to be noisy and spiteful and bigoted, and the nauseousness of such company makes it very hard for a man to lend countenance to its enterprises. It is the misfortune of the Hon. James D. Phelan that he always surrounds himself with such cattle. The bellowing of them is already to be heard. All the chronic, long-haired reformers of the city with whom we have been familiar during many a job-chasing campaign are once more to the front vindicating their exalted principles by affirming their antipathy for all that do not agree with them in thought, word and deed. With the average vociferous reformer you must agree or be eternally damned. If you are not with him, you are against him; there is no neutral territory. The reformer is temperamentally impulsive and ferocious. He is convinced that his set of passions are the only respectable passions for a man to have, and that no imperfection of character is so ugly as the other fellow's. When he summons us to do the right and divinely heroic he never stops to consider what is fair and kind toward the person immediately concerned. I have seen many reformers come and go, and I cannot help seasoning my observations with the salt of historical parallels. Experience has taught me that of all reformers the one whose declension is the most rapid is the one who is always gratifying his own spleen and eructating his invectives against those whom envy and disappointed avarice and ambition have induced him to revile.

## Some Philosophical Reflections

It seems to be one of the designs of nature to detach the passion for governmental reforms from all the virtues that sweeten character and commend men to the tender and sympathetic regard of their fellows. At any rate the average personality that consecrates itself to the uplifting of politics is seldom as magnetic as the unfortunates in need of uplifting. The almost universal rule is that the wicked politician has his chief vice redeemed by many virtues, whereas the reformer



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has a virtue encrusted with many ugly traits of character among which it is difficult to find those distinctly human blemishes which have made the male of our species worth saving. Nevertheless the reformer serves a very wholesome purpose in the world. He inspires spasms of virtue that are quite essential to the preservation of government. Without him we should be in a sad plight between the devils of public office and the marine depths of corporate dishonesty. I am far from intolerant of reformers. Nor am I hopelessly prejudiced against the Heney's of the graft prosecution. If they succeed in landing a few big and little boodlers in jail they shall receive my ardent felicitations. From them I dissent only in the matter of the view that has been taken of all citizens who decline to add volume to the public clamor which Mr. Heney deems a legitimate aid to justice. For their passionate devotion to that view one might ridicule the reformers until he wheezed at his own jest. But what's the use! I have come to realize that every opinion, howsoever fantastic to you or me, is to some one so important as to be espoused at the risk of life. So keen has become my appreciation of the diversity and undulancy of human nature that I am ever changing color sympathetically therewith. Like Montaigne I am beginning to realize as I weigh for my own edification in my own little balance, the characters of certain wicked citizens and the characters of certain noble publicists by whom they are scorned and abhorred, that none of us can ever be despised according to his full desert. Nevertheless to the reformers and publicists say I, Go to it! and put the apprehended wicked behind bars, but be like the poet who felt that he was in himself a sufficient theatre of ridiculous actions and expected no company either in a court, a town or a playhouse. I feel that I must forbear from joining the crusade that was organized for redemption purposes but that has violently digressed. It has never pleased me, despite the humbleness of my fortune either to play the demagogue or draw the deformities of life when every figure of imperfection more resembles me than it does others.

#### Civic Patriotism

Pleased as I shall be to see the bribe-givers go to jail if convicted by due process of law, I cannot enter into the spirit of the Prosecution with the feelings of the average unit of the community or the average molecule of the body politic who sees only the necessity of vindicating justice, who has his viewpoint obscured by no oblique shadows, who follows the trend of affairs with the narrow pertinacity of a respectable ant, who is guided mainly by his knowledge of the fact that his interests are involved in the interests of the larger number and who never sees the wires behind the scenes or the hand that manipulates them. Yet perhaps it would not be impossible for me to enter into the spirit of the Prosecution were I able to yield my imagination to the seductive touch of the civic patriot in his variety. Those who can do so are to be envied. Carlyle tells us

that it is natural for us to worship heroes, and he thinks there is no finer sentiment than that which inspires that worship. I quite agree with him, and yet I cannot overcome an unfortunate predilection for discrimination even in the matter of heroes. My ideal hero is an humble individual who is content with an obscure station in the temple of virtue and who is averse to being set on the pinnacle of it. There is in me the stubborn notion that true greatness, if it be anywhere on earth, is distinctly a private virtue, never suggestive of pomp and vanity, confined to the contemplation of the joys that are its offspring and the happiness that it diffuses.

#### As to a Conspiracy

So it is clear that I have some ill-founded prejudices which may account in a measure for my failure to augment the chorus that is so pleasing to Mr. Heney and his confreres. But these prejudices are not alone responsible for my apathy. Being mindful of the fate of Cicero I am somewhat concerned for the gentlemen behind the Prosecution. Such was Cicero's avidity for fame that he earned the contempt of posterity. By his action against Cataline he saved the city but became intolerably vain. This vanity made his virtue so suspected by his friends that Brutus, whom of all men he adored refused him the honor of participating in his conspiracy. A wit has made the commentary that coveting the favor of posterity, vain Cicero begged it as an alms of all his friends the historians that they flatter his consulship, and the histories having been lost the vanity of his request stands recorded in his own writings. Not because I am laboring under the vain delusion that I could render invaluable service to Mr. Heney and Mr. Spreckels do I recite the considerations that restrain my enthusiasm, but rather to suggest an explanation of the apathy of others. For while the Prosecution continues its stentorian notes of alarm respecting a conspiracy to destroy popular confidence and besmirch Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, I know there is really no misapprehension among the reformers. It is unreasonable to suppose that the Prosecution is apprehensive of direful results of popular revulsion. Admitting that there is a conspiracy on foot, why should the Prosecution be agitated by that emotion which has been aptly described as the tax that conscience pays to guilt? The gentlemen behind the prosecution assure us that they are performing a great public service. If so there is no occasion for misgivings; their slumbers should not be disturbed by bad dreams. But men so familiar with justice as they have become should not dishonor it with foul suspicion. My advice to them is to calm themselves. This constant rumbling of robustious nonsense has become wearisome. Moreover it is offensive to the pee-pul in whose intelligence and virtue the gentlemen behind the prosecution have frequently expressed their flattering confidence. Let it not be sup-

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posed that the pee-pul whose interests are so carefully guarded by the Prosecution with the assistance of the holy alliance formed by our immaculate dailies, are to be deluded by the rich villains of this community and their innumerable despised hirelings. As I pointed out last week the conspirators haven't a ghost of a chance against the invincible strategy of the disingenuous Mr. Heney, so irresistible is his sway, with a grand jury at his beck and call and a judge highly sensitive to his emotions and carefully insulated against all prejudices that might unduly advantage the defendants. So why these pangs and throes of a mock agony of concern for the dear pee-pul! This feigned spirit of apprehension at this time is in the nature of an anachronism. It served a good purpose in the beginning when distrust was rife, and before the machinery of the law was satisfactorily adjusted to the important business in hand, but now popular sentiment is no longer available.

### Personal Abuse

In the circumstances it seems to me somewhat unjust to hold that neutral men like myself are traitors and that by our indifference we are a menace to the welfare of the city. To charge that everybody is corrupt who is not on the housetop contributing to the clamor with which the Prosecution hopes to influence timid judges is of course absurd. As for the besmirching of Rudolph Spreckels, that is another matter. Rudolph Spreckels's motives may properly be challenged, but controversies are not to be illuminated by personal abuse. Nor is it fair to hold Rudolph Spreckels responsible for the canicular rages of his perfervid devotees. But Mr. Spreckels is standing for all that the Prosecution has done, and he should not complain if some of the men who have been traduced by his hired prosecutor should retaliate. If they can find channels through which the public may be reached with proofs of chicanery, with evidence that Mr. Spreckels is not the man to set up standards of rectitude in this community, it would be something in the nature of poltroonery for him to utter a whine of protest. Far be it from me to assert that such evidence is in existence. Far be it from me, if any could be found to assist in its dissemination. Mine is merely the duty of publishing legitimate news and legitimate comment. I merely wish to acquaint Mr. Spreckels with some of the rules of the game which he is playing. To be a real hero he must stand the gaff. Meanwhile it might be well for him to read the interior press and learn something of the opinions that are held respecting the character of the prosecution beyond the circle of the journalistic combination formed for the redemption of San Francisco and the establishment of a brand new political machine.

### Respecting Criticism

In all ages of the world kings and heroes of high and low degree have made the fatal error of hearkening only to the counsel of their favorite courtiers. Surely

Mr. Spreckels does not believe that the conspirators have bought up the leading newspapers of the interior. It is not likely that he believes that General Harrison Gray Otis of the Los Angeles Times, one of the most distinguished journalists of the West, a gallant old soldier whose paper is one of the few big dailies of California that have not at some time or another sold their editorial utterances—it is not likely, that Mr. Spreckels believes that General Otis has been subsidized by the associated villains. Politically General Otis is bitterly hostile to the Republican political machine which Mr. Heney is desirous of destroying; but General Otis is saying much tougher things about Mr. Spreckels and his associates than have yet been said in San Francisco. So it might be well for Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Heney and some of his other saintly and spotless but febrile touts whose superfetation of godliness swells them to a proud and just conceit of their superiority to all sinners within striking distance, to reflect that perhaps diversity of opinion is largely a matter of diversity of mental constitution. It would do them no harm to have a little of that large serenity of the poet in whom years strengthen the philosophy of everyday life. It bespeaks an unhealthy mind that can conceive no sincerity in hostile opinions. The world has ever been viewed by men of different dispositions in a light totally different. To the thoughtful and melancholy it has the aspect of a vale of misery; to the frivolous and the volatile, as a theatre of delightful diversion. It all depends on the viewpoint. Experience has made sceptics of many of us, and we cannot enter with enthusiasm into all enterprises that to the more credulous seem highly beneficent. We are told that it is civic patriotism that inspires the Prosecution, but we know that true patriotism is a species of heroic virtue which in all ages of the world has been denied to the preservers of their country and given to the destroyers of it. And when we see how the law is being tortured by Mr. Heney, how Justice is being put through new paces by Judge Dunne, we marvel that there should be such tropical violence of taste in the matter of patriotism. There is no doubt much to be urged in justification of all that has been done. Even Judas felt justified in his traitorous kiss, but his faith in his own motives in no sense diminished the detestable character of his act.

### Two Pictures

The reporters who stood outside of Mayor Schmitz's brilliantly lighted home last Sunday night and listened to the sounds of revelry that issued therefrom formed a very erroneous conception of the character of the scene within. But it is not surprising that they were guilty of a misinterpretation. Their impression was distinctly in accord with the externals by which it was conveyed. The music was of the sort that betokens lightness of heart and buoyancy of spirits. The childish laughter assured the listeners of emotions that indicated a vulgar indifference to the shame that had been brought upon the family by the father on

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whose shoulder was resting the ponderous hand of the law. What more natural than that there should rush into the mind two vivid pictures instinct with poignant contrast—the frivolous, laughing family at home, the father steeped in the agony of remorse in his prison cell. It is by such contrasts that great dramas seize the imagination and stir the emotions. But the picture in the Schmitz domicile was itself composed of those conflicting elements that are dear to the heart of the dramaturgist. If the soul of that picture had been bared to the eyes of the reporters they would have wept, for it was a picture of infinite pathos. The very laughter of the prisoner's children and their exuberant efforts at the piano were as tragic as the tears of unspeakable grief. This is the fact; those children are in ignorance of their father's plight. They have been told that he is in the country, in the midst of a political campaign. They are not permitted to see the newspapers, and they are told that the papers are abusing their father because of the political campaign. The mother of those children must enter into the spirit of their juvenile pastimes and conceal the agony of her heart. Eugenia, the eldest of the four, aged twelve, was to have graduated from the Pacific Heights Grammar School this month. Before the trial of her father began she was called home by her mother. The friends of the family and their children have been told to refrain from discussing the father's affairs. So it is evident that the situation is quite different from what the reporters supposed it to be as they listened to the gay tunes that fell upon their ears last Sunday night.

#### Ruef Knows What Struck Him

Even amidst the wreck of his fallen fortunes, all of the Gallic lightness and humor which once characterized the debonair "Boss," has not departed from him. To a commiserating friend, he is reported to have said: "I thought at first it was the heavy hand of Justice which had struck me, but on investigation it proves to be a sugar barrel."

#### Schmitz's Rough Riders

T. Halloran, "chaplain" of the Rough Riders of California, is not a clergyman. Nor am I able to discover that he is particularly given to piety. However, as a union carpenter who had yawped consistently and vociferously for Schmitz in previous elections, he deserved an office and there was no one to dispute the chaplaincy. It was idle curiosity to learn who this Chaplain Halloran might be that prompted an inquiry, which was thus richly rewarded in information volunteered by an active Rough Rider. In the first place, my informant expects that most of the 2,000 members will attend the encampment to be held on the last Sunday in June at Schuetzen Park. For though Schmitz is down and out, the Rough Riders go marching on and will protect the city treasury from foreign

invasion to the last ditch. "While the Rough Riders were originally organized to aid Schmitz," concluded my informant, "their objects are non-political so far as parties are concerned, aiming to back the best candidates of all followings." Such catholicity is greatly to be commended.

#### The Picket Eye

If the evil eye superstition still had some influence over the credulous the United Railroads would long ago have lost to the Carmen's Union. The public, which is willing to take chances with mere cobble stones and dynamite, would hardly care, were it superstitious, to subject itself to the witchery of the union pickets. The pickets are certainly doing effective eye work. Even those have caught the trick whose eyes in ordinary circumstances are scarcely more notable than the traditional burnt holes in a blanket. The union glance is one of deep concentration and infinite scorn. It would penetrate the victim's soul and then tear out his name and address, leaving in its stead a horrible dread of future developments. The primitiveness of the idea invites another comparison. It is remarked by philosophers that primitive folks have their will under better control in many respects than the more cultured; as, for instance, the Polynesians would die of hunger rather than touch "tapu" food. Certainly not the most rabid union hater tramped the town in pre-strike days just because union men ran the cars.

#### Older and Harry Bunkers.

Human nature is a very peculiar thing. This bromidic remark is called forth by what I have heard of a recent visit made to San Quentin by Fremont Older, editor of the Bulletin. Older was over at the Marin County establishment which is so often in the thoughts of city officials just now, for the purpose of helping to make Jack Chretien happy again by the restoration of the credits he lost sometime ago. After prevailing on the prison directors to give Jack a chance to start life over again, the editor of the Bulletin accompanied Senator Felton in his rounds of the penitentiary, and among others whom the senator pointed out to him was Harry Bunkers whom Older sent from Sacramento to San Quentin for boodling. Imprison-

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ment had so changed the legislator that Older did not recognize him, for although he is a great favorite with the other convicts, all the old cocksure jauntiness has gone out of Bunkers' face and manner. He recognized the editor who put him in jail and asked if he might speak with him. So the newspaperman and the hoodler had a friendly chat and the result was that Older was overcome with pity and determined to help Bunkers out of prison as he had formerly helped him in. He learned from Bunkers that one-half of his term will be up in a short time and that he intended to apply for parole. "I'll help you, Harry," said Older, whereupon Bunkers started to thank him and burst into tears. Of course the stern penologist will say that having been instrumental in sending Bunkers to jail for a serious crime of which he was unmistakably guilty, the editor should insist on keeping him there until his term expires, but the stern penologist does not always reckon with human nature and, as I remarked before, bromidically but truly, human nature is a very peculiar thing.

#### Shortridge Wanted in Boise City

Another distinguished Californian attorney has been summoned from afar to devote his intellectual powers to the vindication of a man charged with murder. And once more the case in which those intellectual powers are required is one of world-wide interest. It is the case of the alleged murderers of Governor Steunenberg, and the lawyer is none other than the Henry Clay of our bar, the Hon. Samuel M. Shortridge. Negotiations for the employment of Mr. Shortridge were begun this week, and though he has virtually consented to co-operate with counsel for the defense, to what extent he shall contribute his services has not yet been determined. His presence at the scene of the trial is earnestly desired, the other attorneys in the case being of the opinion that he is able to render important service. They learned something about Mr. Shortridge's ability when they were investigating the matter of the explosion in this city, which, according to Harry Orchard's testimony was caused by a dynamite bomb with which he sought to take the life of Frederick W. Bradley.

#### The Explosion Case

It is by a curious set of circumstances that Attorney Shortridge comes to be an object of interest to the Western Federation of Miners, and a rather strange story is that which links a civil law suit in San Francisco with the trial of a murderer in Boise City, Idaho. Moreover it is a story that from its elements is of peculiar interest to the legal profession. In November, 1904 the story opened with an explosion at the corner

of Leavenworth and Washington streets which wrecked the front of three flats owned by Walter Linforth the attorney. Frederick W. Bradley, formerly superintendent of a mine in Idaho was at the moment of the explosion in the act of making his exit from one of the flats. Bradley was very seriously injured. From what the officers of the Fire Department learned of the circumstances of the explosion it was inferred that it was the result of a gas leak. Suit was brought on behalf of the landlord against the Gas Company and Shortridge handled the case for the plaintiff. The case was tried with a great deal of zeal on both sides. The principal feature of the trial was the expert testimony and it was Mr. Shortridge's deftness in tearing that expert testimony to tatters that lifted the case out of the domain of the prosaic.

#### Did Bradley Have the Right Impression?

There was only one simple question for the jury to determine, and that question involved the location of the gas leak. It was the plaintiff's theory that the leak occurred at the meter in the basement. Hence the responsibility of the Gas Company. It was the defendant's theory that it was a gas grate that leaked. Hence the responsibility of the landlord. The battle raged over this question. Neither side had any doubt respecting the character of the explosion. It was unquestionably a gas explosion. Bradley testified that just as he reached the front door on his way out of the house, he applied a lighted match to his cigar. He was lighting his cigar just as he opened the door, and he saw a blue flame shoot out from the cigar. His first impression was that somebody had given him a trick cigar. He had no second impression. The defense called Professors O'Neill and Muller from Berkeley, and those eminent scholars testified that it is a scientific fact that "gas kicks back." They were positive that if the gas which Bradley ignited on the first floor had come all the way from a leak in the basement it would have kicked back to the basement. The basement having exhibited no signs of distress it was obvious that the gas must have come from a leak on an upper floor. All this seemed self-evident until Attorney Shortridge, who used to teach chemistry among other things, in a country school, before taking up the study of law, and who crammed himself for the occasion, raked those scientific gentlemen fore and aft with a rattling fire of withering interrogatories. He first asked them if they had ever heard of the celebrated Thomas Graham. They looked at Judge Graham who presided over the trial and confessed that they had. But Attorney Shortridge alluded to Graham the Scotch chemist and it was with the aid of that scholar that he completely upset the notion of the

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kicking proclivities of gas. The jury gave him a verdict for \$10,000. The case was appealed and it is still on appeal. But now comes Harry Orchard, principal witness for the prosecution in the case of the men charged with the murder of Governor Steunenberg, with the story that it wasn't gas at all that wrecked Linforth's flats and confined Frederick Bradley to a single impression one memorable morning in November, 1904. He avers that it was dynamite that exploded, and that he was responsible for the explosion, explaining furthermore that Bradley was one of the men marked for slaughter by the associated assassins known as the Western Federation of Miners. Now while Orchard's testimony complicates the case of Linforth against the Gas Company, it remains to be determined whether he has been merely lying. One thing is certain: it is no longer so important to determine whether gas has a kick in it as to ascertain whether Mr. Bradley's impression of a blue flame was nothing more than a delusion contracted in the moments of his unconsciousness that followed the opening of a door which had a bomb tied to it.

#### An Estate With a History

My Hawaiian correspondent writes: "The local courts have just ordered the distribution of an estate which will be very widely scattered and which was somewhat romantic in its origin. It is known as the J. H. Coney Estate and it has remained for many years undistributed. Among those who will share in the distribution are Mrs. Hubert Vos, the wife of the celebrated Dutch painter, who has painted portraits of a number of prominent Chicago people including Mrs. Potter Palmer, and who painted one or more portraits of the Empress Dowager of China. Another one who will benefit by the distribution is Mrs. H. Renjes, now of Germany. Her husband was for many years the Consul of Spain in Honolulu and left about the time of the breaking out of the Spanish war and the annexation of Hawaii. A third beneficiary of the estate is Mrs. Mary Coney Ashton Moore. As Mrs. Ashton, Mrs. Moore figured quite conspicuously in litigation and publicity of one kind and another in and about San Francisco a few years ago. About four years ago the "Examiner" published a series of letters written to her by Rear Admiral Merry of the United States Navy. Four other beneficiaries of the estate reside in the Islands. The estate had its origin in the Great Division of the lands of Hawaii in 1848 when Kamehameha III first gave the common people any real ownership in the land. The land was divided about one-third to the king, another third to the chiefs and the remainder to the people. One of the great chiefs was Haalelea. He died soon afterwards and his son inherited his estate. J. H. Coney, a young college graduate, came to the Islands from New York and married one of the daughters of Haalelea, the second of the name. It is the children of this union who will now participate in the distribution of the estate."

#### Lily Fires Carter

"Queen Liliuokalani surprised the community the other day by announcing that Joseph O. Carter, uncle of Governor Carter, had resigned as her man of business and that she had appointed Joseph Aea to the position. Of course everyone knew that Carter had resigned because she had asked him too, and they felt that she was very ungrateful. Joseph O. Carter has

## TAFT & PENNOYER

### A Mid-summer Sale In the Lace Department

A late inventory of our LACE stock has brought to light quite a collection of short lengths, odd patterns, unmatchable remnants and non staple merchandise which we have determined to eliminate.

Among these are a multitude of odds and ends in White and Ecrú, comprising nearly every known make of LACE, VENICE MEDALLIONS and GALLOONS, BLACK, CREAM, ECRU and BLACK AND WHITE FIBRE BANDS, BLACK CHANTILLY GALLOONS and BLACK CHANTILLY with VELVET APPLIQUE.

To give a general idea of the reductions made we quote a few prices which apply generally throughout the line selected for sale:

Formerly 25c.....	SALE PRICE 10c
Formerly 50c.....	SALE PRICE 20c
Formerly 60c.....	SALE PRICE 20c
Formerly 75c.....	SALE PRICE 25c
Formerly \$1.00.....	SALE PRICE 25c
Formerly \$1.40.....	SALE PRICE 25c
Formerly \$1.50.....	SALE PRICE 40c
Formerly \$2.00.....	SALE PRICE 75c
Formerly \$2.25.....	SALE PRICE 75c
Formerly \$2.50.....	SALE PRICE 75c
Formerly \$3.25.....	SALE PRICE \$1.00
Formerly \$3.50.....	SALE PRICE \$1.00
Formerly \$4.00.....	SALE PRICE \$1.00
Formerly \$7.50.....	SALE PRICE \$1.50
Formerly \$9.00.....	SALE PRICE \$3.00

**Broadway at Fourteenth**  
Oakland



been the Queen's man of business for many years. Before the overthrow of the monarchy he was her most loyal subject. His loyalty has cost him more than any other one of her subjects ever lost by loyalty. Through good report and evil he has been faithful to the Queen. He has given her the benefit of sound judgment which has often saved her from making serious errors and would have saved her from many more if it had always been followed. At the time of the overthrow and before, he advised her against those acts which precipitated her downfall. In her financial affairs he has given her the benefit of sterling integrity and sound business judgment. In social and other affairs he has sought to guard her against impolitic mistakes. During the bitter days following the overthrow his loyalty to her cause cost him the managership of C. Brewer & Company, the largest sugar agency in the Islands, a concern that has just converted a million dollars of surplus into capital stock and still has a surplus of \$800,000."

### Ford Masters the Surf Board

"Alexander Hume Ford," says my correspondent, "who came hither to write an article about surfing for Outing, has learned a trick which very few white men have been able to master. He has not only learned to ride the surf board, but he has learned to stand up on the board as it comes in on the crest of a rapidly moving breaker at Waikiki. This is the crowning feat of surf board riding. Inspired by Ford's success Jack London has determined to learn. He has progressed so far that he can ride the surf board lying flat on it, but he has not yet learned to stand up on it. But in making the progress that he did London got a case of sunburn that kept him in bed for a couple of days and made him a cripple for several more days. In the enthusiasm of the beginner he remained out in the surf at Waikiki in the hot sunshine of the summer solstice for about six hours. The next day every movement of a muscle was exquisite torture. London has engaged Captain Rosehill as sailing master of the Snark. Captain Rosehill has made his home in Honolulu for over thirty years and for a longer time than that he has sailed the South Seas as trader and "blackbirder." There is scarcely a part of the South Pacific or an island in it that he does not know. He discovered Marcus Island in the early eighties and filed his claim to it with the State Department. In 1903 he went there in the Julia E. Whalen to examine its guano deposits, but the announcement that he was going had been widely spread and when he got there he found that the Japanese government had sent a warship and landed a detachment of marines on the Island, and he was barely allowed to land to replenish his supplies of water.

### Josselyn In Paris

Mr. Charles Josselyn, author of "The True Napoleon," and one of the most distinguished of the Bohemian Club's literati is being taken seriously in Paris. In this city where the standards of literary taste are not remarkably high Mr. Josselyn's literary work is regarded as something of a joke. Because his "True Napoleon" was written mainly with a scissors the local critics, who have a hard and fast prejudice in favor of the typewriter as an implement of the literary craft, have sneered the work almost into disrepute. Yet it

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contains many of the best things that were said about the great Corsican by writers for whom Mr. Josselyn has profound admiration. According to a correspondent of the New York Herald Mr. Josselyn "is making his temporary home in France on account of his admiration for Napoleon." And the correspondent says that "long before he had ever been in Europe he wrote and published a life of Napoleon purely as a matter of personal esteem." Which of course is no small token of appreciation. During the course of an interview with the Herald's correspondent Mr. Josselyn said that he obtained the material for his "True Napoleon," not in France but in histories. "I guess I read them all," he said. "It was a big task, but it was worth it."

### A Smash at San Francisco

The correspondent by whom the Josselyn interview was written sent the Herald the following news which is of some local interest:

## Facial Wizardry

From time to time, apparently at pure hazard, without law, without warning, suddenly you see in the face of the child the man. In a moment, again, the vigorous man of forty becomes the old man of eighty. The fresh face of the graceful child will take on for a moment the heavy features of the hard and sensual-looking woman; the young girl is transformed into the comfortable motherly matron. More uncanny still, the very infant sometimes for a second, in a flash, assumes the face of old age. Backwards, too, in the delightful elderly lady appears the girl, real, radiant: but she comes not suddenly; phantom-like she seems to rise slowly, faintly, out of the elderly face you see in the flesh, and then in a moment of time and for a moment she stands before you complete. The happy old man, full of merry memories, expands into the boy of twelve. All this, no doubt, sounds only like scenes from a pantomime or the commonplaces of the fairy books. It does: that is just the effect these appearances leave on those who have eyes to see them, the awesome feelings of children at the transformations of fairy worlds. It is hard to think them merely natural. Meditating on these strange sensations, one wonders whether they are not the origin of those familiar features of all folklore. Everywhere the wizard strikes children into old men and the good genius by a touch gives back youth to age. When suddenly, wholly unprepared, you see complete the full-grown man in the boy, or the smooth girl countenance shrink into the wrinkled elderly face, it is difficult not to conjure up some wholly external agency, some person, who works the change from without. It is generally so sudden, so unprepared, so manifestly put on externally. We look about for a cause, for some one who did it. And we do not wonder that primitive men invented fays and wizards to fill the place of beings they felt must be there, but could not see. It is all natural enough, of course, in reality; we know all about everything now; we do not wonder now; we have put away such childishness; except just at the moment of the apparition, when our hair, if many of us told the truth, stands on end just as did the less knowing people's of earlier days. We do not believe in goblins; we have explained them away; but their ghosts revenge themselves by grinning at us from

"Nearly all Californians are very much disgruntled at the financial conditions existing in San Francisco. Lack of business confidence has upset many plans and ruined many a European summer outing. It is absolutely impossible to borrow money in San Francisco now," said one gentleman who is largely interested in business affairs there, "for building purposes or the improvement of real estate. If a man is a merchant the banks will let him have grudgingly a little money to carry on his business with, and that is all. I owned thirty houses that were completely destroyed either by the earthquake or fire, and I cannot raise a cent to rebuild them, although I own the land outright. Why," he continued, "I am half owner of a bank in a small California city. I was told by my agent the other day to ask them for a loan of \$20,000. They replied by asking if I could not get along with \$10,000. That from a bank I half own and where two years ago my note for \$100,000 would have been taken without question."

limbo: and we don't like their wraiths much more than our ancestors liked themselves. But the ghosts of goblins have no chance in the clear light; there is the difference. Once the eeriness is off us we become quite happy, quite brave, and we insult the imps with a hardihood our forefathers could never command. So if for the moment the touch of a fairy wand seems necessary, we soon see clear and understand that these strange metamorphoses are but a freak of perfectly natural movements of the face. If we could trace exactly the course of physical growth and decay on the features and make a map of the inevitable writing of the wrinkles, we could draw from the face of the child the face of the man, and the old man, with something very near precision; though the uncertainty of expression would prevent a picture to the very life. And in fact many of the lines of youth and age are scientifically traceable, while we all recognize them by instinct. And no doubt what happens is simply that from time to time the play of the face or some feature of the face cuts deep one or more of the dominant age-wrinkles, or the aged countenance is so moved as to smooth one out. And then we do the rest ourselves. We have a piece of the puzzle, a bone in a skeleton: a few pieces are quite enough; the rest is inference and imagination. We mentally work it out, though we seem to see the whole instantaneously. Why then can it not be done intentionally? Up to a point it can be.

### HOTEL CAPITOLA, Capitola, Cal.

The hotel lobby is a work of art aided by generous nature. The dining room jutting out toward the breakers with a fine view of the entire bay with the Monterey mountains in the background, is unequalled in picturesqueness and scenic effect while the ozone laden air assist digestion, the table, none better. The concert hall is ample and the floor is just right for dancing. The guests' rooms well furnished and the bay in full view of most of them. The music of the waves bring sleep and rest. The spacious porch in front of the house furnishes a complete rest cure. The bowling alley and club house with the surf breaking against the walls a never ending enjoyment.

Electric cars leave Capitola for Santa Cruz every 15 minutes.

Why not stay at Capitola Hotel in large sunny rooms at 1-3 less cost. Address: HOTEL CAPITOLA, CAPITOLA, CAL.



The play-actor knows that. He can make you up as you will be when you are old with considerable probability: but—it is a very different thing indeed from what we have been pondering. It is mechanical, and the other, however natural, is not mechanical. The divine something comes in after all.

Perhaps we should have considered the sceptic; you do not believe in these wondrous transformations? You have never seen one? And after all what can we say to that? Only that we have: and everyone that is fond of observing faces must have done so too, often. An unobservant person might easily miss such facial phenomena, for they come unexpected and are gone as quickly. But anyone who has seen the young face suddenly take on the old face, a very revelation of the future, will not forget it. It is interesting, but it is rather awesome, this sudden passage of time. Fortunately one cannot catch such a transformation on his own face. The chances of looking in the glass at the psychological moment are too small for that.

#### AUTOMOBILE NOTES

Mr. R. M. Smilie, of Berkeley, in speaking of his experience as an automobile buyer and user, has this to say regarding his Thomas "Flyer": "In buying my new car I left the agents entirely out of the deal so far as trying the car was concerned. I knew it had power and speed—roadability and reliability were what I was after and, having the time, I made a round of the Eastern Factories and shows and, with this information as a basis, I went to the owners of different cars and got their opinions, then struck an average and the result was a Thomas. I can cheerfully say that after three months of hard running, that my plain of selecting a machine has justified the trouble.

Mr. E. J. Holland, of San Leandro, goes to the Southland on the first of July, via the Oldsmobile route, San Diego being the objective point.

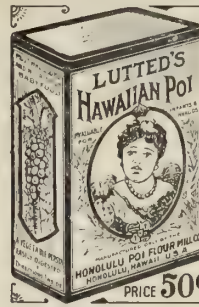
Mr. P. F. Pinnella, who owns a cafe, besides two or three tailoring establishments, is now busy with a Model "A" Oldsmobile of fashionable color and proven speed.

Jos. Schmeer last week purchased a 60 H-P. Thomas "Flyer" from the Pioneer Automobile Company, which he will drive in the rent service in this city.

One of the regular events looked forward to each year by Pacific Coast motorists is the initial tour of the year from San Francisco to the Yosemite Valley and return. This year the trip was made by Frank L. Johnson of San Francisco in a Thomas Flyer, and now that he has started the ball rolling it is probable that other tourists will soon follow in his tracks.

Mr. John Brichetto, of Banta, has just returned from a tour through the Northern part of the state in his new 60 H-P. Thomas "Flyer." Accompanying Mr. Brichetto were Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Smith. The trip included Elmira, Vacaville, Sacramento, Red Bluff and other towns. Mr. Brichetto reports the roads in good condition excepting for the unexpected shower on Tuesday which rendered them in some places almost impassable with the ordinary automobile. "Give me a Thomas car for touring," said Mr. Brichetto. "I have had my car for the past six weeks, have run over 1000 miles and, up to the present time my only inconvenience has been that of filling the machine with gasoline and oil. Have not had to make an adjustment of any kind."

The Winton Model M, driven by Chas. A. Carlson in the Long Island endurance test, was the only car of its price to make a perfect score in both the original run and the run-over.



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# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## Mrs. Martin For Harmony

Mrs. Eleanor Martin's genius, that expresses itself through the social arts, has been vivifying mere existence for those who were at the last ditch of boredom. No one's ear is more delicately attuned than the dowager Eleanor's to the little rift within the social lute. The discord that started in the Grand Jury chambers, spread to Pacific Avenue, and finally clanged into the very heart of Burlingame is not to the liking of this diplomatic dame. "Let the men fight it out, but let us have peace" she cried to her skirted henchmen, who took up the slogan and sounded it where the oolong bubbles merriest. But the white dove of peace is a coy bird and having been driven away by the icy breath of discord, refused to flutter back at the first sign of truce. Having put on her war paint for peace Mrs. Martin determined not to fizzle out in the usual manner of peace conferences. Less intrepid workers in the cause of patching the rents in the garb of the smart set resigned the task in desperation. But Mrs. Martin evolved a daring plan that seemed to be perfectly simple. She would give a tea and assemble the warring factions. She did and the tea was a frost. Mrs. Martin has become resigned to the frappe layer in society. Her tea, not serving to scald the icicles, the dinner which she gave in honor of General Davis, who is out here on Red Cross work, was not a love feast in disguise. Warring factions were not given a chance to peel off their armor and trifle with terrapin. General and Mrs. Funston, Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun and Mrs. Bowie-Detrick represented the married set, and Virginia Joliffe, Elsie Sperry, Lillie O'Connor, Winifred Mears and an equal number of men completed the party.

## Praise From Sir Tristan

The Vicomte de Tristan, who is related to San Francisco by marriage, has been throwing large scented bouquets at us through an interview in a French newspaper. The Vicomte and his wife, who was Miss de Guigne, arrived in Paris not long ago and de Tristan has been proclaiming the wonders of these people by

the western sea. This young Frenchman does not see us with the jaundiced eye that most foreigners train upon our shortcomings. I remember at the first Greenway ball of last season he worked himself up into a fine frenzy of appreciation. He rushed up to one woman after another and ecstatically breathed "Regarde! The beautiful women, the flashing jewels, the soft music, the flowers!" Then taking them up to a window that looked out on a sea of ruin and desolation he said, "Voila, now look on this picture and confess that you are the most wonderful people the moon ever looked down upon. A ball against a background of despair—and such a ball!"

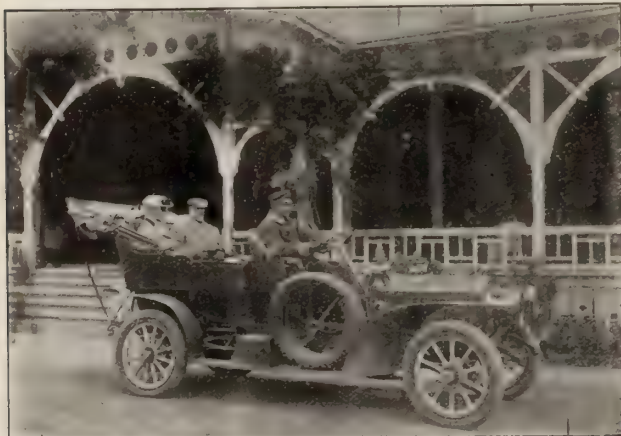
Oh, la la, la la we are a wonderful people, and its awfully nice of de Tristan to show us to Paris in a form not labeled "graft"—which term is being muelaged to us in fashion altogether too generous and too world-wide.

## Little Helen Has Faith

Last Saturday afternoon, when "Peter Pan" stepped down to the footlights and implored the audience to save little tinker Bell's life by professing belief in fairies, a little girl's voice was the first sound that broke the fateful second that it takes the audience to rise to the occasion. "I do—I do believe in them"! came in clear childish treble. I was told that it was little Miss Helen Crocker who thus refuted the charge that there are no more children in this dreary world—just little manlets and womenlets who wear spectacles and call fairy stories "lies." Mrs. William Crocker had a large party of children with her and their flushed, excited little faces proved that the proverbial "golden spoon" does not always flatten out the imagination. Helen Crocker is a dark, bird like little thing who always looks just poised for flight. Her coloring is distinctly like the Sperry side of the family the blonde Crocker strain not showing at all.

## In the Matter of Name

The Will Taylors have decided to christen their baby William. Young William III not only keeps up the



GEORGE A. NEWHALL AND MRS. NEWHALL  
Starting from Del Monte on their way home to Burlingame



COLONEL GEORGE STONE AND THE MISSES STONE  
At Del Monte. Arnold, Photo



paternal tradition of his father and grandfather but on the Hopkins side of the family there is also a seasoning of William in the nomenclature. Mr. E. W. Hopkins' middle name is William so the baby couldn't escape his fate. In view of the fads and eccentricities that have fastened on the smart set it is really worth recording the fact that for the most part people have reformed from the sort of names that Victor Hugo would define as "the word turned convict." Bizarre inventions, and the antics in orthography of Ethyl, Alysse, and other respectable names gone wrong, are now left to the Sunday picnic sort. In only one or two families in the smart set are the names "to laugh." Mrs. Adams of Oakland, whose originality so frequently gives a piquant flavor to society on the other side of the bay, christened one of her children "Sweet-heart." Her other children wear just as unusual titles and Mrs. Adams, herself, whose name was originally "Ernestine" now writes it "Dearestine."

### Cupid's Latest

Mrs. Grundy told me the other day that when Bernardo Shorb asked John Sheehan to accept him as a son-in-law Mr. Sheehan remarked that little boys were supposed to be weaned before entering into the state



MRS. LEWIS RISDON MEAD  
(nee Miss Mae Lydia Sadler)

Whose marriage took place Wednesday evening at Christ Church, Alameda.

of matrimony. However, as youth is the one fault we all outgrow, Mr. Sheehan finally consented to the marriage of the young couple. The young man was preparing to enter Stanford University next semester but will go into business instead. Miss Sheehan is an attractive young girl who was the special protegee of Mrs. Ynez Shorb White last winter and Mrs. White has beamed on her brother's suit. The engagement is to be very abrupt, the wedding to take place on July 2 at St. Mary's Cathedral with a reception afterwards at the Fairmont. The wing of society which preens its feathers after Mrs. White will be fully represented at

this affair. It was at Mrs. White's dance that Frances Coon met Oliver Kehrlein and I hear that when the accounts of those cotillions are fully audited there will be served more cardiac affairs credited to the influence of those tripping hours.

### Gayety at Santa Cruz

My Santa Cruz correspondent writes as follows: "There were great doings at Santa Cruz last Saturday for it was again the opening of the season at that grand seaside resort. The magnificent new casino and bathing pavilion were thrown open to the public. It lacked just one week of being a year since the old casino was burned and although the new casino and the other buildings were not started until February of this year, their cost last Saturday night was over \$600,000 and they were completed. It may be stated to show the immensity of this undertaking that there are 22,000 electric lights used in the illumination and 125 miles of electric wires. This enterprise is owned by the Santa Cruz Beach Co., and consists of the casino, natatorium and three hundred furnished cottages. The company is composed of many share holders. John Martin is President, C. W. Conlisk is Secretary, and among the largest stockholders are R. A. Hotaling, Louis Sloss, F. W. Swanton, Joe Grant, Leon Lowe, John Coleman, Harry Stetson, Walter Hobart, J. Downey Harvey, Capt. John Barneson, Eugene de Sabla, and J. J. C. Leonard. The company gave an elaborate dinner at the casino Saturday evening which many San Franciscans attended. Mr. A. W. Foster, Jr. and party, Spencer Grant and Geo. T. Davis came down in their machine. Joe Bishop brought down L. A. Steiger, John McDonald, Jr., Otis Parkhull and L. C. Shield. Eugene de Sabla, Jr. came down from San Mateo bringing Mrs. de Sabla, Miss de Sabla and Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin. Mr. L. J. Scooffy came down with Mrs. Edith Cook and Mrs. Polk. H. R. Simpkins and Francis Carolan drove down from Burlingame.

## Mrs. HELEN FREESE

For many years with the S. & G. Gump Co., has opened at 947-949 Van Ness Ave., an establishment which will be known as the finest Art Galleries in this section. It is needless to say the same attention given to her patrons and the public in general in the past will be a feature of the New Art Establishment, which is now open for exhibition and public view.

The new firm are direct importers of Original Oil Paintings, Water Colors, Old Prints, Marble and Bronze Statuary, Objects of Art, old, quaint and beautiful things not to be found in any other establishment.

A cordial invitation is extended to the public to call. A feature of this business will be the taking of import orders for any Works of Art, Rugs, Furniture, Draperies or appointments. Resident representatives in New York, London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Florence, Naples, Constantinople.

Our buyer sails for Europe early in July, and with a spirit of progressiveness which we propose to establish in this city any of our clientele who desire us to execute any special commissions in the foreign markets, we will give such orders our prompt and careful attention for holiday delivery.

## VOLZ & FREESE

947-949 VAN NESS AVENUE

Mr. Hotaling was the host of an automobile party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Conlisk, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Russell Cool, Mrs. Joseph Austin, Mrs. Solly Walter and Myron Wolf. After leaving Santa Cruz the party proceeded to "Dotswood," Dr. Cool's country place just out of Los Gatos. From there they will go to Lake County and spend several weeks touring the country. With all of these guests and many others the Sea Beach Hotel was crowded and the whole occasion opens up the hotel and beach for a magnificent season.

### The Sadler-Mead Wedding

One of the prettiest weddings of the summer was that of Miss Mae Lydia Sadler to Mr. Lewis Risdon Mead on Wednesday Eve, June 19th. It was ceremonious and English in character. The St. Cecilian Choir of Young Ladies sang and met the bride and conducted her with her bridesmaids to the altar. The ushers were: Dr. Faulkes, Mr. Tripler, Mr. A. E. Gillespie and Dr. Percy Gaskill. The best man was Mr. Ralph Jones of Martinez. Miss Ruth Sadler was maid of honor, and Mrs. David Edwards of Piedmont, matron of honor. The bridesmaids were Miss Winifred Burdge, Miss Myrtle Wood, Miss Esther Sadler and Miss Mabel Sadler of Berkeley. The flower girls were Miss Marian Phillips, Miss Ada Nelson. The bride's gown was of Parisian make of rare satin with costly old lace severe in style to suit the bride's regal appearance. Dr. Bode of the Theological Seminary at Berkeley and the Rev. U. Bugbee officiated.

### A Run to Del Monte

Arthur B. Watson, Chairman of the Runs and Tours Committee of the Automobile Club of California, has been down to Monterey making arrangements for the Club run to Del Monte during the Independence Day Holidays. According to the present plans, the motorists will make their way to Del Monte on Wednesday, July 3, and on the fourth there will be a Gymkhana (meeting for races and games) on the Del Monte race track, which will be put into condition for the event. On Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the autoists will make trips around the Seventeen Mile Drive.

Mrs. Kempff, wife of Admiral Kempff, U. S. N., with C. P. Weeks and Mrs. Weeks, of Burlingame, is at Del Monte.

### Miss Armsby a Winner

In the ladies's Golf Handicap, played last Saturday morning on the Del Monte links, there were five contestants: Mrs. Loeser, Mrs. H. R. Warner and Miss Cornelia Armsby, who played from scratch; Mrs. Arthur Lord of New York, who received eighteen strokes, and Miss Morgan, who had a handicap of four strokes. Miss Armsby won with a score of 117, her nearest competitor's net score being 124. Miss Armsby's name will be engraved on the silver pitcher to be presented by the Pacific Improvement Company as a trophy to the lady who scores most victories during June, July and August.

—"Those Lustrous Eyes are Murine Eyes."  
Murine Eye Remedy Makes Dull Eyes Bright. Sick Eyes Well. Soothes and Quickly Cures Ailing Eyes.

### PARAISO HOT SPRINGS

Many auto parties are enjoying the week end stay at Paraiso Springs. Among the prominent society people who were here from Redwood City: Judge T. W. Henshaw, wife and daughter, F. W. Eaton, A Thimler; from Salinas and Monterey, Luther Rogers, S. Hauser and P. P. Krough; from Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and John Kelleher. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lent from San Francisco joined the Wilson party; from San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Hancock and Geo. Westcott, the latter after leaving here went on to Santa Barbara. Other arrivals by rail as follows: From San Francisco, Mrs. Thos. Johnston, John Carroll, Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Samuels, E. H. Lange, Fred S. Cox, H. G. Gartner and wife, W. R. Gordes, Mrs. Edwin Bert, Jos. King, E. H. Harris, C. C. Barr and wife, E. E. Warren, J. O. Williams, Jno. Ferrill, Mrs. Dr. A. C. Kellogg, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Cox and daughter, T. Colun, J. E. Graves; from Sacramento, Geo. M. Wright; from Oakland, C. Capwell, M. Lucy, M. Eggen, Frank J. Murphy and wife, J. J. Connolly, Mrs. E. Warren, James Gates; from Alameda, H. G. Whipple and wife, W. H. Foster, J. Rohan.

### TAHOE TAVERN

Recent arrivals at Tahoe Tavern, Lake Tahoe: From San Francisco, F. B. Southworth and wife, Mrs. H. Wilkins, Miss Nichols, Mrs. A. C. Nichols, Kenneth Archibald, J. W. Lickens, W. W. Kezog, Miss M. Huntington, A. Whittell, Wm. H. Large and wife, Wm. A. Allen, wife and son, F. J. Miller and wife, C. W. Frank and wife, Mrs. W. R. Jones, C. H. Meman, Wm. Wallace, Mrs. G. P. Hayes, Mrs. J. Cocknell, Miss Cocknell, Miss C. Wooll, C. O. Ball, Miss Grace Richardson, Miss House, Sam Bibb, Miss Josephine Malone, Miss Murphy; from Oakland, Chas. H. Cushman, Mrs. H. G. Gordon, Roger W. Bennett, Grace S. Bennett, Bessie Bennett, F. W. Mortimer and wife, G. S. Whitcomb and wife, Robert McMurray, Violet Kalbright, the Misses Felton, J. A. Beckwith and wife, Miss Beckwith, Mrs. Doty, Mrs. Clow, C. H. Sterdevant, W. Christians, Miss Burgtoff, Miss Koch; from Berkeley, J. C. Wright and wife, J. Salzberger and wife.

### PACIFIC GROVE HOTEL

The following are recent arrivals at Pacific Grove Hotel (formerly El Carmelo) for the past week: From San Francisco, Walter M. Cordy and wife, L. W. Cordy, Geo. P. Wendell, G. W. Wallace, C. A. Tracy, C. C. Haworth, G. C. Hall, W. T. Hawley, H. P. Speakman, Geo. E. Maxwell, J. F. Hughes, G. Y. Lucas and wife, J. C. Hogan, James Smith, Jessie I. Hamilton, A. E. Roome, E. F. Raymond, J. W. Bassford, Ira Lillick, W. J. McPhee, A. H. Anderson, P. J. Graf, S. M. Perkins and wife, Mrs. E. J. Lang, Mrs. J. B. Nevins, J. Anderson, W. H. Edgar and wife, Paul H. Soul, Mrs. E. Gunz, Hanz Lisser, M. H. Avery; from Oakland, A. J. Bond, Geo. Granville, Mrs. Agness Wilson, C. Bradley, W. H. Bradley; from San Jose, Mrs. L. N. Richards, Mrs. A. C. Field, P. T. Hicks, F. H. O'Keefe, Fred S. Campbell and Miss Cain; from Berkeley, B. E. Craven, Al. P. Cummings, Chas. L. Bostwick.

Among the arrivals of the past week are Mrs. Agness Wilson of Oakland, accompanied by Miss Jessie Hamilton of San Francisco, and Miss Cain of San Jose and Mrs. K. Wood and daughter of Stockton.

**The Auditorium** **FILLMORE ST.**  
Comer Page  
FRANK RITTIGSTEIN, General Manager  
**A SKATING PALACE**



## Frawley in a Shaw Play

By Edward F. O'Day

Undoubtedly a large number of people made George Bernard Shaw's acquaintance for the first time this week by going to the Novelty Theatre to see the Frawley company in "You Never Can Tell." For all his popularity Shaw is still as caviare to the vulgar as Oscar Wilde or Maeterlinck or Ibsen. It requires therefore no license of exaggeration to imagine a person sitting in the theatre on Monday night who had never read and never seen enacted a Shaw play. This person, we will suppose, remembers Shaw principally as the author of a play called "Mrs. Warren's Profession" regarding which he has formed the opinion, based on newspaper reports, that it was too nasty even for the strong stomach of New York. What opinion would this person form of George Bernard Shaw after witnessing the Frawley company's performance of "You Never Can Tell"? A most unflattering opinion, to be sure. He would look upon Shaw as a writer for the stage who disregards all its conventions, beginning his acts anywhere and ending them nowhere. He would set him down as a radical with opinions about marriage, politics and religion that are half startling and half absurd. He would infer that Shaw makes pretensions to wit, but would be satisfied that they are hollow pretensions and that he strains his mind every time he attempts to say something smart—no, not every time, for he would admit that there are some good lines in the play, but nearly every time. And he would conclude, thinking of what he had read about "Mrs. Warren's Profession," that Shaw had summoned the resources of uncleanness to repair the faults of his art and to compel a factitious attention. If this person, after drawing these conclusions about Shaw from the Frawley presentation of "You Never Can Tell," should take the trouble to read the drama as set down in the "Pleasant Plays," it goes without saying that he would

immediately revise his estimate of the author and would cast about in his mind for an explanation of the distorted notion of the Shavian character and the Shavian genius which he had obtained by witnessing the stage version of "You Never Can Tell." It would not require unusual discernment for our student of the drama to discover that the explanation of his mistake lies in the acting of T. Daniel Frawley and the Frawley company. For Frawley and his company are impossible in "You Never Can Tell." They seem to have approached it in the same spirit in which they would grapple with "My Friend From India" or "What Happened to Jones," and finding that it refused absolutely to capitulate to this frontal attack, to have continued the siege only from a fear of acknowledging defeat. It is apparent from first to last that neither Frawley nor any player in his company, with the possible exception of one, has the least idea why "You Never Can Tell" should be regarded as an acting play. Walter Craven who plays the inimitable waiter seems to appreciate the character aright, but lacking the inspiration of an intelligent response from his fellow-players, he cannot help adding occasionally to the general depression. It is as though a company wholly unable to understand why Hamlet is ranked so high in dramatic literature should essay the play perfunctorily for the sake of appearances. The only difference is that Hamlet has become so fixed a tradition of the stage that no company can fail completely to suggest the meaning intended by the author, whereas "You Never Can Tell" is comparatively new and demands pioneering abilities which cannot be looked for in a company that has always taken its interpretations at second hand. Nothing more cross-purposeful can be imagined than the Frawley company in a Shaw play, except possibly T. Daniel Frawley lecturing on "The Quintessence of Shavianism."

## Mrs. Fiske in Mitchell's Play

By Theodore Bonnet

After a long absence from the theatre I was lured to a matinee performance of "The New York Idea," and on emerging from the playhouse it occurred to me that perhaps I had grown stale in the interim of my abstention from dramatic sweetmeats. For if Langdon Mitchell's play is as brilliant as it is said to be then I am in need of a tonic to stimulate my powers of appreciation. If it is as poor a play as it seems to me the success of it passeth my understanding. It far from gratified my hopes of edification. It impressed me as the work of a man with a sense of just how many lines a character must speak; how long each character must be on the stage; how a situation must be constructed and how the scenes must be distributed to produce a symmetric, logical and congruous whole. It was evidently designed to win its way on the strength of its smart dialogue, but its paltry contrivances and inane witticisms almost made me weep. When I heard

one of the characters say, "This is a marry-go-round," I felt that I should be justified in doing something desperate by way of expressing my emotion. Fancy such a pun being accepted as evidence of brilliant wit! All through the play I was persuaded that the atmosphere and tone of it were familiar. I applied myself to the task of recalling where I had previously encountered the spirit of the story, in what play I had seen domestic infelicity handled with almost identical cynicism; and presently I thought of "Rebellious Susan." Later on I consulted my Henry Arthur Jones and sure enough I found in the comedy which that clever Englishman, as early as 1894, dedicated to Mrs. Grundy, has for its protagonists the prototypes of Mr. Mitchell's simple burlesque. I would not accuse Mr. Mitchell of plagiarism, for of that peccadillo he is guiltless. But that he steeped himself in "Rebellious Susan," that he saturated himself with the spirit of

that truly brilliant comedy before writing "The New York Idea." I am convinced, and all that I would indict him for is his failure to make infinity of imitation compensate for the lack of an ounce of inspiration. From "Rebellious Susan" I have made some excerpts at random to serve the purpose of indicating for the benefit of those who have seen the Mitchell play the similarity of philosophy and the superiority of the Englishman's wit:

"After a lifetime's practice in the Divorce Court

I still feel myself like Newton, a mere child on the seashore, with all the boundless ocean of woman's mysterious nature stretching silent, and unnavigable, and inexorable before me."

"If towards the close of your married life you can look back upon it, not indeed without regrets, but without remorse, and on the whole with pleasure and thankfulness, it will only be because you have shut your eyes to much, forgiven much, and utterly forgotten a good deal more."

"Married life isn't very romantic anywhere, with anybody and it ought not to be. When it is, it gets into the Divorce Court."

"There's an immense reputation to be made as a moralist by any man who will show you ladies the way to break the seventh commandment without leaving any ill effects upon society."

"It's very absurd to make a fuss about other people's love-affairs."

"When a husband and wife have quarreled it's clearly one's duty to advise them to make it up. And one does it, the same as one goes to church because it is one's duty, not because there is any result from it."

"At twenty-five you have the delight of your illusions, and you laugh at the fogies. But at fifty you'll have the far greater delight of seeing through your illusions and laughing at the youngsters. Take my word for it, fifty is the age when a healthy man begins to enjoy life."

Those of my readers who have attended a performance of "The New York Idea," will quite agree with me I am sure, after reading the foregoing excerpts, that Mr. Mitchell derived his idea from "Rebellious Susan." Both plays, it is needless to say, deal with married people of similar temperament who quarrel and make up. There is a heady wife in "Rebellious Susan" who vents her temper on the furniture as does Mrs. Karslake in "The New York Idea." Mrs. Karslake throws the chairs about and her husband reviews her conduct in the same strain as does the Jones' husband. "My darling," says the husband in the English play, "I have always wished to treat you as something entirely sweet and perfect and gracious, something sainted and apart, but when you insist on getting on a chair and breaking the looking glass, you do make it a little difficult my darling for me to cherish my ideal of you." It is a coincidence of no significance that both husbands use the same figure of the wife with a bit in her mouth. But I am not trying to make out a case of plagiarism; only am I seeking to indicate the similarity of ideas. If it were worth while I would demonstrate the inferiority of the American's work. Briefly I may say that the basis of the comic is an esteem for common sense. The Mitchell play doesn't seem like comedy because it is so far removed from common sense. Therein it differs from "Rebellious Susan." Respecting the handling of the play in the histrionic sense my criticism must be as it always has been of Mrs. Fiske; that her inarticulateness fatally mars her work. She minces her words abominably. Judged from the standpoint of emotional effectiveness she is an actress of considerable force, but in a play that depends for success on smart dialogue she is not acceptable. She is a woman prodigally endowed with the qualities of personal magnetism and temperament that almost dominate her fatal fault, and therefore she is more effective in the display of the deeper emotions, the stronger passions, than in the expression of the softer, lighter sentiments of humanity.



MARIE SHOTWELL,

Leading Lady of the Frawley Company in "A Lady of Quality," at the Novelty Theater.



# Stage

## Maud Adams's Season

Considering the unpropitious conditions under which Maude Adams appeared at the the Van Ness Theatre in "Peter Pan," her great financial success has been most gratifying. Three matinees this week have been hardly sufficient to meet the demands of the thousands who wanted to attend the afternoon performances of the delightful Barrie fantasy. The house has been crowded at every presentation and already the advance sale of seats for the coming week is enormous. "Peter Pan" is to be played on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights and at the matinee on Wednesday. At these performances the house will be crowded to the doors and on Thursday night another brilliant reception will be tendered Miss Adams when she makes her initial appearance here in the role of Phoebe Throessel in the comedy, "Quality Street." The piece is the work of J. M. Barrie. All the Empire Theatre stage paraphernalia for this production as well as for Rostand's "L'Aiglon," the bill for the fourth and last week of the engagement has been sent here and will be utilized to special advantage on the large stage of the Van Ness Theatre.

## "A Lady of Quality"

At the Novelty Theatre commencing with Sunday matinee, June 23, the Frawley Company will make its appearance in the dramatic romance, "A Lady of Quality," one of the most successful of modern works and a play in which Julia Arthur won great success as a star. Its five acts are all splendidly worked out and the story holds a remarkably fine interest. The piece is the work of Francis Hodgson Burnett and Stephen Townsend and its success during the coming week seems assured as Frawley has selected an especially strong cast including Marie Shotwell, Ethel Clayton, Lola May, Christine Hill, Henry C. Mortimer, Walter Cravens, Edward Emery and others. Marie Shotwell in the role of Florinda Wildairs is sure to win as great a triumph as she did in the title role of "Leah Kleschna." The Frawley season at the Novelty Theatre is gaining in popularity with each succeeding performance. The matinees at special prices, 25c and 50c, are crowded to the doors.

## Orpheum Vaudeville

The programme at the Orpheum for the week beginning this Sunday matinee cannot fail to attract for it is rich in quality and novelty. The list of new artists is headed by Julia Heinrich and Margaret Easter who promise a great musical treat. Miss Heinrich is one of the best concert contraltos in America. Miss Easter is a soprano with an Eastern reputation. Miss Heinrich has added to her repertoire a number of pretty songs and among them is "April" by Lander Ronald which the musical critics of the East are enthusiastic over. Miss Easter will contribute typical songs in English, French and German. She enhances the effects of her numbers by wearing picturesque and appropriate national costumes. The young ladies conclude their performance with some charming duets. Emil Hoch, an actor of fine artistic temperament and splendid insight into character, who is pleasantly remembered by Orpheum audiences will also be an in-

teresting feature of the coming programme. Mr. Hoch who will be supported by his own company which includes Florence Burnsnore, Walter Lewis and Edward McGuire, will present his latest success "Loves Young Dream" which is described as being fascinating in the extreme. The Kinsons who play on all kinds of instruments and objects and extract melody from everything they touch will introduce their clever act entitled, "Going It Blind," and Mademoiselle Nadjé, a remarkably beautiful girl of twenty whose life since she has been eight years of age has been given up to the exciting whirl of the acrobats existence, will make her first appearance in San Francisco. She was a



MADMOISELLE NADJÉ

The Beautiful Queen of Equipoise Who Will Appear at The Orpheum Next Week.

fixture for years at the Alhambra and other London Music Halls. Nadjé's act is most sensational and consists in addition to graceful posing of contortion stunts and dazzling head balancing. It will be the last week of the St. Onge Brothers, Ferry, "The Human Frog," the Three Abdullah Brothers and of the Countess Rossi and Monsieur Paulo. There will be new Motion Pictures.

### "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots"

Miss Laura Lang, leading woman of the New Alcazar Stock Company, who has been confined to her room for the past weeks with a severely sprained ankle, has so far recovered as to be able to attend rehearsals and will appear in the cast next Monday evening, when Belasco and Mayer put on Augustus Thomas's clever comedy, "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." She is cast as Mable Ainslee, the leading feminine role.

"Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" is delightfully funny. The play gets its name from the compromising incident of a bachelor finding outside his window on the fire escape a pair of dainty woman's shoes. They are identified as Mrs. Leffingwell's. This causes complications of a very comical kind. There are many ridiculous situations, all of which turn out well in the end and everybody is satisfied and happy after three hours of uproarious fun.

Bertram Lytell will play the part of Walter Corbin. Ernest Glendenning is cast as Dick Ainslee, the brother of Mabel and the individual that is responsible for all the trouble. He in his youth has met with an accident which renders him temporarily insane. He does most astounding things all of which add to the complication. John Maher, in the role of the butler who waits on the table at the Bonner dinner has an exceedingly happy part. "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" will be followed by "Before and After."

### Idora Park

Victor Herbert's melodious opera, "The Ameer," is being given in excellent style by the splendid opera company at Idora Park. The ensemble work under Steindorff's skillful baton is far above the average and the cast of principals includes such favorites as Edith Mason, Hope Mayne, Bernice Holmes, Tom Persse, Walter De Leon and Ferris Hartman. Smith and De Koven's charming work "The Highwayman" follows. Band concerts are given every Sunday afternoon from two until five in the Park.

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### A Remarkable Exhibit

Volz & Freese are showing among their exquisite collection of Art wares a pair of Sevres Vases which are well worth the trouble of going to see. They are decorated in soft paste and were awarded "A Gold Medal" at the Dusseldorf Exposition, 1905. The subjects are: The Landing of William the Conqueror on English Soil, year 1027; William the First of England, and Richard Couer de Leon leaving for the second Crusade to the Holy lands about the year 1157.

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Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Nights and  
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A Scream from Start to Finish.  
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## The Summer Resorts

### HOTEL VENDOME

The following registered at the Hotel Vendome during the past week: From San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Morse, Capt. and Mrs. D. E. Fuile, Mrs. James W. Benson, Miss Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hanington, Mr. and Mrs. M. Leay, D. L. Aronson, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Scott, Isaac Upham, Jno. A. Kennedy, Jno. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Beaver, Miss Isabel Beaver, Miss M. Beaver, Mr. and Mrs. Henri, Mrs. Thomas Cole, Mr. and Mrs. G. Lecker, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Moraghan, Mrs. W. H. Wright, W. E. Everett, A. J. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Regensburger, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Conlisk, Mrs. Joseph Austin, R. M. Hotaling, G. E. Voorhies, J. B. McIntyre, Sarah Kingsley, Dr. and Mrs. M. W. Fredrick, O. J. Beyfuss, W. D. Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. Henley, W. H. Sperry; from Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Keyes, F. E. Calgell, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Dunn; Oakland, Dorothy Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Jordan, R. C. Parker, W. E. Greer; Los Angeles, M. F. Van Horn, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Flint.

### BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week: From San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Smith, Maxwell McNutt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bush, Amos Burr, T. W. Cuthbert, J. W. Cuthbert, H. A. Smith; from Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Magill; from Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Griffith and child.

### WITTER SPRINGS HOTEL

Thirty-seven auto cars were at Witter Springs' Hotel at different times during the week.

On Saturday a party of twenty in five machines came to Witter under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Gavin McNab. Among those in the party were Capt. and Mrs. Bull of the navy, Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff, Sidney Woodruff and Miss Woodruff.

Mr. Adolph Spreckels, John D. Spreckels and a party of seven came up to Witter Springs in their White "Steamer" to spend the week end.

Senator and Mrs. Belshaw and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Belshaw were at the Springs for two days en route through Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Scott, Miss Deane Teasdale and Dr. J. C. Stephens ran over from Lakeport Thursday for a few days at Witter.

### NAPA SODA SPRINGS

Arrivals from San Francisco: Mr. J. Magnan and wife, Mr. and Mrs. E. Mandel, Mr. P. K. McMullen, Mrs. A. J. Fraser, Mrs. M. J. Perry, Miss R. A. Jewell, Mr. Edward Metzger, Mr. Sylvain Schnaittege, Mr. A. C. West, Mrs. L. W. Schim, Mr. J. C. Carrick, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Felix Marcuse and wife, Dr. Max Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Schmalz, Mrs. Louis Meyers, Mr. M. P. Meyers, Mrs. M. Harden, Mr. J. C. Riley, Mr. L. Van Laak, Mrs. L. E. Allen; arrivals from Oakland, Dr. L. A. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Thompson; arrivals from Alameda, Miss Neva Kanaga, Miss Consuelo Kanaga.



In front of the Capitola Hotel is one of the best beaches on the California Coast.

### HOWARD SPRINGS

Some of the late arrivals at Howard Springs are the following: Capt. George Winkle and family, H. G. Dest, A. F. Holmberg, J. Twomey, Mr. and Mrs. David Egan, George H. Richmond, Chester Williams, John Chetwood, A. Wallentine, J. F. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. T. Roche, Mrs. M. Eddy, J. G. Conlan, Charles Leonhardt, R. C. Steller and wife, P. Galleno, K. Winters, R. O. Houghton, San Francisco; A. S. Mishire, Vallejo; A. J. Beer, Charles Muller, Redwood City; Mr. and Mrs. Wichman, Alameda; J. A. Dunsworth, C. E. Jones, C. Valva, V. Carlo, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Laymance, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boise, Herbert Cram, Mrs. William L. Jones, J. Tirbona and J. Schoenfelder of Oakland.



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## SODA BAY SPRINGS

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

Situated on the picturesque shore of Clear Lake. Finest of boating, bathing, hunting and fishing; unsurpassed accommodations; new launch, accommodating 40 people, built expressly for the use of guests and excursions. Terms \$2 per day, \$12 per week; special rates to families. Take Tiburon Ferry, 7:30 a. m.; thence by rail to Pieta; then stage or automobile direct to Springs. Round trip, good for six months, \$9. Further information, address Managers, J. McBRIDE and AGNES BELL RHOADS, Soda Bay Springs, Lake County, Cal., via Kelseyville Postoffice.

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Send your family to the nearest Hot Sulphur Springs to San Francisco. First-class accommodations. Special rates to families. No staging. Four trains daily. Fare round trip \$1.65. Tiburon ferry or Oakland; two hours' ride. Address THEODOR RICHARDS, Agua Caliente, Sonoma county, California.

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California's famous mountain spa, only 50 miles from San Francisco. The nearest watering place and summer resort to the city. 1,000 feet elevation, overlooking for 25 miles the beautiful Napa Valley. Good hotel accommodations. New skating rink installed this season. Open all the year round. Summer season opened April 1st. Terms on application to JOHN JACOB, Napa Soda Springs, Napa County, California.

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Close to St. Helena. The Main Sulphur Springs lost by quake returned stronger and larger. The Ideal Spot for your summer vacation. For particulars address MR. and MRS. JOHN SANFORD, St. Helena.

## Witter Medical Springs

Lake County

Witter Springs Hotel opened in 1906. A Resort for particular people. Under the management of Albert J. Arroll, formerly of the New Willard, Washington and the Seelbach, Louisville. Auto headquarters of Lake county. Tennis, saddle horses, bowling, fishing, hunting. Cuisine and service unexcelled. Fresh berries, vegetables, milk and cream from our 1400-acre ranch. Witter Water famous all over the world. Clear Lake, Bachelor Valley and Sunrise Peak in Glorious Bird's eye view. Rates \$14.00 per week and upwards. Main office at 647 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.

Call or write for Booklets.

Witter Water cures Stomach Troubles.

## YOSEMITE

SENTINEL HOTEL

Opens April 1st

CAMP YOSEMITE

Opens May 10th

For information regarding rates, etc., address

J. B. COOK, Prop.,  
Yosemite, Cal.

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15 kinds of Mineral Water and Baths; Bowling Alleys, Croquet, Marine Toboggan, Livery; the best paid Orchestras in the State; first-class table; dining-room seating 300; New Gasoline Launch on Lake.

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## WILLOW RANCH

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# SUMMER RESORTS



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IS NOW REACHED

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ROUND TRIP **\$18.50** MERCED  
YOSEMITE

#### AN 80-MILE STEEL HIGHWAY

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Fine Train 2:30 p. m. every day. Write O. W. LEHMER, Traf. Mgr.  
YOSEMITE VALLEY RAILROAD CO., Merced, Cal.

There Is Plenty of Room and Entertainment for You in

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The largest and most comfortable Cottage City on the Coast is located on the Beach in the heart of the amusement center, containing over 300 cottages, furnished and electric lighted. Terms reasonable. Write to Manager Cottage City, Santa Cruz, for particulars. In addition to this hundreds of modern cottages have sprung up all over the city designed to accommodate summer visitors.

Modern Casino and Natatorium, Pleasure Ship "Balboa," Music, Electrical Display, Roller Skating, Fireworks, Dancing, Driving, Bathing, Sailing, Miniature Railway, Board Walk and a variety of other attractions. Never a Dull Moment on "The World's Most Beautiful Playground."

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Sonoma County. Only 3½ hours from S. F., and but 7 miles staging. Meet trains of N. W. Pacific at Fulton, both morning and evening. Round trip only \$3.75. New ownership and permanent first-class management. Nine mineral springs and superb boating and swimming. Hotel veranda and driveway covered by a wild grape vine arbor that is 40 by 160 feet. "The prettiest place in California" is the verdict of thousands. Terms, \$2 a day or \$12 a week. Information at Bryan's Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street; Peck-Judah Bureau, 789 Market street, or address MRS. M. MULGREW, Fulton, Cal. Now open for guests.

## RANCHELLA

An ideal home in the Santa Cruz Mountains, surrounded by beautiful grounds, five miles from Santa Cruz, in the Redwood belt. Beautiful drives, good trout fishing. Telephone, gas. \$9 to \$10. Address MRS. E. H. BUNTING, R. F. D. 87, Santa Cruz, Cal.

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CALIFORNIA UNIVERSITY OF HEALTH.  
SAN JOSE, CAL.

There is but one Royal Road to Health, and the above Sanitarium will put you upon that road. First find the cause that makes you sick, then get proper assistance to remove that cause. Here you will find educated physicians and nurses with every facility for analyzing you from head to foot. Careful analysis of the blood, blood pressure, and all excretions of the body, including stomach fluids. Added to these, we have every facility to awaken the vitality and start anew the life forces. Educated back to health.

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FINEST BATHING BEACH ON THE PACIFIC COAST  
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Fine tennis court, good boating, bathing and fishing.  
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Moderate Priced Cafe  
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# SUMMER RESORTS



## HOTEL VENDOME

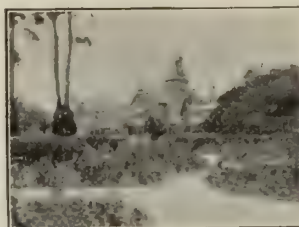
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Phone Temporary 2751

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A fine health, fishing and hunting resort. For particulars apply to PECK JUDAH CO., 789 Market street, or S. P. INFORMATION BUREAU, ground floor Flood Bldg., or write EDSON BROS., Beswick, Siskiyou County, Cal.

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EL PIZMO COMPANY

PIZMO, CAL.

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MINERAL SPRINGS AT GLEN ELLEN

The best camping, picnic and pleasure resort on the coast. The greatest remedy for lung disease, liver and stomach complaints, rheumatism and catarrh in the world; 46 miles from San Francisco. The S. P. or S. F. and N. P. Railways direct; 30 furnished cottages and tents to rent; good hotel on grounds if desired; fine fishing and bathing free. Write for particulars.

DR. C. C. O'DONNELL, Glen Ellen, Cal.



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For an Outing on  
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\$10 PER WEEK UP

Everything Good

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## Oakland's Beautiful New Hotel



Twenty-second and Broadway : : Oakland

Opened Tuesday Afternoon, May 7th, 1907

N. S. MULLAN, Manager

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For rates and particulars apply

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Open the Entire Year.

A modern health and pleasure resort. The waters are beyond compare as a remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Kidney and Liver Complaints. Excellent Hotel, 15 Cottages, Hunting and Fishing. Stage meets 8:30 train from Third and Townsend Streets, San Francisco. Send for booklet.

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## HOWARD SPRINGS, Lake County, Cal.

Season 1907 opens May 1st. The waters of Howard Springs will cure any case of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Trouble. Recommended by any physician who has ever visited the place in the past 20 years. Every outdoor sport, 42 Mineral Springs, Hot Sulphur and Iron Plunge Bath, Magnesia and Borax Tub Baths. Address all communications to J. W. LAYMANCE, Proprietor Howard Springs, Lake County, Cal., or 905 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.



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A DELIGHTFUL PLACE TO SPEND THE SUMMER

## AETNA SPRINGS

Our Automobiles meet trains at St. Helena every day except Sunday. Take 7:40 a. m. Broad Gauge Boat. Fare, \$7.00, Round Trip.

### WEEK-END GUESTS

Will be met at St. Helena on Friday and Saturday afternoons. Take 3:30 Tiburon Ferry. Back to the city in good time for business Monday. Write for full information to

Manager AETNA SPRINGS CO.,  
Napa County, Cal.

## CAMP CURRY

YOSEMITE VALLEY

A Tented City in Nature's Grandest Park

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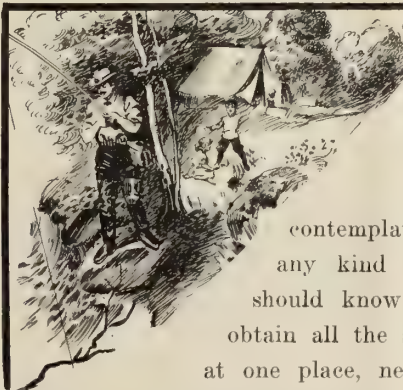
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Office, 968 Broadway. Phone, Oakland 907  
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Los Angeles, 140 South Broadway  
Chicago Office, 95 Washington Street

## The Blat Elephant

(Continued from Page 8.)

tugged at the creeper's stem, and then the creeper's hold would give a little: its tendrils would release some part of their clutch of the leaves and twigs of the tree, and the tearing and rending of the severance was followed by the elephant's slow munching of the lower part of the creeper until it had eaten up as far as it could reach, and began again to pull down more. While this was going on, a couple of bears passed by, "woofing" to one another as they hustled through the forest in search of food. Soon afterwards the elephant stopped feeding, and moved away.

The next day was a long and uneventful one, spent in following up the elephant's tracks without success. In the evening I had the house-boat poled a mile or two up river, for that was the direction that the elephant appeared to have taken. After dinner, while I lay upon my mattress in the house-boat, I heard old Ahman telling Sleman and the other boatmen stories that deserve to be recorded. This is one way to kill a rhinoceros.

Take a piece of hard wood (lengapus for choice) eight inches long and two inches thick, and sharpen the two ends to as fine a point as possible. When you come upon it, shout and boldly advance. The rhinoceros will thereupon rush at you. As is the custom of the animal, it will charge you with its eyes shut and its mouth open. When it approaches, step aside, and taking the stick between your thumb and first finger—so—hold it out perpendicularly, and put it in the animal's open mouth. The rhinoceros will snap upon it, and the pointed ends entering the upper and lower jaws will close the mouth for ever. As it cannot eat it will starve, and all that you have to do is to follow it until it drops down dead.

Ahman was beginning another story descriptive of a method of killing elephants by a dynamite fuse on the end of a bamboo pole, when one of the boatmen, a mannerless cub from Kemaman, interrupted the tale by bluntly calling him a liar. Ahman was so hurt that he refused to speak another word. The light was soon put out, and the men pulling their cotton cloths around them, disposed themselves for the night.

We were all awake at early dawn, and when the sun was showing over the distant mountains Ahman, Sleman, and I set out again to look for fresh tracks. We took a straight line through the forest for some miles in the direction which we imagined the elephant to have taken, and then made a wide sweep round towards the place we had been in the day before. We found nothing, however, and late in the afternoon returned to the house-boat disappointed and weary.

As we appeared upon the bank, we were greeted by a shout from the other boatmen, almost in chorus.

"'It' fed in Brahim's garden last night."

Poor Brahim! There was something very pathetic in his fate. While we had been running through the forest, like questing hounds, in search of the elephant, he had sat quietly in his house to await its coming.

We unmoored the house-boat, and paddled down stream to Brahim's house. He was perfectly calm and impersonal, the fact that the damage was in the past instead of being in the future making no difference to him. He took us round his garden as the sun was setting, and, amidst the wreckage of the leaves and branches and the great pit holes where the enormous feet had sunk into the soil, showed us where some twenty fruit trees had been destroyed.

## A Familiar Question

*"Where Shall We Go to Lunch?"*

*Those who know answer*

**"The Hotel St. Francis  
Grill Room**

On Union Square

It's excellent."

## FAIRMONT HOTEL

Mason at California and Sacramento Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO

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THE PALACE HOTEL CO.

## Tait's Pompeian Garden NOW OPEN

*Vocal and Instrumental Concerts Daily*  
**AFTERNOON AND EVENING**

## JULES' RESTAURANT

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**At 326 BUSH STREET**

Bet Kearny & Montg'mry

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**OPEN EVENINGS, INCLUDING SUNDAY**

**Music Sundays**

**DINNER**  
With  $\frac{1}{4}$  Bottle of Wine, 75c.

**DINNER, SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS**  
With  $\frac{1}{4}$  Bottle of Wine, \$1.00

## The Cafe Bristol Grill Room

Is headquarters for men who demand and appreciate the best there is to eat and drink. Popular prices always. Entire basement H. W. Hellman Building, Fourth and Spring streets, Los Angeles.



While we were discussing the probability of the elephant's return to the plantation during the night, a couple of rattan cutters passed by on their way home from their day's work, and informed us that it had in the last hour or two crossed to the other side of the river some three miles lower down. There was little chance of another visit from it, therefore, and we turned in to sleep at an early hour.

At daybreak next morning Ahman, Sleman, and I set off down stream in a small dug-out. We found the place where the elephant had crossed the river, and landed. The tracks showed that it had fed close to the river bank most of the night; then they led inland, and we followed them for some hours.

The tracks followed a well-defined animal track through the forest, and it was only necessary to keep to this path and have a watchful eye for any place at which the elephant might have left it. We hurried along, Ahman close behind me and Sleman at his heels. And a few hundred paces further on, at a place where the path made a sudden bend round the trunk of an old dead tree, I saw lying down on the path, only a few yards away, the Blat Elephant.

It was sound asleep. Elephants usually sleep standing, and it is rare to see one sleeping, as this one was, on its side with its head on the ground and with all four feet stretched out. It lay across the path with its back to me, and rattans and forest creepers so hemmed it in that its head was hidden on one side and its hind quarters on the other by undergrowth and tangled foliage of every description. The two men stood still behind me, while I crept forward a few paces to take a steady aim. The animal was not more than fifteen yards away, but the gaunt ridge of its backbone and the nape of its neck were all that I could see. To right and left were great tangled masses of rattans, whose stems were sheathed in great thorny coverings and whose every delicate tendril carried strings of clinging hooks; and I dared not attempt to make a detour to get a shot at the elephant's forehead. I knew by experience how alert it was, and knew that I should not be able to move more than a few yards before it would hear me. I took a steady aim, therefore, at the last vertebra at the nape of its neck, expecting the bullet to smash its backbone and perhaps to rake into its brain. I fired and all was still.

Peering under the smoke of my ten-bore, I saw the animal lying motionless. I waited a few seconds, and then looked round towards the two Malays. The week before, shooting in the Kuantan valley, I had killed a fine tusker elephant with a single bullet in the brain. This made two consecutive elephants with two consecutive bullets; and the second of them was the famous Blat Elephant. Trying to conceal my emotion, I beckoned to the men to come up, saying that the animal was dead. But "dead" had barely crossed my lips when there was a rending of the rattans, and before I could move the elephant was charging straight at me.

A second before, it had been lying on the ground with all four feet stretched out, and with, I believed, a bullet in its brain. An elephant cannot spring to his feet, and a tame animal generally takes some time to rise. The suddenness of this charge may therefore appear exaggerated: I can only say that I was standing within a few yards of the animal, and was not aware of any interval of time between its lying silent on the ground and its charging me. I saw the green rattans tearing asunder to right and to left, away from an enormous brown head—a trunk tightly coiled up and a pair of huge gleaming tusks. It was all high up in




SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD, Pacific Coast Agents  
54 and 56 Pine Street, San Francisco

## LEVY'S CAFE

Third and Main Streets, Los Angeles

The Largest, Best Conducted and Most Fashionable Restaurant in Southern California. The Great Resort of After Theatre Parties and the Mecca of San Francisco epicures and travelers.



the air, and right above me—imminent as a wave that curls before it breaks. With my second barrel I fired into the center of the enormous brown chest, the head being so high and so close that it was covered by the tightly coiled trunk, and then with an empty rifle I turned and ran down the track up which we had come. The elephant was only a few yards behind me, and I ran for life.

Before I had gone more than fifteen or twenty yards, I tripped and fell heavily to the ground, my rifle being flung from my hand. Death seemed certain, and I could only hope that it would be painless. But, to my intense surprise, the elephant had not followed me. Looking over my shoulder, I saw it standing under the great dead tree, from underneath which I had fired both shots. I picked myself up and, not daring to wait to get my rifle, which had been thrown into a thicket by my fall, raced down the path again and hid behind the first convenient tree. From this point of comparative safety, I saw the elephant still standing under the dead tree. It was fumbling dizzily with its trunk in the heavy smoke of the black powder—fumbling to find me. The blood was pouring from the wound in its chest in great throbbing jets, and the bright green undergrowth was drenched with heavy red.

After a few seconds the great brute began to scream with rage and pain. How it screamed! As the numbness caused by the shock of the first bullet wore off, the pain of the wound and of the second bullet in its chest drove it to frenzied madness. It trampled over the ground which was already besmeared with its blood, and, with trunk outstretched and ears thrust forward, turned in every direction to seek its assailant. My empty rifle lay between us, and I could not think of attempting to move towards it. Neither dared I move further away, for any motion on my part might attract its attention. Ahman and Sleman were both unarmed, and we all cowered behind our respective trees.

After a time—it may have been only a few minutes, but it seemed like hours—weakened by the loss of blood and convinced perhaps of the futility of its search, it moved slowly away. We came out from our hiding places, and all were very shaky. I picked up my rifle and re-loaded it, and then after a few minutes' rest to settle our nerves, we set off again after the elephant. When we had gone about a quarter of a mile, Ahman, who followed in my tracks, step for step, tapped my shoulder.

"He is going to plug up his wound," he whispered, pointing to a dwarf palm from which some leaves had been torn. A few yards further on he pointed to a place where the elephant had picked up in its trunk a small quantity of soft oozy mud. "Aih! Is he not clever? There is the poultice." This time I stopped, and asked him what he meant. He replied that the elephant would insert a plug of the palm leaves into the opening of the wound in its chest, and then cover the whole wound over with mud. It seemed almost incredible, but the time was not one for arguing about animal intelligence, and I followed the tracks again. And, sure enough, before we had gone much further the blood that had so plenteously besmeared our path suddenly dwindled to a scanty sprinkle, and shortly afterwards to a few thin drops at intervals.

After another hour or so the tracks grew firmer, showing that the animal was staggering less, and was recovering its strength. Later we came to a fallen tree some five feet in diameter that lay across a bit of

## Carnegie Brick and Pottery Co.

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VITRIFIED BRICK, PAVING BRICK, FIRE BRICK,  
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Architectural Terra Cotta, Hollow Tile Fire-Proofing, Semi-Dry Pressed Brick, Terra Cotta Chimney Pipe, Brick and Tile Mantels, Flue Linings, Urns and Vases, Flower Pots.

All kinds of Vitrified Salt-Glazed Sewer Pipe.

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Yards: San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, San Jose.

Office, 628 Montgomery St.

San Francisco

### SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN  
FRANCISCO.

ELIZABETH BENSON MANN HAWES,  
as Executrix of the Last Will of  
BENJAMIN COWELL HAWES,  
Deceased,

Plaintiff,

VS.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in  
or Lien Upon the Real Property  
Herein Described or Any Part  
Thereof,

Defendants.

Action No. 2020.

The People of the State of California, to all Persons claiming any interest in or Lien upon the Real Property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants:

Greeting: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Elizabeth Benson Mann Hawes as executrix of the last will of Benjamin Cowell Hawes, deceased, plaintiff, on file with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the point formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Point Lobos Avenue with the Easterly line of Twenty-first Avenue and running thence Easterly along said line of Point Lobos Avenue Fifty-three (53) feet and four (4) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly Fifty-three (53) feet and four (4) inches to the Easterly line of Twenty-first Avenue, and thence Northerly along said line of Twenty-first Avenue One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Outside Land Block Number 264, and being Lots Number Eight (8) and Nine (9) as laid down and so designated upon the Map or plat of said Block made by said Point Lobos Avenue Land Association and of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: for a final judgment and decree of said Court establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiff to said real property and to each and every part or parcel thereof and determining all adverse claims thereto and adjudging that Benjamin Cowell Hawes at the time of his death was the owner, and that said plaintiff and the heirs and devisees of said Benjamin Cowell Hawes, deceased, represented by plaintiff, are the owners in fee simple of said property and of each and every part or parcel thereof; and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 18th day of June, A. D. 1907.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

### MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 22d day of June, A. D. 1907.

### MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
William J. Landers,	County of Alameda.
SNOOK & CHURCH, Attorneys for Plaintiff, 906 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.	

**LASH'S BITTERS**  
TONIC LAXATIVE



swamp, and saw that the elephant, instead of wading through the swamp, had used the tree as a bridge to walk upon. This was most disheartening, and Ahman, cursing the elephant heartily for a tight-rope dancer, urged me to hasten, saying that the animal was now in all probability going faster than we were. We therefore pushed on as fast as possible, trusting that any sound we might make would be unheard by the elephant in the noise of its own movements.

But we had soon to redouble our caution, for in one place the elephant had taken a sudden loop and turned round to watch its own tracks. This is not unusual with wounded animals whose strength and size makes them dangerous, such as rhinoceroses, sladang and elephants; and when any animal adopts these tactics, its pursuers are running a very great risk. They see the tracks lying before them, and naturally only look for danger in front. But what has happened is that the animal has all but completed a great letter P. It just stops short of completing the lower part of the loop of the capital letter, and standing back a few yards from the main line of the letter watches its pursuers advance. It allows them to pass. And then without warning it charges them from behind.

On this occasion, however, luckily for us, the elephant had for some reason moved on again before we reached the spot which it had been watching.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon the tracks turned toward the river. Our luck here deserted us. The elephant decided to recross, and made for the point at which it had crossed the river the night before. This was the spot at which we had joined the tracks in the morning, and where we had left our boat.

As the elephant stepped down into the river, in a fury at the sight of any implement of man it seized our craft and swung it out of the way, snapping the iron chain by which we had tied it to a tree and sending it adrift down the stream.

When we arrived on the scene we only found a few links of a chain on the near bank, and in the distance saw the huge foot-prints which showed where the elephant had clambered up the further side. The river was not particularly broad, but it was tidal mangrove water, and infested with crocodiles. To cross it without a boat was out of the question. We had the alternative of taking a path back through the forest, making for Brahim's house, which was some three miles away, or of waiting on the chance that some boat might pass. To return was to give up all hope for the day; we therefore decided to wait. But luck was against us: for nearly three long hours did we wait upon a slimy bank, grilled in the sun and devoured by mosquitoes, mocked by the glitter of undrinkable water and insulted by the footprints fast drying upon the opposite bank. At last, at about five o'clock, a boat came round the bend of the river and took us off. It was too late to follow the tracks further, and I sadly gave the order to return to the house-boat.

It was not until after dinner that I heard of the accident to which I owe my life. Both Ahman and Sleman swore positively that when I fired my second barrel at the charging elephant, an enormous rotten branch, loosened by the concussion of the shots of my heavy rifle, fell from the tree under which I was standing. As the elephant charged down the path, the great branch fell fair upon its back. It was this that had stopped the elephant's charge, and not, as I had imagined, my second barrel. If their story is true, and I see no reason to doubt it, it was a marvellous

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chance that the branch, which would have killed me had I remained where I was for a moment longer, should have saved my life by falling upon the elephant.

I ordered the house-boat to be taken down to the point where the elephant had crossed and re-crossed, and we were drifting lazily with the stream and consoling ourselves for the day's want of success by an assurance of the certainty of meeting the elephant again on the morrow, when suddenly we were hailed out of the darkness by a police-boat.

"Amok—amok!"

When the boats approached one another, a corporal came on board and reported that a Malay had run amok, killing his wife and two men. The scene of the murders was on the sea coast, not far from the border between my district and an independent native state, and the murderer, who had escaped into the forest, would undoubtedly make for the border. The sergeant and a posse had already left in pursuit.

There was no police inspector in the district, and therefore no option was left me. I took the police crew on my boat, and with a double set of men we paddled hard for the river mouth. By midnight we had transhipped into the Government yawl, and a few hours later were out at sea skirting the coastline to make for the Kemaman border.

We eventually caught our man, but it was long before I could find time to return to the Blat river. It was then of course out of the question to follow the tracks that we had left, and all that I could do was to organize parties to search in all directions for any signs that there might be of the elephant's dead body. But all in vain.

The next month I left Kuantan on transfer to another district. Soon after my arrival at home I got a letter from Ahman to say that a Malay rattan-cutter had come upon the dead body of the Blat Elephant, and had stolen the tusks and sold them to a Chinaman over the Kemaman border. I wrote to my successor about the matter, but the lapse of time made it impossible for him to do anything. And that, I am afraid, is the end of the Blat Elephant.

It is satisfactory so far as Brahim and the cultivators of the Blat and Sol rivers are concerned, for they have, I hope, killed the goats and buffaloes that they vowed to slay; and, unless a new elephant has appeared to take the place of the old one, their crops are safe.

But where are the tusks that I should have to grace my story? I sigh to think of them lying in a shop-window, cut up into hair-brushes or frittered away to be the fittings of a dressing-case. For, in my dreams, I see them as I shall never see them again: gleaming in great curves, with an overpowering bulk of head and body behind them, and framed by a veil of green rattans torn asunder to right and to left.

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MR. AND MRS. H. C. LIEB,  
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SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 19, 1906.

TO THE PUBLIC: This is to certify that Dr. Wong Him has cured me of lung and stomach trouble, from which I had suffered for many years. I tried many doctors, but they failed to cure me. I consulted Dr. Wong Him, and after taking his Herb Medicine for six months am now permanently cured. I wish to recommend him to the public as an efficient and skillful physician.

CHARLES BAEHR,  
632 Lyon street, San Francisco, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1907.

TO THE PUBLIC: I had a very severe case of Throat Trouble and general breakdown. Did not sleep or eat for eight days. After trying every remedy I heard of without success, I called on Dr. Wong Him, 1268 O'Farrell street, who by feeling my pulse correctly diagnosed my case. His remedies gave me immediate relief. Cannot say too much in favor of his teas.

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## Labor's Opportunity

Usually jealous to the point of supersensitiveness of the good name of organized labor in this city, the gentlemen who are engaged in safeguarding the rights of the laboring man through the agency of the San Francisco Labor Council have allowed themselves to be beguiled for the nonce from their wonted vigilance. Forgetting momentarily the purport of those high-sounding platitudes wherewith they delight to hold spellbound the attention of our citizenry, they have placed themselves in embarrassing opposition to a plan outlined in the sincere interests of union labor and calculated, one would say offhand, to win their most enthusiastic endorsement. Given the opportunity to demonstrate to all the world the purity of their motives and the straightforwardness of their course throughout the interminable series of labor difficulties which have disturbed this city during the last twelvemonth, they have, with truly astonishing warmth and hastiness, repudiated the chance and absolutely refused to avail themselves of as splendid an occasion of glorification as comes their way in a lifetime. Taking advantage of the announced fact that three members of President Roosevelt's cabinet are to visit this city in the near future for reasons connected with the administration of their respective departments, a number of gentlemen whose enthusiasm in the cause of industrial peace has survived some disheartening setbacks, conceived the brilliant idea of invoking the offices of these personal advisers of the President on behalf of our strife-rent city. It was an alluring program. Messrs. Strauss, Metcalfe and Garfield might be supposed to have peculiar qualifications for the unknottng of the seemingly hopeless tangle of difficulties that enwrap local capital and labor. At least they would bring to a question which has been rendered artificially obscure to San Franciscans by the very persistence with which they have been compelled to regard it, the freshness of undulled vision and the mental alacrity that accompanies a totally novel viewpoint. That they would be strictly impartial in their deliberations and unswayed by prejudice in their final decision seems beyond the province of doubt. Remote considerations of expediency might perhaps be urged against this plan of calling in three federal officials of the highest rank to be the umpires of our intramural struggle; yet are they of the sort which would not occur to the leaders

of organized labor whose wont it is to spurn the limitations of expediency whenever they happen to militate against the forward sweep of unionism. And still the opposition to this plan of laying the moot questions that divide the employers and workers of this city before three enlightened members of Roosevelt's cabinet and invoking their kindly assistance for the furtherance of industrial peace came swiftly and with unmistakable determination from the leaders of organized labor. The clique of men who mold the destinies of the San Francisco Labor Council would have none of the scheme. They denounced it in unmeasured terms that were as startling in their import as in their vehemence. It was, they declared, nothing less than a capitalistic plot hatched to destroy the labor organizations of this city. Their language carried the plain intimation that they would resent any attempt to bare the bleeding wounds of this city to the professional eyes of Messrs. Strauss, Metcalfe and Garfield.

## Rejected By the Council

Here is a most extraordinary situation. If there is one chord on which union labor as represented in this city by the San Francisco Labor Council has persistently harped it is that attuned to the pretense of liberality and fairness. It has always been the contention of the gentlemen who do the talking for the unions included in that council that their demands on capital have ever been such as ought to commend them to the consideration of square-dealing employers. They have ever insisted that naught save impossible conditions of labor and living have prompted them to call for those increases in wages and those modifications of hours with which the public is familiar and to enforce their applications with strikes when they have been refused. There has been an unexpressed notion that between the methods of the San Francisco Labor Council and the methods of P. H. McCarthy's personally conducted Building Trades Council lies a gaping chasm broad enough to receive all who disagree with the Honorable Pin Head's conduct of union affairs. It has been currently believed that a certain measure of wisdom denied the Building Trades abided with the deliberations of the Labor Council. But now are these ideas seen to be of gratuitous inspiration and entirely devoid of any basis in fact. The Labor Council has rejected a program which, if the reiterated assertions of its leaders may be relied upon, could not fail to cover organized labor in this city with glory by discovering to all the world the soundness of its diverse demands on employers, the blamelessness of its strike methods and the selfish motives which have caused capitalists to resist its justifiable applications for more wages and fewer hours. It is inevitable that this incontinent rejection of so glorious an opportunity for vindication should excite the suspicion that its demands are not all fair, that its methods of conducting strikes are not at all times above reproach and that the resistance offered by employers to its bewildering requests are grounded on sound reasons. To these suspicions, unworthy perhaps, the San Francisco Labor Council has exposed itself by its extraordinary treatment of the proposal to acquaint Messrs. Strauss, Metcalfe and Garfield with the current disturbances in the labor market. In an age when cynicism is rampant and motives are impugned without compunction the upright chiefs of the Labor Council have exposed themselves to the severest strictures. They have been guilty besides of most defective strategy.



### A Strategic Mistake

For it is not at all certain that the three gentlemen whose duties call them to this city from Washington will find time to hearken to our local troubles nor is it more certain, admitting that they could find time, that all three of them would consent to become the arbiters in so complicated a dispute. At any rate their assent to the scheme had not been obtained when the Labor Council saw fit to denounce it. Messrs. Strauss, Metcalfe and Garfield may tarry in this city and may, despite the protestations of the labor body, lend their valuable counsel to the settlement of our economic difficulties, but one great branch of organized labor has gone on record as opposed to their well-meant interference and this fact must discount all future platitudinous assertions on the part of that great branch that it welcomes intelligent and fairminded co-operation in the adjustment of its disputes with employers. The Labor Council has given its opponents a weapon that will be used against the workingman with telling effect. It may be said now with greater appearance of truth than ever before and with smaller ground for contradiction, that the Labor Council does not welcome impartial consideration of its troubles; that it fears the results of unprejudiced arbitrament; that it hesitates to discover to outsiders the history of its strikes. It will inevitably be said that between San Franciscans, case-hardened as they are to the amazing methods of organized labor, and easterners, used to the supremacy of the law and careless of the distinction between organized and unorganized workers, the Labor Council recognizes a difference of considerable significance and accordingly balks at extra-Californian publicity. Of course it will be hinted that the Labor Council sees danger in the exploitation of the circumstances surrounding the carmen's strike, from its inauguration at a packed meeting in which the free expression of dissenting opinion was impossible to its riot and bloodshed, its insults to defenseless women and children and its impudent attempts at universal boycott. There is ground now for the assertion that the Labor Council does not dare to have uncovered its pretty habit of organizing workers merely to call them out on strike as was done with the unfortunate telephone girls who were swept into a union and out of their positions by the specious arguments of paid organizers who must have strikes or forfeit their comfortable salaries. All these assertions will of course be repudiated in the scornful and bellicose manner characteristic of labor leaders who find themselves subjected to attack, yet will it be difficult wholly to disprove them in the face of the furious refusal of the Labor Council to be lured into conference with unprejudiced and disinterested cabinet officers. That simple fact must deprive the labor leaders of the advantage of position which they have for a long time and with a strategical agility that must be acknowledged and admired, held against the onslaughts of the hated capitalists. The burden of proving sincerity has ever been on the shoulders of the employers and they have been hard put to it at times to make good their argument. Henceforth it will rest with the labor leaders to vindicate the purity of their motives and all because they saw fit, most undiplomatically and mayhap most unstrategically, to decline sitting down in council with three personal representatives of President Roosevelt.

### How the East Regards Us

Aside from all other considerations the intervention of the Washington statesmen in the local difficulty would work exceeding benefit to this city by correcting misapprehensions about our situation that are widely spread throughout the East. This fact is so obvious that it even occurred to one or two of the more enlightened leaders in the Labor Council who advocated the acceptance by that body of the suggestion to call in the visiting cabinet men. They pointed out to their resisting brethren that Messrs. Strauss, Metcalfe and Garfield might be relied upon to carry East with them a correct impression of our actual conditions and to use their firsthand information for the good of the city. This argument was probably not germane enough to the particular interests of organized labor to impress men who seem to regard their own personal aggrandizement in all municipal happenings to the exclusion of every other consideration. Yet is it one that should not be overlooked. Unquestionably San Francisco is getting a very hard name along the Atlantic seaboard. Positive misstatements about conditions here are not uncommon and where facts or purported facts fail the resources of jest and sarcasm are used to make of our unfortunate mishaps a by-word and a mockery. It has become possible for men like Professor Goldwin Smith whose every utterance commands widespread respect to say of us: "Believers in Karl Marx, who hold that in production labor is everything and capital is nothing, should turn their attention to the state of things in San Francisco. There the domination of the unions, carried to an extravagant height and enforced by violence, has succeeded in scaring away capital. The consequence is that the rebuilding of the city has been arrested and San Francisco, marked out by nature as the queen of that coast, is in danger of failing to recover herself and of being eclipsed by her rivals. To such a pitch has the peril come that they talk of a vigilance committee." To accuse Professor Goldwin Smith of wilful misrepresentation would be grotesquely unjust; he has but reckoned with our status in the light of the data placed at his disposal by the eastern press. That press, it need hardly be pointed out, would extend unequivocal welcome to anything which Messrs. Strauss, Metcalfe and Garfield might care to say about us; but however well-intentioned those gentlemen may be they will lack the assistance of the Labor Council in estimating conditions and preparing to correct the misapprehension current in other parts of the country.

### Unscrupulous Detectives

Attention has been focussed a good deal during the past few months on the defects of this city's detective system. That men insufficiently qualified for the position should be charged with the task of hunting down criminals and securing evidence of their guilt in an administration of the police department that is notoriously inefficient and demoralized does not excite surprise, but when it becomes possible for such incompetents to place innocent men in the shadow of the gallows or of life imprisonment it is certainly time to call a halt. This is exactly what has happened in this city at least three times within the last twelvemonth. How many cases of the same kind lie undiscovered amid the records of the two state penitentiaries there is no way of estimating. It will be recalled that the confessions of the gaspipe murderers saved two innocent men, one from capital punishment and the other from



fifty years' imprisonment. Here were two appalling mistakes corrected through no means within the power of the police but only by voluntary confession. Those who took the trouble to study the evidence on which those two innocent men were placed in such fearful jeopardy know that it was inconclusive and that unmitigated blame should have attached to the detectives who prepared it. A similar case of faulty detective methods is at present occupying the attention of the criminal courts. After being convicted on circumstantial evidence of murdering an ex-policeman in a saloon hold-up and just before receiving the sentence of the law, an unfortunate named Byrne has probably been saved from undeserved capital punishment by the affidavits of two men whose testimony could have been obtained during the trial if our police and detective forces were less bent on securing convictions and more impressed with the weighty responsibility resting upon their shoulders. Too often baffled by the ingenuity of criminals and repeatedly compelled to acknowledge their inability to trace offenders through any but the plainest clues, they have become so unscrupulous that they do not always hesitate to twist the evidence at hand to fit the case of a mere suspect. That seems to have been done by the detectives who handled the O'Connell murder case, for certainly there were enough suspicious circumstances surrounding the trial of Byrne to raise the question of his innocence even in the mind of an inexperienced outsider. Yet until two men whose testimony is sufficient to free him from suspicion came forward with affidavits which would never have been secured if police efforts had been relied upon, Byrne stood beneath the gallows. Not the least important result of a new police administration in this city will be the comparative assurance that detectives, held to the strict and untiring performance of their duties, are not sending innocent men to death or to life terms in prison.

### Marriage With Orientals

When a university co-ed engaged in the interesting but severe study of psychology is constrained to the newspaper exploitation of her conviction that what California needs most of all for the hastening of her progress along the road to culture and all other good things is the giving in marriage of her beautiful daughters to Chinese, Japanese and other orientals, the indulgent reader is apt to smile as at an exhibition of brain-storm and pass on to other more sensible topics. Undoubtedly too much weight should not be attached to the salad utterances of immature young women swept off their wonted base by the opening vistas of philosophy as expounded at the state university. It is not necessary to summon the assistance of the heavy ordnance of argumentation to confute them; their position will yield quite as readily to the pop-gun fire of pleasantries and will not be held long if just simply ignored. However there is a germ of thought at the bottom of the erratic idea propounded by this feminine student of Berkeley psychology which might be cultivated for the benefit of those anxious to see the Chinese and Japanese granted unrestricted rights of entrance into this country. It is this, that familiarity of intercourse with orientals is apt to deprive superficial men and women of that keen appreciation of the gulf that separates the white race from the yellow which ought to have impressed itself upon their minds when they first dipped into the primary school geography. Light-headed men and

women are especially liable to forget this fact when they become fascinated with oriental art and literature and have a fashionable veneer of Chinese carving or Japanese prints spread over their uncultivated minds. Those best acquainted with the oriental character know that intermarrying of whites and yellows results in hopeless miscegenation, but faddists and enthusiasts are either ignorant or forgetful of this undoubted fact; hence the occasional marriages between Americans and Japanese or Chinese; hence also such foolish statements as that of the fair psychologist across the bay. Almost at the same time that this young woman was confiding her new-born ideas about American-Japanese matrimonial alliances to some enterprising reporter, the president of her university was pointing out to an eastern audience that one of the grave dangers to be anticipated if Chinese and Japanese are given the freedom of this country is the likelihood of Americans adopting oriental customs and extending mental hospitality to oriental habits of thought. This danger is not so remote as it may appear to those who do not reckon with the American facility for imitation, particularly when the glamor of art and refinement blinds to racial differences. It is to be hoped that the philosophic course at Berkeley includes some study of those radical differences which cannot be set aside even by the enthusiasm of pretty co-eds for cultured and fascinating orientals.

### Up-to-Date Criticism

An Englishwoman, Miss Florence Farr by name, has discovered as the result of a visit to this country which must have played havoc with her mental mechanism, that Bernard Shaw is New York incarnate; and she has elaborated this amazing discovery in a way that proves the existence of a dementia britannica, unsuspected perhaps by Mr. Delmas, but calculated to make the American variety look like perfect sanity. Impressionistic criticism has never before become involved in such a maze of outlandish symbolism as flows from the pen of Miss Farr. To her vitalizing imagination the New York skyscraper suggests Mr. Shaw's re-

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ligion; the multiplicity of building operations suggests Mr. Shaw's prefaces; Tiffany's with its mixture of the sacred and the profane is piquant and so is Mr. Shaw; the cooking at Delmonico's has all the qualities of Mr. Shaw's plays; Central Park reminds of the poetical in Mr. Shaw; and the New York woman is the feminine counterpart of Mr. Shaw. Just how unadulterated nonsense in the guise of criticism could go to greater extremes than this it would be impossible to imagine. If Miss Farr were bent on parodying the peculiar system of critical appreciation perfected in England by Mr. Arthur Symonds and other Gallicized exquisites she would be entitled to considerable praise for this effort, but her work is unmistakably intended to be taken seriously. It has all the characteristic marks that distinguish the "paper" read at a woman's club and which forbid any suspicion of a frivolous intent. But the saddening feature about all this is that it undoubtedly will be taken seriously by numerous readers who have received no instruction in the fundamentals of criticism and have not been taught to perceive that all such glittering output of the brain is the merest trash. So-called literary magazines are the vehicles by which this ridiculous stuff is conveyed to a public which has not been educated to a taste for substantial mental food and their editors are more to blame for it than the foolish persons who write it. Miss Florence Farr might easily write a book of criticism on the lines of her Bernard Shaw effort; it would only necessitate an unbridled imagination and an absence of literary shame, both of which are illustrated in the tour de force called forth by Miss Farr's visit to New York. Undoubtedly she could discover points of remarkable resemblance between a Maeterlinck play and a Cincinnati pickle, draw parallels between Sudermann and Milwaukee lager, note the affinity between George Moore and New Orleans gumbo. In fact the reaches of this sort of impressionistic criticism are only limited by the industry and assurance of the critic. Let Miss Farr but persevere and she will gain the reputation of being a subtle and profound student of literature—at least that is what the monthly organs of culturine will say about her.

### Roosevelt's Conservatism

Indications of a growing conservatism on the part of President Roosevelt which were not lacking in his much-discussed Indianapolis speech on railroads have been more frequently discernible in some of the addresses he has delivered since. It would appear that the president is either becoming tired of carrying the "big stick" continually or—and this seems more likely—is awakening to the necessity of struggling against that American tendency toward destructive criticism and mere denunciation which finds its extreme expression in our socialistic and labor demagogues. There is evident more and more in the president's public utterances a careful attempt at the balancing of praise and blame, a sincere determination not to exceed the exact limits of truth and fact, either in favorable or

unfavorable criticism of men and measures. This is not a sign pointing to a reactionary process in the chief executive's mind but rather to a maturing process which carries a greater consideration for the lights and shades of conduct. Thus, in his speech to the editors who assembled in national conference at the Jamestown Exposition he pleaded for greater equanimity in the journalistic handling of the issues and personalities that just now interest this country. "There are good and bad men," said the president, "in every walk of life, and their being good or bad does not depend upon whether they have or do not have large bank accounts." And again: "It is a sure sign of moral and mental dishonesty in any man if in his public assaults upon iniquity he is never able to see any iniquity save that of a particular class. There is equal need to denounce the wealthy man who swindles investors or buys legislatures or oppresses wageworkers, and the needy man who inflames class hatred or incites mob violence." These, as the president points out, are elemental facts, but they are often ignored by public men and public writers. Careful followers of the procession of events may see special significance in the emphasis President Roosevelt is beginning to place upon them.

### Free Books A Doubtful Good

In these "best seller" days conservative thinkers see no reason why municipalities should supply free reading matter other than books of reference and technical works. Nine-tenths of the library frequenters read too much. Their selections are almost invariably of the lightest fiction which requires neither thought nor concentration. Many, who read two or three novels a week are, at the end of the year, no better off mentally than is the water pipe through which a stream has flowed daily. No better indication of the futility of this seeming intellectual industry is needed than the stamped indicators on the library slips. As soon as an ordinary novel ceases to be "new" it is neglected, and remains thereafter untouched on the shelves for months and years. Except to the discriminating few, who are apt to buy books rather than borrow them, it is all one whether a romance has permanent qualities or not, for nothing is read a second time unless perchance it is billed for stage presentation. Libraries purchase novels in quantity, as many copies as will satisfy a reasonable demand of their patrons, and the waiting list for anything which attracts special attention is apt to be both lengthy and clamorous. If these same people really felt an interest beyond that of mere curiosity, at least one-half of them would purchase for themselves, with corresponding profit to both author and publisher, not to mention the humble book-dealer.

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## The First Kiss

By Mabel Porter Pitts

No hope, no regret, no remembrance of pain,  
No dead of the past to be wept or despised,  
The heart all unknown to remorse that is vain,  
Unused to fulfillment of that which is prized;

No eyes from the shadows to search through the soul  
In question of right to the glance fondly met,  
The innocent lips gain the innocent goal  
With naught to remember and naught to forget.

For not till a voice that was loved has grown dumb  
Can any soul reckon of pleasure or pain,  
And not till the red of a mouth has become  
A chalice of gall for remembrance to drain.

## Perspective Impressions

Time was when money made the mare go but now  
its the autos make the money go.

And now Schmitz says he's too sick to go to jail and  
Ruef is hinting that he expects an attack of undigested  
securities. What a lot of ailments that immunity bath  
saved the supervisors.

With the Peace Conference now going on at the  
Hague and three Cabinet members on their way to San  
Francisco to bring about peace between warring  
capital and labor it looks as though the rattled dove  
would be cajoled into carrying some kind of a "pack-  
age" instead of the olive branch.

San Francisco recognizes the car strike has petered  
out but Cornelius is so busy handling the \$15,000 a  
month contributed by sympathetic unions to help the  
cause that he hasn't time to take notice. By the way  
why is not a proper accounting demanded regarding  
the disbursement of this money?

It is gradually becoming apparent that something  
went wrong with the method in which Ruef was given  
his immunity bath.

Oh, that mine enemy would write a "letter"! The  
more General Funston frankly explains his Fourth of  
July letter the more ammunition for bushwhacking pur-  
poses will his barking enemies transmute from his  
utterances. His stand for San Francisco during and  
after the big fire is the best explanation of his position.

What's the matter with San Francisco that every  
bolt of lightning the world around comes hurtling in her  
direction? The national telegraphers union, before  
their strike, discussed nearly every city in the United  
States as a possible auspicious point to open the battle.  
San Francisco was not even mentioned till the com-  
mittee recognized that the fatal day was at hand and  
then every last one of them decided it was the only  
place in the universe to start the fracas. Suffering—  
but, oh, well. Next!



TEDDY IN TIMBERLAND.

—Macauley in the New York World.



WAITING FOR THE RIVER TO PASS.

—Maybell in the Brooklyn Eagle.



# The College Question

By Harry Cowell

For many years past the unfeed advisers of the youth of this land of Stanfords and Rockefellers—namely, the old who have made a howling success of business and a flat failure of life—have been in the habit of exhorting the second generation after this wise: Put knowledge in your head, young man, that being their indireet, judicious way of advising: Young man, put money in your purse! Knowledge, they reasoned, is power, and power is bound to be used to the end of putting money in one's purse, it is wasted else.

But Knowledge, once in awhile, introduces young men of parts to her who is justified of her children—if only such by adoption. Hence the question: Does college education pay?—that is, does it pay interest on the money invested? In other words, Do university graduates, as a rule, make better business men than the street-bred orphans who have never known a benign mother's care? It is to be hoped not. I, for one, am happy in the belief that they do not; it being incredible that anybody who has had for four years the run of one of Wisdom's many mansions, and seen life from the windows thereof, should ever come to regard it with the eyes of the street, as an all too brief moment given us wherein to make money. Surely the making of money belongs to the "unadorned remainder" of a cultured man's days; that unadorned remainder which, according to an English scholar of note, it is the chief function of education to cause to be as though it were not.

But vulgarly mistaken as is the point of view of the street, far as the adding of house to house or field to field or dollar to dollar is from being the end of human existence here, there is an ultimate wage for which all men alike work, or consciously or unconsciously, and that is happiness, blessedness, well-being—call it what you will. Now, from the point of view of what may be called the higher hedonism, does what is called the higher education pay? The higher education that does not make thinkers of whom it educates is not worthy the name, and, as I have said once before, or twice, it may be, to think is to be sad.

And yet, when we listen to the unhappy possessors of knowledge expatiating upon the blissfulness of ignorance in general, we tend to smile, just as we do, to hear the rich holding forth on the blessings of poverty; suspecting them of practicing a more or less interested self-deception of which we ourselves are incapable. As for me, I take with a good-sized grain the doctrine that the mental pauper, without a thought in his head, is on the whole better off than the millionaire in the things of the mind; a doctrine so ardently preached nowadays, too ardently to be entirely disinterested. "The first wealth is health!" Thus sentimentously the high priests of mental poverty, in that original way of theirs. "Behold the countenance of no-thought. It is of a ruddy cast, ruddy in the extreme, and enviable." And then an exposition, lengthy as learned, of the beauties of being in very deed brothers of the ox, of living close to Nature, of lying at one's ease, full of clover and contentment, gazing at nothing in particular with great bovine eyes incapable of looking before or after.

Alas, good sirs, we are, some of us, nay, all of us, after a sort, inescapably men, born to thought and sorrow as the sparks fly upward. Thinking is doubtless,

as one has said, a disease. Like love, however, it is a disease which makes for life and longevity (men have died and worms have eaten them, but not of—thinking); a disease peculiarly human, whereof the pain does indeed spiritualize the limbs, and is, moreover, so extreme as to be indistinguishable from pleasure. The truth is, that the aristocracy of intellect is as loath to see obliterated its invidious marks of distinction as is the aristocracy of money, its, or that of birth, its. The outcry against the education of woman, and of the lower classes generally, is made, nearly all of it, by man the aristocrat. You all know the arguments. Uncultured women make the better wives. Naturally. Give her never so little instruction in seeing the object as in itself it really is, and what in the name of all that's holy becomes of the female's worship of the male? Thought is fatal to beauty. Wherefore, then, doth man study himself so intensively in the looking-glass? Give your beggar in brains just half a chance to get astride a hobby, and he'll ride to the devil. Well, what of it? Does it make so much difference after all, whether he ride or walk? Not a few members of the aristocracy of intellect, being in the habit—a natural enough one, I grant you—of taking their humorists seriously, are deeply grieved to think of the many, many farm-bred lads who return home from college so educated that their own mothers do not know them, above all, so educated that they do not—will not—know their own mothers. "Ah Learning, now much loafing is done in thy name!" they cry, these aristocratic students of sociology, whose countenances are happily, by special grace of Hygeia, still of one ruddiness with those of the unthinking, for all that they are so deeply read in the comic papers and concerned in the proper bringing up of country lads. The comic papers, to be sure, have not much to say of the human herds that enter college cattle and go out of it men, bereft of bovine tranquility, doomed forever to the restlessness of thought.

No doubt, the moments of oxen chewing the cud pass pleasantly enough. On the other hand, there is doubtless no philosopher but has spent many a ruminant hour in no very pleasant wise. None the less, I would liefer be a Schopenhauer than an ox.

To make it possible for the once ox-like country lad to pass one exquisite human moment, and at the same time not increase his capacity for pain, no college on earth can do that.

If one is desirous above all things of adding "quality to one's moments as they pass," to go or not to go to college is a question easily answered; but if one is desirous above all things of putting money in one's purse, then not so easily; although many a beast of

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prey has gone to college for the express purpose of sharpening his wits, as they were tooth and claw, for use in the struggle for existence.

On the whole, however, graduates are more human than matriculates, and foolish indeed is the Alma Mater who is not justified of her children. To be sure, the college man, taught of his foster mother to see himself as heir of all the ages, his head filled with her fine old aristocratic notions, is very apt to give Money to understand that, despite its long and faithful service,

he, not it, is master. For Money, as every one of the least culture is well aware, is an old family servant which we have good-naturedly allowed to take no end of liberties with us, until now we are utterly at a loss to know how to make it keep its place. For the life of us, we are unable to see how we can get along without it, though it has seen fit to change places with us, and will not let us call our souls our own. Yes, college education pays us priceless moments at the price of a little pain.

## The New Butler

By Alfred Af Hedenstjerna

A providence had blessed the house of Bykvist, so that now they were millionaires, although both husband and wife had started as poor little "kids" with broken shoes, and without any absolute certainty as to their daily provender. They had reached an age between fifty and sixty, and had remained free from cancer, chronic dyspepsia, heart disease, or anything else in that line which occasionally hampers the enjoyment of the rich and shadows their sunny existence. The Bykvists fared well and heartily, and they even enjoyed the rare luxury of a good conscience, favorable circumstances having brought them extraordinary riches without demanding extraordinary rascalities on the part of Mr. Bykvist.

They had a fine, capable son, who practically directed the business. They also had two pretty daughters in the early twenties, gentle girls with golden hair, dainty figures, and delicate complexions. As a matter of fact, they had everything commonly conceded to be worldly happiness.

Yet husband and wife were deliberating whether the present standard of their fortunes did not require decisive measures, destined to lift the family once for all above all their fellow citizens. Not that they meant to withdraw from their old friends. On the contrary, their triumph was to derive its chief flavor from shining before their circle of acquaintances. Something must be done that could not be imitated by any one in Strandholm.

How about building a palatial mansion? This was already planned, but for obvious reasons the palace could not be completed before three years from date.

How about a Lucullian banquet, with champagne for the cheapest wine, a choice variety of entremets, and all the vegetables and fruits at least six months ahead of time? No, that had been done on a previous occasion, when one of the guests had gorged herself with new asparagus at Christmas time, without being at all impressed with the fact. The Strandholm gentlemen, moreover, called all brands of wine superior, as soon as they had guzzled a certain amount.

"I know!" said Fru Bykvist at last. She fetched the newspaper and read aloud with a slightly trembling voice:

"A capable man-servant and experienced butler, with excellent references, who has served for eleven years in a baronial castle, desires a position in an aristocratic family. Kindly address Reliable, Esperood, General Delivery."

"We must have him, John?" said Fru Bykvist.

"Hmm! yes, that would certainly impress the small fry," answered Father Bykvist.

"Oh, how splendid! Of course, he must have a beautiful livery," said the girls.

"He would have plenty of time to assist occasionally in the warehouse," interpolated Bykvist, Jr., who had an eye for business.

Half an hour later, each member of the family was wielding a pen. The daughters ordered fashion papers with livery patterns, Bykvist, Jr., asked for a price list of buttons, gaiters, etc., and the old man himself wrote to "Reliable, Esperood, General Delivery."

"Heaven grant that he has not already accepted an engagement!" sighed Miss Emmy.

The only one who did not write was Mother Bykvist, who was promenading up and down the avenue with a friend.

"Yes, my dear, there is going to be quite a change in our house very soon," said Fru Bykvist in conclusion.

"You don't say so! How very interesting. Pardon me, but I must hurry home now, Edward is expecting me!" answered the friend, hurrying away as if she had stepped upon a firecracker.

Edward, however, did not get a glimpse of her for the next three hours, for she first peeped into every house in Strandholm to report:

"What do you think? One of the Bykvist girls is engaged to be married! The mother herself hinted as much to me!"

Whereupon a certain ambitious young iron merchant, who loved Miss Emmy better than his life, experienced all the torments of doubt and jealousy, so that he began to dust his revolver case and polish the weapon.

Fortunately, "Reliable" was as yet free. His services were available for a paltry five hundred dollars a year.

"No more than our bookkeeper's salary," commented Bykvist, Sr.

When "Reliable" arrived at the station and inquired for the home of the millionaire merchant, some Strandholm ladies, who happened to be promenading in the vicinity, nudged each other and whispered: "Just see, will you—that's the father-in-law, who has come to take a look around."

"How peculiar that none of the family is here to meet him?"

"Why, it's to be kept secret for the present, my dear, don't you see?" explained the first speaker.

When the bell rang soon afterwards in the Bykvist home, Miss Louise herself went to open the door. Seeing a middle-aged, very well dressed and distinguished looking gentleman, with gray whiskers and a silk top hat, she inquired respectfully for his name.

(Continued on Page 35.)



# The Spectator

## The Approaching Municipal Tangle

The Graft Prosecution armed with its Big Stick is rapidly approaching a very critical point in its scheme of municipal reorganization and I am told the members show signs of perturbation over the possible outcome. For months past it has been blazoned to the world that when they considered the time ripe they would proceed with the business of appointing a mayor—vice Schmitz convicted. Scarcely was the ink dry on the record against Schmitz when the ukase was issued that the time was ripe to shear him of the prerogatives of office. The mayor's appeal to a higher court to be allowed his liberty on furnishing proper bonds was regarded by them as simply useless squirming in the net.

## As the Plan Was Sketched

The ready Prosecution had already settled the appealed points in its own mind just as it self-confidently had determined all points leading up to the appointment of Schmitz's successor. Handy Man Gallagher was slated to assume the mayor's chair for a day or two; in the interim one of the supervisors, Lonergan rumor said, was to resign and acting mayor or Mayor Gallagher was to appoint the Prosecution's very dark horse to the vacant position. Gallagher was then to quit the fatal chair and go away back and sit down while the Big Stick coerced the necessary number of supervisors to elect the dark horse to the mayorship. Schmitz was then to be placed in his official coffin and toted off the political stage. No flowers. Then was to follow the long awaited municipal house cleaning day in which the self confessed grafting supervisors were to resign one by one while the new mayor replaced them with timber selected by the Big Stick. The new board, once in office, it was expected that the naming of the several important municipal committees would be simply dictation work for Spreckels, Heney and their advisors.

## Schmitz Makes a Sortie

This was the alluring dream of the members of the Prosecution in their most glowing moods. But here is the rub—and Heney, Spreckels and Burns have suddenly waked up to it. While their Dark Horse Mayor is appointing supervisors what will Schmitz be doing? In jail or out he still claims the prerogatives of his office and will insist upon exercising them: Only a protracted and bitterly fought contest in the courts will determine the issue. Even if Schmitz loses he will have succeeded in clouding the title, confusing the cautious holders of city bonds and warrants and maintaining a tentative grip on the place during the rest of his term. He intends to appoint supervisors to the reconstructed board as fast as the Big Stick drubs out the present members. His new supervisors, even if they fail to collect their salaries from an enjoined treasurer or even if they are driven to meet Schmitz in jail will compose a board to be figured with, a board of sufficient importance to throw flickering rays of legal doubt on the acts of the new board framed by the graft Prosecution—the point aimed at by Schmitz.

## Tying Up the City's Money

A foretaste of this non-relishable dish is now being presented to the Prosecution in the shape of the mayor's notice served this week on the bondsmen of

Treasurer Bantel. Schmitz has officially announced that he will hold the surety company responsible for any public moneys the treasurer may pay out without his, (Schmitz) signature to the warrant. The Prosecution may scoff at such a move on Schmitz's part but just the same it places an irritating doubt on the legality of any money paid out without Schmitz's approval. Naturally the surety company, sensitive of the safety of its funds, has announced that there is no use to take any chances till the courts have passed upon the point at issue. To clinch the matter Bantel has sided with Schmitz. The latter accordingly has added the treasurer's office as an intrenchment to his position and he will continue to capture such municipal out posts from all of which he must be formally expelled by suits at law. Any one familiar with the Collins case knows what that means. These are complications the Prosecution would give a deal to unravel. Verily the Big Stick, as handled by its present wielders, is proving something of a boomerang.

## Ruef as a Sole Support

More and more as the days roll by and the vision clears is the eye of the public opening to the fact that the whole case of the Prosecution is "one man" testimony, based on whatever Ruef may choose to furnish. And what is Ruef? A rat caught in a trap, a crafty, sly conscienceless rogue selfishly dependent on the Prosecution's promises and cajoleries for every added hour he hopes to squeeze from his just sentence; a grafter without honor, without spirit and without compunction; a greedy, vain and begging "squeeler," who would sell his word, friends or anything else to be allowed to escape with his ill-gotten spoils and a light sentence from the punishment of his rotten misdeeds. He is a trapped protean rogue who confesses to one story when given his immunity bath, juggles the same story to suit the exigencies of the Grand Jury room and regarbles it when placed upon the witness stand as a lachrymose penitent. His shuffling testimony "made the prosecution angry," according to the interviews had after his "surprising statements" offered in the Schmitz trial. This is the creature on whose word of mouth the Prosecution banks to convict those down on their list for indictment.



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### Winning Public Verdicts

Long ago the Prosecution heralded that "no guilty man" should escape; that graft was to be pursued through all its ramifications till every last one of the grafters was behind the bars. Glance over the record to date. People are asking why this change of front. Simply "expediency"; the early discovery that the evidence likely to be unearthed would not convict in all the cases set down for indictment. The brainstorm over this fact led to the conception of the immunity bath through which the Prosecution hoped to land somebody or something "higher up." The net result of the immunity campaign is that the Prosecution is dependent on the sole testimony of Ruef, a broken sword, a discredited rascal who is, figuratively speaking, being thumb screwed to furnish the necessary evidence to convict the indicted. This weakness of testimony is manifest whenever the Prosecution resorts to its baneful habit—the preliminary hearings of all its cases in the newspapers in order to win a one-sided verdict. Fortunately courts are more insistent on corroborative evidence.

### Grudges Chasing Rainbows

Confessed grafter after confessed grafter has been promised immunity in the rabid hunt for those "higher up," till Schmitz is the only one convicted and he has an appeal which is said to be based solidly on at least fifty good and sufficient reasons. Further, there is a growing suspicion that both Ruef and Schmitz could get almost anything they asked for in the way of immunity should they furnish evidence useful to convict the indicted. This present mad pursuit of those "higher up," this willful disregard of the appeals of a distressed city by a Prosecution lost in its haste to satisfy personal grudges is in sharp contrast with the promises made when the campaign against graft began. They insist that the big corruptionists must be brought to bar. Had the evidence been one-half as strong as their assurance the indicted would have been landed long ago. While meeting so many "easy" grafters why not convict some of those who stand self-confessed. To be consistent the Prosecution should take action against the French restaurant keepers. But consistency has not been a jewel displayed by the Prosecution. Probably that is why the city is still in such a wretched mess politically, notwithstanding the many opportunities offered Spreckels and Heney to improve matters. Selfishness and rancor never wrecked such a chance to rescue a prostrate and graft burdened city.

Young Husband (dubiously)—But you always said you'd trust to my judgment.

Young Wife (tearfully)—Well, I never dreamed it was a judgment that would hint that my last year's frocks were pretty enough for this season.

### A Spasm of Virtue

Introspection for the purpose of finding out one's own absurdities is a function in which our Bar Association never indulges. That is why it is

blissfully unconscious of the amusement to be derived from the spectacle which it presents while writhing in a self-induced spasm of virtue. Heretofore the Bar Association, which by the way, is composed principally of the mediocrities of the legal profession, has been dominated by ideas that nullified action. Until George D. Collins had made the ethics of his profession look like a formula for defying most of the section of the penal code nobody supposed that it was possible for a lawyer to do anything that would start a frown in the Bar Association. Abe Ruef enjoyed the confidence of that association until he pleaded guilty, and he lost it then merely because he forfeited his license automatically. But the Bar Association has been suddenly seized with an ambition to purify the profession. The birth of this ambition was posterior to the Heney Grand Jury's inquiry into the conduct of Attorney Cope who is President of the association. Cope was not indicted, but he might have been. Though he committed no crime he must nevertheless be grateful to his friend Mr. Heney for his forbearance; for in these piping times of thumb-screws, iron boots and scorching flesh indictments are distributed with a prodigality that is somewhat terrorizing.

### Why They Were Indicted

It is only by way of suggestion that I mention the fact that it was after Cope was refreshed by Mr. Heney's forbearance that the Bar Association precipitately resolved to purify the profession. The association we are told has resolved to start disbarment proceedings against the attorneys who have been indicted. The absurdity of this course is thought to be obvious inasmuch as the conviction of the indicted attorneys would result in the forfeiture of their licenses. But the obviousness of it is an illusion. The fact is that there is no more chance of those attorneys being convicted than there is of Abe Ruef's becoming a worshiper of the serene and beneficent goddess Truth. Attorney Brobeck was indicted for bribery merely because the Grand Jury was in the mood, and work was getting slack and they wanted to keep their hands in at the life-long maiming pastime. At this moment Brobeck's license to practice law looks much better to me than Heney's. Attorney William M. Abbott is supposed to have been indicted just because and for nothing else. He amiably acted as a body-guard one day when some money was being carted away from the mint, and that was the nearest he ever came to committing bribery. I have not kept track of all the lawyers that have been indicted, but I shouldn't be surprised to learn that the number is very large. Mr. Heney doesn't like lawyers. I'm surprised he doesn't have himself indicted, for by the time his labors are over he will probably feel that he gave himself sufficient provocation.

### A Prospective Breach

Patently I am waiting for a jangling note of discord in the sweet symphony with which the local dailies have

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long been regaling us. I feel that it cannot long be delayed. The main purpose of the curious and unprecedented concord has been accomplished; or at any rate it has almost reached consummation. The distribution of prizes is soon to take place. This is where we come to the parting of the ways, unless the same genius that united the newspapers and tactfully kept the combined fire concentrated on the grafters is possessed of the ingenuity requisite to prevent disruption. It was the genius of Fremont Older of the Bulletin that secured for the Prosecution the concerted action of the press. His was the tactful hand that held the noble editors together. To accomplish his purpose he had to sacrifice his own newspaper interests in a measure. If the whole truth were told Older would receive greater credit than either Heney or Burns for such success as has been had, but while the newspapers worked together behind the Prosecution, they have not abated the spirit of rivalry. The editors of the Call, Examiner and Chronicle are not likely to make a hero of the editor of the Bulletin. Whether Older will consider it worth his while to continue his task of keeping the papers united I do not know, but even though he should be disposed to do so he would find that it is one to challenge the most superb ingenuity. For when it comes to running the politics of the city government there will be found a divergence of interests. Hearst backed the Prosecution because its success meant prestige for the Independence League whose recent standard bearer is the District Attorney. That gentleman holds the key of the situation. He is of course merely a puppet in the hands of the Hon. J. J. Dwyer, and it is doubtful whether the latter, as Hearst's representative will be willing to make concessions to Jimmy Phelan, who is Rudolph Spreckels's mentor in politics. Considerable friction has already been engendered, but a cooling process was discovered which prevented combustion. How far this process can be depended upon remains to be seen. If Heney and Cobb can continue to conceal their feelings respecting puppet Langdon the difficulties that now present themselves may be overcome.

#### Orchard As a Linguist

Assistant Postmaster Hull McClaughery, who went to Boise as a witness in the Haywood murder case, tells an amusing incident of the cross-examination of Orchard. This repentant murderer, whenever he spoke of the bombs with which he wrought death and destruction, pronounced the word "bum." Attorney Richardson, who was cross-examining him, referred to a clock which Orchard had testified he kept in a valise wherein he also carried a bomb intended for an enemy of unionism. The clock's ticking had attracted attention, and Richardson asked him why he kept it running while it was not in use as a timepiece. Orchard's reply was that the clock was not a good one—was, in fact, a very erratic and unreliable one. For that reason he kept it going in order that he might test how much it varied from his watch. This point having been ar-

rived at, Richardson asked the witness in what part of the valise he kept the clock. "It was on the 'bum'" responded Orchard. "So you told us before," said Richardson. The spectators laughed but Orchard did not grasp the cause of their mirth. This story is funny, however, only on account of a popular idea that "bomb" is pronounced "bom." The fact is, and Webster will bear out the statement, the correct pronunciation of the word is "bum."

#### "Only This and Nothing More!"

Judge Hebbard is still flirting with the muse preparatory to espousing her in more generous fashion when his long expected volume of verse shall be published. Here are his latest lines of dalliance while in fantastical mood. They are entitled "An Interpretation":

Poe was a drunkard, don't you know,  
But he wrote some lines about a crow,  
On a bust of Pallas, as white as snow,  
And the lines were written long ago.  
'Twas all about Lenore;  
The crow said "nevermore,"  
The night a silence wore,  
Lenore, lost Lenore, nevermore.  
So he drank, and then he cried;  
Then he died,  
And the raven, just outside his chamber door,  
Said "Lenore, lost Lenore, nevermore."

#### A Bill and a Boomerang

All Nevada is chortling over the recent appointment of Sam Davis to the Secretaryship of the State Publicity Bureau. His elevation created a merry row among sage brush statesmen and business men and the end of the previous and pertinent remarks is not in sight, although the aggressive ends of the tomahawks and bowie knives are affectedly concealed. Some weeks before the recent Carson Legislature adjourned certain Reno influential business interests conceived the artless idea of having the legislature set aside \$6,000 to advertise the Silver State throughout the world; care was to be taken that the originators should have the distribution of the fund. Accordingly the bill was introduced and its care turned over to a representative. Fortune smiled, both houses were agree-

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able and the \$6,000 looked like a ripe pippin ready for the picking, but—

### Feeding a Joke to Sam Davis

On the eventful day of the bill's passage the Reno representative began to celebrate his victory rather early and fell asleep in the midst of the wine popping. Fate happened along, saw the dozing man and gave the whole proceedings a whimsical turn. Governor Sparks dropped into his office and found the bill among the day's output awaiting his signature. He signed it and slipped it into his pocket. On the street he bumped into Sam Davis and his face lightened. "Sam," he said, "here's a bill just passed to expend \$6,000 through a State Publicity Bureau. It provides for a secretary but he gets no salary. No salary, mind. Now, Sam, I think I'll appoint you to the job; it'll be a joke on you." Now Sam Davis passed successfully that dreary period of monetary drouth in the sage brush state when the only dollars the anxious settlers ever saw were those locked in the cabinets of the Carson mine for exhibition purposes only, and the government had to place a guard about them to keep off the hungry and pop-eyed Nevadans. Accordingly Davis can see a dollar in a job where the fat and careless California politician couldn't glimpse a flush of color. "Six thousand dollars to be expended," repeated the editor. "Six thousand dollars and NO SALARY," was the reply. "Well, Governor," responded Davis, "its rubbing it in to ask a man to work for nothing during these union times, but I'll take a chance. Six thousand, you said?" "Yes, but remember the joke's on you." "All right, I'll take a chance and accept the appointment."

### Stirred Up a Publicity Storm

Sam immediately jumped into his job. Within an hour he had wired all the leading papers in the state that the Governor had just appointed Sam Davis to the responsible position of secretary to the new State Bureau of Publicity. If he was looking for publicity he certainly got it. Instantly the "certain influential business men in Reno" set up a roar of protest that went thundering over the Nevada deserts and reverberating through the surrounding mountains. A curious outsider would have thought the state was rent and that six million dollars at least were in jeopardy. The various papers controlled by the interests pitched into the fray and the fight waxed furious. The Governor was charged with being weak, vacillating and imprudent in allowing himself to be bullied into giving the appointment to Sam Davis when certain sterling, strong principled and influential business

men, pillars of the state, stood ready to see that the money was properly expended for the real benefits of the state. In the midst of this storm of charges and counter charges Davis said he'd resign the position and thereby give the Governor a chance to reconsider the appointment. He did; but the Governor promptly reappointed him.

### Cashing in the Joke

The "certain influential citizens of Reno" are still bombarding Davis, but his position seems impregnable and he is energetically expending the \$6,000, getting the state all the publicity possible in return. Salary? Well, the other day he served the State Treasury with a bill for \$200 a month. It was disallowed of course. But that didn't feaze Davis. He promptly got out a writ of mandate. The Governor, mindful of the way Sam's salary is tied up in the courts, pleasantly wired him the other day: "How's the joke getting on?" "All right," was the cheerful reply, for Davis, recognizing the uncertainties of the law and its worrying delays, is prudently drawing \$200 a month from the \$6,000 at his disposal.

President Wheeler has announced officially his declination of the Presidency of the Boston Institute of Technology. "That's all"—for this season.

### End of a \$500,000 Task

This week I saw the last small package of charred currency, relics of the big fire, sent on to Washington to be passed upon by experts of the Redemption Division of the U. S. Treasury. The interesting work is practically wound up: it has been the most stupendous task in all the history of the department. Practically half a million dollars in new bills have been issued to those whose baked and charred bills passed the examiner. All of them passed through the hands of one woman, Mrs. A. E. Brown, who is ranked best burnt money expert in the world. A new stringent rule of the department is that at least three-fifths of the burnt bill must be submitted for examination but in San Francisco's case Treasurer Charles H. Treat ordered the examiner not to adhere too closely to the rule but

## Announcement

Spring and Summer

We desire to announce that our complete selection of strictly confined Imported and Domestic Woolens, consisting of unusually attractive patterns in popular weaves and fashionable materials, is now ready awaiting inspection.

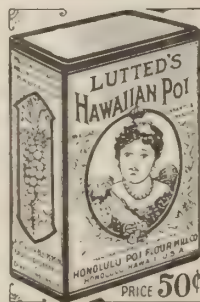
It gives us pleasure to state that every garment is made by skilled tailors, cut on stylish and artistic lines that command the admiration and approval of our customers.

We cordially invite and solicit patronage, and endeavor to uphold our past reputation for high-grade tailoring at moderate prices.

**McMahon - Keyer & Stiegeler Bros., Inc.**

MAIN STORE  
892-894 Van Ness Ave.  
AT ELLIS

BRANCH  
1711 O'Farrell Street  
AT FILLMORE



*Lutt's Hawaiian Poi*

A Combined Food and Drink

Eat POI and Grow Healthy in  
Body and Brain

It is Nature's Best Remedy for Dyspepsia  
and Indigestion

Nourishing and Strengthening

At Soda Fountains—It is a delicious,  
creamy beverage peptonized

GOLDBERG BOWEN & CO.  
San Francisco and Oakland  
CALIFORNIA



to give the sufferer the benefit of the doubt whenever the ashes did not testify a flat denial.

### Melted Fortunes

Most of the bills submitted however were easily decipherable as they had been placed in safe deposit vaults or in private fire proof safes. The remains of such bills were simply a black or brown charred mass but the Treasury expert could pick them apart almost as easily as a paying teller handling crisp bills. The remaining ash could be distinctly made out in every detail unless it was bunglingly pressed and then it instantly became as much powder. Gold, silver and currency were occasionally submitted in a melted mass that no human intelligence could resolve into their proper values. Altogether it was a painstaking, worrying and vexatious job and the special agent of the Treasury Department here says he is heartily glad it is over. So are the San Franciscans who received \$500,000 in crisp new bills for their charred wads and bits of fire relics.

Hey diddle diddle  
The cat and the fiddle—  
The Supervisors all had a great laugh.  
While Schmitz played pianissimo  
Con vera cussissimo  
And Ruef took his Immunity Bath.

### Ruef's Heartfelt Lament

Now that Ruefites and Schmitzites are telling things on each other, the Average Citizen is beginning to wonder how he could have been so taken in. Among other surprises, it appears that Ruef's greed has been the limit according to his followers. During the Schmitz trial, one former adherent of the boss remarked that Ruef's testimony would be nearer the truth, according to his character, if he testified that instead of dividing the French restaurant fee he had informed his confederate that the restaurant men failed to come through. It seems to have been Ruef's plan to use money only when personal, political, diplomatic or disciplinary measures failed to move his appointees. This trait is further illustrated by an incident following Ruef's confession. In a voice that left no doubt as to the genuineness of his anguish, the boss told a lieutenant that his trial had already cost him \$105,000 in hard coin. Moralists may be interested to know that at the time of this lament, the penitent's desk was piled high with letters and resolutions from Christian Endeavorers, Bands of Hope, Home Missions, Purity Brigades and graftologists, gushing fulsome jublations and praise for his moral regeneration.

### Foreigners As Local Union Leaders

It is a fact worthy of comment that the two inflammatory speeches delivered at the carmen's meeting on Sunday were made by men of foreign birth—Andrew Furuseth and O. A. Tveitmoe. To Furuseth was given

the task of organizing the pickets who have been impudently demanding that passengers on the cars give them their names, the avowed object being a boycott against the offenders. The strikers have so often violated the principles of personal liberty that this last impertinence seemed a mild method of badgering—infinitely milder than showers of bricks and volleys of obscenity. Furuseth is well qualified to organize a gang of pickets, having had much experience as head of the sailors' union, which depends on violence and intimidation to win its strikes.

### Fanaticism Mixed With Unionism

With these two Scandinavians, neither of whom can more than talk intelligible English, as leaders, Americanism has but little chance. There is one thing that can be said in Furuseth's favor, however—he is looked upon as honest, and does not use his position as a means of advancing himself financially. He has refused to allow the sailors' union to raise his salary, which is \$125 a month—a great contrast to Cornelius, who draws nearly \$500 a month, while the strikers are struggling along on \$7 a week. Furuseth has been offered a managerial position at a very large salary by one of the big shipping companies, but refused it, devoting all his time to the waterfront union work. When Furuseth sends a squad of union sailors out to slug non-union seamen he believes that he is doing right. He is a fanatic on unionism, looking upon any means of winning a strike as legitimate. But Tveitmoe—silence regarding him is the greatest charity.

## REFRIGERATORS

We have the Agency for the

### Best in the Market

a large variety to select from—all sizes and prices—some lined with zinc, others with porcelain—every one guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction.

### 2 Specials

suitable for family use—not large, but very convenient, we have priced

**\$7.85 and \$10.50**

**NATHAN - DOHRMANN CO.**

1520-1550 Van Ness Ave.

M. H. FAY, 1534 Bush St.  
only sells books.

The best English and American Editions of standard authors in all departments of literature; also the latest fiction.

### Back to the Magazine Fold

"Jack" Wilson has just resigned the editorship of the "Pacific Monthly" of Portland because of ill health. He is suffering from nervous prostration and his doctor has ordered him to the seaside for salt water baths. Wilson has never been the same man since his extremely trying experiences here during the big conflagration. At that time he was editor of "The Argonaut" and as he expressed it "chucked the whole business to get away from that everlasting April 18th." With recovered health he expects to be back to his old vocation, writing for the eastern magazines.

### Huntington Captures Another Line

Howard E. Huntington gives every token of becoming the colossus of electric railway systems in the west. County after county in the southland is falling under his dominion, the last being San Bernardino. Last week he was elected to the directorate of the San Bernardino Valley Traction Co. to succeed J. S. Wood. This shift makes it only too apparent that H. E. is in control and that a general shake up in the personnel of the directorate will follow. According to the slate given out George S. Patton will take the place of W. D. B. Brookings of Redlands and then young Huntington will step into the secretaryship. George M. Cooley, the vice-president, has already handed in his resignation. In all likelihood H. E. will himself assume the general management of the reorganized company.

### Nobody Works But the Elephant

Huntington was the first of our California magnates to recognize the immense possibilities of electric roads

as a field for investment, with the opening up of outside lands as a by-product. Very early in the game he began to invest, in the territory about Los Angeles, the twenty millions bequeathed him by his uncle; and now through the enormous increase in electric traction values and in his attendant land schemes he has immensely increased his big fortune. His field of operations throughout the state has expanded till his various systems undoubtedly cover the largest area controlled by any company on the continent. Certainly in the west the Key route system is the only one to approach his holdings in size and influence and the Key route is a baby in comparison. But the baby is growing. The Key route covers a particularly rich and promising territory and "Borax" Smith, the Havens and the other Oaklanders who cast their fortunes in that one-time threatened enterprise are happy in the fact that the "elephant is now the best worker in the corporation."

### First All-Electric-Road to New York

Signs of electrification on all sides are plentifully besprinkling the air. Not only are the Oakland and Alameda ferry lines to be transformed into trolley systems but electric line feeders are to be built along the Southern Pacific system by Harriman. Harriman insists that electricity will oust steam power from the railroads at a very early date. His rival Gould of the Western Pacific is a step ahead of him in this particular for Gould is already installing an immense power plant in the Sierras by which he proposes to run his cars from Sacramento to a point in the eastern part of Nevada. In time of course this stretch will be increased. This California-Nevada section may be

## TAFT & PENNOYER

### FOUR WASH GOODS SPECIALS

Printed Lawns—Light colors, dots, checks—dainty floral patterns,  
1000 yards, 10 and 12½c values.....Special 8 1=3c

Printed Batiste—white grounds with pink, blue, yellow and helio;  
floral effects, 1000 yards—15c values.....Special 10c

Wash Voiles—in neat checks and stripes in all the new shades, 1500  
yards—30c and 35c values.....Special 25c

French Voiles—Solid colors in dainty shades of blues, greys, tans, reds,  
browns, greens, 50c values.....Special 35c

**Broadway—Fourteenth, Oakland**



said to be the initial strip of the first all-electric-road from San Francisco to New York. Niagara will furnish power for the New York end and the intervening gaps will be gradually filled in as power plants are installed. What a sight for the shade of Stevenson to see the first train running.

### Great Tangle in Political Wires

Very complicated is the local political situation, a condition to delight the master manipulator for out of the intricacies which confuse his opponents he adroitly moves the pawns reaching to his own triumph. The particular features of the present moment are the flirtings of the "Big Stick" with the labor leaders and the efforts of the Independence "Leg" to maintain its standing. Phelan is "not out for office," according to his insistent pronouncements, but he is energetically busy in seeking to become an arbiter of political events, a mayor-maker, as it were, in the Spreckels cabinet. Spreckels himself is in frequent conference with Casey, Furuseth and such leaders of the labor wings as are likely to prove serviceable to his designs in so-called "municipal reform," an elastic construction for handling the next mayor. The "Big Stick," having sported itself as the sceptre of municipal authority, is loath to relinquish its position and purposes making a struggle to hold fast. How Banker Rudolph is going to organize a pliable coalition out of his labor elements and splice it on the furnishings of Phelan, Dwyer, et al., passeth the human understanding. The Spreckels name, judging by passed political events, is not one to conjure with in successful politics or in the ranks of unionism. Attorney Dwyer, the official head of the local Independence League, is doubly occupied in advising Spreckels and in nursing the physical infirmities of the "Leg." In the latter calling he is having a particularly worrying time poring over the political pharmacopoeia in search of a remedy to maintain life in the expiring body. July 15 is the time limit set for filing the Independence party's petition. Signs are plentiful too that its leaders may be ambushed and scalped at the primaries. What a fearful embarrassment of explanations would ensue if in this preliminary skirmish of the campaign the organization should be captured and taken into the camp of its rivals.

### Tinkering up the Republican Machine

Herrin and Crimmins are quietly maneuvering to get control of the crippled Republican machine. It goes without saying that they will have a representation to cut a figure in the forthcoming November parade.

### Amateur Writers Coached

During his brief visit to San Francisco, a successful magazine-writer and publisher will be glad to examine and comment upon manuscripts of amateur writers. Some vital defects are easily corrected. Many excellent stories are not read beyond the first paragraph. It is not necessary that you should reveal your identity. Manuscripts or letters may be sent in care of Town Talk with instructions as to their return. Terms \$1.00 per 1000 words for 3000 words or a smaller number. A special rate for longer productions. Personal interviews are much better and cost but \$5.00 per hour. Address

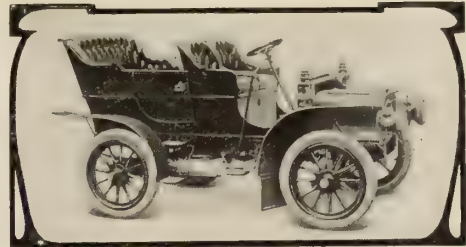
JAMES EDWARD MARSDEN,  
Care Town Talk.

The labor party is just now divided into several camps, each leader sensitively jealous of the other, and each one madly ambitious to become generalissimo with full authority to carry the union standard in the campaign. The regular parties are watching with keenest interest the shiftings of sentiment in the labor camp, ready to take instant advantage of any opportunity offered. The Democratic organization, under Chairman Hickey's guidance, is actively pushing the necessary work leading to an aggressive fall campaign.

### The Man of the Hour

The efforts of the "Big Stick" to find a man who will pass muster in the mayor's chair is a snap compared with the gargantuan task imposed on the regular party leaders now in search of satisfactory candidates to head their tickets. The "Big Stick" has selfishly narrowed its choice so as to satisfy a dozen men, careful the while, however, not to arouse too much public protest by their choice. Their selection will be a serviceable man on whose shoulders they hope to step into a stronger position. The party leaders, on the other hand, must pick a man who will win votes under the

Model  
M



Family  
Touring  
Car

Almost any Family Can Afford  
to Own a

# CADILLAC

## Automobile

You hear many people say that an automobile is a nice thing to have and all that, but costs too much to keep it up.

Maybe that's true—in many cases. But cost of upkeep depends largely on the kind of car.

We have had an opportunity to obtain definite data as to the

**Cost of Maintaining a Single-Cylinder Cadillac.**

147 owners residing in almost every State who have kept accounts of their expenses covering gasoline, oil and repairs have made affidavits which we have on file, showing that their repairs (not including tires) have averaged

**Less than \$2.50 Per Month.**

Their cars have been driven from one to four seasons, and as high as 30,000 miles.

The affidavits also show that the averages obtained have been about

**19 Miles Per Gallon of Gasoline,**

an average of less than one and one-third cents per mile per car or, on the basis of four passengers each, less than

**One-third of a Cent Per Mile Per Passenger.**

Remember these are not a few special cases, but averages of 147 owners. Furthermore, these records are not of automobiles in general, but single-cylinder CADILLACS only.

Most any make of automobile can show a good performance sometimes, but what interests you is what a car will do "as a rule."

When a dealer makes claims as to low cost of operating the cars he sells, ask him to prove them. We can prove ours.

There are over 15,000 single-cylinder Cadillacs "making good" all over the world.

Single-cylinder Cadillacs truly afford all there is in motoring—except the troubles.

Dealers are always glad to demonstrate.

Fully described and illustrated in Catalogue "M—AL," mailed on receipt of request.

**CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.**

Member Asso. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

For sale by Cuyler Lee, 453 Golden Gate avenue, San Francisco, and Lee Motor Car Co., 1218 South Main street, Los Angeles.



present complicated, mixed and well shaken conditions. "Who is Who" will be a vital question in framing the November tickets.

**WANTED**—A candidate with a sound knowledge of our city government, a man of integrity, energy, first class executive ability and a talent for "discord healing." Applicant must have an absolutely clean record in business and politics, with no detracting past affiliations—one who has the confidence of the entire community. Applicant must be strong enough not only to swing his own party but to win defections from other parties and capture "the silent vote." Only vote getters need apply. Address:  
PARTY MANAGER.

Aren't you lucky, Laura, two months in the mountains at the height of the season.

Why, you're just as fortunate, Bess, with your six weeks at the seaside.

Oh, but my husband is going with me.

### Why he Reversed the Supreme Court

Attorney H. W. Hutton, ex-police commissioner, tells of a justice of the peace of this city who is not backward in expressing his opinion of the Supreme Court. Hutton says he does not care to give the name of the justice, for fear he might be prosecuted for lese majeste or contempt of court. According to the attorney, the justice made a ruling contrary to the opinion of the Supreme Court, and the lawyer most concerned called his attention to the fact that he failed to agree with California's most august judicial body. "I know I don't," said the justice, "but I often reverse the Supreme Court. You see, they can't agree among themselves, so why should I agree with any of them? Sometimes they go over the case in a body, then there's sure to be a dissenting opinion. Don't you worry a bit, young man, about my ruling. I reverse the Supreme Court about as often as that body reverses me."

### Methods of the Walking Delegate

Some of the demands of labor unions would be ridiculous were not the results so serious to the people concerned. A typical incident is furnished by the agent of an Eastern firm that manufactures the cash carriers used in retail stores. It is the business of this agent to supervise the installation of these carriers in San Francisco, but his work has temporarily come to a halt because of the unreasonable demands of the unions. The men under him are specialists, experts in this work. A walking delegate came to the agent and told him that union steamfitters would have to be employed. The agent protested, saying that steamfitters could not do the work, which took long training. The delegate suggested that he employ the union men and let them work under the supervision of one of his experts. To this the agent objected, pointing out that not only would the inexperienced men be slow, but that he would be at the expense of maintaining a foreman expert for each gang of them. He suggested that his men be taken into the union. The walking delegate would not consent to this, saying that the union membership was full; besides, it was difficult to determine to just which union the experts should belong. At the same time, there was no difficulty in determining what

## TALLAC LAKE TAHOE

*OPENS TO GUESTS JUNE 1st*

The Most Ideal Mountain Resort in the World

M. LAWRENCE & CO.

## THE NEW Reginald Apartments

in course of erection on Pacific Avenue  
near Webster Street

Five, Six, Seven and Twelve Room Apartments

SHAINWALD, BUCKBEE & CO., Agents  
1366 Sutter Street

### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, N. W. corner California and Montgomery Sts. For the half year ending June 30, 1907, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of four (4) per cent on term deposits and three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. Dividends not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, Market and Church streets, San Francisco, Cal., has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1907, a dividend of 4 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, and 6 per cent on term deposits; interest on deposits payable on and after July 1st; interest on ordinary deposits not called for will be added to the principal, and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery St., corner Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1907 at the rate of three and three-quarters (3 3/4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.

EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 706 Market St., opposite Third. For the half year ending June 29, 1907, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and three-quarters (3 3/4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1907.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA, 42 Montgomery St., corner Sutter St. For half year ending June 30, 1907, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the savings department of this bank as follows: On term deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three and three-quarters (3 3/4) per cent per annum, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1907.

B. G. TOGNAZZI, Manager.

### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery St. For the half year ending June 29, 1907, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1907.

FRED W. RAY, Secretary.



sort of union men should replace the experts. The agent had another objection to offer to the plan. "How," he asked, "can you allow your union men to work under non-union foremen?" "Oh," said the walking delegate, "we are willing as a favor to you to waive that point." The difficulty has not yet been adjusted, and meanwhile the agent is falling behind in important work.

### Hunting the Golden Fleece

Los Angeles is to the front with a "Woman's Mining Exchange." Let us trust that the name will prove a warning rather than an allurements to the curious sex for to patronize it means simply that they shall exchange their money for valueless mining stocks. The stock bought there may not be wholly paper when purchased but it certainly will prove valueless should they continue to hold it. Women's Mining Exchanges are pens where fatuous gullible ewes are shorn of their golden fleeces. They have been of this character since designing men and women conceived them. Indications of the kind of people who are handling this new venture are found in the quarrel now going on among the organizers. The successful control of a mining exchange demands a wide range of experience both in mines and finance. No sooner are the officers of this new exchange inducted into their duties than the secretary-treasurer orders the vice-president and general manager out of the place because she is "incompetent," a singular time to discover the defect. "A man" has been selected to fill the office but "only temporarily," according to the secretary-treasurer, who seems to be running things. In speaking of her successor the ousted general manager flings back this vinegar soaked shaft: "If he was any kind of a man, he would never have gone into a company composed entirely of women." This comment leaves "the only man in the business" in a rather, well, dubious condition regarding sex. Later she lightened the blow by remarking that, "although he is declared by the board to be the general manager, he couldn't even have a seat in the exchange—only women are entitled to seats." Now if some one would only bar the women from the seats—but happily lack of patronage will quickly do that; and the sheriff may nail on the door of the defunct exchange the same placard that was placed on the back of the exasperated ex-vice-president and general manager, "incompetent."

### The Local Cement Situation

Property owners, who contemplate building, are inveighing against the "cement corner" as it is called, a combination which controls foreign cement shipped into the city. It is a well known fact that there are at least half a million barrels of cement scattered in the various waterfront ware houses. The actual cost to the owners was about \$3.00 per barrel yet it is being held at all kinds of fancy figures. In fact the owners propose to take advantage of present local building conditions and to charge all the traffic will bear. No wonder the people here who contemplate building are loud in their complaints over the cement situation as they see it. But there is an easy and swift way to escape being mulcted by the managers of this "cement corner" and that is to deal with the local cement manufacturers. Local builders are rapidly awakening to the fact that they can get the best of cement at low prices from the Standard

Portland Cement Co. For five years this corporation has had a factory at Napa Junction with a capacity of 2500 barrels a day. So successful has its output proved that the company has been compelled to enlarge the establishment. In a few weeks it will be turning out 3,000 barrels a day. Nor does the rapidly growing demand for the company's cement stop here. At Davenport, twelve miles north of Santa Cruz, the company's factory has been turning out 6,000 barrels a day. They have been forced to add another unit of 6,000 barrels a day to fill their orders. What is the cause of such phenomenal success? Simply an excellent grade of cement furnished at low cost. The Standard Portland Cement Co. delivers its cement at \$1.75 per barrel, f. o. b. at the works; to this price will be added the switching and freight charges, making about 18 cents additional per barrel. Against this is a rebate of 20 cents a barrel for all sacks returned at the company's expense. Accordingly the cement nets the local consumer about \$1.72 per barrel, f. o. b., San Francisco. The company invites the most thorough going and critical tests that cement can be put to by competent chemists. Samples of such tests are preserved in the offices of the company; in some of them the cement has been steamed and boiled for eight hours and is as firm and solid as steel. So successful has the cement proved in all instances and so popular is it becoming that big additions are planned for most of the plants. A large plant is now being installed on Puget Sound. This policy will be pursued even though the price of cement be reduced in order to consume the vastly increased output of their many factories.

## GAS HEATING SYSTEMS

NO DIRT      NO LABOR      NO ASHES  
ONE-HALF THE FUEL COST  
HOT AIR      STEAM      HOT WATER

Heating installations using Gas  
for fuel.

Automatic gas regulation through  
thermostatic action.

Equable, pleasant temperature,  
easily maintained.

No fumes, no odor, pure health-  
ful spring-like air.

**GAS HOT AIR FURNACES...\$125.00**

Demonstrations in our display  
rooms.

Send for descriptive circulars.

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

**THE GAS AND ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO.**

1131-1133 POLK STREET

# CITY OF PARIS

Dry Goods—Oriental Rugs—Furniture

## CLOSING OUT!

### CLOAK AND SUIT

## SUMMER STOCK

INCLUDING

## Linen Suits and Lingerie Gowns

### LAST WEEK!

June Clearance Sale

### FRENCH WAISTS

All Broken Lines and Odd Sizes

MARKED DOWN TO PRICES

Far Below the Original

### AMERICAN MADE WAISTS

Balance of Broken Lines and Odd Sizes  
to be Closed Out at

STILL FURTHER REDUCTIONS

### DOMESTIC WAISTS

Remainder of Manufacturers' Samples at

PRICES TO CLEAR IMMEDIATELY

### MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

Will Be Continued for Another Week

### ALL TRIMMED HATS

Formerly Sold at \$15.00, \$16.50, \$17.50  
and \$18.50 Each

Marked Down to **\$9.85** Each

Ladies' Sixteen-Button Silk or Lisle Gloves—Black, White,  
Mode, Brown, Slate, Navy, Red, Green and Opera Tints. **\$1.25**

Van Ness at Washington—North End



# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## The Duke May Visit California

There is a palpitating flutter along the gilded high-ways, over the news that the Duke of the Abruzzi may visit California before returning to his ancestral halls. While in New York he has been regarded as the especial property of Mrs. Charles Alexander, whose house guest he has been. His excursions into New York drawing rooms are a sort of "personally conducted" tour by Mrs. Alexander. A rival hostess, with an ache in her temper over an ignored invitation, is quoted as saying "that one might fancy a Crocker arranging a railroad itinerary, but a social pilgrimage—never!" My informant tells me that we can scrape just such wonderful pea green color from the jealous utterances of any number of New York leaders who were anxious to annex the ducal glory of entertaining Abruzzi. Should the Duke journey to these parts he would probably be the natural heritage of the Crocker clan. Mrs. Will Crocker is not as keen on titles as most good Americans, having made a close hand study of the genus in the person of her own brother-in-law. But she would no doubt entertain the Duke just as handsomely if not as obsequiously as the hostess who has never had a first-name acquaintance with a prince. Of course Abruzzi is a title that has never lost its polish and it isn't often that we have an opportunity to entertain anything better than a moth eaten patch on royalty. Miss Jennie Crocker will surely entertain in his honor if he carries out his present intention of visiting us. Miss Crocker is considered a member of the Alexander household—a peripatetic member, as she prefers life out here.

## Declined Society's Limelight

Society has suffered a cruel blow this week. It has been snubbed, slapped three times on the wrist as it were, and by an "actress lady" too! Fancy a woman who has earned wealth and fame behind the footlights daring to snub a woman whose pockets bulge and who has almost a generation of silk top hats behind her! A Burlingame leader, I am told, planned to entertain Maude Adams over Sunday, and Miss Adams refused the invitation. The hostess had not counted on a rebuff and had made arrangements for a luncheon at the club house. The near-hostess belongs to the common-or-garden-variety of society women who fancy that actresses are immeasurably flattered by their attentions and the refusal pricked under the thick rind of vanity and really hurt her pride. As Miss Adams has consistently refused to permit the anointed of Gotham to stroke her mane, it is small wonder that the local smart set have not been offered an opportunity to tangle it. Miss Adams has been living in seclusion at the Fairmont Hotel with her maid and private secretary. It is only when an actress scales the topmost peak of success that she needs a private secretary to mark her "footsteps in the sands of time." Miss Boynton is the name of the clever young woman who meets interviewers, answers letters, and shoos off stage struck girls who would like to cackle their ambitions into Miss Adams' busy ear. Miss Boynton comes of a distinguished Eastern family and is related to some of the "best people" out here. She is a cousin of the Coffins who have entertained in a

most informal manner in her honor. Like Miss Adams she eschews society when it takes itself seriously.

## Mrs. Kohl's One House Party

"Wanted: At Burlingame, Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl. Entertaining of any sort appreciated."

The foregoing might honestly appear in the "Help Wanted" column, for Blingum is decidedly in need of the animated and exuberant sort of help which Mrs. Kohl so freely gives. Mrs. Kohl is a young matron who practices the Gospel of Good Times and so when her friends heard that she was considering jaunting over to Europe from Washington instead of returning here this summer, a wail went up that shivered the tympanum of heaven. But Mr. Kohl has decided that he cannot leave the coast under present conditions so the blithe little lady will turn her toes this way and society is perking up at the very idea. The Kohls will go to Tahoe for July and as usual Mrs. Kohl will give just one house party—beginning on the day she arrives and ending on the day Idlewild is closed for the season.

## Cupid Off to the Springs

Society insists on examining Emily Wilson's cardiac fluctuations with a stethoscope. There is a dim tradition that in her buxom days, an eminent physician, who can cure everything but the bald headed bacillus which flourishes on his own polished pate, was deeply attached to her. But the little mole hills of evidence which Mrs. Grundy gathered would not make a mountain and the impression went a glimmering. Last season a handsome young medico who makes a scientific specialty of the eye used to gaze so admiringly at her

## Mrs. HELEN FREESE

For many years with the S. & G. Gump Co., has opened at 947-949 Van Ness Ave., an establishment which will be known as the finest Art Galleries in this section. It is needless to say the same attention given to her patrons and the public in general in the past will be a feature of the New Art Establishment, which is now open for exhibition and public view.

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Our buyer sails for Europe early in July, and with a spirit of progressiveness which we propose to establish in this city any of our clientele who desire us to execute any special commissions in the foreign markets, we will give such orders our prompt and careful attention for holiday delivery.

## VOLZ & FREESE

947-949 VAN NESS AVENUE

orbs that society was sure he would send the bill for "thorough examination" to Dan Cupid. He claimed most of her dances at the Greenways and that is considered sufficient evidence for a conviction of sentiment. The past grand masters of the Know All society insisted that the engagement would be announced at Charlotte Wilson's marriage to George Cadwalader but they had to swallow their prognostications with the wedding breakfast for the announcement was not forthcoming. And now the official score keepers for the tournament of hearts, tell me that nothing short of a capital operation on their feelings will unite this young couple. The friendship that tripped merrily to the two step and warmed its heels in palm-screened corners of smart ball rooms is as contrary minded as the climate—instead of registering balmy weather during the summer it has dropped off to the temperature of a Nesselrode pudding and the matchmakers can no longer warm their hands over the possibility of an engagement announcement.

#### Start "Foot and Walker" Corporation

A friend who is in Yosemite Valley writes me that Martha and Margaret Calhoun, the two eldest daughters of Patrick Calhoun, are the most strenuous "climbers" in the valley. The Yosemite climbers' veins do not run pink tea like the urban variety of climber and the sobriquet spells distinction when one is toiling up mountain heights instead of scaling social summits. The Calhoun girls have a capacity for walking that is more than pro-union in its endurance. They could outwalk the most confirmed commuter judging from the "stunts" they have been doing in the valley.

#### Break in Berkeley Society

Berkeley matrons are anxiously questioning a bit of rumor which has been going the rounds these last few days. Some one has knowingly said that Mrs. F. E. Farrington, the prominent society leader in University circles, does not intend to return to Berkeley when Professor Farrington's year's leave of absence has expired. At present the Farringtons are in Paris and the question of their future plans must remain unanswered. Certain it is that much of Berkeley's present social whirl must be laid to Mrs. Farrington's account. She descended about three years ago to find Berkeley's Faculty in a state of social lethargy—and started the din of the tea-cups and its various accompaniments. Unfortunately it was not all smooth sailing for Mrs. Farrington. She built a beautiful home, entertained at dinners, musicales, teas, and when her guests had dined, and listened and smilingly sipped the social beverage, they ranged themselves in two factions, so to speak, pro Mrs. Farrington and anti Mrs. Farrington. The anti faction were the moss barks who were as firmly rooted in conventionality as the live oaks are in the campus. They would rather have had her break the ten commandments than bend their pet convention that the wives of the college professors should hold themselves aloof from all undergraduate affairs. The pro faction not only applauded her as a charming hostess and recognized the pleasure and interest she brought into the lives of the college students—but they also believed themselves fortunate to be counted among Mrs. Farrington's friends. And now, in view of her untiring energy and activity for others, they ask if they have proven themselves so ungrateful that the attractions of the western college

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town will pale before the more pleasant social life of an Eastern University. If the Farringtons sell their unique home in Berkeley and seek other fields of learning, Mrs. Farrington's departure will be sincerely regretted by many different coteries of women in the classic suburb.

### Californians In the English Limelight

A friend in London who is putting up at the Berkeley Hotel writes me that the Walter McCreerys are staying there. Mrs. McCreery, my correspondent says, really has the "fatal gift of beauty" in a marked degree, the sort of beauty that presages sentimental cataclysms. She is a target for admiring attention wherever she moves and her husband basks in the sunshine of the admiration she inspires. My friend says that we would not recognize the indifferent, cynical Walter McCreery in the loverlike husband of the English beauty. Mrs. Peter Martin was dining in the same hotel the other night and these two beautiful women were conspicuously lorngetted. From the enthusiastic regard in which Mrs. Peter is held in London I take it, we were not properly worshipful of her charms in San Francisco. It may be that because pretty girls grow as thick as weeds out here, Venus herself would not take us off our pumps.

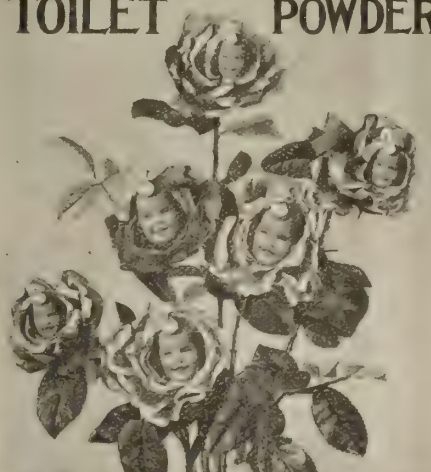
### Mrs. Peter Martin and the Duchess

But London is not so apathetic on the subject of Mrs. Martin's loveliness and in spite of the fact that she has not been press agented into the limelight, the photographers who are alert for the pictures of "new beauties" are importuning her to sit for them. England's contempt for "trade" does not extend to disdaining royalties on one's photographs and a great many English society women pocket a pretty penny in this wise. My friend writes that she did not see Mrs. Martin's picture displayed in any of the shop windows, but in one place she found a very good snap shot of the Duchess of Marlborough and the fair Mrs. Peter. It is through the friendship of the young American duchess that Mrs. Martin has achieved such prominence. These two young women are constantly together and as a result Mrs. Martin has been put through the social separator and has come out pure cream leaving less fortunate Americans to dabble in the skim milk society.

### Engagement "Lavender Tea"

Mrs. G. Alexander Wright and the Misses Wright of Palo Alto were hostesses last Wednesday afternoon at a "Lavender Tea" in the Red room at the Fairmont Hotel. Thirty guests enjoyed the dainty menu and interesting afternoon. A professional orchestra of young ladies was in attendance. At a given signal each lady drew her individual bouquet which was found to contain a dainty souvenir announcing the engagement of Miss Ethel E. C. Wright to Allen H. Peck, M. D. Miss Ethel Wright is one of the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. G. Alexander Wright, well known in San Francisco and the trans-bay cities. The Wrights resided in Alameda for many years but recently removed to Palo Alto. Miss Ethel is a graduate of the University of California, having taken her college degree of Bachelor of Letters at the last May commencement. Dr. Peck is now practicing his profession in Southern California. The wedding will take place in the early autumn.

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BYRON HOT SPRINGS.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following: From San Francisco, William Curlett, C. E. Gottschalk, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, T. Patterson Ross, A. I. Coburn; from Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Magill; from Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Brown,



### "Golf Week" at Del Monte

"Golf Week" at Del Monte begins on Monday, July 1, and lasts all the week. The programme includes handicap contests for the Del Monte Cup for men and for the Del Monte Cup for women, mixed Foursomes and Consolation Handicaps. The final round in the first annual competition for the cup presented by Walter S. Martin for women golfers will be held at the links of the Burlingame Country Club on July Fourth. The trophy will become the permanent possession of the lady who first wins three annual victories. Luncheon, with music, will be served at the Burlingame Country Club house on that day. After luncheon there will be a putting contest for ladies. The men will amuse themselves in the morning with an eighteen-hole contest against Colonel Bogie. The Walter S. Martin Cup for women golfers is open to members of any golf club and takes the place of the trophy presented by Mrs. William H. Crocker and of the Prince Poniatowski Cup, both of which were won by Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, the first champion of the California Women Golfers' Association. The Mrs. William H. Crocker Cup was won last year by Mrs. Brown and served handsomely to start her new collection of golf trophies, her first collection having been destroyed in the big fire. As R. Gilman Brown and Mrs. Brown are now in England, she will miss her chance of scoring a victory on the Walter S. Martin cup this year.

### Likely Winners at Burlingame

Miss Florence Whittell, one of the strongest women golfers of the Burlingame Country Club, is away. If Mrs. Walter S. Martin is on hand and in good form, the first victory will almost certainly be hers, for she is, with the exception of Mrs. R. G. Brown, the strongest golfer of her sex in Northern California, and would give Mrs. Edmund T. Perkins (formerly Mrs. Jean Bowers of Garvanza and woman champion of the Southern California Golf Association), the 1907 champion of the California Women Golfers' Association, a close rub. Mrs. Perkins beat Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, the strongest player of the Claremont Country Club, in the championship competition at Los Angeles this year, but has never defeated Mrs. R. G. Brown, Mrs. W. S. Martin, Miss Florence Whittell or any of the strongest women players of Northern California. Players from the two sections of the state rarely meet in contests.

### Mrs. Heney Guest at Luncheon

Mrs. Francis J. Heney was the guest of honor last Monday at an elaborate luncheon given by Mrs. Linda H. Bryan at her home, 2422 Buchanan street. Fourteen sat down at a large round table which was decorated with American beauty roses. Besides the hostess and Mrs. Heney, those at the table were: Mrs. General Frederick Funston, Mrs. William Seson, Mrs. Walter Remington Quick, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Mrs. Julian Sontag, Mrs. Edward H. Hamilton, Mrs. Hiram Johnson, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mrs. Charles Dunphy, Mrs. M. A. Huntington, Mrs. Inez Shorb White and Mrs. Charles F. Fee.

### New Canvasses by Cadenasso

Cadenasso's curious studio on the north of Russian Hill was crowded last Sunday by interested friends bent on examining several splendid canvasses he has been recently brushing on. As usual they are land-



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scapes, but handled in a masterful way to allure and delight the attention. One is a group of fantastic oaks, gnarled, interlocked, and lost in an atmosphere suggestive of mystery, enchantment and weird surroundings; the other is a darling bit of nature caught in a fitful mood, with the dying light of day slipping fondly off the lonely cluster of silent trees. Both pictures are typical of Cadenasso in his most sensitive moments and are excellent manifestations of his sympathy with nature in her varying moods.

### Doings at Del Monte

Miss Phelan, accompanied by Miss Sullivan of San Mateo and Miss Mullen, paid a visit to Del Monte last week, touring thither in a 40-horsepower Mercedes. \* \* \* Wickham Havens and Mrs. Havens, in a 45-horsepower Pierce-Arrow Runabout, arrived at Del Monte last Friday, returning home on Sunday. \* \* \* J. B. Coryell of Menlo Park with Mrs. Coryell and children, motored to Del Monte last week. \* \* \* Mrs. D. S. Jordan, Knight Jordan and Prof. J. S. Kellogg of Stanford University lunched at Del Monte one day last week as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Loeser. Mrs. Foster, Miss Foster and Prof. R. E. Alardice were also at the table. \* \* \* The fourth competition of the Ladies' Continuous Handicap Golf Tournament on the Del Monte Links was held last Saturday. Six ladies took part, the winner being Mrs. R. M. Loeser, who, with a handicap of 12 strokes, beat Miss Cornelia W. Armsby, playing from scratch, by a single stroke. The other ladies who played were Miss E. A. W. Morgan, Mrs. H. R. Warner, Miss Warner and Miss Foster. The silver pitcher presented by the Pacific Improvement Company to the winner of this tournament has now four names inscribed on it—those of Miss E. A. W. Morgan, Mrs. H. R. Warner, Miss Cornelia W. Armsby and Mrs. R. M. Loeser.

### The Parade on Coronado Beach

Among the recent arrivals enjoying the delights of the Hotel del Coronado are the following San Franciscans: Mrs. Chas. E. Blake, W. G. Good, M. Tracy and wife, Doctor and Mrs. Louis Lissner, Mr. Gustave Lissner, Mrs. Gertrude Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Reed, Miss Merritt Reed, Mr. D. Hewes, Mrs. G. S. Abbott, M. A. Thompson, Mrs. Albert Houston, Mrs. A. Hendry, Mrs. Geo. W. Hendry and son, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Horriyton, James H. Fannin, Richard Codman, Jr., Mrs. E. E. Gregory and B. C. Carroll.

### SULTAN BATHS READY TO OPEN

Nothing delights the typical San Franciscan more than to be well groomed and nothing to surpass the baths of the exquisites in this line have ever been established here that will compare with the style and equipments of the new Sultan Baths, now making ready for formal opening on next Wednesday, July 3. The establishment is a bathing idea on a magnificent scale, with every conceivable luxury and every convenience to suit the taste of the most fastidious. The seven floors of the carefully planned building are divided into a number of bath rooms of all kinds, lounging rooms, special service rooms for those desiring physician's baths with the attendant medical treatment, dining rooms, safes and all the sleeping accommodations of a first class hotel. But baths are the specialty of this new establishment

and no place of its kind in America ever offered such a variety of them on such a complete and finished scale. There are Turkish and Russian baths of all orders and descriptions, electric light baths, ordinary baths in marble rooms, fresh ocean water plunges, hot rooms, steam rooms, shampoo rooms, and an assortment of showers, sprays and plunges that will amaze the novice. In short everything that can be imagined in the bathing line will be found there in its perfection. Go and see the place for yourself. It will be open to visitors next Tuesday and Wednesday between 10 A. M. and 6 P. M.



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# Stage

## Alcazar Stock

When the annals of the stage in San Francisco come to be written—and we have plenty of alluring material here for a Dr. Doran or a Percy Fitzgerald—the historian must make a particular and painstaking study of “Alcazar Stock.” Not only is the Alcazar stock company known all over this country as one of the few stock organizations outside of New York which it is a calculable distinction to belong to, but it is also respected on Broadway as the dramatic school in which some of the cleverest mummies in America have been trained. The Alcazar has traditions which no conflagration could blot out and it is pleasant to reflect that its management is conscientiously living up to them in the new playhouse out on Sutter street. It would be disingenuous to say that this present stock company is the best the Alcazar has ever had; O’Farrell street saw some remarkable aggregations of capable players gathered in the little old furnished Moroccan theatre and it is no disparagement that they sometimes made greater demands on critical superlatives than are warranted at present. Nevertheless the actors and actresses who make up the cast of “Miss Leffingwell’s Boots” can hold a candle that need not sputter into an emerald flame of envy at the recollection of bygone days. It is a well-balanced company not without its moments of brilliance and in such an offering as the latest farce comedy from the virile pen of Augustus Thomas it is at its very best. Laura Lang is a leading woman of rather large but decidedly attractive charms. She lacks the power to distinguish the lights and shades of a delicately molded character, but in the leading role of the conventional comedy her amiable beauty and her careful reading produce a decidedly pleasant effect. Miss Lang is not endowed with extraordinary histrionic gifts but she will never challenge severe criticism. Daisy Lovering is an actress for whom a brighter future may be prophesied. She is able to “see” a character part and she unhesitatingly sacrifices comfort and appearances to the varying exigencies of the week. Miss Lovering maintains the utmost cheerfulness in the presence of ugly makeups, a most encouraging trait in a young woman who joins it to the capability Miss Lovering shows of lifting a seemingly insignificant part into laugh-provoking prominence. Louise Brownell, it would appear, is still wrestling with the technical difficulties of her craft; but she seems to be conquering them womanfully and in the elementary matters of dress and carriage she is already graduated—and it must be admitted that these are elements some actresses never entirely master. Adele Belgarde and Nera Rosa occupied definite positions in Alcazar stock long before the earthquake, so they need not be characterized now. Bertram Lytell is not one of the best leading men the Alcazar has known, but he is probably one of the youngest and most seriously inclined; and to serious-minded youth too much charity cannot be extended, especially when, as in the present case, there is a gratifying lack of self-consciousness. To be a leading man without conceit is something of a feat and Mr. Lytell accomplishes it, thereby increasing the promise of histrionic qualities which are yet undeveloped. The other men—Byers, Maher and in a lesser degree Glendenning—belong to the youngest of the Alcazar

memories; they played in the old theatre, a fact which seems somewhat historical already, and they are worthy to be remembered by special mention when some Dr. Doran writes those dramatic annals with which we started out. Take it all in all the present company is fully capable of continuing the splendid traditions that surround “Alcazar Stock.”

—Edward F. O’Day.

## Ideas for the New Orpheum

Morris Meyerfeld, Jr., President of the Orpheum Circuit Co., is now in Germany. During his European tour he has visited the chief continental and English theatres and has booked quite a number of splendid vaudeville attractions for his Circuit. In a cablegram received from him, yesterday, from Kissingen, Germany, by Manager John Morrissey, Mr. Meyerfeld gives most positive denial to the rumor that he intends to resign the presidency of the Orpheum Circuit Co., and further states that he never at any time entertained such an idea. Mr. Meyerfeld will return in plenty of time for the opening of the Orpheum, Oakland. He will find much to engage his attention on his arrival here, and will particularly devote himself to matters pertaining to the erection of the downtown Orpheum on O’Farrell St. This place will be the most superb and complete vaudeville theatre in America, and will possess all the most modern improvements of the best European theatres.

## Last Week of Maude Adams in Repertoire

Positively the final local appearances of Maude Adams will begin next Monday night at the Van Ness Theatre, when she will be seen in the most distinguished of all her stage creations, L’Aiglon. On Saturday afternoon and Saturday evening of the coming week Miss Adams will give two farewell performances of Peter Pan. These will constitute the last glimpses for a year to come of the famous little actress who braved the car strike and the telephone strike that she might keep her word with her San Francisco public and give it, as she promised on her previous visit, the greatest of her stage successes. It was Rostand’s L’Aiglon that Miss Adams principally had in mind when the idea first came to her of giving a repertoire in San Francisco. Seven years have past since she last acted the part. Then, in not any to good health, she scored the most notable achievement of her artistic career. The same scenery, costumes, and, as far as possible the same cast, employed for the New York production, have been obtained for the present L’Aiglon revival. Seven years devoted in good part to a deeper study of a role fascinating to Miss Adams, will naturally result in a finer assumption of the part. Mr. Gustav Von Seyffertitz, formerly with Conried at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, has been engaged as special stage director for this L’Aiglon performance.

## Au Revoir of the Alcazar Stock Company

This coming week at the New Alcazar Theatre will be the last for some time in which the popular leading people Bertram Lytell and Miss Laura Lang will ap-



pear. Their farewell appearance will be in George H. Broadhurst's very laughable comedy entitled "A Fool and His Money." The title of the play gives an indication of the temperament of the leading character. This person is Percy Merrill, the son of a millionaire, who has been brought up by an indulgent mother to get the best out of life with the least possible effort. He is encouraged in his spending proclivities and wastes a small sized fortune every day much to the worryment of his rich father. A number of society vultures live off him and it is not until the coming of a girl named Eleanor Ashton on the scene that Percy Merrill realizes that he is making a fool of himself with his money. The girl stimulates him to some concerted effort, and brings about his reformation. Bertram Lytell plays the fool, Percy Merrill, and Miss Lang takes care of the part of Eleanor Ashton. The comedy roles are in the hands of Ernest Glendenning, Johnny Maher and Miss Lovering. Miss Adele Belgard is cast as Mrs. Curson and Miss Brownell as Celeste Faure. Following out their policy of securing the best possible productions for the summer season the management has secured the services of those eminent stock stars, Mr. Herbert Kelcey and Miss Effie Shannon, who will appear in a series of New York successes commencing July 8th. Among their offerings will be "Lord and Master," "The Moth and the Flame" and "Taps." The sale of seats for their opening production will commence on Monday July 1st.

### Farce at the Novelty

From romantic drama to farce will be the lightning change of the Frawley Company at the Novelty Theatre this Sunday afternoon when "The Private Secretary," one of the funniest of stage offerings, will be inaugurated for a week's run. Caught in the web of others' deceit, meek-mannered Robert Spaulding, a bashful country curate whose most worldly thoughts never stray beyond his "goloshes" and his simple "goods and chattels," is led through three wild, wierd, bewildering days to his own great confusion and others' merriment. About him surge the plot and counterplot of Mr. Cattermole, the irascible old rounder who is determined that his nephew shall sow a goodly crop of wild oats in his youth; the studious nephew, who is making a heroic but unsuccessful effort to please his uncle; an old maid, devoted to spiritualism; a tailor with social ambitions and many other victims of their combined deceit and entanglement. H. G. Lonsdale, late of the Nat Goodwin forces, has been especially engaged for the title role, in which he achieved a great London success. Walter Craven could find no more congenial character than that of Cattermole while Henry Mortimer will be perfectly at home as the nephew. The full strength of the Frawley Company will be drawn upon for the rest of the cast and a special matinee will be given next Thursday, the fourth of July. Mr. Frawley's next offering will be "In Bondage," a powerful melodrama by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. This will be its first stage production.

### New Bill at the Orpheum

One of the best programmes of this Vaudeville season is offered to the patrons of the Orpheum for the forthcoming week. It is headed by Virginia Earl and her Company. Miss Earl has an international reputation as a comic opera prima donna. She was the particular bright star of Augustin Daly's New

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Matinees (except Sunday and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

PHONE WEST 6000.

## NEW ALCAZAR THEATRE TEL. WEST 6036

Corner Sutter and Steiner Streets.

BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers.

Absolutely "Class A" Building.

COMMENCING MONDAY, JULY 1,

Sixteenth Week New Alcazar Stock Company Presenting  
Geo. H. Broadhurst's Great Comedy

### "A FOOL AND HIS MONEY"

A Play Written to Drive Away the Blues.

Coming: MR. HERBERT KELCEY and MISS EFFIE SHANNON  
In a Series of New York Successes.

## NOVELTY THEATRE

Corner O'Farrell and Steiner Streets.

Commencing With Matinee Sunday, June 30,

### THE FRAWLEY COMPANY

in the Celebrated Comedy

### "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY"

Matinee Prices: 25c and 50c; Evening Prices: 25c to \$1.00.

Matinees Sunday, Fourth of July and Saturday.

## IDORA PARK OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

Commencing Monday Evening, July 1,

### "THE HIGHWAYMAN"

By De Koven and Smith, Authors of "Robin Hood."

Next Opera: "The Merry War."

## Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop.

Bishop's Players in

### "ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES"

Next: "The Liars."

Coming: Denis O'Sullivan.

## The Auditorium FILLMORE ST.

Corner Page

FRANK RITTIGSTEIN, General Manager

### A SKATING PALACE

York Theatre and the Casino when musical comedies were all the rage. She was also popular in London. Her present skit has been highly praised wherever presented. Another attractive feature of the bill will be Lalla Selbini, a most beautiful girl, who created a sensation at Hammerstein's New York Roof Garden last summer. She is the most versatile artist seen in years and her expert cycling, juggling and dancing never fail to excite enthusiasm. Armstrong and



LOUISE BROWNELL

The Popular young actress at the New Alcazar Theatre.

Clark, who wrote "Sweet Adeline" and "Can't You See I'm Lonely," will contribute a one act absurdity entitled, "Finding a Partner." The Great Bernar, the King of Marionettes, who has no equal in the manipulation of puppets, will also be a feature of the entertainment. Next week will be the last week of Emil Hoch and Co., the Kinsons, Mlle. Nadjé and Julia Heinrich and Marguerite Easter.

#### "The Highwayman" at Idora Park

"The Highwayman," that delightful De Koven opera in which Camille D'Arville achieved such success, will be the offering at Idora Park, commencing Monday July 1. The cast will include Edith Mason, Hope Mayne, Tom Persse, Ferris Hartman and a host of other favorites; the work will be mounted in splendid style. There will be a special matinee on July Fourth and in the evening there will be a most elaborate display of fireworks. "The Merry War" and "The Geisha" are scheduled for early production.

Will Greenbaum will represent the Sousa Band on its coming visit to this city. The concerts will be given in Dreamland Rink.

#### Miss Barrymore Headed for the Coast

Having recovered from the heavy cold which caused her to cease playing for a week, Ethel Barrymore is now on her western tour and headed for San Francisco. She is playing Clyde Fitch's comedy "Captain Jinks" and meeting with her greatest road success.

#### In the Limelight

It is announced that Maude Adams is to inaugurate her next season at the Empire Theatre, New York, with the production of "L'Aiglon" to be presented next week at the Van Ness Theatre.

Cyril Scott who has not appeared in the West since he has become a star of great prominence is booked for the Van Ness Theatre with his production of "The Prince Chap."

The two farewell performances of Maude Adams' engagement at the Van Ness Theatre, next Saturday afternoon and night, July 6th, will be devoted to "Peter Pan."

The last performance of "Quality Street" will be given to-night by Maude Adams at the Van Ness Theatre.



LALLA SELBINI

The Bathing Beauty who will make her first appearance at the Orpheum this Sunday matinee.





# SUMMER RESORTS




## HOTEL DEL CORONADO

(UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT)

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all-year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long distance telephone in rooms. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Interior court—a rare tropical garden. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. Good music. Fine automobile road, Los Angeles-Riverside to Coronado. Summer rates, \$3.50 per day. For further information address

**MORGAN ROSS, Manager**  
Coronado Beach, California  
**H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent,**  
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles.

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POPULAR AS EVER

MRS. ALICE RICHARDSON, MANAGER, TAHOE, CAL.

Enjoy a few days of excellent trout fishing.  
Ask S. P. Agents about low round trip tickets.



## HOTEL BON AIR

Located in the heart of Ross Valley. 45 minutes from San Francisco. Ideal home for business men and families. Terms reasonable. Address  
**STRASSBURGER & PARKER,**  
P. O., Larkspur, Cal.

## THE KENILWORTH

Mill Valley, 50 minutes from San Francisco. Superior accommodations. French chef.

**W. J. GRUSS, Proprietor**

## BYRON HOT SPRINGS



The waters cure rheumatism—the environment is perfect—the hotel comfortable and supplied with an unexcelled table. See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, ground floor, James Flood Bldg., Peck Judah Co., 789 Market St., or address hotel.

## PACIFIC GROVE HOTEL

Formerly El Carmelo

JUST THE PLACE TO REST, Down Among the Pines, by the Sea, Close to the Presidio Army Post and Old Monterey, at

PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA

A Quiet, Exclusive Resort, with Every Comfort, at Most Reasonable Rates. You can readily go to San Francisco from here, but make your headquarters here, amid most healthful surroundings. Through Parlor Car from Los Angeles and San Francisco daily. For further information address **GEO. H. CORDY, Manager Pacific Grove Hotel, Pacific Grove,** or **C. W. KELLEY, Representative, 789 Market Street, San Francisco.**

## SKAGGS

Hot Springs, Sonoma county, only 4½ hours from San Francisco and but 9 miles staging; waters noted for medicinal virtues; best natural hot mineral water bath in State; boating and swimming; good trout streams; telephone, telegraph, daily mail and San Francisco papers. First-class Hotel and Stage Service; morning and afternoon stages; round trip from San Francisco \$5.10. Take Tiburon ferry daily 7:30 a. m. or 3:30 p. m. Rates \$2.00 a day or \$12 a week. References: Any guest of the past twelve years. Information at Bryan's Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street, Peck-Judah Bureau, 789 Market street, or of **J. F. MULGREW, Skaggs, Cal.**

## VILLA FONTENAY

First Class Summer and Winter Resort in the  
SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

A Modern Resort with Every Accommodation for Rest and Pleasure. Terms, \$10.00 per week up. Free Conveyance. Address for reservation

**RICE HARPER, Prop.,**  
R. F. D. No. 1, Santa Cruz.



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**LOOMIS BROS., Proprietors**

The most elegantly and luxuriously furnished hotel of its size in the United States. Now under new management. American and European plan.

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## SUMMER RESORTS

# THE POTTER



ACCOMMODATIONS FOR 1200

Rates:

MAY 1st TO JANUARY 1st

**\$2.50**

per day and upwards

Fronting the Ocean in Cool  
Santa Barbara

A DAYLIGHT RIDE THROUGH THE PRETTIEST  
COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

Most Picturesque Coast.

Golf, polo, tennis, fishing, automobiling, surf bathing, yachts, launches and horse-back riding. See the Santa Barbara Mission (still in use). Hope Ranch, Channel Islands, Le Cumbre trail and a thousand other things that will interest you.

Our representative, at 789 Market street, phone Temporary 2751, will show you plans, secure your transportation and attend to other details of travel. **Reduced round trip rates good for thirty days.**

## SODA BAY SPRINGS

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

Situated on the picturesque shore of Clear Lake. Finest of boating, bathing, hunting and fishing; unsurpassed accommodations; new launch, accommodating 40 people, built expressly for the use of guests and excursions. Terms \$2 per day, \$12 per week; special rates to families. Take Tiburon Ferry, 7:30 a. m.; thence by rail to Pieta; then stage or automobile direct to Springs. Round trip, good for six months, \$9. Further information, address Managers, J. McBRIDE and AGNES BELL RHOADS, Soda Bay Springs, Lake County, Cal., via Kelseyville Postoffice.

## AGUA CALIENTE SPRINGS

Send your family to the nearest Hot Sulphur Springs to San Francisco. First-class accommodations. Special rates to families. No staging. Four trains daily. Fare round trip \$1.65. Tiburon ferry or Oakland; two hours' ride. Address THEODOR RICHARDS, Agua Caliente, Sonoma county, California.

## NAPA SODA SPRINGS

California's famous mountain spa, only 50 miles from San Francisco. The nearest watering place and summer resort to the city. 1,000 feet elevation, overlooking for 25 miles the beautiful Napa Valley. Good hotel accommodations. New skating rink installed this season. Open all the year round. Summer season opened April 1st. Terms on application to JOHN JACOB, Napa Soda Springs, Napa County, California.

## WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

Close to St. Helena. The Main Sulphur Springs lost by quake returned stronger and larger. The Ideal Spot for your summer vacation. For particulars address MR. and MRS. JOHN SANFORD, St. Helena.

## Witter Medical Springs

Lake County

Witter Springs Hotel opened in 1906. A Resort for particular people. Under the management of Albert J. Arroll, formerly of the New Willard, Washington and the Seelbach, Louisville. Auto headquarters of Lake county. Tennis, saddle horses, bowling, fishing, hunting. Cuisine and service unexcelled. Fresh berries, vegetables, milk and cream from our 1400-acre ranch. Witter Water famous all over the world. Clear Lake, Bachelor Valley and Sunrise Peak in Glorious Bird's eye view. Rates \$14.00 per week and upwards. Main office at 647 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.

Call or write for Booklets.

Witter Water cures Stomach Troubles.

## YOSEMITE

SENTINEL HOTEL

Opens April 1st

CAMP YOSEMITE

Opens May 10th

For information regarding rates, etc., address

J. B. COOK, Prop.,  
Yosemite, Cal.

## LAUREL DELL


15 kinds of Mineral Water and Baths; Bowling Alleys, Croquet, Marine Toboggan, Livery; the best paid Orchestras in the State; first-class table; dining-room seating 300; New Gasoline Launch on Lake.

Address EDGAR DURNAN, Proprietor, Laurel Dell, Lake County, Cal. (also proprietor La Trianon Hotel.)


## WILLOW RANCH

Delightfully located in the redwoods, five miles from Santa Cruz; spring water; fruit; milk; excellent table; daily mail; telephone Suburban 87; free conveyance; \$7 per week. MRS. M. J. CRANDELL, Santa Cruz.





# SUMMER RESORTS



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IS NOW REACHED

### BY RAIL

ROUND TRIP **\$18.50** MERCED  
YOSEMITE

#### AN 80-MILE STEEL HIGHWAY

Formerly 2 days of hot, dusty staging—now 4 hours in an observation car.  
Fine Train 2:30 p. m. every day. Write O. W. LEHMER, Traf. Mgr.  
YOSEMITE VALLEY RAILROAD CO., Merced, Cal.

There Is Plenty of Room and Entertainment for You in

## SANTA CRUZ

The leading seaside resort of the Pacific Coast. The season is now open. Arrange at once to spend your vacation there, and don't worry about accommodations. Santa Cruz is prepared to entertain all her visitors this summer.

The largest and most comfortable Cottage City on the Coast is located on the Beach in the heart of the amusement center, containing over 300 cottages, furnished and electric lighted. Terms reasonable. Write to Manager Cottage City, Santa Cruz, for particulars. In addition to this hundreds of modern cottages have sprung up all over the city designed to accommodate summer visitors.

Modern Casino and Natatorium, Pleasure Ship "Balboa," Music, Electrical Display, Roller Skating, Fireworks, Dancing, Driving, Bathing, Sailing, Miniature Railway, Board Walk and a variety of other attractions. Never a Dull Moment on "The World's Most Beautiful Playground."

### Mark West Warm Springs

Sonoma County. Only 3½ hours from S. F., and but 7 miles staging. Meet trains of N. W. Pacific at Fulton, both morning and evening. Round trip only \$3.75. New ownership and permanent first-class management. Nine mineral springs and superb boating and swimming. Hotel veranda and driveway covered by a wild grape vine arbor that is 40 by 160 feet. "The prettiest place in California" is the verdict of thousands. Terms, \$2 a day or \$12 a week. Information at Bryan's Bureau, 1732 Fillmore street; Peck-Judah Bureau, 789 Market street, or address MRS. M. MULGREW, Fulton, Cal. Now open for guests.

## RANCHELLA

An ideal home in the Santa Cruz Mountains, surrounded by beautiful grounds, five miles from Santa Cruz, in the Redwood belt. Beautiful drives, good trout fishing. Telephone, gas. \$9 to \$10. Address MRS. E. H. BUNTING, R. F. D. 87, Santa Cruz, Cal.

## GARDEN CITY SANITARIUM

CALIFORNIA UNIVERSITY OF HEALTH.  
SAN JOSE, CAL.

There is but one Royal Road to Health, and the above Sanitarium will put you upon that road. First find the cause that makes you sick, then get proper assistance to remove that cause.

Here you will find educated physicians and nurses with every facility for analyzing you from head to foot. Careful analysis of the blood, blood pressure, and all excretions of the body, including stomach fluids. Added to these, we have every facility to awaken the vitality and start anew the life forces. Educated back to health.

A complete system of water treatment. Electricity, x-Ray, Massage, Light and Sun treatment, Vibratory, etc. Rest Cure. Ten acres, quiet, restful. Surgical cases receive the best of attention. Large new building nearly completed with salt and fresh water swimming baths. For literature address Garden City Sanitarium, San Jose, Cal.

## Sea Beach Hotel

### SANTA CRUZ

Situated on a bluff within one hundred feet of the  
FINEST BATHING BEACH ON THE PACIFIC COAST

And within five minutes' walk of the

Largest and Finest Bathing Pavilion in California.

Fine tennis court, good boating, bathing and fishing.  
Beautiful drives.

HOTEL ST. GEORGE under the same management.  
J. J. C. LEONARD, Prop.

## ROWARDENNAN

SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

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## Hotel Westminster

European Plan  
\$1.00 per day and up  
With bath \$1.50 and up

Moderate Priced Cafe  
Unexcelled Cuisine  
Centrally Located  
100 Rooms with Bath

Fourth and Main Sts.  
Los Angeles, Cal.

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# SUMMER RESORTS



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Now open. A first class hostelry in every particular. Large garage under new management.

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## PARAISO HOT SPRINGS

California's most famous Health and Pleasure Resort, under new ownership and management. Natural Hot Soda and Sulphur Baths and wonderful Mineral Waters are a positive cure for Rheumatism, Malaria, Liver, Kidney and all Stomach Troubles. Elevation, 1,400 feet. Only seven miles staging. Waters awarded first prize at St. Louis. Address H. H. McGOWAN, Owner and Manager, Paraiso, Monterey County, Cal.

## KLAMATH HOT SPRINGS

A fine health, fishing and hunting resort. For particulars apply to PECK JUDAH CO., 789 Market street, or S. P. INFORMATION BUREAU, ground floor Flood Bldg., or write EDSON BROS., Beswick, Siskiyou County, Cal.

## EL PIZMO BEACH

The Finest Beach Resort in California

Write us for our auto map,  
San Francisco to Los Angeles

EL PIZMO COMPANY

PIZMO, CAL.

## DR. C. C. O'DONNELL'S MINERAL SPRINGS AT GLEN ELLEN

The best camping, picnic and pleasure resort on the coast. The greatest remedy for lung disease, liver and stomach complaints, rheumatism and catarrh in the world; 46 miles from San Francisco. The S. P. or S. F. and N. P. Railways direct; 30 furnished cottages and tents to rent; good hotel on grounds if desired; fine fishing and bathing free. Write for particulars.

DR. C. C. O'DONNELL, Glen Ellen, Cal.



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For an Outing on  
Russian River

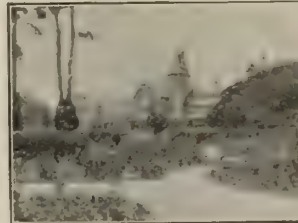
\$10 PER WEEK UP

Everything Good

H. B. Crocker, Healdsburg

SPEND YOUR  
FOURTH AT

## DEL MONTE



A week of sports at the famous resort. Golf, tennis, bowling, swimming. Automobile run July 3d and 4th.

Golf Tournament July 2d to 7th. Handsome silver trophies.

A special round trip rate of \$1.00, July 3d and 4th, good to return July 8th.

C. W. KELLEY  
City Representative  
789 Market St.

Phone Temporary 2751

## Oakland's Beautiful New Hotel



Twenty-second and Broadway : : Oakland

Opened Tuesday Afternoon, May 7th, 1907

N. S. MULLAN, Manager

## MONTRIO HOTEL

For rates and particulars apply

C. F. CARR, Proprietor, Montrio.

## GILROY HOT SPRINGS

Open the Entire Year.

A modern health and pleasure resort. The waters are beyond compare as a remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Kidney and Liver Complaints. Excellent Hotel, 15 Cottages, Hunting and Fishing. Stage meets 8:30 train from Third and Townsend Streets, San Francisco. Send for booklet.

W. J. McDONALD, Prop.

## THE HIGHLANDS ROSS

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

J. A. ROBINSON

## HOWARD SPRINGS, Lake County, Cal.

Season 1907 opens May 1st. The waters of Howard Springs will cure any case of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Trouble. Recommended by any physician who has ever visited the place in the past 20 years. Every outdoor sport, 42 Mineral Springs, Hot Sulphur and Iron Plunge Bath, Magnesia and Borax Tub Baths. Address all communications to J. W. LAYMANCE, Proprietor Howard Springs, Lake County, Cal., or 905 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.



# SUMMER RESORTS

A DELIGHTFUL PLACE TO SPEND THE SUMMER

## AETNA SPRINGS

Our Automobiles meet trains at St. Helena every day except Sunday. Take 7:40 a. m. Broad Gauge Boat. Fare, \$7.00, Round Trip.

### WEEK-END GUESTS

Will be met at St. Helena on Friday and Saturday afternoons. Take 3:30 Tiburon Ferry. Back to the city in good time for business Monday. Write for full information to

Manager AETNA SPRINGS CO.,  
Napa County, Cal.

## CAMP CURRY

YOSEMITE VALLEY

A Tented City in Nature's Grandest Park

D. A. CURRY, Proprietor

## DANNEMARK BROS.

GROCERS

CORNER HAIGHT AND SCOTT STS., SAN FRANCISCO

Country Orders Carefully Packed and Shipped

We Pay Freight

### GLENBROOK, NEVADA

On the Southerly Shore of Lake Tahoe. Splendid fishing and the place of all others on the lake where real home country life can be enjoyed. Address GLENBROOK IMPROVEMENT CO., Glenbrook, Nev.

## HOTEL CAPITOLA, Capitola, Cal.

The hotel lobby is a work of art aided by generous nature. The dining room jutting out toward the breakers with a fine view of the entire bay with the Monterey mountains in the background, is unequalled in picturesqueness and scenic effect while the ozone laden air assist digestion, the table, none better. The concert hall is ample and the floor is just right for dancing. The guests' rooms well furnished and the bay in full view of most of them. The music of the waves bring sleep and rest. The spacious porch in front of the house furnishes a complete rest cure. The bowling alley and club house with the surf breaking against the walls a never ending enjoyment.

Electric cars leave Capitola for Santa Cruz every 15 minutes.

Why not stay at Capitola Hotel in large sunny rooms at 1-3 less cost. Address: HOTEL CAPITOLA, CAPITOLA, CAL.



## CAMPERS

contemplating a trip of any kind to the interior should know that they can obtain all the staple essentials at one place, near all shipping

points, quick delivery, finest goods, lowest prices, courteous salesmen and competent packers. Let us figure with you and supply you. Freight prepaid. Suburban deliveries. All orders free.

## SMITH'S CASH STORE, Inc.

UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS

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CAMP CURRY — YOSEMITE VALLEY.

## The Summer Resorts

### PARAISO HOT SPRINGS.

Among the recent arrivals at Paraiso Hot Springs were: From San Francisco, Edw. W. Campbell, Miss K. Collins, Dr. W. A. Wheland, J. A. Wheland, Jas. P. Gallagher, Mrs. A. C. Kellogg, Miss Hanah McGowan, Mr. F. Cohn, J. E. Graves, Fred. S. Cox, Mrs. R. C. Mattison; from Oakland, Mrs. Nelson, Miss Myrtle Nelson, W. W. Pierce and wife, M. Learner, M. Bercovich, J. Rohan, Mr. A. Mabry, Carl T. Rome, Mr. and Mrs. J. Thorpe; from Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Whalen, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin.

### NAPA SODA SPRINGS.

Arrivals at Napa Soda Springs during the past week included the following: Mr. A. L. Friedlander and wife, E. H. Simon, Mr. J. J. Gottlob and wife, Miss Sophie Weil, Mr. Alex. Weil, Miss Florence Seller, Sidney Schlesinger, Miss Tay, from San Francisco; Mrs. Chas. Taylor, Andy Christensen, Mr. Stanley Jackson, Mrs. Chauncey Taylor, Mrs. S. H. Michler, Miss Clancy, from Oakland.

### WITTER SPRINGS.

Senator George C. Perkins and Miss Pansy Perkins were at Witter all the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Howard Black and party from Palo Alto came over to Witter from the Carnival at Lakeport.

General and Mrs. Severance joined the Army Colony at Witter during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Waite, Mrs. A. G. Bashion and Douglass Talbot were among the auto arrivals on Tuesday.

Col. and Mrs. John P. Gallagher of Petaluma, arrived Monday for a month at Witter.

### TAHOE TAVERN.

The following are among the recent arrivals at Tahoe Tavern, Lake Tahoe: From San Francisco, Julius Ach and family, J. K. Moffitt, L. D. Stone and wife, M. M. Fennell and wife, J. H. Scott and wife, F. J. Miller and wife, J. A. Harlan and wife, Jas. R. Keith and wife, A. W. Pike and wife, J. H. Cooper and wife, F. J. Rodgers, W. S. Ronaldson; from Los Angeles, Mrs. S. E. Potter, E. S. Potter, C. O. Valentine and wife, Edith M. Benedict, Lynn Coles, C. P. Goodwin, Willard Goodwin, Carrie Olsen, Clara Gilmore; from Oakland, C. H. Cushman, R. W. Tuttle, H. J. Quinn and wife.

### HOTEL VENDOME.

Among those registered at the Hotel Vendome during the past week were: From San Francisco, Dr. and Mrs. John Gallwey, W. Turnbull, Miss Phelan and maid, Miss Mullen, Mrs. Rebecca Gillig, F. A. Healy, Mrs. Paul P. Austin, T. J. Schuyler, H. N. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Osborne; from Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. W. Havens, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Woodward.

### PACIFIC GROVE HOTEL.

Among the arrivals at Pacific Grove Hotel (formerly El Carmelo) during the past week were: From San Francisco, Mrs. F. C. Hill, George Williams and wife, J. E. Hughes, W. S. Barry, J. A. Sauer, Arthur J. Bond, J. D. Eldridge and wife, M. D. Hall and wife, Mr. A. B. Small, Miss J. M. Blanche, F. W. Hunt and wife, Arthur Austin, J. H. Boyle and wife, H. W. Copp and wife, C. W. Sherman, Dr. and Mrs. A. Schloss, Master Owen T. Schloss, Miss Viola M. Clark; from Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Nichols and son, Rev. E. E. Baker; from San Jose, J. L. Blair, H. H. Ledyard, W. S. Richards and wife, T. R. Jamison, Leonard Cutler and wife.



THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF BALTIMORE CAN HARDLY REMEMBER WHEN

## Hunter Whiskey

WAS FIRST PUT UPON THE MARKET. ITS STEADY GROWTH IN POPULARITY THROUGHOUT THESE MANY YEARS PROVES IT THE PERFECT PRODUCT OF THE STILL.

CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO.,  
Agents for California and Nevada,  
912-914 Folsom St., San Francisco, Cal.

## FIREWORKS

at our old location in a  
new building

219 FRONT STREET

Order now for out-of-town use

## California Fireworks Co.

219 Front Street : San Francisco

## PORCHER & SEAGRAVE, Inc.

### Hats and Gents' Furnishing Goods

1244-6 MARKET ST., NEAR LARKIN

717 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE



## GILROY HOT SPRINGS.

Among the recent arrivals at Gilroy Hot Springs were: From San Francisco, Mrs. M. Green, Miss Ruby Robison, Miss Annie I. Lawton, Mrs. Edward Lawton, Mrs. C. Boyle, Carl L. Perkins, W. C. Farrell, A. W. Rixon, William H. Cameron; from Alameda, Mrs. A. Wolfrom, F. W. Michels, Ludwig Michels, F. Michels; from Oakland, William H. Dunagan and wife, Wm. Sachau, J. E. Stackler, Lewis D. Voice, Mrs. G. Flammer, Miss Annie Flammer.

## THE HIGHLANDS.

Mr. James Otis who has been spending a few days at The Highlands, Ross, has returned to San Francisco. The Highlands, Ross, promises to be a rendezvous for the younger society people of Ross and San Rafael who largely attend the dances given on Saturday evenings.

## The New Butler

(Continued from Page 10.)

"Let's not stand on ceremony, little girl! We are going to be comrades, I take it. You just go in and announce that Jousson has arrived," replied "Reliable," chucking the young lady condescendingly under the chin.

"Mamma—Jousson—M. Jousson has come," said Louise excitedly and with some embarrassment, as she opened the door of the parlor.

Fru Bykvist had, it is true, traveled through a few large cities, where she had seen head waiters and lackeys in plenty, whose appearance fully equalled that of any judge or counselor at law. When, however, "Reliable," alias Jousson, made her a formal obeisance in her own hall, she lost her equanimity altogether, held out her plump hand, and stammered politely: "I bid you welcome, M. Jousson—I mean Jousson. I trust you will like our simple home—our home—I mean."

"Thank you, milady, thank you. When once I understand my duties, I——"

"Yes, indeed—well—that is—yes, my husband and myself are not at all hard to please. Everything will be all right, if you will begin at once by doing everything just the way it is done in a really aristocratic house. As to your room——"

Miss Louise kept pulling her mother's sleeve so persistently that Fru Bykvist at last followed her into the dining room.

"Mamma, that little closet behind the office is impossible. We must let him have the room next to papa's."

"I'm afraid you are right. I didn't expect him to be so distinguished looking. Did you hear him address me as milady? That will be the finish of your Aunt Cederlund, and of the Browall set."

It cannot be denied that Miss Emmy, as well as Bykvist, Sr., himself, also felt somewhat oppressed when they first set eyes on Jousson. The only one who was not over-awed was the son of the house. He was a child of the modern era, vice-president of several associations, and not so easily dazed.

"These barrels must be taken to the loft before noon," was his short and sharp order, when Jousson accidentally passed by the office door.

"Very well, sir," answered Jousson politely, uncovering his head.

At the end of an hour he returned. "Sir?"

"What is it?"

"The barrels have been attended to."

## A Familiar Question

*"Where Shall We Go to Lunch?"*

*Those who know answer*

**"The Hotel St. Francis  
Grill Room  
On Union Square  
It's excellent."**

FAIRMONT HOTEL  
SAN FRANCISCO

The Most Superbly Situated Hotel in the World  
EUROPEAN PLAN

All rooms outside; every room with a bath  
Rates \$2.50 and upward Special terms to permanent guests

Management of  
THE PALACE HOTEL COMPANY

Tait's Pompeian Garden  
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*Vocal and Instrumental Concerts Daily  
AFTERNOON AND EVENING*

JULES' RESTAURANT NOW OPEN  
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"All right."

"The man who has moved them wants a dollar."

Now this did overwhelm young Bykvist, great, big strong fellow though he was. He gazed in awed surprise at his father's servant, and in some embarrassment paid him a dollar and a silver quarter besides. "Many thanks, sir!"

At the approach of the dinner hour, which had been postponed from two o'clock to half past five, for the sake of appearances, the entire family happened to be assembled in the parlor adjoining the dining room.

"Go to your rooms, girls, and you, John, step into the office, so that Jousson may have a chance to announce dinner."

"But, Martha, my dear, why cannot we simply walk into the dining-room? I'm hungry as a bear," said Father Bykvist plaintively.

"John, what are you paying five hundred a year for, if you want to sit down to dinner by the clock, like a cobbler?"

When Jousson returned from the girl's rooms, he informed Fru Bykvist with a bow that the young ladies were not yet dressed.

"Were you taking a bath, girls?" asked their mother, when both promptly entered the dining room.

"No indeed—why do you ask?"

"Jousson said—hmm." The solution suddenly dawned upon Fru Bykvist. Jousson was evidently accustomed to see the ladies dressed for dinner. She almost withered with mortification.

At table, the family looked at each other, ate, chewed, and kept silence. Eleven years of baronial references crushed the small home circle, generally so bright and cheerful, with a heavy and almost annihilating weight. They were so terribly afraid of committing some dreadful mistake!

"I beg your pardon, milady, but I have not yet been entrusted with the key to the wine cellar. Perhaps the maid is to serve the wine to-day?"

Fru Bykvist rang the bell. She was ready to drop under the table. "Bring up some claret, Christina."

"Both bottles, or will one of them do?" answered the maid.

Fru Bykvist felt like crying. Meanwhile Jousson poured the wine with a pained expression in his noble features, as if the grape juice were his own life blood. "I humbly beg your pardon, milady; the temperature of this wine is all wrong. But it shall not happen again."

The table service was indeed admirable of its kind. Hardly had the cakes and preserves been discussed, when Jousson placed a lighted taper before each of the two gentlemen.

"What, is he going to do now, mamma?" whispered Emmy, brimful of respectful curiosity.

"I have no idea, child."

"Presumably, we are to smoke," Bykvist, Jr., informed his sister, for he had seen a little more of the world than the rest of his family.

This proved to be the case. Fortunately there was a box of cigarettes in Father Bykvist's room, else there would have been another source of mortification. When the family at last arose, the joys of the table were found to have consumed exactly an hour and three-quarters. The maid Christina had usually managed to supply their needs in considerably less time.

Ostentatiously, though noiselessly, Jousson threw open the folding doors to the parlor and withdrew humbly behind the sideboard, where he stationed himself like a show horse on parade. They all felt that some-

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thing was expected of them, without knowing what to do. Bykvist, Sr., politely offered his arm to his wife, and solemnly led her into the parlor, fondly hoping that he was living up to Jousson's expectations.

When coffee had been served, the old man invited a few friends over the telephone to a small impromptu card party—just enough to fill two tables, for there was a dearth of "swell" gentlemen in Strandholm.

"He is going to introduce us to the new father-in-law," said the invited guests. When they arrived and entered the parlor, they did not find any father-in-law, however. What they did see, through the door leading into the room of the master of the house, was a stately old gentleman, who was arranging the card tables with serious dignity.

"The new relative is making himself at home," whispered the guests as they nudged each other. "He does look confoundedly aristocratic."

As they came into the room to draw lots for their places at the tables, the strange gentleman busied himself unconcernedly at the sideboard with a tray of punch glasses, as if the company did not interest him in the least. All the guests stopped at the door, looking reproachfully at Bykvist, and asked him in a half whisper: "Introduce us—why don't you?"

"Some more soda water, Jousson!" ordered Bykvist briskly; and as the butler walked off, and the others gazed at the host in speechless surprise, he added nonchalantly: "That's the new manservant I have engaged. Those confounded servant girls have almost killed me with their slovenliness."

Everything went off well, until the very strong and expensive cognac took its effect, and master-tanner Barkhom began to use some more forceful than elegant language over his bad luck at cards. At the uncouth words Jousson shuddered as at a serpent's bite, and looked so imploringly at his master that they all felt ashamed of themselves.

At supper the doctor waxed wroth when the attentive Jousson placed three clean forks beside him, having seen him indiscriminately thrust the same fork he was using to eat with into all the side dishes and preserve jars upon the table, in deference to a time-honored custom of the Simple Life.

Meanwhile, poor Christina sat in the kitchen shedding bitter tears, because she was no longer entrusted with waiting on the table.

Fru Bykvist's face fell when Jousson asked her for the finger bowls. And when the beer made its appearance in crystal pitchers, so that it was impossible to distinguish the brew, the railroad inspector said point-blank: "Look here, Bykvist, what do you mean by all this tomfoolery?"

None of the guests enjoyed themselves at the Bykvist's upon that occasion as they were in the habit of doing; although certainly no one could find fault with the service. On the following day, Jousson, alias "Reliable," alias Bykvist's father-in-law, took his departure by the noonday train, with a fair sum in his pocket to indemnify him for the position he had lost. In the train he happened to meet an old friend of his, who filled the position of major-domo on an estate adjacent to the baronial castle where Jousson had served for eleven years. To him the erstwhile Bykvist butler confided his recent experiences, concluding his tale with the words:

"They were good, simple-minded, generous people, although unhappily without any education whatsoever. But if I had remained, no doubt I would have gradually succeeded in teaching them manners."

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## Letters

### The Story of California Big Trees

To those who wish to get an excellent idea of California's famous big trees, their origin, nature, characteristics and the story of the several groves, I recommend Galen Clark's little booklet just published. Few men know more about this rare old denizen of California than does this pioneer in Sierra forest life. His own career is indissolubly bound up with the history of the big trees of this state. Clark is the discoverer of the Mariposa grove and was for many years the guardian of the Yosemite Valley, from which point he frequently visited and studied all the groves in that vicinity. For more than one-half of his 94 years he has lived among them. No layman is more familiar with the Sierras, their fauna, flora and geological formation than is this sterling old mountaineer. His little booklet of 104 pages contains the very pith and fibre of all that can be said about the big trees of California. For sale by Galen Clark, publisher, Yosemite, and by all newsdealers; price, cloth \$1.00; paper 50 cents.

### Austin's Sexology

The quotation from Aristotle printed on the title page of Dr. Austin's "Talk with Maid, Wife and Mother: "To say what should be said, to say only what should be said, and to say it as it should be said," fairly describes the scope and contents of the publication. It is not designed for the enlightenment of morbidly curious children, and should be kept out of their hands, but matrons and those who have reached an age and development to regard marriage seriously, and as something more than an accasion for a trousseau and an endless succession of special entertainments it is doubtful if anything better is to be had. Unlike the majority of the books on sexology, Dr. Austin has not exaggerated the importance of one set of organs above all the others, nor is his volume simply a thinly disguised tout for some special course of treatment or the sale of patent medicines. Naturally, this is a book for the private library, not the parlor center table. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

### "Raymond Benson at Krampton"

As a rule, books dealing with the life of boys attending schools where they are removed from the immediate supervision of their parents are not to be commended. The tendency of writers is to make the most of lawlessness disguised as the natural exuberance of youth, entirely forgetting that boys of sixteen and upward are on the verge of manhood and quite old enough to develop at least in embryo, some of the stern virtues that good citizenship demands. In this respect Clarence B. Burleigh's "Raymond Benson at Krampton" is somewhat out of the rut. School fraternities are seen at their best in Krampton, where the Literii and Socii are about evenly divided and except the business meetings, attended by both, all are welcome to take part in debates and discussions. There was a third and very secret organization, "The Brotherhood of the Endless Chain," whose hair-raising initiation ceremonies and elaborate paraphernalia will appeal to any young lover of the mysterious, but what was its object and how the programme was carried out it is quite too good to give away here. The Krampton boys are decidedly better company than the so-called students of most of the private schools as set forth in juveniles. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

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MR. AND MRS. H. C. LIEB,  
2757 Harrison street, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 19, 1906.

TO THE PUBLIC: This is to certify that Dr. Wong Him has cured me of lung and stomach trouble, from which I had suffered for many years. I tried many doctors, but they failed to cure me. I consulted Dr. Wong Him, and after taking his Herb Medicine for six months am now permanently cured. I wish to recommend him to the public as an efficient and skillful physician.

CHARLES BAEHR,  
632 Lyon street, San Francisco, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1907.

TO THE PUBLIC: I had a very severe case of Throat Trouble and general breakdown. Did not sleep or eat for eight days. After trying every remedy I heard of without success, I called on Dr. Wong Him, 1268 O'Farrell street, who by feeling my pulse correctly diagnosed my case. His remedies gave me immediate relief. Cannot say too much in favor of his teas.

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Thomas C. Reed, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Henry G. W. Dinkelspiel, 1265 Ellis street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Thomas C. Reed, deceased.

HENRY CHRISTENSEN,

Administrator of the Estate of Thomas C. Reed, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, June 1, 1907.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL,  
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VOL. XV. No. 775

San Francisco, July 6, 1907

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## The Two Kinds of Labor

Every little while some learned doctor of the science of political economy, moved by a sense of the importance of keeping the paper by which he is employed in touch with workingmen, takes occasion to remind the lamentably benighted that organized labor is an established fact which must not be ignored. This reminder is usually accompanied by certain impressive platitudes respecting the dependence of capital on labor, the rights of labor and the duties of employers. Unfortunately the average learned doctor with strong convictions on the subject of the rights of organized labor is lamentably unconscious of the rights of unorganized labor. While he abounds in sneers for such men as are loath to concede the overwhelming majesty of unionism, he makes of himself a superb target for ridicule by clearly betraying the narrowness of his conceptions and hugging to himself an assumption that is one of the most curious facts in the history of human error. The rash and absurd assumption that in all differences between employers and employees the rights of labor are entirely and exclusively the rights of union labor, lies at the root of most of the popular fallacies on the subject of industrial economy. The Constitution of this country does not differentiate unorganized from organized labor. Under our laws the rights of a union man are not more precious than those of a non-union man. Nay, when a strike occurs it is usually the case that the rights of non-union men are the rights for the protection of which the operation of those laws are invoked. The Constitution is not favorable to the growth of trades-unions. Indeed the principles of our government are distinctly hostile to the sentiments that animate unionism. It is one of the chief sentiments of unionism that a man who sells his labor without first taking out a card in a union is an undesirable citizen, that it is proper to brand him as a scab and legitimate to cause him to be despised. As a matter of fact that man is a better citizen than the average union man who insists that his union card vests him with privileges and rights greater than those guaranteed by the Constitution. Organized labor is unquestionably a fact that must not be ignored, but so too, is unorganized labor. To ignore unorganized labor, or rather to treat it as though it has no rights that organized labor is bound to respect, is in our opinion unpatriotic and contemptible.

## The Evils of Unionism

The relations of employer and employed have existed since civilization began, and during many centuries there have been labor unions, but it does not follow that they are inevitable or essential. It is not difficult to conceive an ideal situation in which unions would be unnecessary and entirely undesired. Nor is it unreasonable to hope that some day public sentiment will cease to tolerate the evils and abuses of labor unions and at the same time compel a satisfactory adjustment of the relations of employer and employed. Meanwhile labor unions though founded on principles the soundness of which cannot be gainsaid, are maintained for the furtherance of purposes that defy the fundamental principles of political economy. This being the case, unless they can bring into their ranks a large majority of the men who have labor to sell they cannot succeed without injustice. Theoretically the achievement of the purpose of unionism is feasible, but in practice we see that unionism must depend on force for triumph. The boycott is seldom a success when not conducted with violence. It is seldom a success because non-union labor is always available. Intimidation is the principal weapon employed to secure recognition of the claims of organized labor, and intimidation is a crime. This is a fact that should not be ignored by those who sympathize with labor unions. We could easily sympathize with labor unions if at the same time we could be zealous for the protection of the rights of unorganized labor, rights that are prejudicial to the organized. We realize that a man has a right to quit work when he does not receive sufficient pay, but we also realize that another man has a right to take the job and that he is entitled to the protection of the law while engaged in earning the price of his labor. We do not feel that the latter is undeserving of sympathy because of his disinclination to join a union. The manner in which unions are conducted by selfish and avaricious foreigners of socialistic proclivities does not render them inviting to the average intelligent American workingman. It is a matter of common knowledge that many intelligent workingmen in union ranks are not in congenial company. It is not profitable for them to have their superiority of skill rendered negligible by rules that are advantageous principally to the incompetent; nor is it pleasant for them to be subject to the whims and caprices of anarchistic leaders. It may be seriously doubted whether trades-unions are beneficial to workingmen in a country where public sentiment is intolerant of the tyranny of capital. It may be seriously doubted whether strikes on the whole have done good. It would surely require a vast amount of good to offset the losses and suffering they have caused. They may have checked some tendency to oppression on the part of capital in isolated cases, they may have taught the holder of money not to claim too much of the profits of industry, but they have destroyed the peace and prosperity of whole communities, they have caused hard times, and they have rendered many families miserable.

## What Is Crime In San Francisco?

The Century Dictionary defines crime as "an offense punishable by law." Now, that definition may pass current in the effete East where the Century Dictionary was compiled, but we don't recognize any such standard of measure in this wide-awake and up-to-date metropolis of the Pacific Coast. What the law may prohibit or command may serve as a guide in the older and



more slow-going communities, but not here. In San Francisco a new and more modern system has come into vogue. Here the whole question of crime is greatly simplified. In San Francisco, crime may be defined as "an act which displeases the 'Big Stick.'" Although a man may violate the law, although he may transgress all the mandates of the Penal Code, yet if he shall thereafter enlist under the banner of the "Big Stick" and yield unflinching obedience to its authority, his sins are immediately washed away and he stands purified before the world. On the other hand, though he may lead an exemplary life, as measured by the standards prevailing in older communities, although he strictly comply with all the laws prescribed for the conduct of men, and though he may carefully refrain from violating any of the penal injunctions of the state, nevertheless, if by any act he incur the displeasure of the "Big Stick," that act immediately becomes a crime. In illustration of the principle last enunciated, may be cited the cases of two young attorneys of this city recently indicted by the "Big Stick's" Grand Jury. Both of these young men stand high in the community, are of unquestioned integrity, and by dint of energy and ambition have moved forward to a leading place in the ranks of their profession. They are both exemplars of what wide-awake, industrious, intelligent, upright and ambitious young Americans can accomplish. These young men, however, incurred the displeasure of the "Big Stick" and straightway their indictments followed. One of these young men advised his client to a policy of silence. The other himself pursued a policy of silence. This is the head and front of their offending. Neither of them violated any law, neither of them violated any trust, neither of them was guilty of any immoral act. On the contrary, both of them have conducted themselves in accordance with the highest code of honor, both personally and professionally, and both of them have been punctiliously careful to conduct themselves with rectitude and to deal honorably with their fellow men. But they made the mistake of displeasing the "Big Stick." The cases of Brobeck and Abbott are by no means exclusive, but they are typical.

### The "Big Stick's" Capers

On the other hand, it is common knowledge that eighteen citizens of our city, trusted by the people with the exercise of high and important municipal functions, deliberately conspired together, under the guidance of a master mind, to levy tribute upon the industry and commerce of our city and to enforce their piratical demands by means that would have put to shame the pirates of the Spanish Main. Yet these men are held guiltless and relieved of the stigma of indictment, because they had the wisdom to join the forces of the "Big Stick." Another man there was, whose fertile brain conceived and carried forward a gigantic plan for the exploitation of the industrial and commercial resources of this great city. At the zenith of his power, and while the city lay helpless at his feet, the "Big Stick," displeased with his mode of warfare, gave him a resounding whack on the head and ordered him to be good,—that is to say, to enlist under the banner of the "Big Stick." This robber baron proved for a time intractable and so the "Big Stick" was compelled to have recourse to numerous indictments before its victim was reduced to the proper state of servitude. This condition reached, however, the robber baron was forgiven

and his pathway thereafter made pleasant for him. These illustrations merely serve to show how far we have advanced from the old theory that so long guided the conduct of men and molded their views respecting crimes and criminals. The new system has the advantage of simplicity. No more do we have need of the legal safeguards that have been thrown around the individual to protect his liberty, for the "Big Stick" now does it all. Moreover, it has become much easier to determine what is, and what is not, a crime. If an act please the "Big Stick," it is a worthy act and has no criminal characteristics. If it displease the "Big Stick," it is a crime and punishable as such. Thus are we emerging from the darkness of a benighted past into the brilliant sunlight of a glorious future.

### Funston's Blunt Criticism

Wonderful impetus has been given to the wagging of the tongues of outsiders who happen to concern themselves about San Francisco's welfare by the extraordinary utterance of General Funston regarding the "unwhipped mob" of this city. General Funston has the characteristic martial vigor of expression and his unminced words are bound to be widely quoted and commented on throughout the country. Discretion of the verbal variety is certainly not the better part of military valor; and debate on the propriety of General Funston's remarks is sure to divide into two camps a population which was of one accord in its appreciation of his splendid services during the earthquake emergency. However the stubborn fact remains that despite their possible impropriety and aside from the more difficult question of their justification, the words attributed to the general have been actually committed to paper and have flown abroad heavily to reinforce what has already been spread to our detriment through eastern cities. Just what part of our varied population General Funston had in mind when his fervid pen inked the objectionable phrase onto the paper which carried his tremendous answer to the mild invitation of the Fourth of July committee remained for awhile a dark but fascinating mystery. The general insisted that he did not refer to our unionized workingmen and rather vaguely added that his mental vision was concentrated at that particular moment of passionate composition on "the cowards who stone street cars and insult women and children, and the bad element which sympathizes with those who do unlawful and violent acts." As it has not been the diversion of any element in this city to stone street cars except during the car strikes and as those cowards who have been lead by the impetuosity of their loyalty to the striking carmen to insult women and children have proved on police court examination to be almost invariably the striking carmen themselves or members of other labor unions, there was evidently a cryptic significance in this statement by General Funston that did not yield itself to ordinary mental effort. Is it possible that the general availed himself of a diplomatic prerogative not seldom assumed by great men, by denying the obvious import of his words when embarrassment would be the result of acknowledging it? Whatever General Funston meant—and in the presence of his emphatic if somewhat misty and unsatisfactory exegesis, speculation seemed futile—it is undeniable that the impression conveyed by his words will be mightily alarming to those unfamiliar with the local situation. Their unmistakeable intimation is that



there exists in this city a dangerous element whose uncowed condition makes it inadvisable for the federal troops to parade on the Fourth of July. The California Promotion Committee and the other bodies which are conducting eastern campaigns of education anent San Francisco conditions will no doubt concentrate their efforts for some time to come on the erasure of this dark picture conjured by Funston's martial pen.

### His First Explanation

That General Funston himself apprehends the inadequacy of obscure language in addressing the unlettered multitude whom his remarks principally concern is clear from his subsequent statements to the press. There were two or three of these and they showed the general in the mental process of clarifying his ideas about unionism more and more to suit the exigencies of newspaper expression. At first the Presidio warrior was insistent that he had intended no covert allusion to organized labor in his remarks about the unwhipped mob. But it is probable that this was nothing but a conventional disclaimer of the kind which nearly all men of local prominence have schooled themselves to make when their words might seem to reflect on unionism. This very real fear of offending the laboring man, no matter how justifiable the occasion of criticism, has been a disheartening characteristic of the San Franciscan merchant, capitalist, politician and journalist for many years. It is a cowardice born of the most sordid considerations of expediency and it has held this city up to the withering scorn of more free-spoken communities time and time again. It would appear that General Funston reproached himself for yielding to this state of mental compromise with truth and conviction, for he hastened to qualify his disclaimer and in the end disclaimed it altogether. General Funston began the process of setting himself right with the public by explaining that his sincere sympathy with the principle of unionism extended only to its legitimate manifestations and he cited the order of railway conductors as a labor organization of the kind which enjoyed his approval. But for certain other kinds of organized labor the general expressed the heartiest detestation. With a warrior's contempt for indirection or innuendo General Funston hastened to specify just what kind it was that he could not abide—the sort, he very frankly blurted out, which is represented in this city by “blatherskite P. H. McCarthy and ‘rivers of blood’ Tveitmoe.” Of these two leaders of the Building Trades Council General Funston signified an opinion to which only a bit of martial profanity could do justice. The frankness of our brigadier's language is as much to be admired as its force; and his opinion of McCarthy and Tveitmoe makes interesting matter for rumination. Evidently the Presidio is not so remote from the little world of intrigue and dissension in which McCarthy and Tveitmoe move that its commanding officer cannot keep a keen military eye on their actions; and evidently his study of these two giants who are never happy unless bedewed with the sweat of combat in the cause of unionism has resulted in a withering contempt for them and for their methods. It is clear too that General Funston does not attach much importance to Tveitmoe's repudiation of the “rivers of blood” speech which he was alleged to have delivered. Funston probably thinks that the sanguinary utterance was so much in character with other reported words of the imported champion of the

American workingman that he must have delivered it and then denied it in cooler afterthought. No wonder McCarthy and Tveitmoe have been wrought to fury by the critical appreciation of their characters which he vouchsafed to the newspapers. No wonder they have branded him with the awful stigma of friendship for the organizer of the Citizens' Alliance. He has held the mirror up to them and they are enraged at the sight of their own features. They have for once enjoyed the privilege yearned for by the Scotch poet of seeing themselves as others see them. It will take tremendous quantities of their own printer's ink and gales of their own oratory to restore them to their own good opinion, which they value more than the estimation of all the brigadiers in the service of Uncle Sam.

### Further Enlightenment

Encouraged no doubt by the gratifying storm of disapproval which this utterance of his brought about his undaunted brow General Funston proceeded still further to qualify his approval of unionism and in so doing he returned to his first theme of the unwhipped mob, finally dissipating the mists of language which hid the exact significance of that phrase from the mind's eye of the curious public. He explained that when he spoke of the uncowed rabble which might be expected to jeer at the troops of his command if they were allowed to parade on the Fourth of July he by no means excluded the turbulent element of organized labor. It was as everyone had suspected. The general had made his first denial as a diplomatic expedient under the impression that the whole crude truth about his attitude toward the labor unions should be imparted in judicious installments. He had feared, it seems, that one strong dose would overwhelm the patient instead of effecting the cure upon which he had set his heart. And when he judged that our supersensitiveness was sufficiently steeled to stand the entire shock he declared that that part of the unwhipped mob which was not composed of the turbulent element of organized labor aforesaid was made up of a young hoodlum element whose savage condition was due to the selfish restrictions of the apprentice system prac-



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tioned by the unions in this city. These restrictions, the general explained, kept numbers of young men and boys out of honest trades and exposed them to the corrupting influence of the shiftless and criminal dregs of our population. In the final analysis, therefore, it becomes perfectly clear that General Funston attributes the whole of San Francisco's unwhipped mob to the evils of union labor and to the methods of "blatherskites like McCarthy and 'rivers of blood' Tveitmoe." Some may think that General Funston should have said all this in the first place; that he should not have tantalized and baffled us with his satirical insistence that when he spoke of the unwhipped mob he did NOT refer to the Art Association and the Epworth League, but should have let us know straightaway that he meant the labor unions. However this is a very small matter. General Funston has quite honestly given us his full meaning and he deserves a great deal of gratitude for doing so. Plain-speaking and plaindealing have been lamentably and conspicuously lacking in all this city's relations with union labor and out of the Presidio has come an example which it is hoped will be more and more followed as the months roll by.

### The Immortality of Beasts

Coincident with the coming of the silly season is the advent of the university summer school and the teachers' institute. The silly session is a well-defined period during which the mental lassitude induced by the labors of winter and spring lead college professors and others to formulate all sorts of ridiculous theories and to defend all sorts of nonsensical positions. In New York, for instance, the beginning of the silly season this year was marked by a controversy which waged in all the newspapers over the beneficial and injurious effects of having music with meals. Nearly everybody except Dr. Wiley, the national food expert, has been called upon to take sides in this profound dispute. In this part of the world it would seem that most of the phenomena of the silly season are to be supplied by the university summer school, although the short-lived teachers' institute did its share. Among the first of the so-called "savants" who arrived in Berkeley to minister to the intellectual cravings of the summer students was Professor McTaggart, heralded as a Cambridge don who has made a deep dent in the scientific consciousness of Europe. No sooner had Dr. McTaggart arrived than he summoned the newspapermen and impressively informed them that there is no God, that the soul is immortal and that the higher animals (including man) have souls. Stricken for a while to silent awe by these tremendous pronouncements, the reporters finally rallied sufficiently to question the professor about his beliefs. As atheism and the ordinary immortality of the soul have no news value, the shrewd newspapermen confined themselves to the doctor's theory of the immortality of animals. Dr. McTaggart informed them that he agreed with Professor Howison that dogs have everlasting life and that the same prerogative belonged to other quad-

rupeds, although "just where the line of demarkation is drawn between the members of the animal kingdom that have souls and those that have none, it is a hard matter to decide." This immortality of beasts Professor McTaggart pronounces a certainty, although just how his certitude has been reached he has so far failed to inform the newspaper men. But no doubt before the silly season—or rather, the summer session of the university—proceeds much further, Professor McTaggart will have demonstrated to the complete satisfaction of all the Berkeley metaphysicians—though not perhaps to that of all the newspaper men—that man is to be cheered in his future life by the companionship of the dog, the cat or the horse which barked, meowed or whinnied its soulful friendship during this earthly existence.

### High School Requirements

It is reported that in three western cities the requirements for admission to the high schools have been materially advanced. Hereafter pupils will be expected to be letter perfect in the words of "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," and "America," for the educational authorities are shocked by the exhibition of ignorance whenever the national hymns are sung in public, the performance usually coming to a dead stop at the end of the first stanza. Doubtless there will be another howl raised over this infringement on the rights of free born Americans like that which went up a year or two ago when it was proposed to demand that college freshmen should be familiar, at least with the substance, of the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the ten commandments, the Sermon on the Mount and the Biblical stories as related in the Book of Genesis. It was proclaimed far and wide that this was an attempt to introduce sectarian teachings into the schools and to this was added the argument that little boys and girls of eighteen and upwards were worked to death as it was with multifarious subjects for brain concentration. As a matter of fact, in the theory of those pedagogues it really made as little difference whether the freshmen knew what was meant by the Lord's Prayer as it seems to matter whether they conform to the old fashioned spelling and grammar once universally accepted as correct. Individuality is the fad nowadays, and if "I ben" slips more easily from the tongue than "I was" or "I have been," what possible difference can it make? One wonders sometimes what will become of the next generation, after contemplating the appalling ignorance of the average graduate of today, whether from high school or college, and remembering that these carelessly trained men and women are to be the teachers of the future. So many of them neither know nor desire to know nor comprehend that they do not know. They are defectively prepared in spelling, grammar, geography, history and mathematics. Their vocabulary is scant in everything but slang, and their capacity to express themselves in writing is woefully restricted. Despite all the boastings of the superiority of the modern methods, the fact remains that the average high school graduate of today is infinitely less well informed than the ten year old pupils of the old fashioned ungraded district schools which were often open only six months in the year, were without apparatus of any kind, and were moreover attended by old and young alike so that there was no time for special attention, fads or frills, and study was of more moment than teaching.

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# Historical Dueling Fields of America

By Major Ben C. Truman

Time was when the visitor to Washington, Richmond, Natchez, Vicksburg, New Orleans, St. Louis, Sacramento and San Francisco would be taken, among other places, to the old dueling fields adjacent, where many a man had been sent to his last account through a mistaken interpretation of what constituted an honorable settlement of personal difficulties—the "code duello," or so-called "field of honor."

Of all these historic fields that of Bladensburg, some five miles from Washington, may be rated first. The very name of Bladensburg, so familiar to by-gone generations, has become almost a tradition to the men and women who have grown up within the last quarter of a century.

The old town is only about five miles from Washington; and on a Sunday many years ago I strolled over. The road was a very good one; but the visitor need not confine himself to it, for there are many short-cuts through green meadows and cool-shaded by-paths. Skirting the town and gaining the summit of a little hill, I looked down upon the village and the slope of the battle-field that gently fell at my feet. In the foreground was the little sandy running creek. A hundred odd years ago this creek was a river, and ships came up bringing cargoes from Europe and carrying tobacco on their return trips. Bladensburg was then at its zenith; and Washington, Baltimore and Alexandria were far behind in the commercial race. There are people still living at Bladensburg who can remember vessels clearing from the foot of Main street for the West Indies and Liverpool. It was a port of entry and stores lined its principal thoroughfares. But gradually everything underwent a change. The soil ran off or wore in deep gullies and the river grew shallower every year till the ships could no longer get up, and this disaster rang the knell of the old town. All this occurred eighty years ago; and after a while the place reached its lowest level, and there it has stayed for more than half a century. So it is that at this day it is in almost every essential the same town it was when Decatur and Barron went out to fight on that bloody morning in March, 1820.

About half a mile distant from the town proper you come to the old dueling ground. It is very silent and uncommemorated. It would even be pleasant were it not for the deeds of blood which have been committed there in the name of "honor." There is a little unnamed brook running through the meadow and under the road. Its bed is a deep gulch, but this was not so in the olden days. Then the brook flowed through a narrow grassy valley, which still spreads out through the rolling fields by long and graceful curves. But the course of the brook was turned and the place it once trickled through might be called a place of dry marsh winding through the hills and concealed from observation except at both ends. Here it was that many of the duels were fought, but not the most famous of them all. A hundred yards further on, and you come to a little grassy dip in the meadow by the brookside. A moment later and you stand on the spot where Decatur and many as brave a man fell, pistol or rifle or sword in hand. What pictures could not one conjure up standing on that green, velvety sward! Within a hundred feet as many as fifty high-spirited and hot-blooded gentlemen have fallen, cut down in

the prime of life, leaving wife and children and brilliant careers and sweet-faced, sad-eyed mothers who would never smile again. How different the spot now from what it was in those almost semi-barbaric days! The scene now presented to the eye is a peaceful and pastoral one; for the old ground is a meadow, and cattle may be seen grazing in the valley.

Besides the duel in which Commodore Decatur fell before the pistol of Commodore Barron there were a number of others almost as famous. The encounter between Representatives Graves of Kentucky and Cilley of Maine was one that attracted a good deal of attention at the time, as every one concerned was prominent in public life. The weapons were rifles and the distance ninety-two yards. Henry A. Wise of Virginia was the second of Graves. The principals both fired twice and missed; in the third volley Cilley fell, shot through the body, and died in three minutes. There were present at this affair the entire Kentucky delegation—Duncan of Ohio, Bynum of North Carolina and Jones of Wisconsin. The latter seconded Cilley, and once said to the writer that no Northern man, and only two of the Southern men, engaged in that infamous affair, was ever returned to public life. Jones died only a few years ago, in Iowa, at the age of 91.

In 1819 General Armistead F. Mason, senator from Virginia, was shot dead by John M. McCarty, his cousin, in a duel with musket and ball. They stood but ten feet apart. They first challenged each other to fight at three feet, then at three inches, and then to jump from the capitol dome, and afterward to sit on a powder-barrel and blow each other to pieces. But, finally, they agreed to less ferocious terms.

John Randolph's famous duel with Henry Clay was first arranged to take place at Bladensburg, but at almost the last moment the erratic Virginian changed his mind and declared that if he fell he wanted to die upon the soil of his native Virginia. So they went across the river by the Chain Bridge. Clay had fought before, in 1808; but Randolph was a novice at this meeting, which occurred in 1826. He often annoyed Clay, who was Secretary of State, by calling him a blackleg and charging him with diplomatic forgery. At last, during a debate in the Senate, Randolph referred to Clay as "that being so brilliant yet so corrupt, who, like a rotten mackerel by moonlight, shined and stunk." Randolph spent the night before the duel in quoting poetry and playing whist while his will was being changed. Clay's bullet passed through the skirt of the Virginian's coat. Randolph did not fire at Clay, on the ground that Clay had a wife and children while he had no family.

But the list is too long and too bloody to give in its entirety. One gladly turns his back on the little valley and goes down the road towards quaint old Bladensburg. The turnpike is really the principal street of the town. It stretches along a flat floor of sand, thirsty, like its citizens, and is at both ends stopped by a ford and bridge—for the little river that was now makes a turn round the bottom of the village and shoots off, a creek, round the top of it. The grave, hip-roofed, blackened houses which line either side of the sandy street look in the twilight like rows of wrecked hulks along a bar when the tide has gone out. There

(Continued on Page 35.)



## So Seems the City

By Herman Scheffauer

To stand again in the desolated city of one's nativity after yearlong wanderings in the Old World's distant quarters, to revisit the ghost haunted glimpses of a dead metropolis and to gaze for the first time upon the tragic traces of an immense disaster is surely an experience beyond ordinary chance or adventure. So, rather unusual thoughts besieged the brain and rather strange emotions seized upon the heart of this beholder. How remote to me seemed even the immediate past, how near and, as it were, of yesterday, the days preceding the several years of my absence. On viewing again the old and well-known places, the human mind seems strangely bent on leaping over the intervening gap of interruption in time and space and connecting the obtrusive present with the dim perspective of the past.

The first sight of the charred corpse and demolished adornment of our once debonair and delectable city is not necessarily shocking—nor even surprising. Once, no doubt, the aspect was terrible. But to any one, in particular a native, equipped with a suggestive imagination and supplied during absence with photographs, personal accounts and printed descriptions, the city appeared even as such an one might have mentally pictured it. True, the facts of reality but seldom fit the fictions of the fancy and there is always the inevitable readjustment of erroneous suppositions and the correction of misconceptions when these are formed by the mind instead of the eye and ear. It was easily evident to me at the first comprehensive panoramic survey, how vast had been the havoc and horror and devastation—whereof the mute yet eloquent reminders, now a year old, were numerous enough. Yet I saw how upon this realm of destruction, this domain of doom, much of the new life had been imposed, brilliant, blatant and sensational by contrast with its setting and its background. That which one no longer saw, one did not instantly miss and it was only when memory reconstructed the old scenes and these in turn brought back the old associations that one grew sadly reminiscent and mused in the inevitable moralizing manner upon the transitoriness of all human endeavor. Ah me!—yes, the city was certainly saddening to a man with a memory.

One might easily from some commanding eminence of the city have emulated Marius as he mourned over the ruins of Carthage. The ragged walls still standing in a waste of fallen brick were to me like the graves or the ghosts of the once strong and populous edifices. The nonexistence of those buildings with whose designing and construction I had once been concerned came closely home to me with a melancholy sense of loss. The evanescence and disintegration of man's solid conceptions, their utter helplessness against the elements of Nature bent on ravin, struck me with a disquieting sense of the futility of all things. Here where there was now complete vacuity had been great structures—offices and counting-rooms filled with scribbling and computing clerks; here spacious shops and stores had buzzed with business all the day; here studios had once existed devoted to artists and their dreams; here had been restaurants and clubs filled with good-fellowship and conviviality or hoarding goodly-sweet memories of excellent dinners and charming *tete-a-tetes*. Yonder formerly arose the

hulk of a splendid hotel, a true microcosm in each of whose innumerable chambers for many years what human comedies and tragedies had not been enacted! Now not even the shadows were left, although it seemed (such tricks does fancy play) as if deceptive mirages or pictures of *fata morgana* hung in the air—or as if one heard many whispers out of a quiet respectable antiquity. Houses and buildings and rooms! once materially separated and enclosed regions of cubicular space,—now, so to speak, unloosed and liberated with all their packed memories into the empty universal air, an utter death and annihilation to eyes of flesh.

Our bright staring Californian sun pours its brilliance over the old death and the new birth. The blue of the skies (almost as deep as that of the heavens I saw in Africa) sinks low into strange and unaccustomed horizon lines. The hills, denuded of their crests and crowns of houses, seem oddly blunt and flat. All this invests the wide blasted region with an air of something alien and causes even the unlanded spectator to experience a feeling of having been despoiled of substantial riches, the fertile, almost tangible soil in which fond human memories strike root and hold fast through life.

To me the gigantic ruin of the City Hall is wonderfully impressive and picturesque. That mighty heap of rotten masonry resolved at the first quivering of the earth, into its original rubbish, has the appearance of having been bombarded by great shells in some terrible siege. I suggest that its ruptured walls, collapsed towers and broken pilasters be covered with ivy. It might then become even romantic, something more ample, almost as dignified in form as the Roman Forum. As it now partly lies and partly stands, it is a fit symbol of the depraved, disorganized government it once housed and furnishes the best and bitterest moral upon its own dishonest construction. Yet there is a certain inspiration in seeing how straight and unshaken the statue of our city still lifts itself above the dome, the naked streets and the barren squares. Respecting the hard cheerlessness of our streets, even in the undestroyed sections, the desirability of planting trees was never so evident to me as now. There is no part of London in which one can stand and not see a tree or something green. The splendid plane tree that makes the streets of London so lovely in the summer would excellently serve our needs. We must have trees and trees in our New San Francisco!

One night last week when the moon was bright I wandered alone through the regions about California street and Nob Hill. To complete this nocturnal

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picture of death and desolation, nothing more was needed than the howling of jackals, the slinking shapes of wolves or hyenas and the flight of uncanny night-birds from ruin to ruin. On the northern heights, with the moon in the cloudless skies, scenes instinct with sublimity presented themselves. Upon the fire-swept flank of California street hill I saw rising in majesty the pointed arches and broken buttresses of Grace Church, a soft dark mass touched by the moonshine into vague relief against the luminous indigo of the heavens. Melrose Abbey or Elgin Cathedral or some shattered burg on the Rhine could scarcely be filled with more intrinsic charm and poesy than these romantic ruins of our city—a city that has, with all its vicissitudes,

not yet reached the average fullness of man's years. Not far distant from the church the great hollow shell of a millionaire's palace loomed sullenly on its lofty ground—the couchant lions of marble still guarding the massive portals, the empty window-openings framing the stars that peer into the roofless interior. The dust of the day and the fogs of evening help to soften and subdue much that is repellant to the eye.

So much for the pictures of a few first impressions. Whatever the city of the future is to be or the future of the city, I know there is nothing that can now rob her of that historic nimbus of awful romance that shall ever invest her name in the sight and memory of mankind.

## Perspective Impressions

The Hague conference is busy drafting "new rules for war," an excellent way to preserve the peace.

The acquittal of Judge Loving demonstrates that the unwritten law still holds good south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Professors in the locksteps don't seem to be having many pupils just now, though the Grand Jury courts be grinding.

As usual more hearts were pinked than points were scored in the bouts-at-arms of the "society fencers" at the Presidio.

Ken ye not the golden note in the toot! toot! of the autos, Napa County, that ye deny them the use of your roads? Hoot! hoot!

The Olympic Club seems to be against the hardest contest in its eventful history, but no contest ever offered the members a greater opportunity to win substantial rewards for the famous old institution.

With several of the municipal offices recognizing Schmitz as de jure mayor; others looking up to Gallagher as de facto mayor and the "Big Stick's" mayor as inevitable, all parties seem to have a representation in the government except the plain people.

Cornelius certainly is getting the double cross. He is ignored in the conference of the labor leaders striving to get recognition for another car union from Calhoun and is threatened with the loss of handling the union contributions to assist the strikers. No wonder he rises in his rage and shouts, "the strike must go on to the bitter end." Wake up, Cornelius, the strike reached its bitter end three weeks ago.



"DO I LOOK LIKE A STANDPATTER?"

—Leipziger in the Detroit News.



OUR OPEN DOOR.

In spite of the treatment of which the Japs complain so loudly in the United States they still insist on coming in, and there is no rush to get out.

—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis Journal.



# The Spectator

## Mr. Hill's Startling Declaration

James J. Hill startled the railroad men of the world the other day when he made the astounding declaration that "the United States government ultimately will be forced to lend its credit to finance the needs of the railroads of this country, a move which may lead to the government ownership of railroads." This is a step ahead of President Roosevelt's present position and a step behind Mr. Bryan's scheme of ultimate government ownership, the exception in the latter case being that Mr. Hill, as a practical, experienced and expert railroad man, knows what he is talking about; while Mr. Bryan is a theorist, and has had nothing whatever to do with railroad management. Mr. Hill put the situation pithily and bluntly when he said, "the country is large and still growing and the railroads are a long way behind it. They require \$1,100,000,000 a year for the next five years to put themselves in condition to properly handle the growing traffic. The present trouble is that the credit of the railroads has been ruined, and under present conditions it is impossible for them to finance a recovery. Meanwhile business is way ahead of the working capacity of the railroads while their equipments, under the immense wear and tear, are rapidly going to pieces. Some giant financial power must come to the help of the railroads in this emergency. The United States is the only power I can see that will ably help out in this matter and, as I said, such a step may lead to the eventual ownership of the railroads by the government."

## The Lure of the Nickel Painted Siren

Sporting blood is surely a queer thing to reckon with. Within the last few years a very well known down-town merchant has become afflicted with the nickel-in-the-slot machine craze. The very scant returns he wins certainly do not attract him for his income far exceeds his big household expense. His self-possession against everything but a slot machine is perfectly normal; but once let him glimpse one of those sirens and he's a changed man. Day after day he squanders several hours in a hypnotized condition pouring nickels into a machine near his store. The other day his good wife, in hopes of weaning him from the baneful habit, prevailed on him to take a fortnight's vacation near Santa Cruz. Immediately they were settled there he quickly located the nearest machines and again spellbound set to work squandering his time and money. Put upon her mettle in the contest the good wife conceived the idea of engaging a motor boat and taking her hubby out to sea far beyond the temptation of the siren machines; ostensibly it was a fishing trip. Hubby fell into the trap, said he'd go along and casually asked the name of the boatman.

## The Machine Fiend at His Worst

When the two reached the launch, early the next morning, the trusting wife was stunned to see a nickel-in-the-slot machine triumphantly ensconced next her husband's seat. "Sam—," she began. "Why not?" he smiled. You do the fishing and I'll punch the machine." She agreed but on the trip she did some hard talking and finally extracted a promise

from him. She knew she'd won for Sam's word is good for anything in charge. She fitted up a room with two machines at home—to shift his luck—pasted up a list of winning hands that would win everything from ice cream cornucopias to five dollar Tuxedo suits and turned him loose. He patronizes the home machines only and now he is late for business every morning and home early every evening, rabidly eager to try his luck. As for the good wife she's laying up a bank account for the children that will give them a handsome start in life if her husband's mania doesn't wear itself out.

## Plunging In the Nickel Debauch

This case is not an unusual one although it may be an extreme instance. There is a very eminent professional man in town whom I overtook one day just as he turned into a big Market street cigar stand. He laid down a five dollar piece on the counter and quietly asked for change in nickels. I laughed. "You don't mean to say that you're going to attack the machine?" I said. "Why, nobody in town is more familiar with those crooked devices." He shrugged his shoulders. "That may be true," he replied. "But I don't consider the element of crookedness. The fact is there are times when I feel like plunging—going the limit, and this thing offers me a sort of vent. Right here's where I jump off."

## Back to the Normal Again

I watched him while he mechanically dropped his nickels and pumped on the machine; his eyes were intent on the flying cards, his mind oblivious of everything else. When the one hundredth nickel had been swallowed up in the voracious maw he turned around with the smile of a happy boy, and brushed his hands as though he were brushing away the last traces of the spell that had bound him to the machine. "No luck?" I ventured. "Pshaw!" he returned. "I didn't expect any. I've had my dip and I feel infinitely better. And now let's talk of little Wendy and the kids in Peter Pan."



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### Tenement Blight Threatened

Men and women interested in the welfare of the "great unwashed" are hoping that the immunity bath which has been given the supervisors will render them agreeable to legislating for light, air, and fit water for the tenement dwellers. The civic committee, appointed in the last convention of the Episcopal church, has taken the matter before the supervisors and it is to be hoped that the result will be more satisfactory than the legislative fiasco in regard to tenement law. If Governor Gillett's idea was to put San Francisco in worse odor before the world, he happily accomplished it by vetoing the tenement bill during the last session of the legislature. But the Governor frankly admits that his aversion of the bill was not rooted in the desire to show that we are a law unto ourselves and can very well do without such adequate and excellent tenement laws as New York and other large cities now enforce. Governor Gillett is quoted as saying that he would not sign any bills fostered by women—and the tenement law, juvenile probation, and every other bill which women interested in civic welfare helped frame, was promptly quashed by a governor who evidently believes in women "attending to their own knitting."

### Felix Adler on the Local Situation

Dr. Felix Adler, whose work in the slums of New York has made his utterances on such subjects authentic, is horrified at the tenement buildings which are being erected in San Francisco. We have a golden opportunity to compel landlords to erect buildings that do not cry their shame to the heavens but under the present law, rapacious landlords may cheerfully violate every "unwritten law" of sanitation. And as Bernard Shaw says, "people must live somewhere, or else go to jail and advantage is taken of that to make them pay for houses that are not fit for dogs." The Reverend Cecil Marrack, who investigated conditions with City Engineer Woodward and architect John Bakewell, declares that he found several recently erected buildings here as bad as the fetid lodgings in White Chapel. "In one tenement in North Beach," says Rev. Marrack, "we found 600 persons huddled together in tiny rooms, the largest of which was not more than about 12 feet square and in a 'suite' of three such rooms, unplastered and uncarpeted 14 persons lived."

### Among the Cave Dwellers

A woman, who not only tends to her own knitting, but brings sunshine unto the lives of others, tells me that in a building on Broadway the owner has so utilized every inch of ground space that many of the rooms depend entirely for air and light on tiny door transoms that open into a dingy hall lit only by a light well. While New York city is busily engaged pulling down buildings that so flagrantly violate right living and clear thinking San Francisco has apathetically allowed them to spring up.

### Under the Iron Heel

High stomached individuals, whose lives are truffle trimmed, will argue that every man chooses his own dwelling and the poor devils may go elsewhere if they don't like transom air. As a matter of fact they can't go elsewhere for rents elsewhere are so high that the "poor devils" can't afford to pay them. Their only refuge is the screwing landlord, who by putting up a flimsy building, improperly lighted and ventilated and with no means of fire escape, manages to draw an exorbitant interest on his investment and yet charge less per capita than in a building decently habitable. The settlement workers, club women, and individuals who are interested in their fellow beings are hoping that the "Big Stick" is not so whittled down to a sliver over other affairs, that it will fail to prod the supervisors to a sense of duty in the tenement matter. The swish of petticoats has carefully been deadened in the matter, so that ears offended by women's voices raised for the public good will not turn deaf to the plea. A feature of the flexibility of our present building restrictions that should win the selfish minded over to the cause of a better law, is the danger of almost any residence block in the burned district being defaced with a tenement like the one that sprawls its unsightly length at Leavenworth and Bay streets.

### Settlement Workers at Sea

The fire has so violated all established conditions that it is almost impossible to predict the future of a large part of the burned residence district. Even the settlement workers are at a loss to know just where to pitch their club houses, so scattered are the people among whom they lived and worked before the disaster. There are districts north and south of Market street that would be better for a settlement house in every block but of course that is impossible and many of the workers are waiting for neighborhoods to more clearly define themselves. Miss Wolfsohn, Miss Briggs, Miss Ashe, Miss Parker, and Sydney Peixotto of the Columbia Park boys club have plans under way for the erection of suitable club houses for carrying on their work, but in some cases the exact location of the club is not yet decided.

Oh, that I had taken that voyage on the Jolly Roger—Ruef.

### Emotional Circulation Methods

The circulation department of a magazine is the last place in the world where one would expect emotionalism to abide and yet there is a monthly in New York whose circulation manager is probably the most throbful person outside of sentimental fiction. His appeal to readers whose subscriptions have expired is a triumph of insinuating tenderness that must be simply irresistible to the ordinary soft-hearted consumer of magazine literature. Here is the soulful letter

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which emanates from Union Square when this particular magazine sees a victim slipping from its grasp: "Dear Subscriber, You've lived with us for a twelve-month or more. You've been constantly in our thoughts, you've shared our secrets and dreamed our dreams; we hope you've applauded our efforts to 'lend a helping hand.' Now the twelvemonth is over—are you done with us? Let us help you decide. Having lived with us, you know what we have been and are. The little reprint herewith will indicate roughly what we hope to be and do. Will you read it—a second time if you've read it before—and carefully? Then if you want us 'as we hope to be,' simply mail the outside of this envelope with check for \$1.50, and we'll understand." It is a flintyhearted subscriber who is not dissolved in tears when he reaches the conclusion of this yearning epistle. But the author of it is wasting his talents in the circulation office; he should be writing burning romances for his magazine instead of nursing its subscription list.

#### Advertising Miss Tobin's Petrarch

I wonder how Miss Agnes Tobin relishes the advertising dodge to which her London publisher has resorted to push the sale of her latest volume of translations from Petrarch. An item of the sort the literary press agent most delights in has been going the rounds of the newspaper offices ever since the book was published, but I think it has not been copied here. It says that just after the publication of the Petrarch translation a press clipping bureau in this country addressed a postcard to "Mr. Petrarch," care of William Heineman, the London publisher, urging "Mr. Petrarch" to send five dollars if he wished to know "how much publicity his work is receiving." Of course this is a fiction designed to call attention to the book and it would be interesting to know how Miss Tobin who is a very seriously-inclined young poetess, likes this cheap method of advertising her verses.

At the Seaside—She: I'm afraid we shall have to break our engagement.

He: Why?

She: My husband is coming down next week.

#### Big Hitch in the Hunt for a Mayor

The efforts of the "Big Stick" to agree on a satisfactory man for mayor have run into a stone wall—in one word it's Hearst. Hearst has come on from the East to take a hand in this supreme question of the hour and he purposes attempting the same line of political maneuvers that failed in the Dunne fight in Chicago. He has agreed upon his own candidate, but the heavy end of the "Big Stick" objects on the ground that the appointment of his man Dwyer will hardly be throwing oil on the troubled municipal situation. Keen politics are now being done here by the active party leaders and Hearst is pensively mind-

ful that there is no time like the present to jockey the Independence League into a better position for the forthcoming race. The graft prosecution recognizes that if Hearst or any one leader is in, the community is out, to all restful purposes, and there you are. It's a Gordian knot awaiting some enterprising Alexander.

#### Why "Mayor" Gallagher Laughs

The only one who sees any humor in the situation is Gallagher, big, bluff, unconscionable, get-there-any-way and take-every-thing-in-sight Gallagher. While the present hitch is on he sees nothing in the contest but a choice between Hearst's man and himself and he says "it's all Gallagher," because Hearst will never give way and the "Big Stick" will never dare accept his candidate. Wherefore Gallagher figures on unobtrusively occupying the mayor's chair and getting his undetected fingers into various municipal small pies for some time to come. All kinds of alternatives and compromises have been offered Hearst but so far without avail. Those who know his character look for lively developments.

#### Political Leaders Busy

But Hearst is not alone in his keenness to fish the chestnut out of the embers left by the fire of April 18th. Herrin is taking advantage of the busy moments of the leaders of the Independence League and the Labor Party to round up the Republican elements and banditti and whip them into a phalanx that shall carry one of the old style "united we stand" standards of twenty years ago. Hovering around the flanks of the marshalling parties is the little band of renegades led by Byington and D. I. Mahoney. Their hunting for political jobs has not brought surcease of sorrow and now they are said to be dickering with some of the labor leaders. Verily it is a hot time in the old political camps.

#### Squeezing Lemons on the Stock Exchange

The ingenious manipulator has at last caught the sharp brokers napping on the mining exchange and he is squeezing the venturesome bunch harder than the proverbial lemon. One big brokerage firm has suspended and others are said to be in a wobbly financial

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condition. By a stroke of retribution it is the brokers who are suffering this time and not their customers. For several months past a certain coterie of speculatively inclined brokers has been shorting the market persistently despite the comparative lowness of prices. They calculated that the tight money market, the labor strikes, and the usual dull summer months would naturally bear prices and forthwith they proceeded to help matters along by selling all their own stock and all the stock they could borrow. A small clique of insiders got wind of this situation and decided the moment was most auspicious to trim the shorts and thus indirectly boost the market. They selected three excellent holdings for the campaign; Goldfield Consolidated, Combination Fraction and Jumbo Extension, all good producers and all with stock held in strong hands.

### Manipulators vs. Brokers

The rise in values was started gently and the brokers and other shorts precipitately sold with a view to hammering down prices. All stock offered was quietly absorbed and another gentle boost was given values. More stock was dumped by the shorts. The market apparently weakened. The shorts became jubilant and unloaded more borrowed stock with a view to submerging values. It was all absorbed and then came a boost in prices that made the shorts turn livid. Three brokerage firms in Goldfield went to the wall in one day and several local firms began to weaken. That's the story of the street at present. Values are getting stronger and the shorts are getting sicker. It's a contest between the mine owners and the bunch of brokers who have been recklessly shorting the market. The public is not in the game as is evidenced by the slack interest and the small amount of business transacted on the exchanges. Most of the old flock of lambs were thoroughly sheared in the last slump and a new lot has not yet come to hand.

### Unusual Flight of Faculty Members

Berkeley people have been patting themselves on the back rather heartily since President Wheeler's decision to remain in California was announced. They flatter themselves that neither the honor of the position nor the generous salary attached to the Presidency of the Boston School of Technology could tempt him from the University of California. But when they come to glance over the announcement soon to be published for the coming college semester they will have to condole with themselves over the loss of many of the leading lights of the faculty. The faculty is sadly crippled by numerous "leaves of absences." There is hardly a department which will not have at least one vacant chair in faculty row. Professor Soule, of the Department of Civil Engineering, is already sight-seeing in Europe with his wife and will not return for some eighteen months. Professor Clapp accepted a call to fill the chair of Greek in Rome, and Professor and Mrs. Farrington are in Paris. Professor Wilezynski, the brilliant young man who brought his beautiful young

Italian bride to Berkeley only a year ago, has accepted a chair of Mathematics at the University of Illinois. The students will perhaps miss most Colonel George Edwards, advisor to the undergraduate men of the University. But the general public will most regret the desertion of Professor Charles Mills Gayley, whose classes in Shakespeare and English Poetry have always overflowed with visitors. Colonel Edwards and Professor Gayley were absolutely ordered abroad by their physicians; they are expected to return in a year with new zest for discovering mathematical formulas and poetic "touch-stones." Professors Eakle, Hatfield, and Noble, all well-known among educators, are also among the absentees and the administration offices are to suffer in like manner. Mrs. Cheney, Appointment Secretary of the University, will have a year in Europe for her health, and Mr. Victor Henderson will not fill his position as Secretary to the Regents this coming year. Lusty throats will have to be swabbed after the foot-ball games by other hands than Doctor Reinhart's, for even he has found his college duties too arduous. All in all, there never before has been a year with so many prominent faculty members absent from the University at one time.

### College Maids With the Hoe

Of all the Fraternal Chapters in the University the Alpha Phi maidens seem to be the most "up and doing." Just now they are raising vegetables in the back yard of their new house on Durant avenue in Berkeley to save living expenses next year. Fraternities are seldom over-burdened with house-hold funds, and while they were hesitating about signing the lease for this large new house with its large fat rent, the girls gazed at the big back yard, conceived the idea of raising vegetables, and with hazy dreams of magazine articles they had read about "widows making fortunes raising string beans," they signed the deed and bought their spades and garden seeds. Some of the older members, now married and living in the college town, have been persuaded that a little exercise in the garden each day would be just the thing for their complexions, and of course they are going to help. So if the weather gods are propitious and crops are good, the Alpha Phis can further set the fashion of sending out cards for "green peas" instead of "pink teas."

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### Grief Whitened His Hair

Teachers and students at the University of California will be somewhat shocked when college opens to meet Professor B. L. Newkirk, of the Department of Mathematics and Astronomy, with snow white hair. Dr. Newkirk left the University in May in the best of spirits and eager to take up his summer work in the Astronomical Department at Mt. Hamilton. Six weeks ago he received a telegram that his father was dying. He hurried East, but death was quicker than the trains. The shock was a severe one, and his friends on Mt. Hamilton hardly knew the silent white haired man who came back to them in the place of the brown-haired Professor.

### Lily Langtry Playing at Married Life

The ever blooming Lily Langtry and her young husband, Sir Hugo de Bathe, are once more in restricted accord. They were seen dining together at the Savoy in London the other night and strange as it may appear the couple seemed quite absorbed in each other. Their semblance of connubial bliss awakened wide spread attention and many were the expressions of wonder as to the probable future domestic course of the good looking pair. Although they are on very good terms the two are not living under the same roof. Sir Hugo has become an enthusiastic balloonist and lives near his big toys at Wood End, the noted de Bathe place near Goodwood, while his wife occupies the largest suite in the smart apartment house connected with the Savoy Hotel.

### Lillian Russel as Cupid's Nurse

Evidently love keeps the heart young and preserves that peachy complexion. By a singular coincidence Lillian Russell, the perennial American stage beauty, was likewise in the limelight for public lognetting last week. Six months ago Jessie Lewisohn, a son of the copper magnate but the one in the flock who has developed more sporting proclivities than inclinations for serious business, went abroad with a party including the much married Miss Russell. Rumor had been rife for some time that the two were to be married and the result of the trip was watched with considerable curious interest, but no marriage bells were rung among the peals that greeted the return of the jolly party. Last week however Lewisohn was called upon by his physicians to submit to a critical operation and he flatly refused to proceed until Miss Russell, who was playing in the West, should have completed arrangements to visit him before he went to the hospital. Lewisohn's brother Oscar was very recently married in London to Miss Edna May, another pearl among the American stage jewels.

### Trainers and Obstreperous "Champs"

Over at Squires' training quarters, the other day, they were discussing the trouble of handling the Australian, when "Joe" Semple, an old timer, broke in with the assertion that all the new men started that way and that they all ended as did Sullivan, and forthwith he proceeded to recount how the redoubtable "champion of champs" was brought to the snubbing post. At the time the great John L. was matched to meet Slade. Little Jimmie Wakeley was his manager and Muldoon, the same Muldoon who was so well known out here, was his trainer. Muldoon selected a certain Spring, beyond easy reach of New York, and succeeded at last in inveigling the giant there to begin his training. Muldoon, though a big man and in his prime, was a bit afraid of John L. and handled him gingerly, a bad move on the part of any one who tried to manage him. As trainer he cut out a line of stiff work which John L. sniffed at in a grouchy, complaining way. Every now and then he'd protest, disgusted like, "Oh, give me just a hair cut and a rub down and I'll eat up that guy, Slade."

### On a Hunt For the Champion

Training went ahead in this disgruntled fashion till some three weeks before the fight when, one day, Sullivan dropped out of sight. They hunted for him high and low but nowhere could they find the least trace of him. Finally one night a poolroom tout—everybody was looking for him by this time—located him in the bar room of a little French hotel buried deep down on the east side. Muldoon, who was on to his job by this time, promptly notified Jimmie Wakeley. Wakeley, then as now is a chunky, little taciturn runt, but all steel and snap, and if there ever lived a man that Sullivan stood in awe of, it was Wakeley. Wakeley was solemnly smoking in his office when he received the tip of Sullivan's whereabouts. As usual he didn't say a word but he walked over to the wall where a blackjack was hanging among a lot of Bowery souvenirs. He slipped it into his pocket and started for the French hotel.

### "John L." Was Down and Out

Sure enough there was Sullivan wassailing among a crew that would have brought credit and renown to

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any Barbary Coast pirate. John L. was well under full sail for one of his rough house carnivals. Little Wakeley, silent and solemn like, walked straight up to where Sullivan was sitting and deliberately whanged him over the head with the blackjack. Sullivan simply settled in his chair, limp and out. "Pick him up and take him up stairs to a room," ordered Wakeley. And they did. The little manager was sitting over the big fellow when he woke up. "John," said Wakeley, pulling out his watch, "Muldoon will be here in twenty minutes and you're going back to the Springs to begin training all over again. Get up and get ready." Sullivan begged for a bracer. "You get ready for breakfast." And he did, and he trained in such a conscientious fashion that Slade was made a piker in the fight. Sullivan was never such a hard man to handle after that episode. Semple's moral, as he claimed, was that if the trainer did not master the champ's spirit, training eventually would.

Warder of San Quentin to Head Jailer—"Never mind getting those 'rush' cells in order, Jim. Something seems to have gone wrong. It looks as if that trainload of grafters was going to be rather late in getting here."

#### Shaw Defines Himself

In his last effort to define himself Bernard Shaw says, "I am an Irishman, a vegetarian, an atheist, a teetotaller, a fanatic, a humorist, a fluent liar, a social Democrat, a lecturer and debater, a lover of music, a fierce opponent of the present status of women, and an insister on the seriousness of art." Assuredly

versatility is a disease with him for he has been successively a novelist, musical critic, art critic, dramatic critic, politician and playwright, and in the matter of self advertisement no man surpasses him. For a time the newspaper interviews with him attracted wide spread attention, they were so sparkling, so breezy; now the secret is out that Shaw used to write his own interviews and send them to the papers. Another method of shocking the public was his "letter to the editor," an old time Whistler device, but Shaw eclipsed his model. He perceived that abuse is the royal road to notoriety and he scientifically extracted abuse from every layer of society. His clog dance on Henry Irving's grave was almost disastrous, but as it was execrated by a German newspaper, he repeated the transaction—and repeated the offense. According to James Douglas he is a first rate crank who is a first rate comedian. He is the rage of the smart set today just as Oscar Wilde was the rage of the smart set of yesterday. He is the most anti-Irishman in London. In fact he is anti-everything even to anti-Shaw, at times.

#### His Reason for Not Visiting America

The other day he was asked why he did not visit America. He gave a characteristic reply: "After the Gorki and Strauss episodes it is clear that no European author of any distinction is safe in the United States, which is now infested with moral brigands who have turned the Post Office into a most Unholy Inquisition, and are apparently in supreme command of the police. How can I bring my wife to a country where she cannot obtain rooms at a hotel without producing her

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marriage certificate and showing it to the other guests? If the brigands there can, without any remonstrance from public opinion, seize a man of Mr. Harman's advanced age and imprison him for a year simply because he shares the opinion expressed in my 'Man and Superman,' that marriage is the most licentious of human conditions, what chance should I have of escaping? No, thank you, no trips to America for me."

### His Crushing Answer to the Baconians

Shaw is said to be one of the best talkers in London. His answer to the Baconians is crushing. If you take the titles of eleven of Shakespeare's plays, arrange them in the proper order and mark the fourth letter from the end in each instance you will find that they spell Bernard Shaw. Here is the cryptogram:

MacBeth,  
Julius CaEsar,  
Comedy of ErRors,  
Merchant of VeNice,  
Anthony and CleopAtra,  
Two Gentlemen of VeRona,  
Merry Wives of WinDsor,

Troilus and CresSida,  
Timon of AtHens,  
Anthony and CleopAtra,  
All's Well That Ends Well.

On the Baconian theory this would prove that Shaw wrote Shakespeare's plays.

### Jingoism Rampant in Japan

If Viscount Aoki, the Japanese Ambassador, is recalled at this juncture it will be significant of one fact: that the jingo party is triumphant in Japan and that the enemies of the United States are in the ascendant. To foment the ill temper of the lower elements against this country, and against San Francisco in particular, photographs of the wrecked Japanese restaurant and barber shop were forwarded to Japan where they were not only pasted about the dead walls of the cities but published with rabid headlines in all the yellow papers. Conservative judges here are inclined to believe that all the pother is being raised in Nippon for political purposes; others think the kindling of so much fire among a nation with such inflammable impulses may lead to an uncontrollable outbreak.

### Roused the Wrath of an Emperor

The situation has served to bring Viscount Aoki more prominently into the public eye. He is a man of distinguished character, strong-willed, self-reliant. He has faced crises beside which the present one is insignificant and in most of these he has had to meet storms of disapproval on the part of his countrymen. Very early in his diplomatic career he brought upon his own head a violent outburst of national condemnation by marrying a German woman, the Baroness Von Rahden, widow of a German officer of rank. His countrymen have never forgiven him that step. The

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present Viscountess Aoki is a Prussian by birth. The family to which she belongs is an ancient one allied to many of the great houses of German aristocracy. At the time of the marriage, twenty-five years ago, the Viscount was the Japanese Minister to Berlin, where he had spent many years. This alliance was the first instance in the history of continental Europe where a woman of rank and title married an oriental. The marriage so enraged Emperor William that he divested the Viscountess Aoki of all her privileges, barred her from the court and denied her the right of attending any official entertainment given by an official of Germany in any part of the world.

### Made a Happy Marriage

But the aged Emperor William could not deny happiness to the couple and the marriage of the Aokis is said to have proved a very happy one. They have one daughter, the Countess Hatzfeldt Trachenberg, wife of a high officer in the German army. The Hatzfeldts have one son, Hissi, two years of age. The Viscountess Aoki has just sailed for Germany to visit her daughter.

### Plan Splendid Dining Rooms

George A. Schastey, representing Baumgarten, the famous New York decorator who is planning the interior detail work of the Fairmont, has just received the plans of the Norman Cafe and The Crypt, two more of the striking refreshment rooms now being fitted up. Both rooms will be incomparable additions to the famous dining places of San Francisco. Nothing in their style and finishings has ever been seen here. The design of The Crypt is borrowed from the early French wine cellars. The walls are of Siberian oak logs roughly dressed; the ceiling of stone groined arches supported by short, heavy set pillars. The flooring is in Welsh quarry tile. High around the walls and pillars runs shelving on which will be dis-

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played a rare assortment of steins, mugs, flagons, jugs and by-gone signs which betoken "a good wine needs no bush." Fixtures of grotesquely fashioned old hammered copper will offer service to illuminate the queer old place, as will the curious old candlesticks on the heavy deal tables. When completed The Crypt will look like the serving room of a merry old vintner of the picturesque day of Louis Le Grand.

### Feasting With the Crusaders

In contrast the Norman Cafe, conceived on lofty, broad and noble lines, will represent a feast hall taken from a noted castle of the period of the great Crusaders. The lower half of the walls, twenty-five feet high, will be in rough hewn old English oak, with embellishments of rude wood carving; above this wainscoting and to the ceiling will reach antique blocks of stone. The ceiling itself is beamed in very heavy oak, the main girders being of stone with groined lines. These girders are supported at the ends by heraldic figures nearly life size, illustrating in graphic style the Knighthood of the fifteenth century. The woodwork will be picked out in dull heraldic hues of blues and reds in a manner to artistically emphasize the profiles and reliefs. Antique colored glass with motifs and crests of the period will be introduced in penetrations above the wood work of the east wall. The windows on the west afford a commanding panoramic sweep of the waters of the bay and the distant mountains beyond. Very striking is the lighting effect from the heavy sconces acting as corbels to the massive beams. Arms, mail and appropriate decorations of the Tudor period will embellish the walls and add to the atmosphere of moated castle and ducal luxury. Several local artists who looked over these detailed plans, this week, declared the rooms would be by far the most striking of their kind in this country.

### Helping the Ina Coolbrith Fund

George Wharton James, the well-known writer and lecturer, while staying at Del Monte recently, visited Monterey and the artists' and writers' colony at Carmel-by-the-Sea. He spent a most interesting hour or two with Charles Warren Stoddard, who knows Mark Twain as few men know him, having accompanied him on a European lecture tour. Stoddard has many good stories to tell about Mark Twain but some of the best of them must remain unpublished till the grave has closed over the mortal remains of the great humorist. George Wharton James has already done a great deal of literary work and is planning to accomplish much more. He has long been accumulating data for a big, almost a colossal, work on the literature and literary men of California. In it will be included almost everything of literary value that has ever been written or published in California, whether in book, magazine or newspaper, from the earliest times of her history. On the last Sunday evening in June, Mr. James gave a talk in the drawing-room at Del Monte on the Golden Gate Trinity—Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard and Ina D. Coolbrith. The object of his talk was to increase the fund that he is raising to build a home for Ina D. Coolbrith. He has received many presents of books, pictures, autographed portraits and other things, which are to be sold for the benefit of the fund.



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### Condemns the Ways of New Japan

A charming Englishwoman is staying at Del Monte—Mrs. A. Stuart Black. She is a dainty little brunette, full of vivacity and a most agreeable and entertaining conversationalist. She has traveled extensively, having been in Russia, Sweden, Turkey and other European countries. She came to the Pacific Coast from Japan, where she spent some time, visiting many of the remote towns and villages. Her opinion of the Japanese is anything but favorable. She says that they are tricky, untrustworthy and by no means so universally cleanly and courteous as is commonly supposed. They are rapidly picking up and eagerly adopting white men's vices, which never wear so unattractive an appearance as when caricatured and exaggerated by the little brown men. Travelers who, wandering throughout Japan fifteen or twenty years ago, were charmed by the gentleness, courtesy, simplicity and other virtues of the Japanese, untouched or at least unmarred by occidental civilization, upon revisiting the country now, are pained to see the deterioration that has set in among the subjects of the Mikado. They are imitating in the closest possible manner many of the best-known and best-selling proprietary articles of British manufacturers. The packages, bottles and labels in which they put up their base imitations of these articles are almost exact reproductions of the originals, but the goods are of very indifferent quality. The merchants palm off modern articles upon unskilled tourists as genuine antiques. The Japanese are exceedingly curious and one of the drawbacks of travel through the country is the impertinent staring to which the tourist is subjected. Cultivated travelers who remember the old Japan, are shocked at the unhappy change and say that they do not want to see the country again.

### English Versus American Girls

Lady Maitland, the celebrated English miniature painter, whose talent for getting into print has made her even more famous along the Inky Way than in the studio world, has "come right out in meeting" and scored the American girl. "An English girl," says Lady Maitland, "is brought up to play and to sing and to paint while your girls in society, the daughters of the affluent, are brought up to observe rather than to do those things. An American girl says: 'Oh, I dislike amateur playing and painting; there are so many people who do these things well, and why not hear people play and sing who are professionals, and who can make music worth while?' On the other hand I contend that we have a better system of bringing up our girls, for if a girl only plays or paints indifferently well she has a better understanding of these things and is better able to judge than the girl who only hears professionals and who has no technical knowledge of these things."

### Local Society Girls With "Careers"

Lady Maitland evidently comes to America with her mind made up—instead of leaving it open to air. As a matter of fact, society girls are invariably taught to play and sing and paint—but they are also taught not to inflict an average talent on a long suffering public. The American girl realizes that a clever woman is one who knows her own limitations and when her musical ability is limited to playing an indifferent accompaniment for a jolly crowd, she doesn't

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chop at Chopin in public. If Lady Maitland had taken excursions into provincial parlors she would have found that there are still American "Mommers" who shove Mamie to the "pianer" to play the Maiden's Prayer "for the lady." But the unhappy day of deliberate musical murder has passed in the larger cities. The San Francisco society girl could never be convicted of Melody Slaughter in G. There are several women in the smart set who are unusually gifted, and their friends pay enthusiastic tribute to their talents. Mrs. Jack Casserly, Miss Elizabeth Ames, and a dozen others, have ability that has been trained beyond the amateurish borders. Kathleen de Young and Ethel Crocker are two of the very young girls who are considered eligible to "careers" by their masters, though fate has probably too richly dowered them with gold for golden laurels.

### Hair Restorers in Art

The fact that the society girl knows better than to perform in public does not carve a tombstone over her musical appreciation. English people, as a rule, suffer so keenly from the home product performance that their appetite for better things is dulled. As for painting, again we might gently lead Lady Maitland into rural districts and show her life-sized daubs of invertebrate young women, plucking sticky blossoms from impossible trees with a bilious moon trembling against a sickly sky. And Mamie "done" it herself with the aid of a piece of tracing paper, and three lessons from a peripatetic "artist" who also sells Hair Restorer on his rounds. But Lady Maitland will have to hurry for, thanks to the rural dissemination of better reading matter, that sort of art is rapidly being discouraged.

### Where the Sense of Humor Saves

As for the society girl, if her talent is laid on in wide washes, she is encouraged to the uttermost but it is no longer considered necessary to use paint when one's talent is pale. There are a number of girls who use the brush cleverly, but thank the Stars and Stripes Forever, that the American sense of humor prevents them from taking themselves seriously. Mrs. Norris Davis (Therese Morgan) has painted some very good bits of old Chinatown and Mrs. Lansing Kellogg (Ethyl Hager) has done some ripping ballet girls. One of the Huntington girls, I believe Mrs. Metcalf, studied with Miss Withrow for a long time and did some very creditable work. Rose Hooper Plotner is a very successful miniature painter who did not originally intend to put her talents to commercial uses. Lady Maitland further commiserates our attitude, with this rather remarkable statement: "The English girl who plays and paints, in the event of any financial misfortune can put those accomplishments to some practical use. Your girls, instead, must go into office work, become typewriters, clerks, etc., which is so much harder and so much less pleasant a way of earning a living. So you see, with all their cleverness and natural gifts your girls have something to learn from ours."

### The Woman's Exchange Route

With all her vaunted aptitude I fear that the American girl will be a long time learning that in-different music and art offer pleasanter remuneration than office work. The English girl may enjoy chasing

a rainbow with a tube of paint in one hand and an etude in the other, but the American girl would just as soon hunt for the pot of gold in an office. The only avenue of employment for the amateur is that of a governess or the precarious living made by painting place cards—doing the sort of thing for which Women's Exchanges were created. The bereft English girl slips into the role of governess without a protest—a metamorphosis of which time honored custom and national tradition approves. She earns a meagre stipend, catches crumbs from a rich man's table, but is supposed to preserve her "infra dig" intact. The American girl of ability clicks away at a typewriter seven hours a day, draws down a hundred dollars a month, calls her time and body and soul her own after office hours, sees the world on her savings, and wouldn't recognize the English brand of "infra dig" if she bumped right into it.

### Society Showing Its Talents and Grit

Take for example the society women who were jolted out of slippers ease on the memorable April 18, and had to button on their boots and go out into the world to earn a living. They could all play and sing and paint—a little but they didn't market their mediocre talents. Alice Hoffman went into the blue print business, Mrs. John Evelyn Page managed her brother's insurance business during his illness, and Cora Smedburg has opened an insurance office while several other girls are studying stenography.

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# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## "Do Not Be Surprised If—"

There's a deep dark secret, that so far has not escaped the borderland of the smart set, which might as well be told, in strictest confidence mind you, to Town Talk readers. If you should chance to see Mrs. Fred McNear suddenly begin to talk to herself with an accent that out-Englises the English and a manner awfully London, don't you know, pray do not be alarmed. And if you should catch a glimpse of Mrs. Spencer trying to look "real devilish," a regular "woman with a past" expression dangling in her eyes, don't jump too fast at conclusions. Mrs. McNear's "sweet, misunderstood" gaze, and broad sticky A's, and the rakish twist to Mrs. Spencer's eyebrows are not indicative of an over ardent pursuit of "personality." If you look close you will find a copy of "Lady Windermere's Fan" surreptitiously concealed in their near abouts. It is not that these young matrons are so minded as to be ashamed of reading Oscar Wilde. But, as I hinted before, the fact that society is going to give a production of "Lady Windermere's Fan" has not been announced on the social bill boards and the chief actors hiss a melodramatic "ssh!" every time any one tells the secret above a whisper.

## Incriminating Witticisms

The other day going down on the train to Fair Oaks I sat behind two young chaps whose conversation was so spicy and so brilliant that I wondered where they had been taking mental massage. Somehow one does not expect people with such an expensive air to interchange epigrams as easily as they might tip a waiter. I was somewhat nettled as the sparks flew until one chap nonchalantly remarked, "Oh, wicked women are a bother, and good women are a bore. There lies the only difference between them"! It sounded reminiscent and suddenly I realized that they were merely practicing their parts!

## Mrs. McNear in a Star Part

Mrs. McNear is to play the good woman, Lady Windermere, who is not a bore after all. Mrs. McNear's friends have always believed that the stage lost a great actress when Georgie Hopkins married. Two or three years ago I saw her in a little play at a society vaudeville and she acted with a spirit and ease that promises a creditable interpretation of Lady Windermere. Mrs. Spencer, who as Florence Josselyn frequently took part in amateur theatricals, will essay the role of Mrs. Erlynne and her past. Frank Mathieu is stage manager, and the play is to be presented at the little opera house in Redwood City, so it will be a sort of family affair with an audience made of the people who have summer homes in that locality. I believe the proceeds are for the benefit of a church.

## Will Be a Great Society Event

In one of the popular plays last season in New York some one says, "Hell and the stage drawing room are two places where there are no stupid people." There is certainly not a stupid moment in Wilde's play and it will be most interesting to see it interpreted by

society people. Lady Windermere and her set are supposed to move in the best English society and there should at least be none of the gaucheries which amateurs unaccustomed to social amenities might commit. Perhaps the fact that the blue blood of the promised cast is not a stage "prop" will cast a glamor over any other deficiencies in the production.

## Flossie Hopkins on a "Visit"

The other day I saw Florence Hopkins, who is spending her school holiday out here, instead of in Europe as her family had planned. But "Flossie" had a bad case of homesickness and Europe wasn't on the map as far as she was concerned. I doubt whether the youngest member of the Hopkins family will give society the thrills which her sisters furnished when they made their debut and which they have since offered whenever things flatten out perceptibly. Flossie is by many considered the prettiest in the family but she has not the energetic animation which vivifies the others. At present she is a demure young school girl with little liking for society but of course one cannot prognosticate the future when once the social yeast gets working in the blood. At any rate Miss Hopkins does not intend to give it a chance next season. She has been counted upon as one of the important debutantes who would lend distinction to the winter but she prefers going East for another year at school. Most of her young friends made their bow last season or are practicing it for the coming whirl.

## Three Suitors Come a Courting

San Rafael is alertly watching a courtship that has developed most of the situations of a pretty little comedy. The young lady has three very determined suitors and she apparently dispenses her favors with an impartial hand that keeps them all toeing the danger line. Not long ago one of the swains took up his abode at the hotel and since "presence" is nine points in the game of hearts which even presents cannot outcount the matchmakers picked this youth for

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**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, N. W. corner California and Montgomery Sts. For the half year ending June 30, 1907, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of four (4) per cent on term deposits and three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. Dividends not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California street. For the half year ending June 30, 1907, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and eight-tenths (3 8-10) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1907.

GEORGE TOURNAY, Secretary.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, Market and Church streets, San Francisco, Cal., has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1907, a dividend of 4 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, and 6 per cent on term deposits; interest on deposits payable on and after July 1st; interest on ordinary deposits not called for will be added to the principal, and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

WASHINGTON DODGE, President.

WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery St., corner Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1907 at the rate of three and three-quarters (3 3/4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.

EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 706 Market St., opposite Third. For the half year ending June 29, 1907, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and three-quarters (3 3/4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1907.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA, 42 Montgomery St., corner Sutter St. For half year ending June 30, 1907, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the savings department of this bank as follows: On term deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three and three-quarters (3 3/4) per cent per annum, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1907.

B. G. TOGNAZZI, Manager.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery St. For the half year ending June 29, 1907, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1907.

FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

Office of the HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, June 27, 1907. At a meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and three-quarters (3 3/4) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1907, free from all taxes and payable on July 1, 1907. Dividends not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1st.

R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO., corner California and Montgomery streets. For the six months ending June 30, 1907, a dividend has been declared on all deposits in the savings department of this company at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. The same rate of interest will be paid by our branch offices, located at 1531 Devisadero street, 2572 Mission street, 1740 Fillmore street, and 19th and Minnesota streets. Dividends not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1, 1907.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

THE RENTERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY of San Francisco, Commercial and Savings Bank, Safe Deposit Vaults, No. 131-135 Hayes street, east of Van Ness Ave. For the half year ending June 15, 1907, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, June 17, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from June 15, 1907. Also, two (2) per cent per annum paid on commercial deposits, subject to check, credited monthly. Interest paid from the day that all deposits are made.

C. S. SCOTT, Vice-President and Cashier.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 646 Market street. For the half year ending June 30, 1907, a dividend on all savings deposits has been declared at the rate of three and eight-tenths (3 8-10) per cent per annum, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1907.

W. E. PALMER, Cashier.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**

SWISS-AMERICAN BANK, 1452 Fillmore street. For the half year ending June 30, 1907, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of four (4) per cent on term deposits and three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1907.

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a winner. But just about the time that the young man began to look cheery whenever his rivals were mentioned, one of the rivals appeared on the scene bag and baggage. And I hear that the third suitor has engaged accommodations at the hotel and Cupid is to be fought to a finish at close quarter.

#### Miss Kling's Engagement

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kling announce the engagement of their daughter, Marie, to Mr. Walter Strauss of Sausalito. The bride's father is a well known business man in Sausalito and Miss Kling is exceedingly popular with the society sets on both sides of the bay. She is very accomplished musically and of a decided brunette type of beauty.

#### Enjoying Del Monte

Among the San Franciscans who registered at Del Monte during the past week were Henry Kaplan and Mrs. Kaplan, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Clerfayt, G. W. Phelps, Dr. J. Butterfield, Dr. W. Bartlett and Mrs. Bartlett, J. C. Massengale and Mrs. Massengale, Mrs. E. D. Cosby, Theo. E. Martin and Mrs. Martin, C. P. Bailey, Jr., S. Anspacher and Mrs. Anspacher, W. N. Waterman and Mrs. Waterman, Wm. Giselman and Mrs. Giselman, W. C. Waters, Mrs. Waters and Miss Waters, T. G. Crothers and Mrs. Crothers, T. Philip O'Brien and Miss Mary A. O'Brien, Miss J. Hemmenway, Miss K. Gaines, Mr. and Mrs. S. Gaines, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Rosenbaum and A. N. Rosenbaum, Jr., H. L. Dewey and Mrs. Dewey, Mrs. Leon Van Vliet. \* \* \* Charles K. Tatum of New York City accompanied by Mrs. C. S.

Tatum and Mrs. C. S. Hammerschlag, were here last week. \* \* \* Douglas Grant and E. R. Armsby of Burlingame reached here last Saturday for the Golf Tournament. \* \* \* Eight ladies took part in the putting contest on the "clock green" near the club house on the 26th of last month. Miss Cornelia W. Armsby again proved the winner, with a score of 24-22, total 46 for two rounds of the clock. Her nearest competitor was Mrs. R. M. Loeser with 27-22, total 49. The other ladies who took part were Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Warner, Miss Morgan, Miss Cotter and Miss Warner.

Among the arrivals at the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, last week, were: Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Coleman, P. D. La Montanya, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Hoag, Mrs. C. A. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Crothers, E. S. Pillsbury, Jas. D. Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wyncoop, Dr. and Mrs. Shiels and Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Scott.

#### REMOVE INTO A HANDSOME NEW BUILDING

In keeping abreast of the growing times and the New San Francisco the Western Fuel Company, the Western Building Material Company, the Central Brick Company, the Marbleite Plaster Company and the Howard Company have just removed from their temporary post-fire quarters, 340 Steuart street to their handsome new reinforced concrete building at 430 California street. The new commodious quarters have been fitted up on a scale to meet the increasing demands of the thriving corporations.

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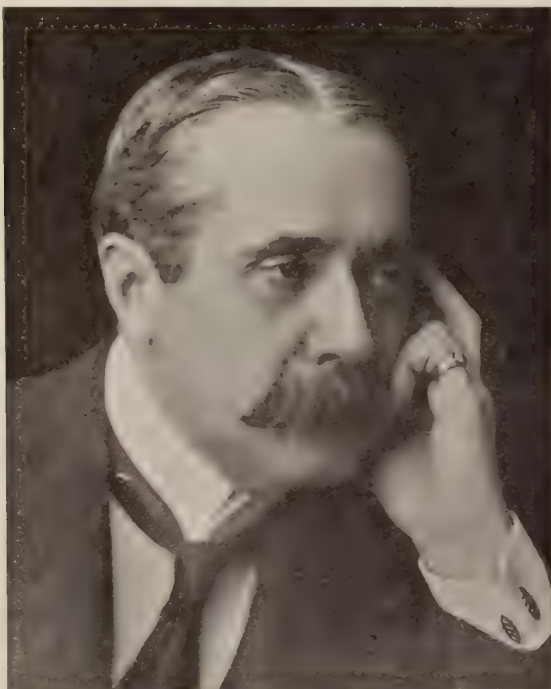
# Stage

## "Quality Street" and Maude Adams

"We are now accustomed," says John Addington Symonds, "to the art which appeals to educated sensibilities, by suggestions and reflections, by careful workmanship and attentive study of forms, by artistically finished epitomes of feeling, by picturesquely blended reminiscences of realism, culture and poetical idealism." The words recurred to me while I watched Maude Adams' presentation of J. M. Barrie's delicious comedy, "Quality Street." All the things which Symonds mentions Barrie is giving us and, if we may judge the future by the past, will give us more and more satisfactorily with each addition to his dramatic works. This Scotchman who seems to have become a playwright by the chance of successfully dramatizing "The Little Minister" is deserving of the most serious consideration on the part of the dramatic enthusiast. Slowly, quietly he has written his way to the first rank of dramaturgy. It was a long road he traveled from "The Little Minister" to "The Admirable Crichton"; from the latter effort to "Peter Pan" was a jump that took the breath out of criticism; and from "Peter Pan" to "Quality Street" is another mighty progress. "Quality Street" shows Barrie in process of outgrowing his fantastic tendency in favor of an increasing naturalness. There are still apparent in his work defects of technique which cannot be explained away and must be good-naturedly accepted, but the grip on situations is appreciably stronger, the dialogue of a higher literary flavor. "Quality Street" does not depend wholly on stage presentation; it may be read with enjoyment, and in the calm atmosphere of the study its wit may be compared not unfavorably with Pinero's, its tenderness with Jones' and its humor with Shaw's; the

pathos is all Barrie's own. Barrie is unmistakably a child of this age; there is no suggestion of the influence of past styles on his work. He mirrors the present in all the healthy characteristics which Symonds mentions; and for those things which Symonds does not mention and which our age is wont to sum up in the overworked word "decadence," Barrie has apparently no sympathy whatever. I wonder if Barrie has ever been called "Sentimental Jamie"? It seems inevitable that he has, and the soft impeachment must be admitted. But his sentimentality is never mawkish; he never maudles his audience. Always through the mist of his tears there breaks a sunny smile and the stage brightens with rainbow hues. This is not a trick of Barrie but a marked characteristic of his art, a characteristic which he shares with all the great humorists. And withal he never forgets those keen satirical strokes which were the chief excellence of the "The Admirable Crichton" and which formed the only part of "Peter Pan" unintelligible to the youngsters.

Consideration of "Quality Street" has come before reference to Miss Adams for two sufficient reasons—because "Quality Street" is absolutely new to us while Miss Adams is an old and very dear friend and because a nice weighing of the comparative merits of the play and the star tips the balance to the side of the play. Miss Adams is not as indispensable for the success of "Quality Street" as she seems to be for "Peter Pan." Casting about for an American actress who could interpret "Peter Pan" as well as Miss Adams, one is at an absolute loss; even Miss Annie Russell must be rejected. But there are probably as many American actresses who could do justice to Phoebe Throssell as there are other American actresses who could, let us



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say, surpass Mrs. Fiske in Cynthia Karlake—and this does not mean more than two or three. Barrie might have fashioned "Peter Pan" with Miss Adams in mind, for she has a boy's heart from which every syllable of the part seems to throb. Phoebe Throssell is a young lady, a Cinderella without Cinderella's glimpse of wonderland and because this is a more catholic type than that of the fairy lad, it does not belong so intimately and exclusively to Miss Adams; other actresses could interpret it as well. Of course Miss Adams cannot but deeply realize the part; she is a great actress and all she does is informed with greatness. As she

felt intensely the joyousness of "Peter Pan," the boy who wouldn't grow up, she now feels intensely the sadness of Phoebe who sees youth slipping from her and grey years coming after grey years gone before. There is passion in Phoebe where there was only childish instinct in Peter and Miss Adams portrays it with hysterical verisimilitude. The elusive feminine charm of Miss Adams' face which reminds one of fine transparent China would gloss many errors in her work, if many errors there were; but Miss Adams need never, in "Quality Street" or elsewhere, plead her womanly beauty in mitigation of



SCENE FROM ETHEL BARRYMORE'S PRODUCTION OF "CAPTAIN JINKS"  
Next week at the Van Ness Theatre.

bad acting. If she had any such intention she might play "Quality Street" and be forgiven, but she could never play "Peter Pan" or "L'Aiglon."

\* \* \* \* \*

For Miss Adams' "L'Aiglon" only words of the highest praise are adequate. It is a performance instinct with genius of a role that would tax the powers of any actress on earth. Again, as in "Peter Pan," one ponders that marvellous fidelity to the mysterious heart of boyhood which forms the most unusual and most satisfactory manifestation of Miss Adams' artistry. That her performance should challenge comparison with Bernhardt's is inevitable; that it should in many respects overtop that of the French actress will not be admitted by any but Miss Adams' enthusiastic countrymen, until she passes from the narrow confines of the English-speaking stage to the great theatre of continental Europe.

—Edward F. O'Day.

### Ethel Barrymore at the Van Ness

Ethel Barrymore is billed to appear at the Van Ness Theatre commencing next Monday night, July 8th, in "Captain Jinks," the comedy by Clyde Fitch that is regarded as the greatest of her many triumphs, and the play that has at least held most favored distinction in her round of successes. It is in this piece, above all, in which she won her first stellar laurels, unexpectedly so to her manager, Mr. Charles Frohman, who did not aim to feature her in the announcements at all, beyond leading her name in the cast. But the genius of the young actress asserted itself and ensured her especial renown on the opening night of the original production, a few seasons since. The comedy of the lines is both charming and simple and the old-fashioned gowns worn in the play by Miss Barrymore excite much admiration and comment. The recent revival of the play by Miss Barrymore at the Empire Theatre, New York, proved a decided hit and had quite a run. Miss Barrymore comes here surrounded by a splendid company quite fitting for this young actress; than whom there is no more popular on the American stage. Ever since the days when she first appeared as the prima donna in "Captain Jinks" right up to the present, she has been coddled in the arms of a public that accepted her without hesitation. And she has been singularly fortunate in the fact that her manager has selected plays for her that have not only proven winners in every sense of the word, but admirably suited to her personal and rare ability.

### Alcazar

This coming week at the New Alcazar Theatre will inaugurate the summer season and serve to introduce Mr. Herbert Kelcey and Miss Effie Shannon for the first time engaged in local stock. The vehicle chosen for their opening performance is the society drama "Her Lord and Master," a play in which both won great success in the East. "Her Lord and Master" is in four acts. The curtain rises on the shooting park of an American millionaire in the State of Indiana. It is here that these people, Mr. and Mrs. Stillwater, have lived all their lives and accumulated their wealth. So attached to their state are they, that they named their baby girl Indiana. Indiana is a grown girl just budding into womanhood when a

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By Clyde Fitch.

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Direction H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

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### "THE HIGHWAYMAN"

Next: "The Merry War."

## Ye Liberty Playhouse

14th & Broadway  
OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop.

Commencing Monday Evening, July 8, Bishop's Players in

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Coming: Denis O'Sullivan, the Irish Actor-Singer.

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party of English gentlemen, among them a Lord Canning, visits her home. At this stage Indiana believes that she is in love with a young American named Glen Masters. The glare of the title of lady is however too much and she marries Lord Canning and returns with him to England, to which place the scenes are shifted. At home Indiana is a willful, breezy American girl. In England she endeavors at the command of her husband to sink that peculiar individuality. She gets on at this tremendously well until her family call upon her without notice and there awakens her American spirit. Her husband forbids her joining her folks at dinner at a fashionable hotel but she does so despite his injunction. When Lord Canning discovers her disobedience he locks up his castle and forbids his servants to admit his wife when she returns. Indiana gets back after midnight and forces an entrance to the place by climbing a veranda. It is not until the next morning that Lord Canning finds his wife in the castle. As long as Indiana assumes the haughty disdain of the wronged American girl, her husband refuses to allow her to stay. He directs her to return with her people to America while he plans to go on an exploring expedition. Indiana acknowledges her willfulness, declares she will never again oppose her husband's wishes and acknowledges him the lord and master of her life. Mr. Kealey will play the role of Lord Thurston Canning and Miss Shannon will be cast as Indiana Stillwater. The role of Glen Masters will be in the hands of Ernest Glendenning, while Johnny Maher, the comedian, will take care of the role of Indiana's father. The rest of the Alcazar favorites, with the exception of Bertram Lytell, Laura Lang, H. D. Byers and Nera Rosa will be found in the cast.

#### End of the Frawley Season

The Frawley season at the Novelty Theatre will come to a close with Sunday night's presentation of the very laughable farce, "The Private Secretary," in the leading role of which H. G. Lonsdale has made a great hit. The production is by all odds the brightest and most attractive of any offered by the Frawley players and in consequence has been drawing good houses during the past week. Few of the modern comedies have better lines or situations than this play and when it is given a bright and intelligent interpretation it is one of the most pleasing of stage offerings.

#### Vaudeville at the Orpheum

The most hypercritical cannot deny the charm, novelty and variety of the Orpheum bill for the week beginning this Sunday matinee. It is headed by Anita Bartling, a recent arrival from Europe who brings with her the reputation of being a peerless and original juggler. Her performance created a sensation in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Berlin, Vienna and Paris and the big cities of the East are unanimous in praising her marvelous skill and dexterity. The Jack Wilson Company, which includes Ada Lane and Albert Green, will make their first appearance in this city. They have chosen for their introduction their cleverest and most amusing skit, "An Upheaval in Darktown." They are all clever comedians who sing, dance and keep the ball of fun rolling. Rose and Jeannette, two strikingly handsome, chic and dainty girls whose eccentric and original dancing created a furore in the chief European capitals, will be a delightful feature. They



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have but recently arrived from Paris where they have just concluded a five months' season at the Ambassadeurs, a fact which in itself is a flattering testimonial to their abilities. Bert and Bertha Grant, a clever colored singing and dancing team, who are well and favorably remembered will contribute to the entertainment. It will be the second week of Bernar and his Marionettes and the last one of Lalla Selbini, Armstrong and Clark, and Virginia Earl and her company in their musical hit, "A Midnight Mistake." A great novelty is promised in the way of motion pictures.

### Ye Liberty Playhouse

Henry Arthur Jones' brilliant society comedy, "The Liars," is the play to be produced next week by the Bishop players at the Liberty Playhouse, Oakland. It is one of the most delightful comedies ever given to



VIRGINIA THORNTON

Appearing at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

the stage, and will be remembered as having been played by Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin and Edward J. Morgan at the Columbia Theatre, in the palmy days of the Henry Miller Company. The present company at the Liberty, especially the women, are particularly well suited to this class of play. The cast will include Miss Mabel Blake, Landers Stevens, Henry Mortimer, recently leading man with Frawley's company, George Friend, Henry Shumer, George Webster, and E. L. Bennison. "The Professor's Love Story," with Frank Bacon, is announced to follow.

### Operas and Sport at Idora Park

De Koven's pretty Irish opera "The Highwayman" will hold the boards for one more week at Idora Park and will make way for the charming Viennese opera "The Merry War," one of the best works of the im-

mortal "waltz king" Johann Strauss. After the run of "The Merry War" the Japanese comic opera "The Geisha" will be given a gorgeous production. The new concession at Idora called "The Barrell of Fun" is giving lots of amusement to the patrons of the pretty park. The new "Scenic Railway" is the finest in the West, being an exact reproduction of the one at Luna Park, the leading amusement park in the East.

### In the Limelight

The final performance of the Maude Adams season at the Van Ness Theatre will be given this Saturday night when "Peter Pan" is to be presented before an immense audience. It will be a fitting farewell to the charming star who has captivated all San Francisco.

Ezra Kendall will follow Ethel Barrymore at the Van Ness Theatre where he will make his appearance in "Swell Elegant Jones," a comedy presented by him with great success during the past season. Kendall is also to stage a new comedy by George Ade.

It is pleasant to note that the Van Ness Theatre management has booked a fine series of the leading New York successes and not the least attractive is Cyril Scott in the charming production called "The Prince Chap." Scott has not appeared here since he won distinction as one of the leading American stars.



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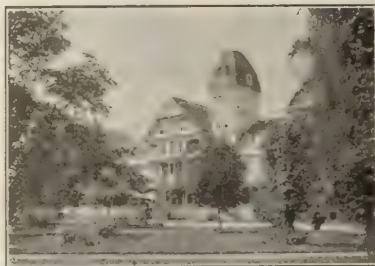
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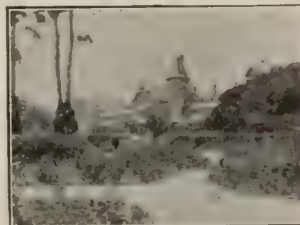
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## The Summer Resorts

### PACIFIC GROVE HOTEL.

The following is a list of the arrivals at Pacific Grove Hotel (formerly El Carmelo) for the past week: From San Francisco, C. M. Gerrish, Leon Furst, Jos. J. Ashley, Mrs. L. Young, Miss Barbara Small, Barrett Small, Charles Small, S. H. Gyle, H. H. Schumaker and wife, Mrs. C. U. Waller and children, Geo. Chapman, Wm. H. Shaw and wife, A. H. Anderson, Maj. E. A. Root, F. H. Vick and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Innes, D. L. Hackett, H. S. Schwartz, C. W. Burks and wife, G. W. Wallace, Geo. T. Gray and wife, Mrs. E. Gunz, R. P. Mathews, P. A. Zeigenfuss, T. R. Koenig, Arthur J. Bond, F. W. Falter, H. P. Speakman, J. D. Mathews, J. D. McCarthy, C. B. Castleton, C. L. Sullivan, Otto E. Schumaker, Mrs. W. W. Wiggins, Miss Jessie Wiggins, Miss Carrie Wiggins, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Walker, Mrs. Christman and children, M. N. Clark.



R. MASSON SMITH

Prominent motorist of this city, on a tour of Europe in his White steamer. The picture was taken on the road to Bozano in Austria.

### BYRON HOT SPRINGS.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following: From San Francisco, Homer Boushey, Geo. R. Hughes, James Denman, J. W. Cuthbert; from Pleasanton, C. A. Crellin, Miss Ruth Crellin, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Castleman; from Oakland, J. H. MacDonald, J. A. MacDonald, Edwin MacDonald, Geo. W. Austin, E. H. Lohmann; from Santa Rosa, Stewart McDonald; from Berkeley, Dr. and Mrs. John Snook; from New Orleans, Chas. E. Davies.

### TAHOE TAVERN.

The following are recent arrivals at Tahoe Tavern, Lake Tahoe: San Francisco, E. W. Armstrong and wife, Jno. Millgren, Miss Elvira Sieghold, Arthur E. Frost, Miss E. McFadden, Jno. Messinger, C. F. E. Witzel and wife, John C. Shipp and wife, A. C. Miller and family, Julian Thorn and wife, C. S. Torrence, Jno. D. Richards, Wm. Hunt, Mrs. H. C. Moffitt and child, Master Jas. Moffitt, Miss Minnie Hirsh, Mrs. Carolotte Hammon, Mrs. F. Barker, Wm. F. Herrin, P. F. Dunne and wife, Frank Losh and family, A. H. Sieghfried and wife, J. R. Leon and wife, C. R. Ortin and wife, Chas. M. Lindsay and wife, F. W. Held, L. L. Held, Mrs. Parker C. Whitney and family.

### NAPA SODA SPRINGS.

Recent arrivals at Napa Soda Springs, include the following: San Francisco, Mr. F. P. Duley, M. E. Frank, Mrs. Sol. Sondheimer, H. W. Newbauer, Julean Newbauer, Mr. and

Mrs. Barry, Miss Irene Muzzy, Miss V. Muzzy, Robert Fleming, Raymond Jackson, Miss Sarsfield, Mr. H. B. Muzzy, Mr. Stanley Jackson, F. Rodgers, Miss A. M. Schroth, Miss Florence Schroth, Mrs. B. Goodman, Mrs. J. Moraghan, Miss M. Moraghan and maid, Mrs. Leo Block, Miss Block, Master Herbert Block, Mrs. S. Rosenblum, Mrs. E. Mangenheim, Miss Mangenheim, Mrs. M. Sprigg, Miss E. Sondheim, Mrs. I. Sondheim, Miss S. C. Mautner, Mrs. M. E. Frank.

### AUTO NOTES

Mr. Howard Davis, of East Auburn, drove his Model "A" Oldsmobile to this city on Saturday last and, in company with a party of friends, will leave for Santa Cruz within a few days, where he will remain for two weeks touring around in his machine.

Miss M. Uhrdall is now the proud possessor of a Model "A" Oldsmobile which she purchased last week from the Pioneer Automobile Company. Miss Uhrdall is very clever at the wheel and the day after purchasing her car, she drove it to San Jose and return. So delighted was she with its performance that she has planned to tour to Los Angeles and other Southern points of interest.

A most remarkable trip was made last Sunday by E. Ginley of this city, and family, in his Model "A" Oldsmobile. A run of 145 miles is reported. The party left San Francisco early Sunday morning, going to Half Moon Bay via Colma, thence to San Mateo and San Jose, and returning via Oakland.

## A Familiar Question

*"Where Shall We Go to Lunch?"*

*Those who know answer*

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## Historical Dueling Fields of America

(Continued from Page 8.)

is no stir, no bustle—not even that of the small country town. You do not see a vehicle move down the street once an hour, and the few so-called merchants sit lolling and sleeping in their doors without even the energy to brush away a fly or a mosquito.

A short distance down the desolate street that holds so many historic memories still stands the famous duelist tavern. An old citizen said to me that in the old days the tavern was a plain frame building with a lawn in the rear, a porch in front and a barroom at the end. The barroom gave access to a stable-yard, which was open on the side next the street and had hitching-stalls set around about. But now it is but a dilapidated ruin, with paneless windows and tumbled-down doors, through which the gentle evening breeze sighed drearily. In the old dining-room many a dueling party has ate and drank and made merry before going out to the too often fatal field. A rickety old stairway still clammers to the deserted chambers where many a grievous wound has been dressed and many a brave man breathed his last.

I stood in the town as twilight faded into night. Old Bladensburg looked quaint in the dying light. The lines of the great elephant-backed houses softened, and the huge, high chimneys that buttress up the leaning gables were really picturesque.

\* \* \* \* \*

Probably the next most noted old dueling ground is "The Oaks," a few miles up the Mississippi river from New Orleans, or reached by street car via Canal street and St. Charles avenue. I used occasionally, while

representing the Southern Pacific Railroad at the Exposition in the Crescent City in 1884-85, take my way through this majestic court of oaks, whose green-gray plumes of long fantastic moss often overcame me with a strange funereal suggestiveness; for here, only a few yards from where the Exposition buildings glorified the incensed landscape with their assurances of peace and progress, had hundreds of the chivalry of New Orleans and ambient country perished according to the dictation of a code that was always cruel and heartrending and often ridiculous and unjust. It was a resort, too, for young masters of the sword, who had learned their tricks from Parisian experts and from the elite of Parisian life, to try conclusions sometimes in couples, and sometimes in fours and sixes, in imitation of the professional duelists in France in the time of Louis XIV and Louis XV.

Indeed, the story holds that in the early years of the Creole City six young gentlemen were strolling together to the plantation of a mutual friend. It was a heavenly night. The moonbeams were weaving their softening spell over a scene of nature soft and languid to voluptuousness. In a breeze fragrant with the kisses from the blossoms of a neighboring orange grove the six oaks gently shook their mossy pendants and made fantastic shadows on the velvet sward.

"What a place for sword-play!" exclaimed one of the party. "I echo your sentiments," replied another, lightly. "Then let us try it," said the first. "A capital idea," answered the other, and he drew his jeweled rapier. In a moment they were at it, and the weapons were quivering in and out with a gaily glittering rapidity that made a mockery of the gentle moonbeams.

"What a pity for us to stand idly by!" observed



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another of the party. "Let us pair off, then, said No. 4, and they all drew simultaneously. It must have been a pretty sight—those three pairs of graceful and gallant fellows at parry and thrust hard by those grand old oaks that live today. But the play waxed warm; presently the eyes of the combatants outflashed their swords, and when the sun came up over the rim of the level, lovely Louisiana plains with the same suddenness that one notes in his rise on the ocean, he looked on the six oaks, not as usual, but on six ghastly, upturned faces, for which those oaks now stand monumental. One man lingered a few hours over day to tell the story of the night, and now as the stranger steams up the muddy and moody river some aged Creole often points to those oaks with expressions of pity and pride. It is easy enough to infer that, with the descendants of such men, the duello died hard, especially in a clime where the blood burns a little faster than in the states where cotton and cane are not cultivated.

Many of the New Orleans duels of a later date were fought near Ponchartrain and Spanish Fort (reached very readily from the heart of the city via St. Charles and Canal streets.) There was also a dueling field near the United States Barracks, about six or seven miles south of the city, where William Frost, editor of the Crescent, was killed by Dr. Thomas Hunt, in 1851; and where Dr. Cohen, editor of the Staats Zeitung, was fatally wounded by Dr. Wintzel, editor of the Deutsche Zeitung, in 1853.

Perhaps "Bloody Island," opposite St. Louis, ranks next as a noted resort for the settling of affairs of honor in the days when the code duello was partially recognized as an institution. The name is suggestive of sanguinary episodes, and has not the soft-sounding syllables of Bladensburg nor the hearty prettiness of "The Oaks." The name is not inappropriate, however, as some of the most savage encounters recorded have taken place on this bloody spot. Here it was that Tom Benton fought and killed an old North Carolina comrade, an act which he deeply regretted the rest of his life—destroying all the papers concerning the duel he had in his possession, or could obtain, a short time previous to his death.

Even more savage was that encounter between Major Biddle, U. S. A., and Congressman Pettis, when both fell mortally wounded. Not so savage, however, was the duel between Thomas C. Reynolds—who committed suicide in St. Louis in 1896, after having served Missouri as lieutenant-governor and as soldier in the Confederate army—and Benjamin Gratz Brown, afterward a general in the Union army, a United States Senator and vice-presidential candidate with Greeley in 1872. They met with rifles at thirty paces, and Reynolds, who was a dead shot, hit Brown in the leg, as he said he would do.

A large sand-bar opposite Natchez, where James Bowie fought his great fight in 1827, has been a handy place for many Mississippians to settle their disturbances; and upon this sand-bar, in 1846, N. A. Crabbe, who came to California during the gold discoveries, and was beheaded in Sonora as a filibuster, killed an editor named Jenkins in a duel with rifles. It has been estimated that more men have been killed in duels on the Island opposite Vicksburg, which was a peninsula formed by the long bend of the Mississippi until cut

off in 1876, than upon any other field in America. The great duelist McClung killed Menefee on this peninsula; James F. Fall, one of the editors of the Sentinel, was severely wounded by T. E. Robbins of the Whig; James Ryan, another editor of the Sentinel, was killed by R. E. Hammet of the Whig, and Henry Foote, who fought four duels in all, met one of his antagonists on this peninsula.

Weehawken, now a part of Hoboken, opposite New York, has been famous for a century as the field where Alexander Hamilton was mortally wounded by Aaron



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SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 19, 1906.  
TO THE PUBLIC: This is to certify that Dr. Wong Him has cured me of lung and stomach trouble, from which I had suffered for many years. I tried many doctors, but they failed to cure me. I consulted Dr. Wong Him, and after taking his Herb Medicine for six months am now permanently cured. I wish to recommend him to the public as an efficient and skillful physician.

CHARLES BAEHR,  
632 Lyon street, San Francisco, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1907.  
TO THE PUBLIC: I had a very severe case of Throat Trouble and general breakdown. Did not sleep or eat for eight days. After trying every remedy I heard of without success, I called on Dr. Wong Him, 1268 O'Farrell street, who by feeling my pulse correctly diagnosed my case. His remedies gave me immediate relief. Cannot say too much in favor of his teas.

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Burr on the 11th of July, 1804, and where Philip Hamilton, the elder son of Alexander Hamilton, was mortally wounded by G. J. Eaker on January 10, 1802.

\* \* \* \* \*

The scene of many Richmond duels was on the southern branch of the James river about two hundred yards above the old cotton mills in Manchester. Here John Hampden Pleasants of the Richmond Whig was mortally wounded at the third shot by Thomas Ritchie of the Enquirer. This was one of the most sensational duels of ante bellum days, and was fought on February 25, 1846, Pleasants lingering until the 29th. Ritchie afterward married Anna Cora Mowatt, a noted actress. Belle Isle is also a famous dueling place of old.

\* \* \* \* \*

Staten Island was quite famous as a dueling resort for fifty years leading up to and after the Revolution; and even as late as 1887 Carmel Farach and a countryman, both Italians, fought with swords near Stapleton and Farach was killed. If dueling were still a fashionable pastime in New York Staten Island would probably lay claim to being the favorite pinking ground, especially as so many picturesque duels had been fought in its pretty policies. In the summer of 1871, for example, a gallant Italian general, who had done good service for the Union, kissed his wife and boy and set out for the island to cross swords with a compatriot. The general received a sword-cut in the arm and the fight was over. Happily the law in New Jersey (to which commonwealth Staten Island belongs) against dueling is rigorous in the extreme, and no more swords will ever again gleam in the soft sunshine or magic twilight of that enchanting beauty-spot.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hostile meetings were so numerous in California between 1850 and 1859 that there were no distinctive places of dueling, unless "The Oaks," forty miles from Sacramento, may be so designated. Here a number of combats took place, notably that between Hon. Edward Gilbert and General James W. Denver, in 1852, in which the former was killed at the second fire. Six miles from Sacramento is Oak Grove, another old dueling ground, where Dr. James P. Dickson was mortally wounded by Philip F. Thomas, in 1854, and where other encounters have taken place. The most famous dueling spot in the State is that near the Laguna de la Merced, where Broderick received his mortal wound; but even this place is not considered a dueling ground. In the earlier days it was the custom, generally, for hostile parties to meet somewhere near or on the boundary line of San Mateo and San Francisco counties, for obvious reasons. But one of the most noted duels fought in California—that between Johnston and Furgeson—took place on Angel Island; Hunt and Hubert fought at the old Pioneer Race track; Nugent and Cotter met in Alameda county; Smith and Broderick in Contra Costa county; Gatewood and Goodwin in Calaveras, Rust and Stidger and Tevis and Lippincott in Sierra, Woodlief and Kewen near Oakland, Crane and Tobey in Marin, Carter and De Courcay in Yolo, Graham and Lemon near Benicia, Gwin and McCorkle near San Francisco, Walker and Graham, Russell and McDougall, Kemble and McDougall, and some others, on the boundary line between San Mateo and San Francisco, while many meetings took place not far from the heart of the Metropolis itself.

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## Letters

### "New Chronicles of Rebecca"

When Kate Douglas Wiggin was importuned to write a sequel to "Rebecca" many of her admirers fervently hoped that she would refuse. "Rebecca" was herself, unique and beloved, and a sequel, in which this sparkingly original child would don long skirts, do up her hair and have a lover in commonplace style, was anything but a consummation devoutly to be wished. Now that the "New Chronicles of Rebecca" are in our hands, behold, the same little girl, utterly unchanged, for with an originality all her own, Mrs. Wiggin has simply written the chapters omitted from the first volume, and the picture, instead of being spoiled, is strengthened. True, Rebecca does grow up. She graduates from the Wareham Academy, and we take leave of her as she sits under the sweet apple tree in the May twilight, watching Abijah Flagg and Emma Jane Perkins wandering down through the orchard into the romance land, but her own time is not yet. It is the little girl who is most endearing. Rebecca should never have grown up at all, and that part of her history which will be forever unforgotten comes before her fourteenth year, when she was still attending the district school, marshalling the other children into line, and taking the lead in all their enterprises, for as Alice Robinson said when the Daughters of Zion were holding their election for officers, "Who ever is elected president, you will be, Rebecca—you're that kind, so you might as well have the honor." Happy the community where there is a Rebecca to assume the leadership, for, with all her precocity and go-aheadativeness, Rebecca Randall was as innocent as Sir Walter Scott's pet, Marjorie Fleming, who died in her seventh year. The "wildness" of Sally Perry does not concern her at all, but only the pitifulness of her lonely death, and her baby with no alternative but to be sent, to the poor farm. Abijah Flagg's ancestry might have been of the purest May flower strain, and "Slippery Simpson," despite his thievish propensities, his two terms in jail and his too numerous and ill-provided for family, was so pleasant to talk to. Emma Jane Perkins still continues to be the admiring friend, in the new book, and Minnie Smellie is as objectionable as ever to the straightforward little heroine, though the open manifestation of hostility has been abandoned on both sides, owing to the strenuous authority of the elders. Poor Miss Dearborn, the beloved teacher, has her own trials, for one of the school committee has a daughter who has cast covetous eyes on her salary, and in consequence, the school is found to be deficient in composition. In order to remedy the defect, the girls are requested to keep diaries, and the boys to write a weekly letter. Rebecca, as might be expected, has no mind for anything so commonplace as Mark Twain's first journalistic efforts, which he reduced to an exact science, so that he should fill in four weeks ahead: "Got up, washed and went to bed." She institutes a "Thought Book," with an elaborate title page made up of past, present and future. There are no common thoughts recorded therein. The specific intention of these literary efforts was the production of an essay on the subject: Which has the most beneficent influence on character, punishment or reward? It is doubtful whether the most learned commentator could add another argument for or against, to those adduced by the little girl, and her conclusion: "We do not believe we can find out all about this truly great and national subject until we get to heaven, where the human race, strapped and unstrapped, if any, can meet together, and, laying down their harps, discuss how they got there," has marked the limit of human progress. But it will not do to begin to quote, because of the impossibility of leaving off. To excerpt one passage is but to pass over a hundred others

and to mention one incident is like picking one daisy from a field. How the little Riververo girls adopted a baby; how they organized a missionary band, and what came of their efforts to convert the wicked; how Elijah Perkins won title to a cow, and how his father was induced to turn over a new leaf; what good fortune came to Clara Belle; how Abijah Flagg rose from his humble position as a chore boy; how Rebecca saved the flag, and how there came to be that particular flag; are all set forth in Mrs. Wiggin's own style. Aunt Miranda Sawyer's plain, blunt, common sense and caustic comments are not the worst discipline for her precocious little niece, whose feet are thus held to the earth. Those sentimentalists who deplore the tendency towards race suicide would do well to consider the weight carried on this child's shoulders, that mysterious mortgage which she must clear off her mother's farm, and the little understood disgrace that was supposed to attach to such a blight, for, in spite of her sunny disposition, the black cloud ever loomed on her horizon. It is to be hoped that other authors who make children the subject of their writings will cull a leaf from Mrs. Wiggin. It seems to be an accepted canon of the craft that whenever a child has occasion to write, the first requisite shall be to misspell every word in some fantastic fashion and never, by any accident to get one correct unless it be a, I or O, in which case pains are taken to misplace the capitals. Rebecca Randall is no rival of Noah Webster, but her errors are made when she is striving after "genteel words," in which she finds her small dictionary painfully deficient. Moreover, her writing room is in the barn loft, and her dictionary in the house, and more experienced authors than this child know only too well what becomes of ideas if one stops to search for words, much less mere details of the letters which compose the words. The late Thomas Bailey Aldrich characterized "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" as the very nicest little girl in bookland. One can add nothing to that. Like all really good children's books it is equally enjoyable by those who have not forgotten their own childhood. The two Rebecca books should be in every house where there are girls, either of the age for present enjoyment, or growing towards it. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—The Bookworm.

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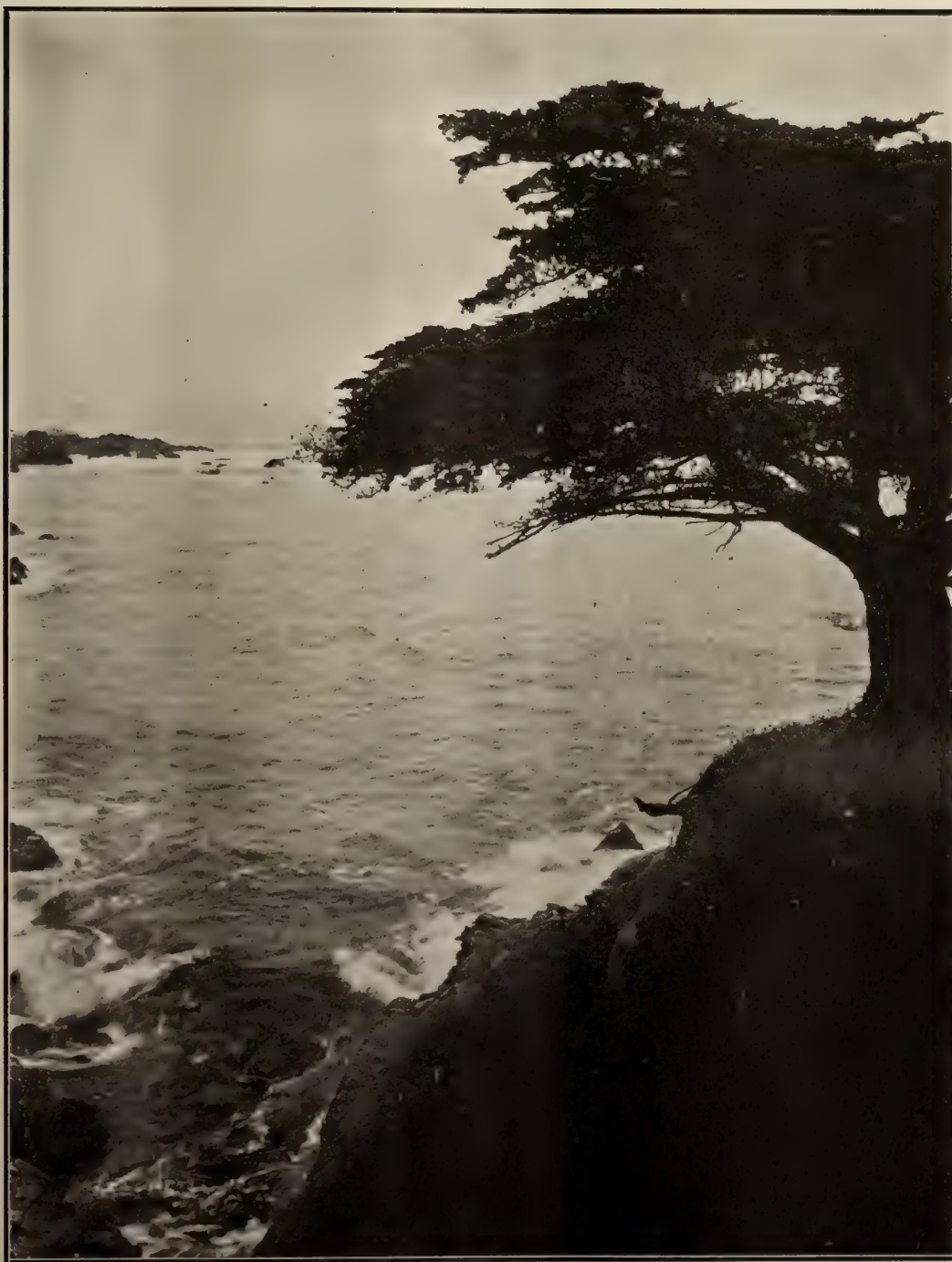


# TOWN TALK

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Price, 10 Cents



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## Gillett on Unionism

Not alone has General Funston of the "unwhipped mob" thrown down the gage of battle to the proud leaders of labor unionism in San Francisco. Funston is a servant of the United States and holds his lofty commission independent of the mightiest labor leader who ever bossed the San Francisco workingman. He may enjoy the luxury of free and untrammelled criticism with no thought of the disagreeable aftermath; with no fear of revenge or reprisal. Comes now, however, one who might not unreasonably be suspected of a politic tenderness for the feelings of those who wield the might weapon of enfranchised American manhood and of whom might not unnaturally be predicted a consequent conservatism of utterance that bears with the foibles of classes while not too greatly compromising with truth. Comes none other than Governor Gillett, chief executive of a state which includes the city most powerfully organized, from the unionistic standpoint, of all the cities in the country; comes, nevertheless, Governor Gillett with frank and unqualified criticism of union labor. Speaking at San Jose on the Fourth of July the governor, after dwelling on the evils that spring from law-breaking corporations, turned to what he regards as a kindred evil. "On the other hand," he said, "the people of America are facing another danger fully as great as that which proceeds from organized wealth. Organized labor, which was originally a great and farseeing movement designed to raise the standard of living among the working classes, has now become oppressive—as all good movements become when they gain the upper-hand. Labor unions have become arbitrary, unreasonable and overbearing—until they are in the minds of many people as great an evil as the trusts. The true solution of the present difficulties is to curb alike lawless capital and lawless unionism." Here is no new light suddenly thrown upon the system of organized labor, exposing evils that have hitherto lain in shadow. It is simply a plainly worded reiteration of what has been spoken before to the extent of wearying monotony; what everybody knows and everybody except the rabid champion of union labor readily admits. The words, however, take a factitious significance from the personality of the man who uttered them. He holds the highest public office in the state; he has had no small experience of public affairs; has given them no little careful thought; and is not wont

to overcharge the measure of his thought in preparing it for public expression. More than that he has had exceptional opportunity to study the labor union situation from an unbiassed position. Governor Gillett had the good fortune to come into San Francisco during the first struggle between the United Railroads and the union carmen in the present strike. When all San Franciscans were wrought to a pitch of enthusiasm, either for or against the cause of the striking platform men, which was too high for cool judgment, the governor came to the scene of the trouble with a fresh mind, not preoccupied with prejudice but open to deliberate conviction. His first racy comments on conditions which were novel only to himself served somewhat to startle San Francisco from its complacent acceptance of the violence and murder which until then seemed inevitable in every big strike. Here was a governor who did not fear to characterize the crimes of the strikers with ugly words selected from the penal code and to denounce, not, it must be admitted, with the scrupulous personal particularity affected by General Funston, but still unmistakably, the leaders who were plainly responsible for the violations of law and order. And now, with the same impartiality, carefully balancing blame between predatory capital and predatory labor, Governor Gillett returns to the charge, apparently reckless of consequences indifferent now to the fulminations of the McCarthys, the Tveitmoes and the Corneliuses as he was formerly indifferent to the menaces of Gompers, the governor has said his say about organized labor. He finds it oppressive, arbitrary, unreasonable and overbearing and he insists that it be curbed. Reiteration by the governor of these sentiments cannot fail of definite results. It will arouse the sleeping consciousness of San Francisco and mayhap will inspire some of our timorous leading citizens to call their souls and their tongues their own when unionism is under discussion.

## Some Advice Needed

A little coterie of highly intelligent labor leaders admitted, last week, after a conference with President Calhoun of the United Railroads, that the Carmen's Union was guilty of injustice in ordering the street car strike. They asserted that after a thorough investigation they had reached the unanimous conclusion that the strike was ordered in wanton violation of the general rules of the union. We cheerfully felicitate these labor leaders on their candor, but at the same time we must deplore the illogical position they have assumed. For these highly intelligent individuals to whom has been delegated the task of conserving the interests of organized labor in this city, and in whom has been vested the power of determining all questions affecting industrial peace, have not only confessed the injustice of the Carmen's Union; they have also insisted that this union shall be given the opportunity to add insult to injury. In substance they have said to Mr. Calhoun: "Yes, it is true; organized labor has been wrong from the beginning and you have been right from the beginning. You have been treated with great cruelty. We have ruined much of your property and we have caused you a loss of more than one million dollars, but the prestige of organized labor is paramount to all else in this world. You must reinstate this union which appears to have suffered defeat in consequence of its injustice and its cruelty. You must discharge the American citizens who came to your assistance when you needed assistance, and you



must put to work the men who have attempted to destroy your property, and by their reinstatement make it possible for them to cause another strike whenever the caprice seizes them. If you do not comply with our demands we will endeavor to win this unjust strike; we will try to destroy your business." It should be obvious to the average intelligence that these labor leaders who insist that the recognition of a union that unjustly and wantonly destroyed the industrial peace of a community is essential to the prestige of organized labor are very much in need of a little wholesome advice. And it is to be regretted that this advice has not been given by some of the zealous representatives of the several agencies now employed in regenerating this unfortunate city. We hear a great deal these days about the importance of putting the management of the municipality in clean hands, of the many influences that are now retarding the growth of the city, and of the great civic patriotism of the reformers who are deeply concerned with the vital problems affecting the public welfare, but there is a most impressive dearth of sentiment on the subject of the tyranny of organized labor. The men and newspapers whose affection for San Francisco is most profound, according to their own testimony, are not unconscious of the fact that there is a great deal of distress in this city at present. Being in touch with the political and commercial affairs of the city they know that there are many thousands of idle men on the streets; they know that some large retail stores have had to negotiate with their creditors to avoid bankruptcy and all because of this street railroad strike, but their concern for the public welfare has not yet impelled them to give the Tveitmoes and the McCarthys and the other representatives of the unwhipped mob a little wholesome advice. So far their sympathy for the community has not proved stronger than their reluctance to offend organized labor.

### A Pernicious Practice

Said Don Quixote to Sancho Panza when the latter was about to assume the role of Governor: "Him whom thou must punish with deeds, do not revile with words; for the pain of the punishment is enough for the wretch to bear without the addition of ill language." This is a precept which we cordially commend to the consideration of Judge Dunne and other pious and virtuous jurists who are addicted to the habit of moralizing sanctimoniously before pronouncing sentence on convicted transgressors. The law strictly prohibits punishment of a cruel nature; and it is unquestionably a species of cruelty to compel a man who is about to be sent to the penitentiary to stand up in a crowded court-room and listen to ponderous platitudes uttered reproachfully by a petty jurist inspired by no higher motive than that of promoting publicity. This practice of brutally lecturing miserable wretches convicted of crime is the survival of a custom which was most congenial to the infamous Jeffreys. It has no sanction in the laws of our country. It should go the way of all cruel and inhuman punishments that have been long since successfully decried by an educated public sentiment. Our judges are merely functionaries for the administration of justice, not for the execution of penalties of their own devising. When a statute provides that the maximum penalty for an infraction of the code is five years, the court has no right to assume the privilege of augmenting the punishment of the offender by rebuking him

in language calculated to excite the mob to vociferous applause. The court is not vested with authority to determine whether the penalty fixed by statute is inadequate. If courts were vested with such authority then perhaps they would be justified in subjecting prisoners to poignant humiliation. But in the absence of such authority judges should be more scrupulous in their attitude toward unfortunates who come before them for sentence, especially since the question of guilt is yet to be finally determined at the time of the pronouncement of sentence. It quite often happens that a man who has been cruelly humiliated by a judge fond of implying his own virtue by deploring the viciousness of others, is subsequently vindicated and set at liberty. But we never hear of an apology being offered by one of the inflexible and garrulous moralists of the bench to the innocent and helpless victim of his exasperating verbiage. And yet the setting aside of a verdict of guilty is usually the result of errors committed by a judge disinclined to vouchsafe a fair trial to a man charged with crime. We can conceive of nothing more discreditable in a judge than a disinclination to err on the side of mercy; nor can we conceive anything more preposterously incongruous than an unmerciful, cruel judge in the role of moral lecturer reprobating men for yielding to unholy passions.

### Our Musical Deficiencies

An innocent and highly idealistic foreigner, Hendrik Christian Andersen by name, has presented to San Francisco the plans of a world monument dedicated to music and incidentally to the other fine arts. Discouraged by the poor prospect of seeing his hopes realized in Rome, this bearer of a name immediately suggestive of fairies and the world of impossible things turns with fine romanticism to the western city of the future. It may be our magnificent dream of rebuilding on the Burnham plan fired his imagination. If this be so may he never visit San Francisco. He would find, it is much to be feared, that the American love for the ugly, the inharmonious and the claptrap are quite as prevalent here as they are in the eastern states where beauty and utility are ordinarily as far apart as the poles. This however is but the vagrom criticism of Herr Andersen's beneficent intention that strikes the mind on first consideration of its architectural aspect; it also contains implications regarding our musical advancement that suggest fruitful topics for meditation. Our one popular educator in music is the Golden Gate Park band which, incidentally, is the only permanent organization of its kind on the coast above the oompah order. It renders music, generally light and nearly always good, on every fair Sunday, and it keeps a not too secure grip on continued existence by the grace of the United Railroads which rings up the fares of the thousands who assemble to hear it. The serious music on which San Francisco must depend for the satisfaction of a more or less clamorous appetite fills two short seasons at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley, popularly supported it must be admitted. Its supporters may not all be sincere in their admiration of the higher forms—there is nothing intellectual for which the culturines do not profess an admiration—yet is the symphony really educating a large number of those with leisure time to spend. Aside from the park band and the Berkeley symphonies there are only to be considered, in casting up our musical accounts, the claptrap musical "conservatories." Without re-



gard to thoroughness of training these misnamed institutes aim only at a certain facility in performing the showy. They treat music not as a high art which has developed down through the ages and never so fast as in recent times, but as a conglomeration of pleasing sounds known as "tunes." The higher forms, popularly grouped as "classical" merely, with a fine indifference to the distinction between the classical and the romantic, are by these delectable institutes treated as if apart from "natural" music; as though in fact they were a cultivated taste like limburger cheese or caviar. It would obviously be wrong to expect aught but the pestiferous noisemonger as the graduate of such institutions. It may be that the artistic courage of Herr Andersen, daunted before the musical shortcomings of Rome, will still pluck up heart of grace in the face of these acknowledged musical deficiencies. And yet would it be advisable to check the onrushing enthusiasm of an idealist with the tempered common sense of those who know how very far we have still to go along the pleasant road to perfect musical accomplishment. Instead of attempting what is obviously impossible at the present time, why may not the wealthy patrons of the art musical found on a humbler scale a high grade conservatory of music which, through lectures, recitals and concerts at a small nominal price, may implant a true conception of the grandeur of music and the scope of its art? No matter how small it may be in its beginning, public sympathy is sure to be aroused and touched and a great conservatory might arise before its founders are aware. A real feeling for the most abused of the arts has made the Berkeley symphonies successful; it would do as much for San Francisco with the proper encouragement.

### Getting On In the World

Now that the schools and colleges all over the country have graduated the annual output, and the honor members of the various classes have formulated their specifics for improving mankind, the youths and maidens who have been surmounting the artificial difficulties of an easy course of study are beginning to find themselves up against the real facts of existence. Most of these tender fledglings have erroneous notions of finding work suited to their ideas, but not for them is Success waiting with outstretched arms. The triumphs of this world are won by those who, early in their career, see the wisdom of grasping the best that presents itself and adapting themselves to exigencies. The latest recruits in the ranks of fortune builders have been listening for years to sage advice on the importance of climbing to the top of the ladder, pushing to the front, and hitching their wagons to a star; all of which is very good advice when it can be translated into practicability, but many an adventurous urchin who has tied his sled to some swiftly moving vehicle and has been unable to hold on to his conveyance has lost his own toy, and got only a nasty tumble with such wisdom as he could glean from the disaster to reward him for his temerity. Pushing to the front might be easy provided that everyone else was not likewise elbowing his way and unwilling to relinquish his hard earned vantage for either polite requests or sharp elbowings. Climbing to the top round of the ladder is not exactly a gymnasium stunt. Nor does it make a great deal of difference what the average youth undertakes so long as he goes at it with sufficient determination and interest. Once in a gen-

eration or so a genius is born; and it makes little difference what his environment may be; he will find his own place in the world. The majority have not even talent, much less genius, and the best—indeed the only substitute for either is hard work. Comparatively few of the successful men of the world, even if we restrict success to its commonly accepted definition of the accumulation of wealth, have remained in the calling in which they began their careers. Just as few have found their success in the career which was their youthful ideal, but all have given their minds to the thing their hands found to do. The majority began at the beginning and worked their way to the front because they were prepared for each advance step before it was offered to them. One may arrive at a destination just as quickly by riding on the rear platform of a train as by insisting on a place in the engineer's cab.

### Nature Fakers

Though the fury of the combat over the iniquities of the nature fakers has subsided a bit common sense is not yet in possession of the field. The presidential protest, we are told, was interposed in the interest of the Child. The professional educator is to the front once more impressing upon us the importance of scientific training and truth. It is fortunate that children are neither so wise nor so foolish as those set in authority over them, and that a very wise provision of Mother Nature, which furnishes the race with a forgettery equally as reliable as its memory, prevents the perpetuation of many follies. If the genus educator could be eliminated, or at least deprived by a surgical operation of the pernicious propensity to secrete a pill of wisdom in every spoonful of the jam of enjoyment, children would read their "Lives of the Hunted," their "Animal Heroes," their "Call of the Wild," and all the other animal stories with the same degree of enjoyment, and just as little perversion of their understanding as, in their nursery days, they



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listened with glistening eyes to the moving tale of "Little Goldenhair" without for a moment believing that there ever was or would be a family of three bruins keeping house in human style. Most of the books which have fallen under the presidential ban were written as stories, not as scientific treatises. The authors had no intention of furnishing text books and they are not to be blamed for the follies of the wise, who assume that everything they see in print is solemnly sworn to before a notary public. Most children who have not been treated to a course of predigested and peptonized "instruction" have native sense enough to know that whatever may be the truth concerning families, genera or species, the individuals differ one from another. Any boy who has owned two puppies, has learned that however many common traits they may have possessed as dogs, one had natural tricks and acquired accomplishments which the other could not master. Let two canary birds be as much alike as identical feathers and form can make them, yet their owner, be she five years old, fifteen or fifty, can differentiate them by the things one will do

which the other will not do. Give a little girl a dozen dolls each duplicates of all the rest, and she will discern marked differences not apparent to any one else even after she has pointed them out. Children, who are supposed to have had their brains softened by the improbabilities related of Buck, or Lobo, or Mooswa, or White Fang, are very well able to comprehend that though dogs or wolves or bears or moose in general may not have been in the habit of acting just so in similar circumstances, there is always room for the exception. One of the most amusing phases of this whole controversy is the unanimity with which Kipling's "Jungle Books" are recommended as having passed the thirty-third degree of merit. There are some of us who remember the same kind of condemnation which was meted out to Kipling in his day, when it was confidently proclaimed that no human child ever was or could be raised as Mowgli was. Indeed the whole nature faker controversy is but the rethreshing of old straw. One wonders, now and then, how it has happened that the iniquities of "Aesop's Fables" have escaped detection all these years.

## Perspective Impressions

Mayor Schmitz threatens to demand vindication at the polls once again. And there are many timid souls who hope that he is merely jesting.

Agreeing upon a man for Mayor is the toughest task that has yet been undertaken by our little band of reformers.

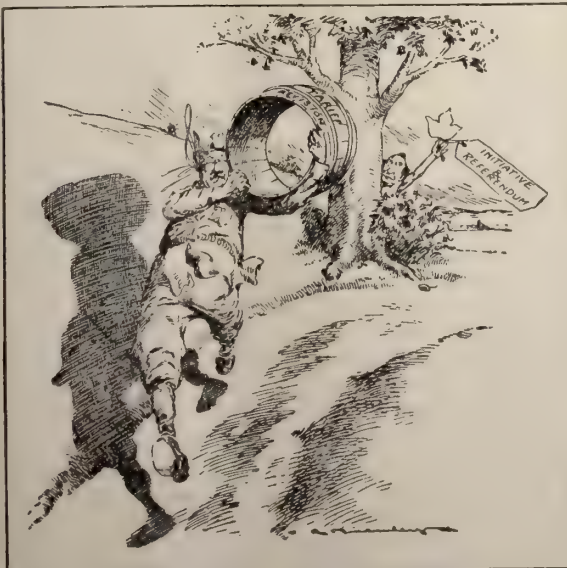
Though Town Talk was the first paper to advise the Washington authorities to transfer the Atlantic fleet to the Pacific we are not quite certain that the transfer was made at our suggestion.

When Senator Newlands recommended the Galveston plan for San Francisco he echoed sentiments that were expressed in this paper more than a month ago.

The War Department shows no signs of marooning General Funston for giving offense to the mighty McCarthy. If the War Department doesn't watch out Tveitmoe will begin wading through oceans of blood.

Detective Burns thinks that Mayor Schmitz is insane and that he should be committed to an asylum. We move that Judge Dunne be empowered to select a commission to ascertain the Schmitz state of mind.

Megalomania is a form of mental intoxication which is always accompanied by grandiose delusions under the influence of which a man sometimes assumes the air of a Bombastes Furioso. Sometimes it afflicts a victim with the hallucination that the liberty of all men is in his keeping.



"HEY! HAVEN'T YOU FORGOTTEN SOMETHING?"

—Macauley in the New York World.

President Roosevelt's alleged indifference to property rights in the matter of political issues draws varying exclamations of amusement, indignation, and bewilderment from the Democratic press.



SUPPOSE THESE LITTLE BOYS SHOULD TAKE THE PRESIDENT'S ADVICE!

"When you are out among your playmates don't be afraid of the little boy who happens to be rude to you."—From President Roosevelt's address at the Friends' Select School in Washington.  
—Webster in the Chicago Inter Ocean.



# The Coming Conflict

By Edward F. O'Day

For all its cynical affectation of detachment from theological interests ours is probably one of the most profoundly religious ages in the history of serious human thought. While professing utter disregard for the dogmatic restrictions imposed by the different churches it lends an attentive ear to every variation of belief, to every manifestation of sincere faith and to every earnest effort looking toward the reconciliation of the opposing churches and the resolution of those fundamental difficulties that seem to erect insuperable barriers between creed and creed. Its very attitude of seeming indifference is but a pose adopted to conceal a palpitating eagerness for definite theological conviction. Following a cycle in which religion was fashionably flouted this age is somewhat backward about openly avowing its intense preoccupation with doctrinal questions, but beneath the pretense of pessimistic scepticism is an underlying avidity for the mental restraint imposed by religious faith which cannot be ignored.

The undoubted prevalence of agnosticism may seem to contradict this emphatic leaning toward definite and positive belief, but there are not lacking indications that the disciples of Hume and Spencer occupy a stricken but deserted field and that the creedal battle of the future will be fought over totally different territory. Of all the gnosologic theories that of philosophic nescience seems least in sympathy with the current religious tendencies of mankind. It would seem that men are toughening their fibers for a contest which will sanction no dalliance in that luxurious middleground where the inevitable asperities of positive belief are softened to a lazy uncertainty. In this struggle it seems probable that dogma is to be boldly opposed by dogma and that rival propaganda are to assail each other in uncompromising frontal attack.

Because it alone of all the creeds of western civilization fails to exhibit those elements of disintegration that discount future availability for so tremendous a struggle as this will surely be, it would appear that Catholicism is to bear the brunt of the fighting on one side; while on the other it seems more than probable that all sympathetic elements will merge their differences under the ever-advancing banner of Socialism.

Coincident with prosperity unexampled in the world's history and a constant approach to the mastery of the forces and resources of nature, there is exhibited in the countries of Europe and America at the present time a spirit of restlessness and discontent, a dissatisfaction with social and economic conditions that must be reckoned the greatest antagonist of organized religion. This for the twofold reason that it is wreaking itself on ecclesiastical dogma (as though in resentment of the tranquillity of firm belief) and building up a diametrically opposite system (at times even boasting a ritualistic accompaniment) with socialism as the cornerstone. That this spirit does not of necessity spring from unbearable social or economic conditions but frequently co-exists with unusual material happiness gives to it most, perhaps all of its significance. Those in whom it inheres have come to believe that that betterment of society in which they see the obliteration of their discontent will come through the evolution of the altruistic and social elements in humanity and the modification or deletion

of individualism; in other words through the adoption of the socialistic program.

It may seem that between socialism which, however pragmatic it may be, does not trespass on purely religious grounds, and Christianity which usually stands aloof from purely economic and political systems, there can be no real antagonism. In truth there would not be if the extremists among socialists did not obstinately insist on forcing the issue by deliberately endeavoring to beat down Christianity to make way for their own propaganda. The attitude of the scientific socialists is consistently offensive to the church as represented by orthodox Christianity and Christianity, of course, cannot afford to disregard the wage of battle thrown down by so powerful an opponent without incurring the suspicion of compromising cowardice.

However wide may seem the divergence between socialism with its sweeping appeal to types as different as the philosophic striver toward reform of current abuses and the ignorant proletariat inflamed to discontent over conditions he but vaguely understands—however wide may seem the divergence between this system and that esthetic cult which with varying bases is yet broad enough to include all whose exaggeration of the importance of individualism has led them to the extreme reaches of the humanistic theory of life, yet is it undeniable that the two systems will converge, the better to carry on their common warfare against organized religion. To both the principle of renunciation, of self-sacrifice on which Christian morality is grounded is equally abhorrent. Socialism enforces this idea with all the resources of a specious terminology peculiarly adapted to please the ear that has been attuned to the harsh clangor of labor, the piercing shriek of suffering and the low moan of poverty. Estheticism, on the other hand, makes its appeal sensuously, having enlisted much of the artistic power of the age in its behalf. It attacks deism by indirection. First belittling godhead by a mocking anthropomorphism it rejects the grotesque being its genius has thus created and puts aside the meting rod with a hypocritical humility that affects hesitation to "approve on God its science of theometry." Radically different as are the two processes, the two systems finally reach what is practically common ground. Regarding man as primarily unmoral and ethics as an artificial product of political conditions they join hands over a sort of modified Hobbism that hides grotesque inconsistencies but reconciles them sufficiently for the purpose of a united and menacing assault on the ecclesiastical idea.

That this ecclesiastical idea is coming more and more to mean, in the eyes of its most determined enemies, the Christian religion as embodied in

(Continued on Page 37)

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# The Spectator

## Mr. Heney and the Press

That distinguished apostle of public spirit, the Hon. Francis Joseph Heney, has developed an intense and inextinguishable hatred of the press. He has become a press baiter of the most virulent type. Whether in the role of star performer at a prandial symposium or in his more congenial occupation of platform swaggerer, this garrulous little professional reformer is never so vehement as when hurling the shafts of his congenital spite at the joints in the harness of the Fourth Estate. His passionate pounding of the press has excited much surprise, since it is generally known that in him we have an excellent illustration of the wizardry of the press in transmuting mediocrity into the semblance of precious worth. The Hon. Francis Joseph is distinctly a press made lawyer. He began the cultivation of newspaper boosting long before Attorney General Knox, at the instigation of Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, took him up and enabled him to pick up a little practice on the strength of his pull at Washington with the lobbyists of the Trusts. In those days Mr. Heney was not a reformer. Those were the days when his pull at Washington saved Judge Humphrey of Honolulu from removal despite the petition of the united Hawaiian bar. But now Mr. Heney is so zealous as a reformer one might imagine that he has always been open to a divine illumination and that in his daily walk he has been elevated by intercourse with the spiritual world. And the press which has nourished in him an egoistic complacency and pretension, a hard and condemnatory spirit toward his fellow-men, he reviles with such well simulated antipathy as almost to compel the inference that the sins of journalism torment his virtuous soul.

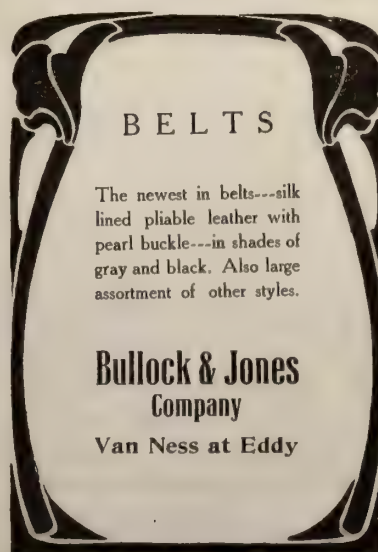
## Heney Supported By Philosophers

Far be it from me to suggest that Mr. Heney is hypocritical in his pose as a reformer. The charge of hypocrisy is one that I would make against no man; for I conceive it to be the ugliest charge that can be made against a human creature. Critics of human conduct are too reckless with charges of hypocrisy; as they cannot read the soul they cannot very well reach conviction respecting sincerity. Mr. Heney's sentiments I prefer to regard as the natural crop of a mind where the soil is chiefly made up of egoistic passions. He is in all probability sincere in his strictures on the conduct of the press. He realizes that to the press is due most of the credit for his triumphs and this realization does not inspire pleasing emotions. He would like to persuade himself as well as the general that he did it all with his own little wit. Perhaps he has convinced himself of this and is now intent on convincing the public. It was Aristotle, I believe, who said there is nothing that expires so soon as gratitude. But I would not be understood as intimating that Mr. Heney is ungrateful. If, as I have heard, in his great zeal as a hired special prosecutor he has been most assiduous in his efforts to indict men to whom he owed a debt of gratitude, that circumstance would not in my opinion be conclusive of the mean spirit which hostile critics have sought to impute. There have been philosophers who have argued that a man's first duty is to the State and that one should have the reins of

friendship as loose as possible, so that they can be tightened or let go at pleasure; for, in their opinion, ease is the chief essential to happy living, and this the mind cannot enjoy if it bears, as it were, the pains of travail in behalf of friends. To this same school belong those learned philosophers who endorsed the policy of Philus, the devil's advocate, which recognized the morally wrong as the politically right. This allusion is not insignificant since it shows that Judge Dunne is not without some authority for those rulings in the Schmitz case which seem to be in defiance of law.

## The Fruit of His Censure

Whatsoever be Mr. Heney's motives in attacking his ally, the press, there should be no doubt respecting the effect on the public mind: Mr. Heney's attacks greatly increase the respect of the reverent groundlings. These attacks are proof of his courage and his independence. I have no doubt that in fulminating against that press, which has become the main element of unreason and stupidity in the judgment of an undiscerning public, Mr. Heney believes that he is standing on a moral elevation to which the objects of his censure are compelled reluctantly to look up; also, that his conduct in its loftiness and its purity is a perpetual rebuke to low and vicious desires. For with such zeal has Mr. Heney devoted himself to the task of earning the big fee which he is to be paid for rescuing the city from loathsome hands and turning it over to the tender mercies of Mr. Spreckels of the Sugar Trust and the ineffable Mr. Phelan who gave us the charter, he has come to regard himself as a reformer at heart as well as at purse. The power of self-hypnotism is well developed in the patriotic Mr. Heney. If it were not for that subtlety of self-presentation by which a man gives us a fairly correct impression of his character not by what he means to convey but by what he inadvertently enables us to discern, I should probably find it somewhat difficult to trace the labyrinthine self-delusions of the voluble and vehement little barrister. Far be it from me, as



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I have suggested, to intimate that Mr. Heney is not convinced of his own superior virtue. I would not suggest that Heney is entirely sensible of his own transfiguration; that, for instance, he has the slightest recollection of ever having received a fee from the Spring Valley Water Company, a corporation whose principles are notoriously as pure as its water, and which never having bribed a supervisor was not in need of investigation at the hands of the Oliver grand jury. I am prepared to believe that Heney has forgotten that he defended Judge Noyes of Nome. It would not be hard to persuade me that he believes he has been prosecuting crooks all his life and never fingered a cent of tainted money. Therefore I am not inclined to scoff when this pompous little personage indulges in a riot of gratuitous accusations against my daily contemporaries. If there is any incongruity in the circumstance of his sitting in judgment on the press and affecting a virtuous prejudice against people afflicted with the weaknesses of human nature the probability is he is as ignorant of it as a blind man is of his image in a glass.

### Opportunities He Has Enjoyed

In one sense Mr. Heney is eminently fitted for the role of press critic. He is perhaps more familiar with the ways of the local dailies than any other member of the local bar. Through a remarkable and unprecedented co-ordination of circumstances the interests of the daily press have been made to dovetail with the interests of the Prosecution, and Mr. Heney has had opportunities never before enjoyed by a lawyer for observing the ways that are peculiar to the modern newspaper. He has seen the proprietors of our dailies go the distance in the achievement of their ends, which ends we should all be willing to believe are the ends of public justice and civic purity were it not for the white light reflected upon their civic patriotism by their servile attitude toward the carmen's union during the recent strike. Mr. Heney has learned something of the power of the press. He has learned something of its ingenious methods for inciting public clamor, for persuading timid judges, for adding to the size of small lawyers on the right side and reducing the stature of big lawyers on the wrong side. Indeed the circumstance that is most conducive to doubt in my mind respecting the sincerity of Mr. Heney is that after engaging the amiable offices of the daily press and conniving at many of the things that have been done in his behalf to enable him to accomplish some of the results which I know that he knows could never have been accomplished without those offices, he pretends to believe that the morals of the newspapers to which he is indebted are worse than those of the sworn officer of the law who has been a party to the transactions by which it has been

sought to promote civic purity in this demoralized metropolis.

### How Courts Are Intimidated

By way of illustration of the advantages Mr. Heney enjoys from the co-operation of the press I will point to the deft allusions that have been made by each of the dailies to the Court of Appeals, since the conviction of Eugene Schmitz. Nearly every time that a newspaper has referred to the appeal to be taken from Judge Dunne's rulings it has been said that the defense hopes to bring political pressure to bear upon the jurists of that tribunal. After that assertion had been repeated several times in the public prints then the dailies told us there was a wicked rumor in circulation to the effect that the court had been reached. Most surprising would it be if something in the nature of a rumor had not sprung from the oft-reiterated assertion by the organs of the Prosecution that political pressure was to be brought to bear on the court. It is perhaps needless to inform my readers that this suggestion of political pressure was in furtherance of the designs of the pious and zealous attorneys for the Prosecution, one of whom is the virtuous Francis Joseph Heney a voluble retail talker, who, when discussing the morals of his co-adjutors of the press indulges in wholesale assertion and vague declamation, but never has any criticism to offer respecting practices designed to intimidate judges. Mr. Heney knows that a statement to the effect that a court is about to be subjected to political pressure is likely to give that court the impression that its integrity will be impugned if it does not decide against the interests which are to receive the benefit of such pressure. Mr. Heney knows that such a statement is not conducive to justice, but I have not heard him protest against the sinister aids employed by the newspapers to quicken the political regeneration of the city in the interest of several distinguished civic patriots. Mr. Heney, it is my opinion, knows that the Court of Appeals is composed of judges who are much more deserving of public esteem than some of those with whom he has been dealing. Moreover he knows that it is not safe to have any honest court review the entire history of the graft prosecution.

### His Potentialities for Good

It is too bad that the thrasonical little lawyer, while he has his hand in, doesn't smash the dailies for their real delinquencies. It is too bad that he conceives the support of the labor unions essential to the main triumph for which the Prosecution is striving; for otherwise he could hammer the dailies to some purpose on their affected indignation at the truth spoken by General Funston, on their persistent coddling of the unions while affirming their devotion to the moral and financial interests of the city, on a thousand and one things that justify the inference that their rage against the rich victims of Abe Ruef's extortion is

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as empty of conviction as that of a pantomime king. It is to be regretted that Mr. Heney doesn't find it consistent with the interests of his employers to let his personal partialities inspire his moral theorizing. The newspapers have made such a big man out of him that his words carry considerable weight, and he could do some good with sincere criticism. And there will never be another time so propitious as the present for effective preachments against the frail and fickle press. In the course of a few months the newspapers will begin the work of exposing the Heney feet of clay, and a little later the current eidolon will be in ruins. The fragments of Heney's prototypes strew our daily pathway. We have but to look about us to see outcasts who once were horsed on an idea, appealing to an ephemeral prejudice, disseminating distrust and hatred, scoring the triumphs of momentary enthusiasms. Heney is bound to go the way of the rest. He shall learn that in the human breast the sentiment of kindness transcends the spirit of hatred. So, I say, there is no time so propitious as the present, for Mr. Heney's star is at its apogee. The press will run on long after the Heney star returns to its nebular state, and then will come the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. That Mr. Heney might persuade the newspapers to behave themselves I am inclined to believe. He tells us himself, that he has whipped the Chronicle into line. The Chronicle, he says, is the enemy of the Prosecution, but he has brought the big stick to bear on Mr. De Young. In other words he has found it expedient for the furtherance of his beneficent purposes to put restraint on the liberty of the press. The story of this whipping into line as related by the attorneys for the prosecution has been so widely disseminated that I am surprised the Chronicle doesn't assert its independence and defy Mr. Heney to do his worst. It is pretty tough to be whipped into line by Mr. Heney, but much tougher to have Mr. Heney boast about it.

### Otis and Heney

As a whipper-in of the press this Miles Gloriosus of the bar has not been entirely a success in Los Angeles, a city which he recently honored with his pompous presence. There he received some attention from General Harrison Gray Otis, Editor of the Times, the most successful and influential daily newspaper in the West. Readers of the San Francisco dailies have not been supplied with all the news of the Otis-Heney mix-up. It is against the policy of the local dailies to give all the news relating to the personality of the chief graft prosecutor. So when Otis throws a little light on that sacrosanct personality, mum is the word in San Francisco newspaper offices. But when Heney sputters one of his characteristic bombastic retorts it is exploited hereabouts in screeching headlines. Hardly had the Hon. Francis Joseph arrived in Los Angeles when we were informed that he accused Otis of being subsidized by Patrick Calhoun. He based this charge on the fact that Calhoun purchased thousands of copies of the Times containing an editorial

roast on the graft prosecution. Of course Mr. Heney doesn't believe that Otis roasted the graft prosecution for hire. He didn't say that Otis roasted the graft prosecution for hire. He preferred as usual to insinuate base motives. But it should hardly be necessary to state that insinuations against the integrity of General Otis are kindly received in Los Angeles only by the sansculottes of well whipped labor unionism.

### An Arizona Jury Scandal

When Heney eructated his invectives against Otis it was because the militant editor had rasped him on the raw. From deftly expurgated news columns we learn that Heney replied in forceful language to the false charge that he had been convicted of the crime of killing an old man in Arizona. But no such charge was made against him. This is the language of the Times in its reply to the insinuations of the Sugar Trust's attorney: "It is as absurd to charge that the position of the Times, taken seventeen years ago and sustained with many hard blows against all comers, ever since, was influenced by the sale of a few papers last year to Mr. Calhoun, as it would be to hold the Times morally responsible for the killing of an old man in Arizona by Heney, or for the conviction and punishment of the same Heney by an Arizona court for having had improper relations with a jury before whom he was trying a case."

### The Artful Dodger

To the foregoing the Hon. Francis Joseph Heney who hates corruption in all its moods and tenses and who has no fear of being righteous overmuch made prompt reply. But in this prompt reply there was no reference to the jury scandal. Heney preferred to misinterpret the Times. He preferred to discuss the murder case. He denied that he had ever been indicted for murder. Thereupon the Times pronounced Mr. Heney a dodger. "Why did you dodge and twist and squirm, Mr. Heney?" asked General Otis. "The offense for which you were convicted and punished was not the killing of Dr. Handy, but professional misconduct as an attorney in having had improper relations with a jury before whom you were trying a case. The Times so stated. It printed the actual court rec-

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ord. Why did you misquote the Times, Mr. Heney? Why did you wiggle away from that jury-mixing case?" To these questions Mr. Heney made prompt and vigorous reply. "I'll send General Otis to jail," said the Hon. Miles Gloriosus Heney. The thrill imparted by these words is due to Mr. Heney's reputation for "making good." In "making good" as a prosecutor Mr. Heney is wonderfully felicitous. And it is no disparagement of his achievements to condemn his methods. He said he would send Ruef to jail and Ruef is in jail. The day after he said he would send Ruef to jail he went into sequestered retreat and said gloomily to a friend that he had made an ass of himself, but lo! and behold! along came Claus and Rudolph with money to burn, and like the hero of a melodrama the Hon. Francis Joseph was enabled to "make good." And now the Hon. Francis Joseph, feeling that he is something of a wiz, talks of sending men to jail after the manner of a witch of other days pronouncing fatal imprecations on the heads of unfortunates.

### The Charge Against Otis

Upon what charge the Hon. Francis Heney is to send General Harrison Gray Otis to jail it would be interesting to know. With Judge Dunne to preside and ready to appoint an Elisor selected by the Prosecution to handle the jury, it probably doesn't matter much what charge is preferred against the Los Angeles editor, but still as a friend of General Otis I am curious to know the character of the offense of which he is to be accused. Libel is the charge usually made against editors, but Mr. Heney is too wise to give an editor the opportunity to prove the truth of offensive matter. When Attorney Moore adjudged him a rascal he was content with the retort that the old gentleman was a liar, thus preferring to join issue and let the matter drop. I am confident that General Otis is not to be jailed for libel. I believe that Mr. Heney realizes that while strictures on personal character should never enliven a polite controversy, it is eminently fit and proper that the calcium should be turned on his personality since he has made it an element of the graft prosecution. I would censure General Otis severely for raking up the ashes of Mr. Heney's dead past in Arizona were it not for the pretension on Mr. Heney's part of being inspired not by the jingle of the Spreckels coin but solely by his hatred of corruption and all forms of dishonesty. While a comprehensive review of the Heney past cannot illuminate the question of the degree of a bribe-giver's turpitude, yet if Mr. Heney is to have the ear of the court, of the Grand Jury, of the elisor and of all the other functionaries of justice upon the theory that his

personal character is above reproach and that he is acting as the arm of a spiritual power for the regeneration of a city it might be of some importance to ascertain whether his virtue is congenial or merely an ornament assumed for a gala occasion. In his capacity as public prosecutor Mr. Heney has been smudging character with a very free hand, and his words have had considerable weight because, owing to his aggressiveness in the role of civic patriot, the lawyer, the enthusiastic advocate, has been differentiated in the public mind from the sincere and virtuous reformer. In the circumstances it is well that the public should know whether Mr. Heney is a really-truly reformer or only a make-believe. As for General Otis, by the way, his patriotism has been put to the test. Long before Mr. Heney was dry behind the ears General Otis was fighting for his country. And many years later when Mr. Heney and I were both able to go to the front for our country and General Otis might well have been resting on his laurels, Mr. Heney and I were taking our ease and comfort in little old San Francisco while General Otis was enduring hardships and risking his life in the hot jungles of the Philippines. This Otis is the man that the flippant Mr. Heney airily talks about sending to jail as though it were a matter of as little moment as the state of Abe Ruef's health.

### The Handy Case

Since writing the foregoing I have received a copy of the Los Angeles Times of July 5th containing a despatch from Tucson, Arizona. If this despatch does not recite facts then Mr. Heney should have no difficulty in sending General Otis to jail for libel. In this despatch is recited the history of the killing of Dr. Handy. The Times correspondent also gives a lot of very interesting data respecting the career of Mr. Heney in Arizona, and quotes from the court record in the murder case to prove that Heney's version of the shooting which he recently gave in Los Angeles conflicts materially with his sworn statement made on his preliminary examination. It is a very interesting story as published by the Times, but as I am merely the historian of the Heney-Otis controversy, and unable to verify the assertions of the Times' correspondent, I refrain from printing the sensational recital. Suffice it that the story presents Mr. Heney in a most unfavorable light.

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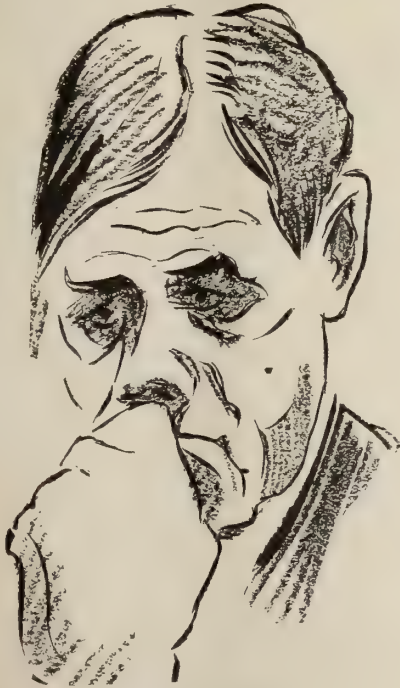
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### A Humorous Situation

It is unfortunate that the gentlemen behind the Graft Prosecution are such sober-minded individuals. While they are conscious of many of the needs of the city they have no appreciation of the wholesomeness of unrestrained gayety. It is within their power to contribute to the gayety of this community on a most elaborate scale, but they have not the disposition to mitigate the miseries of existence in the slightest degree. The humor of the situation into which they have maneuvered themselves is of an exceptionally fine quality. If the lid were taken off the whole town



JUDGE DUNNE

Whose "lecture" to that most miserable of culprits, Eugene Schmitz, was characterized by Attorney Wm. Metson, in open court, as cruel and inhuman punishment. The above excellent likeness of the learned jurist was sketched by a Chronicle artist during the Schmitz trial. It is one of several sketches that were published by the Chronicle and that gave rise to the suspicion that the great daily was not friendly to the Prosecution.

would guffaw till its sides ached. But the distinguished strategists are sitting tight. To be candid with the community is not in line with their policy. After trying for more than three weeks to come to an agreement in the matter of the selection of a mayor they substituted the shameless Boxton for the moral idiot, Gallagher, and then announced that as they would not do politics they were resolved to call a convention of laborites and capitalists for the purpose of accomplishing the task which had been given up as a bad job.

### Playing Politics

Soberly and without the suggestion of a smile the public is informed that Mr. Spreckels will not play

politics with the situation he controls. The frank and veracious Mr. Heney imparts the information that the convention is to be called to convince the people that the Prosecution is adhering to its promise to keep out of partisan politics. The humor of these affectations of disinterestedness is not difficult of discernment. If Mr. Spreckels believes that it would be playing politics to select a mayor, then why have he and his associates been trying for three weeks to agree upon a mayor? Would it not be less like playing politics to select a mayor openly and above board than to call a convention which the gentlemen behind the Prosecution know that they will control absolutely? They know that through Furuseth and Macarthur they will control the eight delegates from the Labor Council and that they will dictate the appointment of the delegates from the Merchants' Association, and that finally Mr. E. J. Le Breton, or some other gentleman of high standing having implicit confidence in the integrity and ability of Mr. James D. Phelan and willing to be guided by that distinguished publicist, will be elected Mayor.

### A Lemon For Hearst

There need be no fear that the Prosecution will select a bad man for Mayor. Mr. Spreckels and his associates are intent upon giving the city a Mayor who will reflect the highest credit on the Prosecution and who will win prestige for the Prosecution's political machine. But in calling a convention and representing the motive to be that of avoiding the political game the Prosecution is disingenuous. That course was taken because Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Heney were afraid to incur the enmity of the Examiner. The gentlemen behind the Prosecution who are incensed at everybody that does not give them enthusiastic support, have not the most unbounded confidence in one another. Though disinclined, as they say, to do politics, it is politics pure and simple that divided them on the mayoralty question. Langdon wanted a Hearst man for Mayor and Spreckels wanted a Phelan man, and it now looks to me as though they are about to hand Hearst a lemon. If the convention were held tomorrow Mr. Le Breton would be elected Mayor, and Mr. Le Breton was one of the leading, dominant figures in the Non-Partisan Convention which took orders from James D. Phelan.

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### Ruef Is Still the Boss

The report that Ruef is to do politics for the "reformers" from his Fillmore street near-jail is true. Several of his old followers, who have since been promoted by the newspapers from the indignity of "henchmen" to the dignity of "lieutenants," privately inform me that they have been summoned. They say Ruef frankly admits that he will remain undisturbed in his present elegant quarters until election is over. Elisor Biggy, who once denied Ruef communication with the members of his own family, now very graciously bows in the politicians.

### Maestretti and His Sovereigns

"Sovereigns of America" is the modest title given by Frank Maestretti to an organization unobtrusively active in the 39th and 40th assembly districts. Maestretti was the first of the graft administration to supply useful information to Detective Burns. He procured the services of G. M. Roy, who later served to trap Boxton and Lonergan. Maestretti's object for some months previously had been to supercede Ruef, who was getting rich at a somewhat more rapid rate than himself. In part with this plan, he founded the "Sovereigns of America" into which he intended to force all of the city's six thousand employes. Ruef, becoming suspicious, blocked the activity of the Sovereigns for the time. Maestretti retaliated by fighting Ruef in the primary election, the Republican convention and again at the general election. During the graft exposures the immune Maestretti was lost sight of. Nevertheless, though a recluse from the public gaze, he is now the most active machine or-

ganizer in the city. His "Sovereigns" are quietly feeling into neighboring assembly districts with a view to enrolling the job hunters and municipal contractors under one banner. What makes them the more formidable, I hear, is their ritual, which is a travesty on masonry as full of bloodcurdling oaths and penalties as a Chinese tong. The "Sovereigns" make a great outward pretense at good citizenship and clean politics. Their real intent can only be surmised from the character of the promoter. Patriotism is a shrewd issue, as it enables the "Sovereigns" to stand by and observe which way the "trap falls" before committing themselves.

### Thronging the Yosemite

With a standard gauge steam railroad winding along the banks of the Merced River to a point within eighteen miles of Bridal Veil Falls the Yosemite Valley no longer seems remote from civilization. The heart of California's fairy land is now so easy of access that no Californian can ever again afford to confess familiarity with the scenic wonders of Europe and ignorance of those that abound in the Sierras. And Californians are availing themselves of the new facilities for reaching the Yosemite. They have been pouring into the Valley so numerously that the Sentinel Hotel and Camp Curry have more than once been crowded to capacity. The Concessionaires of the Valley are doing a tremendous business and the artists who have their studios therein are selling their pictures at vertiginous prices. Chris Jorgensen who recently returned from Mexico with a large collection of fine sketches is again at work on Valley scenes and

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he is selling them as fast as he can produce them. Last week he sold A. S. Baldwin of this city a fine painting of Cathedral Spires. Arthur Best is also prospering. One of his pictures excited the enthusiasm of Mrs. Newcomb, wife of Professor Simon Newcomb, late of the U. S. Navy, and she declares that she will have it placed in the Corcoran Gallery.

### Their Boots Were Too Short

The Sierra Club is well represented in the Valley this season. The ladies of the club have been perspiring along the trails to Vernal Falls and Glacier Point proudly scorning the burros of Concessionaire Kinney. Several of the ladies discovered after donning their trail costumes that there was a great hiatus between the tops of their boots and the bottom of their skirts, and there was much grieving over the circumstance until somebody suggested that the harness maker of the 14th Cavalry might be able to lengthen the boots. Quickly the ladies consulted the harness maker and he filled their hearts with gladness by affirming his ability to abate the hiatus. Of course it became necessary for him to take the measurement of several fair and shapely limbs. This he was permitted to do and with such little show of diffidence that he was astonished. The story of the patching of the Sierra Club ladies' boots has been told at many a camp fire of late.

### The Commandant

The boys of Troops M and I of the 14th Cavalry are enjoying life in the Valley and they contribute in no small measure to the gayety of the season. Major Benson, the commandant and special representative of the War Department, is a very strict disciplinarian, but he enjoys the esteem of his men. Some of the Concessionaires who have a keen and pleasant recollection of the lax discipline that prevailed in the days when the Valley was under State control are not ardent admirers of the Major. They think he is something of a crank. And he probably is, but he loves the Valley and he has some very good ideas respecting the manner in which it should be managed; and he may be depended upon for a sympathetic and zealous administration. He has the cordial support of all his subordinates, and as a consequence the army camp in the heart of the Yosemite is a model one. One of the most active officers in the camp, by the way, is Dr. Ernest Johnson of the Bohemian and Family Clubs who has a hospital on the banks of the Merced that might almost cause a man to yearn to be ill.

### A Call For Volunteers

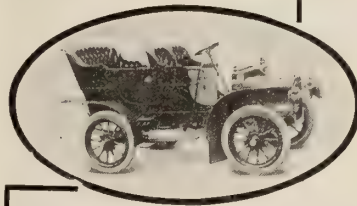
One night recently there was much excitement at the Sentinel Hotel. Two young women, members of the Camera Club, who, early in the day, started on a jaunt to Vernal Falls, had not been heard from. As they were not accompanied by guides their friends and relatives feared that some dreadful accident had

befallen them or that they were lost in the woods. As nothing short of an untoward happening could be conjectured as the cause of their failure to return before sundown, there was justification for the most harrowing misgivings. To expect a guide to go in quest of the missing women was unreasonable, for the guides in the Yosemite prefer to travel the narrow, precipitous trails in daylight. About ten o'clock that night Major Benson heard the report of the excitement and alarm at the Sentinel, and he aroused his sleeping troopers and called for volunteers. Instantly there was response from nearly every tent in the camp. The Major accepted the services of Corporal Conway, Corporal Frew and Private Young, and this trio started on the hazardous journey up the steep grade of the narrow trail that winds along the mountain side in the direction of Cloud's Rest. They were mounted on their big troop horses, and as they climbed the grade they caused a panic among the denizens of the forest. The echo of their horns could be heard from Happy Isles to Glacier Point.

### Corporal Conway Injured

It was long after midnight when they reached Vernal Falls. They had found no trace of the missing ones. They started up the trail to the top of Nevada Falls, and on that trail Corporal Conway's horse stumbled and fell. The Corporal's companions were quick to render him assistance. Fortunately he was not seriously injured, but one of his knees was badly

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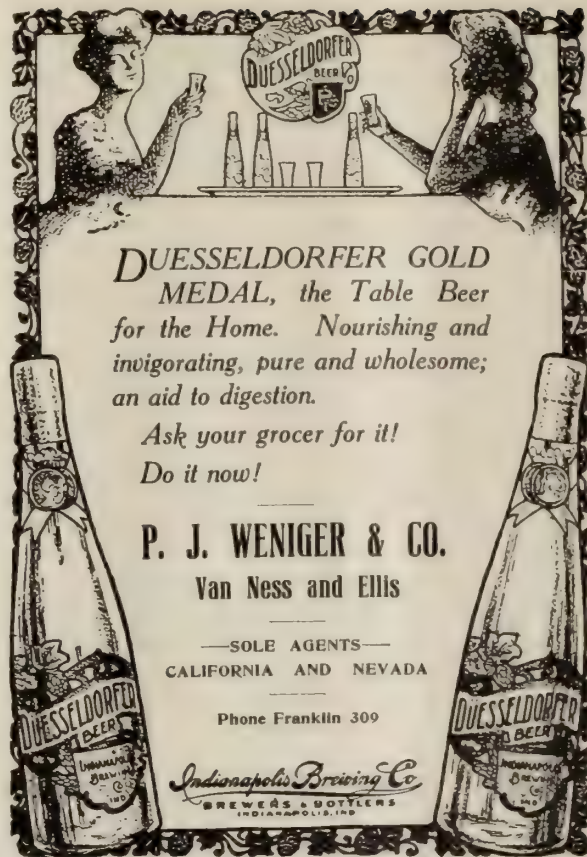
bruised and his horse received several wounds. He remounted however, and on the trio pressed, up over Nevada Falls and along the mountain ridge to Glacier Point where they arrived just before dawn. Everybody in the hotel on the summit had been aroused by the soldiers' trumpets, and the lantern lights of the men in khaki were watched with consuming curiosity as they grew more and more distinct throwing their faint radiance over the eternal snows of the Sierras.

#### A Curious Reception

When the soldiers made known the object of their visit they were greeted with smiles. The missing young women were among those present. It was explained that after starting for Vernal Falls, they met friends bound for Glacier Point and decided to accompany them. It had not occurred to them that their failure to return would cause alarm. However, since their friends were so anxious, the soldiers, they suggested, should immediately return and assuage anxiety. But the brave, gallant volunteers were in no mood for further risks and discomforts. They preferred to have something to eat and to wait until daylight before descending the precipitous trail. That the heroic conduct of these men was not unappreciated by those in whose behalf it was exhibited I am quite sure, for I was informed that before leaving the Valley the Camera Club ladies presented the soldiers with a box of candy. The heroic troopers now regard the whole matter as a joke, but their comrades are somewhat resentful. They have a very lively appreciation of the dangers braved by the three volunteers, and they feel that such conduct merits at least words of commendation and expressions of gratitude.

#### Heroic Judge Graham

The hero of the Yosemite this year is Judge Thomas Graham of San Francisco. The judge spent a few weeks in the Valley with his family, and he had some very thrilling adventures. Indeed the judge had a most exciting and strenuous vacation, and by the time he started on his homeward journey the whole valley was talking of his amazing activities and his wonderful nerve. The judge is something of a camera artist and like Seton Thomas or Thomas Seton or whatever be the name of that great animal student, he loves the pleasures of the pathless woods and the raptures of intercourse with the monarchs and other fauna of the forest. One day he encountered a bear near Happy Isles and took a snap shot of the brute. The next day he was at Inspiration Point and there encountered a venomous rattler which he also snapped and afterwards killed. These were not his only thrilling adventures. He rescued a four year old youngster from the icy embrace of the treacherous Merced. The little fellow fell off a bridge in deep water. Judge Graham threw off his khaki coat and plunged in. He quickly seized the lad, but both were swept down the stream by the swift tide. Fortunately the judge is a strong swimmer and managed to reach shore with his unconscious burden. The story of the judge's heroism quickly spread from camp to camp, and on the Fourth of July a delegation of campers waited on him with a petition to deliver an oration, which he did. Further proof of his versatility was given on the following Sunday when he "served mass" for Father Fitzgerald in the little chapel in the Valley.



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### The City Chap and the Driver

The stage drivers of the Sierras are no longer the picturesque characters that Bret Harte was fond of introducing to his readers. The Yuba Bills of Calaveras and Tuolumne have passed into tradition, but their successors are conscious of the romantic memories that cluster about the box seat of the stage coach, and one or two of them make feeble efforts to display those quaint characteristics which are popularly believed to distinguish the cynical philosophers of the mountain roads. Perhaps the most interesting of Yosemite Valley drivers in this degenerate day is Al. Sleeper, a white bearded, pot-bellied individual who handles the ribbons on one of the stages that carry passengers from the terminus of the Yosemite Valley railroad to the Sentinel Hotel. He has all the traditional pride of the four-horse teamster, and he views the tenderfoot from the city with something in the nature of contemptuous forbearance. On a recent morning shortly after the hold-up of the Wawona stage, a fashionably attired individual, of athletic build and unobtrusive demeanor, swung himself onto the front seat just before the stage driven by Sleeper pulled out of the El Portal camp. He bowed to the driver, and the latter coldly acknowledged the salute, cracked his whip and started up the grade. The passenger on the front seat seemed to be preoccupied with the scenery as they jolted along over the narrow mountain road. He asked no questions. The experience was a novel one for Al. Sleeper. He is accustomed to being plied with questions of so familiar a character that he has a large stock of witticisms on hand which serve to enliven the monotony of the journey and improve his reputation as a humorist. On this particular morning the passenger on the front seat seemed to be entirely devoid of curiosity, and Al. Sleeper talked exclusively to the horses for more than two miles. The strain was growing unbearable and presently he wondered audibly when Black Pete would hold up another stage.

"Is that the fellow's name?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, Pete's been holding 'em up."

"I'm surprised that somebody doesn't take a shot at him," said the stranger.

Al. Sleeper laughed a mocking laugh. "You don't suppose," he said, "that any of these city chaps that come into this valley would dare to take a shot at Pete, do you?"

"Yes," said the stranger, "I think there are city chaps that wouldn't be afraid to take a shot at him."

At this moment the driver had trouble with his horses and began to whip one of the wheelers unmercifully.

"Stop beating that horse!" commanded the passenger.

Al. Sleeper almost fell off the seat in surprise; but he quickly pulled himself together and roughly advised the stranger to attend to his own business. "I'm attending to my own business," said the city chap, "when I tell you to quit beating that horse. I'm a horseman, and I know that horse doesn't deserve the treatment you've been giving him, and I'm going to make it my business to see that you don't maltreat him any more."

The manner and tone of the city chap made a deep impression on Al. Sleeper. He put his whip aside and drove on. The stranger again preoccupied himself with the scenery, and the conversation was not resumed.

The stranger was "Strikebreaker" Farley, who spent a few very pleasant days in the Valley.

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A SKATING PALACE

### After the Tehuantepec Business

San Francisco business men, engaged in traffic with the south, would do well to keep their eyes on the new Tehuantepec transcontinental railroad built by Mexico. That government endeavored to have the Pacific Mail give its transcontinental traffic exclusively to this new route instead of dividing it with the Panama route. The offer was declined. Now an agent of the Vanderbilt lines is in Tehuantepec with a view to ascertaining whether it will pay to sign the concession for a Vanderbilt line of steamers from New York to the Atlantic port of the railroad and another line between Salinas Cruz, the Pacific terminus, and California and Oriental ports. Are San Francisco firms too small to handle the business at their own doors? There are those in the commercial world who believe that this Tehuantepec route is destined to become a sharp rival for business with the Panama canal.

### Return of a Wandering Artist

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Peixotto are being warmly welcomed in San Francisco. While Mr. Peixotto avers that his heart is in California, he has confessed that this is only a visit to his native city and that he feels that his work calls him East. In the last few years Mr. Peixotto's work with the brush has shared honors with his studies in black and white, particularly his French and Italian gardens. The Italian gardens were the first work of this character which the artist attempted, and they so delighted him, and the general public as well, that he has determined to make this his special line of painting. The Peixottos are at present staying in Berkeley. Mr. Peixotto has retained a studio in New York and his home in France. Many delightful affairs are being planned in his honor.

### Mulcreavy's Record

It is popularly supposed that every department of the city government under the Schmitz dispensation has been conducted in a manner conclusive either of dishonesty or incompetency. This supposition is unjust to one official whose record is in most praiseworthy contrast with that of the chiefs of all other departments. I refer to County Clerk Harry Mulcreavy who has kept his department free from scandal and applied therein business methods through which he has achieved fine results. Elected on the Labor Union ticket, he was loyal to his party in the selection of his deputies, a circumstance that excited derision in political circles as it was thought that the staff would prove absolutely incompetent. But the men soon demonstrated their ability, and they have won for Mulcreavy the commendation of the bench and bar. Hitherto it has been the ambition of county clerks to make the department self supporting, but Mulcreavy has eclipsed all records by placing it on a paying basis and contributing some \$50,000 a year to the city treasury.

The Winton Company isn't afraid of "skidoo." In selecting space for the fall show in New York, Vice-President Henderson of the Winton Company, ignored superstition and chose space 23, so that Winton cars will again be exhibited directly opposite the main entrance of Madison Square Garden.

William Letts Oliver, the Oakland banker, with his wife and family, went to Del Monte in his White steamer for the week end. Most of the driving was done by Leslie Oliver, an athlete of Lick.

A  
FITTING  
FINALE  
TO A  
GOOD  
DINNER



A  
FITTING  
FINALE  
TO A  
GOOD  
DINNER

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# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## Mrs. Alexander May Soon Wed

I hear from good authority that Mrs. C. O. Alexander is having the time of her life in Paris and that she has but to choose between three eligible men,—a rich American, an Englishman of good family and a titled Frenchman. The loyal friends of Mrs. Alexander will be delighted to hear this for she has long had the sympathy of those who sincerely liked her. Her best friend is Mrs. Gus Spreckels who has never lost an opportunity to further Mrs. Alexander's interests. Mrs. Alexander's married life was not all a bed of roses, and since her husband's death she has had a hard battle to fight. Through all her difficulties she maintained an air of serenity.

## Mrs. Mumford-Grant Heard From

Ethel Watts Mumford-Grant so well known here continues to get into the public eye now and then. She is still the merry, ebullient Ethel as of yore. She was one of the guests at a kimono party given a few weeks ago by Edmond Russell an apostle of the aesthetic cult in New York and created a sensation by executing a pas seul that everyone declared to be worthy of a professional danseuse. Edmond Russell it will be remembered gave readings in San Francisco several years ago on the subject of "Aesthetics." He wore a long white robe during the lectures.

## "Addie" Mizner's Vicissitudes

One of Mrs. Mumford-Grant's most loyal friends is Addison Mizner who collaborated with her and Olive Herford in the "Cynic's Calendar." Addison, I hear, is almost entirely identified with the Bohemian set of New York nowadays and is no longer the chief ornament of Tessie Oelrich's drawing-room. At one time it was thought that he would step into the shoes of Harry Lehr but since Wilson Mizner's escapades became the main feature of the dailies, Addison's star waned so far as the 400 was concerned. Addie I imagine doesn't mind very much as he is of the happy-go-lucky temperament and New York is big enough for him to find all the divertisement he wants. I hear that Edgar Mizner amused a group of his friends very much not long ago. Picking up a daily paper he read the head lines, "Fiend Sets Large Building on Fire"; no that can't be Wilson. "Murdered in Street Brawl"; I don't find brother's name here. "Embezzler Caught"; not Will! "Shoots Woman on Crowded Street"; is that Wilson? No I don't see his name! "Well" (with a sigh) "I guess we are not in the papers this morning!"

## Mrs. Carolan's Protege

One of the most picturesque personages to be found in the drawing-rooms of San Francisco ex-patriates in Paris is Mary Garden who today is the idol of Paris. She is more popular than was our own Sibyl Sanderson, and is considered to be a greater artist. She was

sent to Europe by Mrs. George Pullman, mother of Mrs. Francis Carolan, to study, but I hear Mrs. Pullman no longer is enthusiastic over her young protege—why no one knows although there were many surmises. Mrs. Carolan though, I hear is generous enough to declare "la petite Garden" to be the greatest artist on the stage today.

## Made Papa Pullman Cry

The story of how the Pullmans became interested in Mary Garden will soon become the property of the press-agents before she makes her debut with Hammerstein this autumn. As the Garden family were in rather straitened circumstances Mary was obliged to do drawing-room singing. She sang Scotch songs inimitably. The Pullmans heard of her and asked her to sing at one of their evening soirees. Mr. Pullman was so affected by her rendition of "Annie Laurie" that he broke down and cried. After that Miss Garden was a frequent visitor to the Pullmans house where she was paid generously for her songs.

## The Newhalls Are Coming

Mrs. Mayo Newhall with her trio of pretty daughters will return from Paris this autumn after a visit of two years in the French capital. All three of the girls have been studying vocal music and French and are always ready to do stunts for drawing-rooms whenever they are asked. Margaret is said to have made up with her fiance so that her marriage will probably take place some time before the summer flies. Like so many of our San Francisco society people the Newhalls go in for the ultra-Bohemian set when they are abroad. At home these people are painfully conventional and stiff necked as far as Bohemia is concerned, so that they welcome the relaxation once they are able to escape.

## Skirting the "Pink Tea" Shore

Jerome Landfield, the popular "pink tea" Professor of the University of California has a successor! Until Professor Landfield went to Europe and married a

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Russian Princess, he was much courted by the "400." And now Professor Henry Morse Stevens is being feted and feasted in the homes, country homes just now, of the San Francisco society matrons. Perhaps it should not be said that he succeeds "Jerry" Landfield, because Professor Stevens certainly is not in the "pink tea" lion class. He is a most welcome guest in many of the beautiful homes of our prominent families, Mrs. Hearst and the Charles Stetson Wheelers counting themselves fortunate to number him among their summer guests. Thus far this season he has been quite a knight of the road, spending a few days here and a few there. His unusual and charming personality and his ready wit have made him hosts of real friends who openly rejoice when he admits that his heart has become wedded to California, and that he will be content to pass the rest of his days near our city which in his own words is simply "teeming with atmosphere."

#### Enter, "Fussing": Exit, "Queening"

It must be a curious experience for staid oldsters, who do not take their English irreverently, to try to translate the speech of some young relative who is toying with a college education. In the East the latest coinage for a flirtation is "fussing." I heard a youth who is just home from Harvard telling his father, a well known banker, that he didn't "fuss" much last year. "One should never fuss: it is undignified," approvingly nodded Papa. "Oh, but you know some of the girls are the real Delaware peach and a fellow has to look the other way not to get fussed up," sagely responded the youth, and every one promptly asked for a translation. The crude western college man is still "queening" but no doubt before long he will be "fussing."

#### Her Heartfelt Appreciation

The distinguished ladiewriter who makes social prestige for ambitious unknowns in the columns of the Examiner has discovered the summer school at Berkeley; and she gives it her cordial endorsement. It is to be hoped that she will also vindicate her faith in it by condescending to avail herself of its advantages. She wrote something about the school for last Sunday's paper, and after reading what she wrote I realized that her appreciation was heartfelt. For this is what she wrote: "We hardly appreciate the wonderful advantages afforded us by the brainiest men in the country, for if we did, in some way, to take advantage of the lectures given by the most brilliant men from the best colleges in the United States and we'd join those classes in the college town. It is a rare chance that the Berkeley faculty has offered us and our society people are just beginning to realize the great good that is being bestowed on us by having the six weeks of summer schooling."

#### "Golf Week" at Del Monte

In spite of the counter-attractions of the automobile gymkhana, "golf week" at Del Monte passed off quite successfully. There were nine entries for the Del Monte Cup for men, eight of whom qualified. These were Douglas Grant of the Burlingame Country Club,

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R. M. Loeser and Professor R. E. Allardice of Stanford University, Dr. E. E. Baker and A. W. Splivalo of the Claremont Country Club, Dr. S. L. Caldwell of Colorado Springs, Admiral Trille, U. S. N., of Pacific Grove, and J. S. Carroll of the Los Angeles Country Club. The winner was Professor R. E. Allardice, who received a large handicap and played a steady game, beating Admiral Trille in the first round, Dr. Baker in the second and A. W. Splivalo in the final. Professor Allardice captured the Del Monte Cup and A. W. Splivalo won the trophy for the runner-up. Mr. Splivalo played a good deal in Honolulu two or three years ago but has resumed the game very recently. Four ladies took part in the competition for the Del

regular weekly Tournament of the Continuous Handicap for ladies there were six entries, the winner being Mrs. R. M. Loeser with a score of 112 less 12 net 100. This is Mrs. Loeser's second victory.

#### San Franciscans Abroad

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels are enjoying themselves in Paris and Claus Spreckels is taking the waters at Baden-Baden. Raphael Weill is at Vichy. Mrs. C. O. Alexander and Mrs. Marie Berger have just returned to Paris after touring Italy.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Del Coronado were the C. E. Kents, Gratz K. Brown, Miss Eleanor M. Ownes, A. H. and Mrs. Herman, Mackenzie Gordon and C. L. Greenwalt.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Dixon will give a tea and exhibition of mural decorations at the Sequoia Club rooms Friday afternoon.

#### A Letter From the Prince

There is a dearth of social news these days due in a measure to the absence from town of many of the formerly active participants in the social whirl and in a measure to the friction engendered by the Graft Prosecution. Not in many years will the entente cordiale be revived in San Francisco society. And during the next few years we shall hear frequent reports of snubbings and function frosts the cause of which will be easily traced to the ruptures resulting from the ruthlessness of the vindictive spirits that have sought to gratify envy and spite. Apropos existing dissensions a story is going the rounds of a letter recently received from Prince Poniatowski, formerly of Burlingame now in San Francisco. "I suppose," he said, "that of late some of you have had occasion to recall that I once declared that no gentleman would receive a certain rich citizen of San Francisco in his home."



MISS SUTTON

The Champion Tennis Player who recently triumphed in England over the woman by whom she was defeated a year ago. The above is a reproduction of a photo taken in the Coronado Hotel tennis court.

Monte Cup for women, the winner being Miss Cornelia W. Armsby, who played from scratch, and defeated Mrs. H. R. Warner in the final round. In the Handicap Mixed Foursomes there were six couples, the winners being Miss Bourn and Douglas Grant, who played in the same foursome with Miss Genevieve Harvey and John Parrott, Jr. Miss Bourn won a silver flower vase and her partner captured a silver filigree liqueur decanter. The Consolation Handicap for women was postponed but the Consolation Handicap for men was won by John Parrott, Jr., who returned the excellent score of 80-76, total 156 for thirty-six holes, just beating Admiral Trille, whose net score was 157. The Wednesday afternoon Putting contest for ladies was postponed so as to enable the players to watch the arrival of the motor cars that came down from San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley and other places on the run for the Automobile Club of California. In the



Polo on the Coronado Country Club Field

## To a Therapeutic Thespian

By Louis A. Robertson

I'm a Master, not a mummer, I'm a Maker, not a mime,  
While you're mouthing melodrama I am writing rhymes sublime;

While you're strutting like a peacock on an amateurish stage,  
I am penning pure poetics that shall live from age to age.

You're a thespian physician, but your therapeutics turn  
Into ranting, raucous phrases which the cognoscenti spurn;

You're a sot like old Silenus, but your betters you asperse  
With maudlin mouth and tyro tongue and a costermonger curse.

I'm a priest of Dionysus, oft the rich ripe grapes I crush,  
Then I drink the purple vintage till its raptures through me rush;

I hear the hymns sung by the stars and I dream the dreams divine,  
Till a mystic murmur woos me in the whisper of the wine.

Many of the peerless poets drained the brimming bacchic bowl,  
While they voiced the vibrant verses which through endless ages roll.

What a bright erotic glamour 'round the Teian's brow doth glow!  
How he loved the rose-wreathed chalice! How he often made it flow!

Villon, Bobbie Burns and Byron, Edgar Poe and Paul Verlaine  
Heard the anthems of the angels when the booze burned in the brain.

As all liquor-loving poets wear Fame's fair and laurel crown,  
So all drunken actor-doctors deep in Lethe's waters drown.



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## Ethel Barrymore in "Captain Jinks"

By Edward F. O'Day

When the announcement was made that Ethel Barrymore would open her engagement here in Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks" the first question which occurred to those who saw the impossible Elizabeth Kennedy in this wretched play was—why has it been revived? No doubt the same question bothered those who saw the play for the first time at the Van Ness Theatre with the charming young woman of the house of Drew-Barrymore in the leading role. Why has "Captain Jinks" been revived? Only the gentlemen who formulate the plans of the theatrical syndicate and whose ways are usually clouded with mystery can return a satisfactory answer to the question; and as these gentlemen are wont to preserve a sphinxlike silence in such matters, we can only speculate on the probable causes. If memory serves aright Ethel Barrymore appeared in at least two plays during the past New York season. One of them was "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire," J. M. Barrie's satire on the problem drama; the other was a socialistic play called "The Silver Box." Neither was a brilliant success, perhaps because New York did not appreciate the delicate Barrie satire and preferred to take its socialism from Upton Sinclair. It may be that the failure of these two ventures accounts for the revival of "Captain Jinks"; in that case it would seem to illustrate a favorite dictum of the gentlemen of the theatrical syndicate to the effect that the public prefers an innocuous, vapid drama of love and prettiness to the more serious offerings of the intellectual playwrights. Certainly there can be no gainsaying the fact that the success of "Captain Jinks" with Ethel Barrymore in the principal part is immediate and overwhelming. Enlightened criticism may throw up its hands in disgust, but public opinion, sitting in the loges, the orchestra and the gallery, beats its palms together in rapturous applause. All of which, nevertheless, still falls short of satisfactorily accounting for the revival of this inane Fitchism while Ethel Barrymore has so many good plays in her reper-

toire. "Captain Jinks" is like all the Clyde Fitch plays—a painstaking, uninspired dramatization of one or two hackneyed ideas bolstered up with a number of time-worn stage properties. In "The Girl With the Green Eyes" Fitch gave us jealousy and a Cook's tour; in "Barbara Frietchie," insanity and the American flag; in "Captain Jinks," he serves love and crinoline. Just enough of the first dish to tickle the youngsters and sufficient of the second to please the oldsters, and the trick is done. It is a trick Clyde Fitch has played over and over again and played so well, with such a workmanlike knowledge of stagecraft, that he induces extreme irritation in those who suspect him of talent sufficient for bigger things. It must be admitted, however, that Fitch has been singularly successful. Ida Conquest cast the spell of her magnetism and charm over "The Girl With the Green Eyes" and made carping an ungrateful task. Ethel Barrymore works a like magic with "Captain Jinks." She carries the three acts—bell-boy humor, puppy love, deaf-mute comedy relief, salad pathos, and all—right through to a triumphant issue. All Fitch's elaborate brushing-in of local color would not save the play from utter damnation without Miss Barrymore's soft voice, her demure, bobbing gestures and her arch smile. What a commentary on Clyde Fitch! and what a compliment for Ethel Barrymore! Only once does Miss Barrymore fall short of her author—at the climax of the second act when the soaring Fitch emotionalism leaves her far behind. In that scene alone "Captain Jinks" makes too great a demand on Miss Barrymore and she fails to invest her part with plausibility; but as the climax referred to is stilted, bathetic and unnatural, it is no great aspersion of her powers to admit that she does not rise to the occasion. At all other times during the play Fitch is obligated to his fair and fascinating interpreter. It is to be hoped that some day he will cancel the heavy debt he owes the savior of "Captain Jinks" by writing for her the real drama of which he occasionally seems capable.

## Stage

### "The Moth and The Flame"

Following their artistic success at the Alcazar this week in "Her Lord and Master," Mr. Herbert Kelcey and Miss Effie Shannon will appear Monday evening in an elaborate production of Clyde Fitch's society drama, "The Moth and The Flame." In this play the support of the leading roles will be a great deal stronger than in "Her Lord and Master" and a well balanced performance is assured. "The Moth and the Flame" was written by Mr. Fitch for Mr. Kelcey and Miss Shannon, and was a great success when produced by them in New York.

### Orpheum Vaudeville

Benjamin Chapin in his own one act play, "In The White House," in which he impersonates Abraham

Lincoln, is to be the principal feature of the Orpheum bill for this week beginning this Sunday matinee. Mr. Chapin has made the physique and manners of Lincoln a profound study and it is said that the imitation of the Martyred President's outward characteristics is little short of marvelous. Mr. Chapin will be supported by his own company. Willard Simms, one of the most popular comedians the Tivoli ever had and now a successful vaudeville star will, with the assistance of Edith Conrad, a handsome and accomplished young actress present the diverting sketch "In Flinders' Furnished Flat." A novel act will be given by Muller, Chunn and Muller, hoop rollers. It will be the last week of the Jack Wilson Co., Rose and Jeanette, Bert and Bertha Grant, Bernar and his Marionettes, and Anita Bartling, the famous European Juggler. There will be new Orpheum motion pictures.

**At the Van Ness**

Ethel Barrymore has created quite a stir with her production of "Captain Jinks" at the Van Ness Theatre. The house has been crowded to the doors at every performance of the fantastic comedy. On Sunday night the 21st, Ezra Kendall begins his engage-



ETHEL BARRYMORE

Who is now appearing at the Van Ness Theatre in her greatest success, "Captain Jinks."

ment in the new comedy, "Swell Elegant Jones" which was written especially for him by the author of his other success, "The Vinegar Buyer." Mr. Kendall has one of those typical Kendall roles which he has so individualized and the result is that the humorist-comedian appears in his best moods. "Swell Elegant Jones" is said to be one of the biggest hits of the past season and the best play in which Kendall has yet appeared.

**Idora Park**

"The Merry War," one of the prettiest of the many pretty operettas by Johann Strauss, will be produced

in splendid style by the excellent opera company at Idora Park. The beautiful Viennese waltz movements with which this work abounds are simply irresistible and the book is an exceptionally clever one. The full strength of the organization will be utilized in this offering and Paul Steindorff's complete operatic orchestra will have fine opportunities for displaying its skill. The next offering will be "The Geisha" and Wallace Brownlow, one of the finest baritones on the light opera stage will make his debut as a member of the Idora company. Brownlow was last heard here with the Mme. Butterfly Co. at the opening of the New Van Ness Theatre.

**Ye Liberty Playhouse**

J. M. Barrie's comedy, "The Professor's Love Story," will be the offering next week at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, and in the role of the old professor, Frank Bacon will make his re-appearance with the company after an absence of nearly a year. Bacon has always been a prime favorite with Oakland audiences and he is sure to receive a warm welcome on his appearance Monday evening. Justina Wayne, a California girl who has met with considerable success in the East, particularly in "The Prince Chap," will make her first Oakland appearance in "The Professor's



EDITH CONRAD

The handsome and talented young actress who will support Willard Simms at The Orpheum next week in the amusing comedietta, "In Flinders' Furnished Flat."



Love Story" as Lucy White, and the supporting company will include Blanche Douglas, Georgie Cooper, Mabel Blake, Madelaine Maxwell, Henry C. Mortimer, George Friend, Henry Shumer, George Webster, and E. L. Bennison.

### In the Limelight

Ethel Barrymore is doing an immense business at the Van Ness Theatre. "Captain Jinks" will be the bill throughout her engagement of two weeks. There will be Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

It is announced that the special season of melodrama at 25c and 50c will be inaugurated at the Novelty Theatre on the 22nd with a big production of one of the most noted successes of the past decade.

Cyril Scott makes his appearance at the Van Ness Theatre a few weeks hence in the charming comedy success, "The Prince Chap," a play which has been a success in all parts of the world and has yet to receive unfavorable criticism.

Ezra Kendall's new play, "Swell Elegant Jones," in which he is to appear at the Van Ness Theatre, is from the pen of Herbert Hall Winslow, who will be remembered as the author of Kendall's other comedy hit, "The Vinegar Buyer."

Will L. Greenbaum announces that the dates for the concerts by the world's greatest woman pianist, Mme. There Carreno, have been arranged for February. Greenbaum expects to conclude negotiations for a fine auditorium for his big musical events during the com-



CATHRINE COUNTISS

The talented actress who recently became the wife of E. D. Price, the well known theatrical manager who has many friends in this city.

ing season. That is what this city has long needed and it is to be hoped that he will meet with success in his endeavors to provide us with a hall suitable for conventions, lectures, popular meetings and big musical events.



GLENBROOK, NEVADA

One of Lake Tahoe's new resorts.

"The Man of the Hour," said to be the greatest of modern political dramas will be seen for the first time on the Pacific Coast directly after its present prosperous run at Chicago. Orrin Johnson is playing the leading role.

Denis O'Sullivan, who has just returned home after a most successful season in London, has been secured by Manager Bishop for a special season of three weeks at the Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, commencing Monday evening, July 22d. The opening play will be "Arrah Na Pogue," which will be followed by "Peggy Machree," in which O'Sullivan is to be starred next fall, and "The Shaughraun." In each of the productions he will introduce many of the old Irish folk-songs, which in themselves are more than an ordinary attraction.

Sousa and his great band intended to tour the Antipodes this year but the withdrawal of the line of steamers from this port has made it necessary for him to change his plans entirely. He will again make a trans-continental tour with the strongest organization he has ever carried and will play for us in the latter part of October. He will also appear at the Greek Theatre in a special program. Will Greenbaum will represent the Sousa interests.

Mr. Reginald Travers after a most successful season in the East with the new theatre at Chicago and the Frawley Company in Minneapolis will come to the coast for a short season in vaudeville with Mr. and Mrs. James Neill. The Neills and Mr. Travers open at the Orpheum July 21st, in "The Lady Across the Hall." Next season Mr. Travers will have a sketch of his own written expressly for him by a well known author.

#### Damrosch is Coming

If Mr. Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra are heard here next May, as now seems very likely, local music-lovers will enjoy a fine treat. In New York, the symphony series given at Carnegie Hall are looked upon as among the most important of the winter's musical attractions. Mr. Damrosch, whose tours are under Loudon Charlton's direction, has won a place altogether unique among American conductors. Under his leadership, the New York Symphony has been developed from a comparatively obscure organization to an orchestra of the very first rank. The western tour now being booked will extend to the Pacific Coast, including only the principal cities, and it will fill the entire months of May and June. In recent years the orchestra has limited its tours to the south and middle west, the spring tour as a rule being devoted mainly to festival appearances.



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In Her Greatest Success,

The Fantastic Comedy by Clyde Fitch,

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Sunday, July 21: Ezra Kendall in "Swell Elegant Jones."

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Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

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### "THE MERRY WAR"

Next: "The Geisha" with Wallace Brownlow.

## Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway

OAKLAND

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Bishop's Players in

### "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY"

Next: Denis O'Sullivan in "Arrah Na Pogue."

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## BYRON HOT SPRINGS.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following: From San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Pike, Maxwell McNutt, Mrs. John C. Klein, Wm. Curlett, W. S. Reed, U. S. A., H. I. Coon, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hilmer, Ign. Steinhart, E. M. Rosner, J. R. Sloan, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Lawler, Dr. H. J. Schlageter, Dr. W. P. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Sloan, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Band of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Barton of Fresno, Miss McDonald of Santa Rosa.

## NAPA SODA SPRINGS.

Arrivals from San Francisco: Mrs. M. Garoutte, Mr. Levy and wife and son, C. P. Benson and family, Mrs. A. W. Voorsanger, Master W. Voorsanger, Miss Ruth Voorsanger, Miss R. Mayer, A. S. Keeler and wife, J. M. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Neustadter, Henry Liebert, M. S. Rosenthal, H. Frankel, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Kahn, Mrs. M. Levy and family, Mr. S. Sondheimer, Monroe J. Rosenshine, Mrs. H. W. Newbauer, Miss Newbauer, A. H. Small, L. J. Clayburgh; Oakland, Dr. J. M. Shannon, Chas. J. Wilcox and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Lavenson, Miss Alma Levenson, Miss Sara Levenson, Mr. C. Meyers, F. Wheelan, Mrs. Andrew Jackson, A. Block and wife, Mrs. C. L. Eschmann, Miss Louise Eschmann, Miss M. Clark, Miss E. Epstein, Mrs. E. Sutro, Mrs. S. L. Ackerman, Miss E. Ackerman, Allan Ackerman, Robert Ackerman, W. Baron and wife, Robert Reinhart, Mr. J. Sonntag.

## VILLA FONTENAY, SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS.

Among the guests at the Villa Fontenay for the Fourth were: Edwin B. Fox and wife, Miss Le Fevre, Miss Mildred Fox, Robert Fox, Philip B. Fox, Mrs. Moore, Miss Maud Moore, Redwood City; Mrs. C. F. Eckert, Master Chas. Eckert and nurse, Honolulu; Chas. S. Smith and wife, R. C. Smith, Chas. S. Smith, Jr., W. S. Van Cott and wife, Miss Harriet Welch, Dr. Lawson and wife, Mrs. Meyers and daughter, Miss Meyers, Mrs. Rothschild, Miss Edna Rothschild, Miss Hensley, Herman Latrobe, Peter Sterling and Juan Comilfo, of San Francisco; Frank Blake and wife, Miss Marguerite Blake, Misses Devine and Neil Devine, Oakland; C. H. Armsby and wife, Miss Haight, Master C. B. Haight, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Mae Trant, Master C. B. Trant and nurse, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. M. B. Jones and daughter, San Jose.

## WITTER SPRINGS.

Sollie Aronson and party of five made the run from San Francisco up to Witter in a Pope Toledo to spend the week end with Mr. and Mrs. A. Aronson who are located for the season at Witter Hot Springs Hotel.

Mrs. W. H. Calkins and Mrs. J. G. Van Marter arrived Tuesday for the season.

Dr. Millicent Cosgrove who has been visiting Mrs. and Miss Moffa the past week, returned to San Francisco Saturday.

Lieutenant-Governor Porter and party of seven come to Witter Springs Hotel on the 15th to remain several weeks.

Colonel and Mrs. Clements of the army are visiting Mrs. Beckett at Witter.

## HOTEL VENDOME.

The following registered at the Hotel Vendome during the past week: From San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ferrier, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Zellerbach, Mrs. Theo. Steiner, Miss M. J. Steiner, F. Tillmann, Agnes Tillmann, Mrs. Clarence Wooster, Oda McCanley Wooster, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Larzelere, Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Middleton, Mrs. E. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. B. Y. Short, Mr.



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Drugs or poisons are not used in my famous remedies.

Father and Mother Write Letters Indorsing Treatment.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 23, 1906.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Our three-year-old daughter, having been ill for some time and being treated by the most prominent physicians, gradually became worse and was finally given up by them. We were then recommended to Dr. Wong Him. We started with his treatment, and within two months' time our daughter was cured. Respectfully,

MR. AND MRS. H. C. LIEB,

2757 Harrison street, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.; December 19, 1906.

TO THE PUBLIC: This is to certify that Dr. Wong Him has cured me of lung and stomach trouble, from which I had suffered for many years. I tried many doctors, but they failed to cure me. I consulted Dr. Wong Him, and after taking his Herb Medicine for six months am now permanently cured. I wish to recommend him to the public as an efficient and skillful physician.

CHARLES BAEHR,

632 Lyon street, San Francisco, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1907.

TO THE PUBLIC: I had a very severe case of Throat Trouble and general breakdown. Did not sleep or eat for eight days. After trying every remedy I heard of without success, I called on Dr. Wong Him, 1268 O'Farrell street, who by feeling my pulse correctly diagnosed my case. His remedies gave me immediate relief. Cannot say too much in favor of his teas.

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McNab, C. H. Woodruff, Mrs. C. H. Woodruff, Mildred L. Woodruff, David Rich; from San Mateo, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Eugene Lent, J. H. Doolittle, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Miss M. B. Russell, Miss F. W. Lent, Miss R. Lent; from Sacramento, J. Gillett, Col. Geo. Pippy, Mrs. Geo. H. Pippy, Miss Ethel Pippy, Col. F. E. Beck, G. W. Young.



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Hotel Vendome  
Company

## PARAISO HOT SPRINGS

California's most famous Health and Pleasure Resort, under new ownership and management. Natural Hot Soda and Sulphur Baths and wonderful Mineral Waters are a positive cure for Rheumatism, Malaria, Liver, Kidney and all Stomach Troubles. Elevation, 1,400 feet. Only seven miles staging. Waters awarded first prize at St. Louis. Address H. H. McGOWAN, Owner and Manager, Paraiso, Monterey County, Cal.

## KLAMATH HOT SPRINGS

A fine health, fishing and hunting resort. For particulars apply to PECK JUDAH CO., 789 Market street, or S. P. INFORMATION BUREAU, ground floor Flood Bldg., or write EDSON BROS., Beswick, Siskiyou County, Cal.

## EL PIZMO BEACH

The Finest Beach Resort in California

Write us for our auto map,  
San Francisco to Los Angeles

EL PIZMO COMPANY PIZMO, CAL.

## DR. C. C. O'DONNELL'S

MINERAL SPRINGS AT GLEN ELLEN

The best camping, picnic and pleasure resort on the coast. The greatest remedy for lung disease, liver and stomach complaints, rheumatism and catarrh in the world; 46 miles from San Francisco. The S. P. or S. F. and N. P. Railways direct; 30 furnished cottages and tents to rent; good hotel on grounds if desired; fine fishing and bathing free. Write for particulars.  
DR. C. C. O'DONNELL, Glen Ellen, Cal.



## The Palms

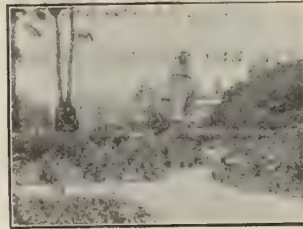
For an Outing on  
Russian River

\$10 PER WEEK UP

Everything Good

H. B. Crocker, Healdsburg

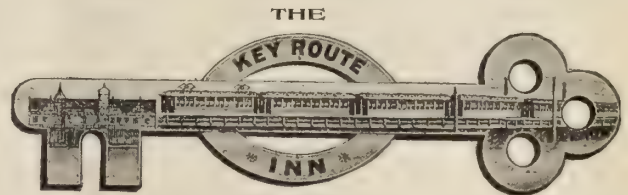
## THERE'S ONLY ONE DEL MONTE



Golf, sea bathing, motoring. Parlor car from San Francisco twice daily. Special week end rates. Free art exhibition and sales gallery of California painters. Week-end golf tournament during the summer.

Inquire Peck-Judah Co., 789 Market Street, Information Bureau Southern Pacific Flood Building, or H. R. Warner, Manager, Del Monte, California.

## Oakland's Beautiful New Hotel



Twenty-second and Broadway : : Oakland

Opened Tuesday Afternoon, May 7th, 1907

N. S. MULLAN, Manager

## MONTRIO HOTEL

For rates and particulars apply

C. F. CARR, Proprietor, Montrio.

## GILROY HOT SPRINGS

Open the Entire Year.

A modern health and pleasure resort. The waters are beyond compare as a remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Kidney and Liver Complaints. Excellent Hotel, 15 Cottages, Hunting and Fishing. Stage meets 8:30 train from Third and Townsend Streets, San Francisco. Send for booklet.

W. J. McDONALD, Prop.

## THE HIGHLANDS ROSS

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR J. A. ROBINSON

## HOWARD SPRINGS, Lake County, Cal.

Season 1907 opens May 1st. The waters of Howard Springs will cure any case of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Trouble. Recommended by any physician who has ever visited the place in the past 20 years. Every outdoor sport, 42 Mineral Springs, Hot Sulphur and Iron Plunge Bath, Magnesia and Borax Tub Baths. Address all communications to J. W. LAYMANCE, Proprietor Howard Springs, Lake County, Cal., or 905 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

# Ninetieth Half-Yearly Report

—of the—

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

NORTHWEST CORNER OF CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STREETS

### SWORN STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of

#### ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

at Close of Business

**June 29, 1907**

##### ASSETS

Loans on Real Estate secured by first lien on properties wholly within the State of California.....	\$16,951,257.33
Loans secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds and Stocks of railroad and quasi-public corporations.....	521,396.16
Bonds of railroad, quasi-public and industrial corporations and of the school districts and municipalities of the State of California.....	11,383,167.39
Bank Premises.....	200,000.00
Other Real Estate in the State of California.....	303,618.24
Furniture and Fixtures.....	2,000.00
Cash (in Vault and in Bank).....	2,729,005.34
<b>Total Assets.....</b>	<b>\$32,090,444.46</b>

##### LIABILITIES

Capital—Paid up.....	\$ 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	1,139,332.06
Due Depositors.....	29,817,538.94
General Tax Account, Balance undisbursed.....	133,573.46
<b>Total Liabilities.....</b>	<b>\$32,090,444.46</b>

SAN FRANCISCO, July 1, 1907.

[Signed]

E. B. POND,  
President.

[Signed]

LOVELL WHITE,  
Cashier.

State of California,  
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. ss.

E. B. Pond and Lovell White, being each separately and duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said E. B. Pond is President, and said Lovell White is Cashier of the San Francisco Savings Union, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

[Signed]

E. B. POND,  
LOVELL WHITE,

[Signed]

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of July, 1907.

(Seal) [Signed]

FRANK L. OWEN,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County  
of San Francisco, State of California.



## The Summer Resorts

### HOWARD SPRINGS.

Recent arrivals at Howard Springs: Miss Mildred Turner, Walter Robinson, James Robinson, Miss Mae Kohler, Miss T. Kohler, of Oakland; Peter N. Hansen, Mrs. G. Mead, R. Hamilton, of San Francisco; L. M. Kent, Mrs. H. S. Kent, Mrs. Charles McDonald, Mrs. H. Schoenfelder, Mr. Tom Drake, Mrs. R. M. Smith, of Oakland; Mrs. Beverley J. White of Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. George E. Divine, J. W. Gibbs, of San Francisco; Mrs. A. A. Crowley, Basil Crowley, Robert Crowley, of Oakland; Henry Stewart, of San Francisco; A. F. Page, Herbert Cram, Mrs. F. J. Cram, of Oakland; Mrs. A. W. Rennie, Mrs. K. Hollscher, of San Francisco.

### PARAISO SPRINGS.

Recent arrivals at Paraiso Hot Springs: From San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. McKenna, Miss Madeline McKenna, Mr. H. W. Root, Mr. J. F. Heffeman, Mr. G. B. Richardson, Mr. Geo. M. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. B. Shuhy, Mr. John H. Riordan, Mr. and Mrs. M. Smith, Mrs. M. Fay, Mr. C. L. Martin, Mr. Jno. Bowen, Ed. W. Campbell, Mr. Warren King, Miss Jessie Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Lent, Mr. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Howell, Mrs. H. R. McFarlane; from Oakland, Mr. E. K. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Faucett, Mr. Giles G. Crandall, Mr. J. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. James Huntington, Mrs. M. Hemmann, Mr. Clarence Upham, Mr. M. Darner, Mr. M. Bercovich.

### WITTER SPRINGS.

Past week arrivals at Witter Springs Hotel, Lake County: From San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Hochmeister, E. H. Harris, J. L. Gibleon, Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Breckinbridge, Mr. and Mrs. R. Crothers, Lloyd Goeppert, Mr. and Mrs. I. I. Brown, H. H. Brown, Mrs. Arthur G. Mason, Miss Kempston, Miss J. Patton, Miss Gerard, Mr. and Mrs. J. Knull, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Pollard, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Pollard, Mrs. Julius Gabriel, Miss Joseph, J. A. Marsh, J. C. Marsh, J. J. Henning, Walter Gambonier, J. Peckman, Miss Hahn, D. E. Leahy, D. B. McAtee, W. S. Sayers.

### TAHOE TAVERN.

Recent arrivals at Tahoe Tavern, Lake Tahoe, Cal.: From San Francisco: Jos. Garrin, C. L. Lewis, S. D. Landecker and wife, J. M. Jacobi and family, J. H. Keefe and son, Miss Etta O'Brien, Miss Beebe O'Brien, Dr. Morris Herzstein, R. Knighten and wife, Jno. Shipp and wife, Mrs. Thompson and child, C. S. Branch, W. M. Field and wife, Andrew Field, Mattie M. Leavy, May V. Brodie, Chas. F. Wright and wife, A. H. Williams, D. H. McCurkle, Dr. K. Pischel and wife, Miss I. Pischel, Mrs. Jas. Watkins, W. K. Guthrie and wife, Jno. J. Cantwell, M. W. Rosenshine, Mrs. I. M. Clark, Miss Kodah Booth, Miss B. Nathan, B. A. Tracey and wife, Jno. E. Cosgrove and wife, J. Birmingham and wife, Miss A. Lewis, B. F. Blair, S. P. Buckbee and wife, R. A. Miller and wife, J. E. Cummings and wife; from Oakland, Frank Kane, W. C. Burke, Geo. Evans, P. E. Bush, E. J. Brierling, Henry Leffman, A. C. Hodges and wife, Harry F. Anderson and wife, R. S. Kitchner and wife, A. Schlenter and wife, Theo. Gier and wife, Mrs. Grace Horning, J. J. Hanifin, Jr. and wife, H. W. Franck, E. A. Drew, W. J. Crandley and wife, Miss Crandley, Mrs. R. J. Sheridan and daughter, J. B. Whitmore and wife, G. C. Morgan and wife, G. E. Park and wife, Dr. F. S. Osgood and wife, F. G. Prescott and wife, Judge J. G. Quinn and wife, R. M. Lawrence, R. M. Shields, A. F. Peterson and wife, Wm. J. Cantwell, Jas. Rourke, J. E. Krumb and wife, F. A. Hooper and wife.

# MENNEN'S

## BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

**"YOU'RE SAFE"**  
in the hands of the little captain at the helm,—the "complexion specialist," whose results are certain, whose fees are small.

**MENNEN'S**  
Borated Talcum  
**TOILET POWDER**  
protects and soothes, a sure relief from **Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chafing, etc.** Put up in **non-refillable boxes**—the "box that **lox**"—for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover it's genuine and a guarantee of purity. Delightful after shaving. Guaranteed under Food & Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25c.

**SAMPLE FREE**  
G. Mennen Co., Newark, N.J.

Try Mennen's Violet Borated Talcum Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut Parma Violets.

## A Familiar Question

*"Where Shall We Go to Lunch?"*

*Those who know answer*

**"The Hotel St. Francis  
Grill Room  
On Union Square  
It's excellent."**

## FAIRMONT HOTEL

### SAN FRANCISCO

The Most Superbly Situated Hotel in the World  
EUROPEAN PLAN

All rooms outside; every room with a bath  
Rates \$2.50 and upward      Special terms to permanent guests

Management of  
**THE PALACE HOTEL COMPANY**

# STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

Figure 1. Schematic representation of the experimental design. The subjects were divided into two groups: the control group (CG) and the experimental group (EG). The CG was divided into two subgroups: the control group (CG) and the control group (CG). The EG was divided into two subgroups: the experimental group (EG) and the experimental group (EG). The subjects were divided into two groups: the control group (CG) and the experimental group (EG). The CG was divided into two subgroups: the control group (CG) and the control group (CG). The EG was divided into two subgroups: the experimental group (EG) and the experimental group (EG).

# The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

[illegible]

and where said Assets are situated

DATED JUNE 30, 1907

## ASSETS

- — — — — —

- [Faint bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]*

- [The following section contains faint, illegible markings or bleed-through from another page.]*

- [illegible]

- 6-17-68, **Middleton** Birds banded 20 July 1965 573-39

- Real Estate

- The Last of the Bachelors

\$52.75 \$26.75

## LIABILITIES

- 1-Said Corporation was Deposited 22-12-12-12

- 2-Page(s) Full Actual Time 000206056

55.78.428.71

TABLE 10	TABLE 11
TABLE 12	TABLE 13

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, ss.  
I, JOHN R. KELLEY, Clerk of said County, do hereby certify that  
the within and foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original  
of the same as the same appears from the records of said County;  
and I further certify that the within and foregoing is a true and  
correct copy of the original of the same as the same appears from  
the records of said County.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of  
said County at San Francisco, California, this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_  
A.D. 19\_\_\_\_.

JOHN R. KELLEY, Clerk of said County.

Certified and attested to before me and the seal of said County, this  
\_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ A.D. 19\_\_\_\_.

Notary Public for said County of San Francisco, State of  
California.



## The Coming Conflict

(Continued from Page 8.)

Catholicism there are abundant proofs. More than any other Christian system Catholicism is conspicuous for a careful integrity of doctrine and an unflinching adherence to a definite moral code. Its variations have been superficial, never touching the essence of its teaching or disturbing the tenor of its progress toward a known and unchanging goal. On this account it is increasingly recognized as the strongest barrier that can be opposed to the forward march of the allied forces that band beneath the sinister standard of Socialism. Already consciously arrayed against Socialism in Germany with full imperial sanction and credited there with no inconsiderable headway in its appointed struggle, there are not lacking indications, dim, perhaps, to all but the acutest vision, that this same Catholicism is to be entrusted with the fight in other countries. It may be a coincidence that the progress of Socialism in England seems to keep no speedier pace than the enhancing cordiality of that kingdom toward Rome; and yet many profound British thinkers have found a subtler explanation of the phenomenon. And in France where Socialism goes hand in hand with a ritualism as elaborate almost as that of the Catholic church itself and where it would seem that Catholicism is in its most desperate condition, there are unmistakable signs of a healthy preparation for a future struggle mightier than that now waging, a future struggle which shall find unimagined resources placed at the command of the religious organization. There cannot be hopeless weakening of a nation's hold on a creed which gripped the mature minds of two such masters of universal culture as Ferdinand Brunetiere and Joris Karl Huysmans, both of whom clung to their faith when advancement and the favor of the Clemenceaus, the Briands and the rest of the radicals lay the contrary way. The names of these two men are used because they died since the present anti-Christian agitation in France began; because their disingenuous enemies have distorted the incidents of their last hours to make out an unscrupulous case against the sincerity of their convictions; and because they represent a French type ignored just now but to be seriously reckoned with before the policy innocently inaugurated by Waldeck-Rousseau is terminated.

Here in America the issue is perhaps not yet clearly defined and yet the time is surely coming when it must be joined. Fostered by a vicious demagogism that rails in season and out against wealth without regard to the legitimacy or illegitimacy of its origin, Socialism is spreading steadily, especially in the larger, more congested communities and here, as elsewhere, is making its mistaken fight against Christianity. Not to go beyond the limits of our own city we find one of the highest officials of the Socialistic party in this country writing unrebuked in the "Advance," an organ of Socialism published in San Francisco, as follows:

"Every appeal to men to become Socialists in the name of Christianity will result in the corruption and betrayal of socialism in the end. People cannot separate Christ from Christianity. And Christianity stands today for what is lowest and basest in life. The church of today sounds the lowest note in human life. It is the most degrading of all our institutions, and the most brutalizing in its effects on common life.

## MR. HUGO MANSFELDT

announces his removal to  
2090 FELL STREET, CORNER OF SHRADER  
Telephone West 1736

## LOUIS CREPAUX

(Member Paris Grand Opera)

## SCHOOL OF TONE PLACING

1154 BRUSH STREET, OAKLAND

Saturdays from 11 to 12 a. m. and by appointment.

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PIANIST

Tel. West. 314

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## M. GERTRUDE JUDD

TEACHER OF WHISTLING

Publisher: "Whistling Exercises"

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SAN FRANCISCO

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## Louis H. Eaton

Organist and Director Trinity Church Choir  
Teacher of Voice, Piano and Organ.

San Francisco Studio: 1678 Broadway.  
Berkeley Studio: 2401 Channing Way.

Phone Franklin 2244  
Tuesday and Friday

## EMIL STEINEGGER

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

1101 O'FARRELL STREET,

S. W. COR. FRANKLIN

SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Franklin 2297

## Robert B. McMillan

Attorney-at-Law

1101 O'FARRELL ST.

S. W. COR. FRANKLIN

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone: Page 81

## HENRY P. TRICOU

Notary Public

852 Grove Street, near Fillmore

San Francisco

Agent for A.L. Burlingame Tracts. Write for Particulars

## JOHN J. CALLAHAN

NOTARY PUBLIC

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

Office with Meyer & Cunningham, Opposite Depot, Burlingame, Cal.



The church is simply organized Christianity; for Socialism to make use of it, to make terms with it, or to let it make approaches to the Socialistic movement is for Socialism to take Judas to its bosom."

Here is a crudely frank exposition of the plan of campaign outlined long ago and prosecuted wherever the socialistic propaganda has penetrated. It is true that the so-called pure socialists repudiate the philosophic system on which scientific socialism is built and halt a long way this side of aggressive designs on organized religion, but their benevolence is more to be commended than their logic; what they good-naturedly dodge is simply the inevitable conclusion to be drawn from premises whose far reaching significance they are unable or unwilling to apprehend.

It is inevitable, in a struggle of the sort here outlined, that sincere attempts at a compromise solution should be made and there are already at work forces directed to the harmonizing of the opposing systems. But it is certain that their well-intentioned offices lack the authorization of the governing bodies of either Socialism or Catholicism. There is on both sides a well-defined conviction that no partial surrender or mutual concessions will avert the conflict. What the result will be belongs to the domain of speculation. Even if it could be foreseen in a general way, yet will it be so colored by the unknown circumstances of that distant time when the struggle shall have been terminated, that a bald statement of the conditions of victory would be wholly unsatisfactory. This much, however, may be said without pessimistic intention—that the confidence born of pre-assured success will strengthen neither party to this tremendous conflict.

### The Place to Spend a Delightful Vacation

The Santa Cruz mountains are famous the country over for their inviting summer resorts but one of the most attractive spots in all that glorious region is the Villa Fontenay, located near Glenwood, in the very heart of the most magnificent mountain scenery. The place is an ideal one for those requiring rest and gentle recreations as well as for those who wish to enjoy nature in all her quiet allurements. The bracing mountain air is filled with the odors of the balsams and the pines, there is an abundance of good pure running water and a table sure to whet the most jaded appetite.

The holding comprises 250 acres, all laid out with a view to the entertainment and comfort of the guests. There are all sorts of out door sports and games, good fishing and hunting, and a building which has all the air and distinction of a well kept country residence. The rates range from ten to fourteen dollars a week.



PARAISO SPRINGS

Showing the Annex on the left and the Soda Spring on the right.

## The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,603,755.68  
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1907..... 38,156,931.28

OFFICERS—President, F. Tillmann, Jr.; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—F. Tillmann, Jr.; Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

### Continental Building and Loan Association

Corner of Market and Church Streets

SAN FRANCISCO

IN BUSINESS FOR 18 YEARS

Capital Subscribed .....\$15,000,000.00

Capital Paid in and Reserved.....\$ 2,481,317.50

5 Per Cent Paid on Ordinary Deposits. 6 Per Cent Paid on

Term Deposits.

WASHINGTON DODGE, JAMES McCULLOUGH,

President. First Vice-President.

JOS. G. CRAWFORD, M. D., GAVIN McNAB,

Second Vice-President. Attorney.

WILLIAM CORBIN, Sec. and Gen. Manager.

Always glad to answer questions. Call or write at any time.

### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California street. For the half year ending June 30, 1907, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and eight-tenths (3 8-10) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1907.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Office of the HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, June 27, 1907. At a meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and three-quarters (3 3/4) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1907, free from all taxes and payable on July 1, 1907. Dividends not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1st.

R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO., corner California and Montgomery streets. For the six months ending June 30, 1907, a dividend has been declared on all deposits in the savings department of this company at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. The same rate of interest will be paid by our branch offices, located at 1531 Devisadero street, 2572 Mission street, 1740 Fillmore street, and 19th and Minnesota streets. Dividends not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1, 1907.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE RENTERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY of San Francisco, Commercial and Savings Bank, Safe Deposit Vaults, No. 131-135 Hayes street, east of Van Ness Ave. For the half year ending June 15, 1907, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, June 17, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from June 15, 1907. Also, two (2) per cent per annum paid on commercial deposits, subject to check, credited monthly. Interest paid from the day that all deposits are made.

C. S. SCOTT, Vice-Prest. and Cashier.

### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 646 Market street. For the half year ending June 30, 1907, a dividend on all savings deposits has been declared at the rate of three and eight-tenths (3 8-10) per cent per annum, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1907.

W. E. PALMER, Cashier.

### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SWISS-AMERICAN BANK, 1452 Fillmore street. For the half year ending June 30, 1907, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of four (4) per cent on term deposits and three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1907.

T. C. TOGNAZZINI, Vice-President.

A. A. MICHELETTI, Manager.

### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE ITALIAN-AMERICAN BANK, 518 Montgomery street, corner Commercial, has declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1907, at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.

A. SBARBORO, President.

A. E. SBARBORO, Cashier.



# TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 777

San Francisco, July 20, 1907

Price, 10 Cents



## THE NEILLS

JAMES NEILL

EDYTHE CHAPMAN NEILL

Who will begin an engagement at The Orpheum this Sunday matinee in Julian Street's One Act Comedy  
"THE LADY ACROSS THE HALL."

# TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by  
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY

Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor  
Charles S. Smith ..... Manager  
Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager of Advertising  
1561 Post St., San Francisco, Cal., Telephone West 4288

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The Trade in San Francisco supplied direct by us. Outside of San Francisco by the San Francisco News Co., 1711 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland, Cal.

New York Representative, FREDERIC M. KRUGLER, Room 918, 150 Nassau Street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## A City's Pathetic Plight

At this writing Boxtton is still Mayor of San Francisco, but another and better man is to be appointed before Town Talk's next publication day. Unfortunately it is not highly probable that the man selected by the Prosecution will be elected by the people in November. And now optimism halts at the prospect confronting San Francisco. The city appears to be destined to fall once more into the clutches of organized labor. With an appetite for glory not to be appeased by the mere routing of the grafters and the inculcation of a moral lesson such as receives its most effective illustration from the infliction of punishment on the obviously guilty, our enthusiastic redeemers indulged the vain hope of ingratiating themselves, for the most laudable political purposes, into the confidence and affection of organized labor. They fondly dreamed of an alliance that would make them masters of municipal politics, and in the furtherance of their schemes adopted a policy with wisdom the exception and arrogance the rule of action. They became extremely jealous of the situation they had created. Nobody outside their immediate circle was to be permitted to break in. All suggestions from outside sources respecting the rehabilitation of the municipal government and offers of assistance were rejected with scorn; nay, with epithets of revilement. The good Mr. Spreckels, the pious Mr. Phelan and the rancorous Mr. Heney were not to embarrass or imperil a situation of their creation by suffering it to be handled even at the edges by common, unanointed mortals. With this spirit of frantic vanity and universal suspicion prevailing it was natural that there should be, in the councils that engendered it, rebellion against common sense. Never at any time had these men the slightest chance of winning the support of organized labor. But they never awakened to the futility of their enterprise until, in their frenzied effort to escape from a dilemma, they called on the unions to assist in the selection of a mayor. Then it was, when organized labor ill requited their passionate devotion and abandoned their affection, that they realized how inept was that conduct by which they had diffused distrust throughout the community and rendered conditions most propitious for the calamity most dreaded. That organized labor will capture the municipal government at the next election is now the belief of the shrewdest politicians in town. Indeed so hopeless

does the situation appear to some of them that they will not waste effort to avert the calamity. The reformers will now be given free rein. Whether by their activities we shall obtain a more satisfactory social order than that which has prevailed the sceptics are justified in doubting. It is no part of our purpose to moralize on this unhappy condition. The situation is more alarming than ever. Not a single encouraging ray penetrates the gloom of it. We have escaped from the grafters of Egypt, but the red sea of unionism shows no signs of dividing for us.

## Patriots At Outs

Town Talk begs leave to present its obeisance and its assurances of profound consideration to its daily contemporaries whose symphony of civic virtue has been impaired by a jangling note of discord, and who have inadvertently invited the dear, deluded pee-pul to observe how sordid and vulgarizing is the effect of politics on common natures. It was with an emotion of poignant regret that we became sensible of the heartburnings with which the distinguished graft prosecutors were afflicted the other day in consequence of their failure to come to an agreement over the division of the spoils. The pathetic situation was one that could not fail to awaken the commiseration of honest men. Thousands of eyes moistened at the spectacle of the aggressively virtuous press at the parting of the ways. Sobs shook the bosom of the community when it awoke to find that the distinguished patriots of newspaperdom, who, after months of disinterested endeavor in the cause of civic righteousness, were no longer able to conceal the fact that the adhesive quality of their beneficent zeal had been put to too severe a test. It is no business of ours to meddle in these copartnership quarrels. It is only for us to say, not in triumphant tone, but with the vibrato of heartfelt sorrow, We told you so; for we long ago predicted that this rift in the lute would come, that there would be surcease of the soft murmuring of the doves in the Temple of Peace, that the amiable crusaders would in time be challenging the sincerity of one another and thus lend additional merriment to an already screaming bagatelle.

## As We Now See It

Some months ago when the graft prosecutors turned on the faucets of their immunity bath and at the same time disclosed a policy under which we could not perceive the smallest assurance of that orderly and tranquil dispensation through which the community might be enabled to resume its mental composure and encouraged to redouble its fructiferous activity, we no longer felt inclined to give our cordial support to all that was being done in the name of civic purity. Without at all intending to challenge the sincerity of the prosecutors whose springs of beneficent intention appeared at that time to be bubbling over, we insisted that the scheme proposed, of government by blackmail was not one that should commend itself to public applause. The pretense of expedience was hardly plausible. Not even in the extraordinary situation that presented itself could we conceive that the end could be made to justify the means. We were told that it was a case of making virtue of necessity, but of that we were not convinced. On the contrary, we were certain that if the prosecutors were in possession of all the evidence which they claimed to have they



could have made short work of the removal of every boodler in public office. Their failure to institute removal proceedings and their solicitude for the future of municipal politics gave color to suspicion that the vindication of decency was a purpose not more vital if not subordinate in their scheme of things to the desire to fabricate a political machine. And when shortly thereafter they began to coddle the labor unions; when they sought to prove their sympathy for unionism by training all their guns on Patrick Calhoun; when, conscious of having captured the imagination of the public, they inveighed in the public prints against Calhoun not only on the score of his alleged infractions of the penal code but for his hostility to the down-trodden workingman, it required no superior power of discernment to perceive the dominating animus of the holy alliance. And now, it should be needless to remark, there should no longer be any doubt that the beneficent intentions of some of the prosecutors were not entirely unaccompanied by political ambition. While it may still be urged that this political ambition is inspired by the worthy desire of substituting honest for corrupt government, yet we submit that it is now clear that our early misgivings were well founded, and that it would have been better for all concerned, not to mention the morals of the city which have always been the main object of the profound solicitude of our civic patriots, if a righteous disgust had overwhelmed the unspeakable Gallagher and his nauseating pals as soon as they confessed, and an aroused public sentiment had been permitted to deal out his deserts to the infamous Schmitz.

#### Premature Praise

In its animadversions on the big stick wielders of the Prosecution the Examiner takes occasion to compliment Langdon and Heney on their success as prosecutors. The Examiner's praise is somewhat premature. As prosecutors those gentlemen have not yet accomplished anything worthy of note. The work of the prosecution has not yet received the endorsement of the courts. A verdict rendered in Judge Dunne's court is not final. Even in many cases in which public clamor has played no part Judge Dunne has failed to preside to the satisfaction of the tribunal which reviews records to ascertain whether the trial court presided in accordance with law. We believe that the records of the supreme court show that the miscarriage of justice in Judge Dunne's court has been more abundant than in any of the other criminal departments. And as public clamor played a very important part in the trial of Eugene Schmitz we shall not be astonished to learn that the record reveals at least one fatal error. It may reveal innumerable fatal errors, and in that event considerable discredit will be reflected on the eminent district attorney and his learned special assistant. For if the court has been guilty of fatal errors those attorneys are in a large measure responsible since they insisted upon the rulings. And if it can be shown that they evoked the erroneous rulings fatally prejudicial to the rights of the defendant then we shall be justified in assuming either that they are ignorant of the law or that in spite of all the resources at their command they failed to secure sufficient evidence to convict, and to offset the delinquency availed themselves of unfair advantages. So the verdict in the Schmitz case may not yet be counted as a triumph. As for the confessions of Ruef and the supervisors, they were procured by

Detective Burns through agencies for which he is indebted to newspaper influence. Consequently the genius of Langdon and Heney is yet to be vindicated.

#### Union Labor's Gratitude

From authoritative sources it has been learned that when the proposition to send delegates to a convention called by the district attorney for the purpose of selecting a mayor was put to a vote in the San Francisco Labor Council, the ballots of the delegates from the Carmen's Union were cast solidly against it. From sources equally trustworthy it has come to our knowledge that the delegates from the Carmen's Union were persuaded into this opposition by the fearsome president of the Building Trades Council who threatened the striking carmen with the withdrawal of the fat strike benefits contributed by the thousands of union men in McCarthy's organization. Here is an indication, as striking as any ever given, of the fine quality of union labor gratitude. Caught between two powerful impulses—between the generous impulse to show their appreciation to District Attorney Langdon of the invaluable service he has done them and the selfish impulse to safeguard one of their principal financial resources—the canny delegates of the Carmen's Union chose the gilded horn of the dilemma and as a consequence have skewered themselves into an unenviable position. All the district attorney's coddling of them for political purposes has been in vain. The money consideration has triumphed and once more unionistic practice has heavily discounted the high sounding theories which the labor leaders are never weary of enunciating. There can be no argument, from the viewpoint of union labor, as to the magnitude of the obligation which the Carmen's Union is under to the demagogic district attorney. The greatest enemy of the Carmen's Union has been subjected to the heaviest batteries of the district attorney's office. The Carmen's Union is engaged in a life and death struggle with Patrick Calhoun whom the district attorney is bent on destroying. While the Carmen's Union was exerting every effort to bring Patrick Calhoun to its terms the district attorney was trying to minimize his powers of resistance by attacking him upon the other flank. The president of the United Railroads was therefore confronted by two foes with either of whom singly he would easily be able to wage more effective battle. Clearly therefore the Carmen's Union ought to regard the district attorney as a powerful ally for whose assistance in the fight for unionism the liveliest gratitude is owing. And yet, at the first opportunity of displaying this grateful appreciation, behold the spectacle of the Carmen's Union repudiating the district attorney from purely mercenary motives, refusing absolutely to support him in a proposition highly advantageous to organized labor. The district attorney is naturally indignant. And his indignation is proof of what has been said in Town Talk: that the bitterness of his hostility to Calhoun was partly inspired by a desire to propitiate unionism. It is of course no new revelation, this ingratitude of union labor toward those who befriend it; it has been demonstrated again and again and with such amplitude of illustration that only the most optimistic in our midst hope for aught else. The selfishness of capital has been exploited by labor demagogues with such loud-mouthed insistence that those who in the forthright simplicity of their hearts readily attach importance to mere protestations, are apt to credit those who



embody the dignity of labor with a broadminded generosity that verges on destructive self-sacrifice. This misconception of the character of organized labor is corrected by such manifestations of selfishness as that given by the Carmen's Union when the opportunity came to wipe out part of its indebtedness to the district attorney. Principle gives way before filthy lucre even in the deliberations of the San Francisco Labor Council and the Carmen's Union.

### Railroad Legislation

With the publication of the Interstate Commerce Commission's findings in the Harriman case, it is inevitable that the prophets of hard times should make themselves heard once more in gloomy prognostication of the country's future. Their investigation of the methods pursued by the head of the "Pacifics" in the perfection of his monumental scheme of railroad merging has led the interstate body to make charges against Harriman which may result in criminal or civil proceedings. The community of interests between the various railroad men of this country causes them to resent unanimously any approach, however remote, to the prosecution of one of their number and they invariably resort in such emergencies to the threat of the industrial depression which, they insist, will follow any attack upon the railroads. As this country is peculiarly sensitive on the subject of hard times this method of warding off interference with the railroads has been wonderfully successful. It is one of the favorite subterfuges of James J. Hill who has received more unwelcome attentions from the federal authorities than most other railroad men, and that Harriman will not disdain its use seems more than likely. Ever since President Roosevelt delivered his famous railroad speech at Indianapolis on Memorial Day it has been subtly insinuated by the heads of the big roads and by the men whose interests are identified with them that any governmental assault on the conditions now obtaining in railroad affairs will disturb the delicate balance of business and precipitate a panic with terrifying results to the whole country. Perhaps these interests found particular menace in the conservative tone of criticism affected by the president in that address, arguing, in all probability, that a temperate measure of reform such as Roosevelt recommended stands a better chance of being carried through than would more radical plans. There can be no doubt that this reasoning is correct. The president's more recent speech at Jamestown and the action of Governor Hughes of New York in vetoing the bill making two cents per mile the maximum rate of passenger fare manifest a policy of perfect fairness to the railroads, a scrupulous intention of refraining from working injury to them in their legitimate business. Of course perfect fairness on the part of legislators has never exactly satisfied the big railway chiefs who have always considered themselves entitled to a little the best of it in legislation, to put the case as mildly as possible. Now that they seem assured of just and equitable treatment, the railroads show a disposition to accept this in so far as it benefits them and to reject it when just and equitable treatment implies the possibility of adverse legal proceedings. Consequently they decried "legislation based upon political advantage," throw up their hands in horror at "socialistic theories which will amount to the confiscation of property rights" and speak in denunciation of "reprisal for past wrongs no matter how real." In consequence,

too, of these very well justified fears they start the hue and cry against the ghost of hard times, a horrid ghost easily conjured but a ghost which, in the opinion of the men capable of judging and disposed to judge impartially, need fill no citizen of this country with fright for years to come.

### Our Slender Military Showing

Nothing seems to lend itself more readily to ridicule than the militia. An ordinary rusty and ill set-up regular is unnoted and unnoticed on the streets, but the poor militiaman even if quite soldierly is at once an object of pity or derision. Heaven help the loutish country youth with CAL. on his collar as he appears on our thoroughfares, his head swallowed in a bell-cap balanced on his distended ears—he might as well be garbed in the motley of the clown. Yet these same inland guardsmen, with N. G. C. written in every movement and in every line of the unsmart uniforms, are the recipients of the most flattering commendation from the officers and men of the Presidio post. In two weeks they have got the hang of the big guns, mastered the range finder and learned the allowances to make for wind and other deflections. Even now, say the regulars, they could, unassisted, well hold off a hostile fleet. But what part is San Francisco playing in the maneuvers. There are three regiments from various parts of the state—and San Francisco has to offer but one lone company of signal corps. This comprises the only militant citizenry of which she can boast. The rest, including what was once proudly termed the "war regiment," did not even go through the formality of being mustered out, but simply died out. That public opinion toward the militia in the eastern states is quite different may be seen from a recent issue of Harper's Weekly, which devotes a page of sketches to an encampment of the "famous Seventh," which seems to have successfully overcome its not very enviable war record. From all accounts there are military organizations in plenty in the East which it is considered a privilege and a



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Correct clothes correctly constructed containing every intent of merit, never need to be slaughtered. It's the down-trading merchants who are responsible for the fact, that makes merchandising a lottery. Those, who are strangers to honest methods, "Throwing out a sprat to catch a herring," etc. Well! we like "our way" of doing business.



**KING SOLOMON'S HALL**

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distinction to serve. The feeling to the contrary direction in San Francisco is attributable to a number of causes and conditions, which may be well summed in "lack of interest." Numberless volunteers were out their welcome in war times; all is quiet in the Philippines; and the present turmoil serves to distract our fighting propensities—some may say. But this is not true unless in part, may be answered. Clubs, athletics, theatres, skating rinks and the like were never more popular, and military exercises should be a welcome diversion. A real cause—and a marked one—lies in the superciliousness of our fashionable or semi-fashionable young men, who share the bigoted prejudices, not of the army man, but of the army snob. Yet the decline of the local militia to a mere company, a loyal company too, is due to the unpatriotism of the trades unions. Imagine such a labor body as the bakers', which has a "German secretary" to translate all English communications, incorporating an anti-militia plank in its constitution. Yet the unionists are readiest

of all to plunge the country into war. Of course, it may be urged that much is lacking in the militia; for instance there is its inherent looseness of discipline. But the spirit is there, and every world power should be able to make a showing in reserves. It is a national necessity. Moreover San Francisco, filled with discharged soldiers and officers of active service, should afford a superior kind of militia, which with a nominal amount of drill might be able to take complete charge of the local artillery district at a moment's notice. No American city affords such opportunities for big gun practise, while every Podunk can muster a company of infantry. Then, too, the coast defenses are so inadequately manned at the present time that the regular artillery could not be spared in a national emergency. It is not jingoism—such being the case—to call attention to San Francisco's poor part in these maneuvers. It is humiliating even in play warfare to turn over our defenses to the freckled lads from the pie belt.

## Perspective Impressions

Our city government appears to be in the predicament of the man who didn't know where he was at.

Perhaps if an investigation were instituted of the handling of the money contributed for strike benefits, there would soon be an abatement of the zeal behind the car strike.

While the city government is in safe and sane hands wouldn't it be well to try our luck with a charter amendment providing for a new method of selecting police commissioners?

The sex of the American eagle has become the subject of inquiry. This is a question that should engage the attention of President Roosevelt.

Mr. D. M. Delmas appears to be affording Mr. Francis Heney a liberal education in the subtleties of legal practice.

Now it is Mr. Crocker and Mr. Scott who are to be sent to jail by Mr. Heney. Isn't it about time to begin the work of enlarging the penitentiary for the accommodation of the culprits who have incurred the disapprobation of this implacable nemesis of the wicked?



It is evident that the artist of the Los Angeles Times finds much that is inspiring in the misfortunes of this city.

# The Return of Shan

By W. M. Letts

Shan had been dead for twenty years. But far from extinguishing his personality, the quarter of a century during which he had slept under the pine trees gave him a romance, which had he lived till the days of baldness and embonpoint might have deserted him. But as it was he retained immortal youth, and slept with his feet towards the sunrise, where the pines soughed above him, and the squirrels chattered and scampered over him. The mountains he loved were behind him, and the world of town was very far away. Only his mother and his cousin ever visited his grave, for the abbey grounds were closed and disused, and the merry company of squirrels and rabbits and birds possessed the spot.

The spirit of Shan haunted his native place, haunted it in a cheerful morning sense which connected his name with all things young and adventurous. His practical jokes still moved the old gardener to wheezy merriment; and his proverbial philosophy passed into current use, for Shan had made men love him whilst he forfeited their respect.

The facts about him were not of a romantic character. He was no knight-errant, there was nothing of a young Lochinvar about him, though something perhaps of the charm and ineptitude of a bonnie Prince Charlie. He had been daring, and therefore popular; he possessed the whole equipment of the village idol, whose moral cowardice masquerades as courage.

In the lives of such heroes there is generally a day of reckoning and disaster. Shan's came at the summit of a cheap success. Only Mrs. Massereen, his mother, knew what had happened that day, and she nourished the memory sombrely alone in the grim house with her grand-niece and her elderly servants.

Every evening as she sat by the lamp turning over the pages of a religious book, she went through the details of that day. Every evening she saw Shan in the dusky corners of the room, an imaginary Shan who tortured her memory.

On that day Shan had quarrelled with his father. This was an occurrence so common that its absence alone would have been remarkable. Both disputants had forgotten the cause before the quarrel was ended. For the real source of dispute was, as it so often is, the unreconcilable differences of temperament. Mr. Massereen was an Irishman whose Protestantism had entirely dispelled any hereditary sense of humor. He could not and he would not understand his son. He accounted it a sin to understand another man's failings. He spent his life in sinning that he might not sin, a paradoxical state of affairs not too uncommon. The quarrel passed through many stages and digressions, routs and rallies. Precision of diction characterised Mr. Massereen's tactics, wild exaggeration Shan's. When the father gave his judgment on the son, it amounted very simply to the decision that Shan was a liar. For once the boy had no answer.

The next morning when the sun sparkled on the arbutus leaves, and the blackbirds bathed in the puddles, Shan left home "forever" he told his mother in the note which he left for her. Time and earth are unbearable limits in youth. Shan's eternity of resentment lasted for just five years. During that time he married. The wife found him intoler-

able, and with her one son she settled apart from him. So Shan came home; Shan, disconsolate, disillusioned, and mortally ill, went home to the stern old widowed mother at the Red House, and died in her arms.

Twenty years after his death these facts about him were well-nigh forgotten, but the atmosphere of his personality remained. There were photographs of him; a daguerreotype in which he boasted a remarkable velvet attire and a shocking simper. In another he was a pleasant-faced boy in a baggy suit. The snows of time threatened him, but the pleasantness of his weak joyous face prevailed against the snows and the antiquated fashion of his garments.

To his cousin Fiona he was immortalized in this baggy suit and with this pleasant smile. But to her he was a hero, someone eternally younger, more vital, more interesting than those who surrounded her in the land of the living. His personality had overshadowed her own, for the girl was one of those people who are called "quiet"; an adjective of approbation really synonymous with spiritless and dull.

Fiona, who was supposed to have finished her education, spent a life in small duties and endless reveries. On the Autumn day that unknown to her was bringing great events, one of these small duties consisted in leaving a book at the Rectory. She did this, and instead of returning pursued the road which led towards the ruined abbey in whose grounds Shan slept. It was a day of grey clouds and buffeting southwest wind, which swayed the trees and hunted the dead leaves before it down the road. It was a day for the fairies, not for the fine weather faires, but for that banished mighty race, the people of the Sidhe, the Tuatha da Danaan, the great elemental beings.

Had you followed the Glenroy road, which has its goal at Bray, on that shadowy afternoon you would have been wonder-swayed by the wind and wetness of the world. You would have heard the horsehoofs of the galloping sheehogues, or the baying of the hounds of Oisín; you would have fancied that Finn and his mighty companions were abroad, or looked, as Fiona did, for Eevin, the great banshee queen, at the turn of the road.

The wind blew Fiona's shabby skirt about her ankles, and buffeted Father M'Comus as he came towards her. He was a kindly old man, and he smiled at the girl as he passed her, and spoke in spite of the wind. She gave him back his greeting with the shy eagerness with which she treated those who showed her kindness. The old priest felt a great pity for her. He realized something of the monotonous life she led in the old house among old people and old memories. But then he scarcely reckoned how dear Fiona counted the memories. That was the only link between her and her stern old grand-aunt. She knew that among

(Continued on Page 34.)

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# The Barbarism of Japan

By Louis Ribault

Persistent rumors of war between this country and Japan continue to make the Japanese an object of great interest to the people of this country and especially to the people of San Francisco who have come to believe that they all know all about the despised Japs. A very widespread notion respecting the Japanese is that European civilization is to Japan only a weapon for war, an instrument for developing her wealth and an outward veneer. With that notion I have no sympathy. After many years residence in Japan I have come to the conclusion that the Japanese are exceedingly proud of the progress they have made in cultivating European civilization. At the same time I realize that they have far from succeeded in rendering their nature receptive to Christian ideals. They have many ugly traits of character, which are peculiar to them as a people, and which cannot be eradicated in one or two generations.

One of the most familiar charges brought against the Japanese is that they are a barbarous people. Those who assert that Japan is barbarian at heart point to the pitiless war of extermination which was waged against Christianity in Japan, during which several hundred thousand native converts were killed on account of their religion, and not a few of the missionaries were tortured; they recall the time when Japan was closed to the world, and when those who landed on the Japanese Coast were punished with death; they dwell on the number of inoffensive foreigners who in the 'sixties were hacked to pieces by those terrible two-handed swords; they recall the fact that death used to be the punishment for most crimes in feudal Japan; they speak with horror of the frequency and the ghastliness of the national form of suicide by cutting the belly open, the celebrated Hara-Kiri, and they mention the killing of the Chinese at the storming of Port Arthur in 1894. These charges of barbarity which are preferred against Japan are numerous and grave.

It is quite true that during the sixteenth century almost 300,000 native and foreign Christians were massacred in Japan, and that from that time onward the country was closed against all foreigners, excepting the Dutch, who were allowed to reside for trading purposes on a small isolated spot, the artificial island of Deshima in the harbor of Nagasaki, where they were kept as prisoners. This enormous massacre of 300,000 men seems to sully for ever the fair fame of Japan.

The first Christian missionaries who landed in Japan were exceedingly well received by the Japanese, who eagerly sought to benefit from the newcomers in science, industry, and art. Besides, Christianity itself appealed to the Japanese, and among an intelligent and well-disposed population numerous converts were quickly made by the zealous missionaries. As a matter of fact, Christians were not only well treated in Japan, but they were shown the greatest trust and were treated with distinction. But in the sixteenth century Christian missionaries ill-requited the hospitality of the Japanese. They sold Japanese subjects into slavery. They destroyed native temples and united the converted populace into violence against the non-Christian community. As a consequence the following edict was issued by Hideyoshi on July 25, 1587:

"We have learned from our faithful councillors

that foreign clergy have come into our estates, where they preach a law contrary to that of Japan, and that they have even had the audacity to destroy temples dedicated to our Kami and Hotoke. Although this outrage merits the most extreme punishment, we nevertheless wish to show them mercy. Therefore we order them to quit Japan within twenty days under pain of death. During that space of time no harm or hurt will be done to them. But we order that if any of them be found in our states at the expiration of that term they shall be seized and punished as the greatest criminals. As for the Portuguese merchants, we permit them to enter our ports and to continue there their accustomed trade, and to remain in our estates provided our affairs need this. But we forbid them to bring any foreign clergy into the country, under the penalty of the confiscation of their ships and goods."

Unfortunately the Christian missionaries tried in every way to elude Hideyoshi's law. Missionaries who could no longer openly land in Japan were smuggled in under various disguises and their aggressive agitation, of which Hideyoshi had complained, continued in an accentuated fashion. Nevertheless, Hideyoshi endeavored to avoid employing the utmost rigour of the law against the rebellious and dangerous intruders and their misguided native adherents. However, generosity failed to affect the trend of the missionaries' action in the slightest degree.

It cannot be doubted that the missionaries considered themselves the political agents of their country. In 1617 a ship was captured at Sakai which brought letters from the Portuguese, by which orders were given that the Japanese Christians should be stirred up into a revolt. The despatch of men-of-war was promised as soon as the news of a successful rising should come in. Unfortunately the information contained in this letter was confirmed by the reports which Japan had received from independent sources. Various Japanese rulers had, with that thirst for knowledge that has always been characteristic of Japan, sent emissaries to Europe in order to study the countries of the West. Their reports describing the terrible persecutions which in the name of religion took place in Europe and in the Spanish colonies through men like Cortes and Pizarro made, no doubt, a deep impression on the rulers of Japan. They were terrified when they learned of the religious fanaticism of Spain and Portugal, which more often than not was a cloak for their lust of conquest and of gold, which dictated their merciless treatment of Holland, Mexico, and Peru.

In the year 1637, occurred the bloody Shimbara revolt which devastated Japan. According to Japanese chroniclers, this revolt was a purely Christian upheaval, in which about 100,000 people lost their lives. These experiences of the action of Christians in Japan, together with the reports which the Japanese princes received from the emissaries abroad as to the destructive action of Christianity in various non-Catholic countries, naturally made Christianity appear, not as a power of light but as one of darkness, favoring and causing revolt, destruction and desolation. So when in 1640, fifty-three years after the proclamation of Hideyoshi, the Portuguese again tried to insinuate



themselves into Japan by sending, in contravention of the repeated and most stringent edicts, a ship to Japan, the whole ship's company was sentenced to death in order to give peace to the country.

From all that I have read of the records of those stirring periods I am satisfied that the Christian missionaries brought about the persecution of the native Christians and the exclusion of foreigners by their misplaced zeal and their political intrigues.

After the persecution of the Christians and the closing of the country against the foreigner who had proved so meddlesome, quarrelsome, and dangerous, peace reigned in Japan during two centuries. Art, literature, and learning were assiduously cultivated, and the classic period of Japan of the sixth and seventh centuries found a glorious renaissance in the revival of all the arts. Peace and happiness reigned in the secluded islands of Japan, but suddenly the Russians appeared on the scene, and brought the spectre of war in the midst of the happy people.

In 1806-1807 and following years the Russians attacked and raided Japanese islands in order to frighten them into subjection, and such was their brutality that, though all foreigners were hated and despised, the Russians were most feared and most hated by the Japanese. Unprovoked murderous attacks on peaceful Japanese, and the bombardment and conflagration of many villages on the coast, were committed in order "to open Japan to trade and to introduce civilization," and in a famous declaration the Russians promised that they would return and ravage the coast of Japan year by year until the country was opened to trade. The brutality of the intruders exasperated the Japanese Government to such an extent that it issued in 1825 the following order, which evidently sprang from despair:

"In case there be any foreign ship approaching the coast of Japan, the officer in charge need not ask the reason why they have come, but should fire at once on such ships."

The isolated instances in which foreigners have been attacked by ultra-patriotic and irresponsible free-lances were revenged by the European Powers upon the Japanese nation with incredible and unpardonable severity. For instance, a Mr. Richardson, who for many years had been a merchant at Shanghai, rode on September 14, 1862, with a party on horseback from Kanayawa towards Yedo, and met on the road the cortege of the great prince of Satsuma. The etiquette of the road in Japan was that all people meeting a prince's procession had to dismount and stand at the side of the road in order not to "look down" upon a daimio, and the punishment for offering to a prince the grave insult of looking down on him was death, according to the custom of the country.

Mr. Richardson and his friends nonchalantly rode through his procession, little heeding the irritation which was clearly visible on the faces of the prince's armed retainers, and approached the prince himself. Seeing from the infuriated faces of the Japanese that a collision was to be feared, and, dreading the consequences, one of his friends, according to the evidence, implored Mr. Richardson. "Don't go on, we can turn into a side road," whilst another entreated him, "For God's sake, let us not have a row." But Mr. Richardson answered, "Let me alone. I have lived fourteen years in China, and know how to manage these people," thinking the Japanese would as meekly submit to insult and ill-treatment at the hands

of Europeans as the Chinese at Shanghai. However, Mr. Richardson misunderstood the temper of the Japanese, and he had to pay dearly for his stupid and willful provocation. At the moment when he had passed the prince, a retainer sprang towards him and cut him down. Thus Mr. Richardson brought the punishment on himself by his own folly, notwithstanding the warnings of his alarmed friends.

For the killing of Richardson the British Government exacted from Japan the staggering indemnity of \$500,000, burned three valuable new steamers and burned a town of 180,000 inhabitants.

The Japanese are thought by some to be barbarous on account of their method of self-destruction. But in Japan suicide is not as in this country merely an act of self-destruction. It has a deep ethical foundation. If by the suicide of a subject a ruler could be turned from an evil purpose, the memory of the man who committed suicide would be honored for all time. This was, perhaps, the most frequent cause of suicide in Japan. Suicide was also often committed for expiation. A typical and touching case of suicide for expiation occurred when an obscure young girl committed suicide in a grove for her country's sake after a murderous attempt had been made by one of her countrymen on the present Czar when, as Czarewitch, he traveled in Japan. By her death she hoped to expiate the crime and to save her country from the wrath of the gods and of Russia, as she said in a letter which she left behind her.

Suicide by ripping up the belly is, no doubt, the most horrible form of suicide existing, because it is by far the most painful one. Whilst any coward can take poison or shoot himself, it requires the nerve and spirit of a hero to commit hara-kiri deliberately, slowly, and without flinching, as it had to be performed in accordance with the established rule. Thus hara-kiri became the favorite mode of suicide of the samurai who had disgraced himself, who had fallen out of favor with his lord, who did not wish to fall alive into the hands of the enemy, or who wished to sacrifice his life for ideal purposes, such as changing the mind of his master or the policy of his country. By committing the most gruesome and the most painful form of suicide, a soldier could show his fearlessness at the supreme moment and die like a man. By a final act in which he could show bravery and contempt of death, he would live in the memory of his people, who would glory in his memory. In a country where ancestor-worship is practised as in Japan, such an opportunity for improving one's reputation is naturally often made use of. But surely the national institution of hara-kiri is rather a proof of the spirit of heroism, than of barbarism.

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# The Spectator

## From Fiddler to Poet

Sometimes public office so comes in a man's way that he cannot choose but salute it. That, I presume, is what happened in the case of Dr. Edward Taylor, the poet, who was recently reclaimed from congenial obscurity, lured, as it were, from the sequestered cloister of his Muse and plunged precipitately into the turmoil of active public life. It was not an easy thing to elude, this mayoralty job, for District Attorney Langdon peddled it into the remotest corners with a desperate insistency that exhausted the powers of more than one automobile, and must have excited the compassion of so tender and noble hearted a man as our gentle poet. But when it was offered to him he probably felt like exclaiming in the words of another poet:

Upon the slippery tops of human state,  
The gilded pinnacles of fate,  
Let others proudly stand, and, for awhile  
The giddy danger to beguile,  
With joy and with disdain look down on all,  
Till their heads turn and down they fall.

Me, O ye gods, on earth, or else so near  
That I no fall to earth may fear,  
And, O ye gods, at a good distance seat  
From the long ruins of the great.  
Here wrapt in th' quiet arms of quiet let me lie;  
Quiet companion of obscurity.

## The Patriotism of Him

Dr. Taylor's acceptance of the office bespeaks a fine quality of patriotism. A man possessing something of the divine madness of Apollo, and about to round out the three score year and ten period in the blissful companionship of his Muse, must have been very reluctant to withdraw from the ethereal depths of the heaven of poetic contemplation especially if he recalled the words of still another poet:

Ambition is a vulture vile,  
That feedeth on the heart of pride  
And finds no rest when all is tried;  
For worlds cannot confine the one  
The other lists and bounds hath none  
And both subvert the mind, the state,  
Procure destruction, envy, hate.

But Dr. Taylor felt that his city needed his services and he gallantly responded to the call of duty. His appearance in the role of chief magistrate of the city is very much in the nature of a grand revival, since he has lived so long in retirement that his very existence had ceased to be a matter of general knowledge. Dr. Taylor was a man of excellent parts in his day, and even at this late day he is capable of imparting dignity to his office. But he has been so long out of touch with this generation that he will have to rely on the sage counsels of the distinguished publicists who are now shaping the destiny of the city. Nevertheless the Prosecution should be felicitated on having persuaded so excellent a man to take up the work of civic regeneration. It is unfortunate they did not think of him long ago, immediately after beginning their own work and before arousing distrust. For now there is small likelihood of their being able to elect him in November, and meanwhile, with confusion worse confounded,

the very government itself the subject of litigation, it is difficult to see how Dr. Taylor can do more than revivify the fading prestige of the men by whom he was selected.

## Hearst's Sensational Flop

The Hon. William Randolph Hearst, in whom there is illimitable capacity for violent flops to the other side, gave his contemporaries gooseflesh last week when he wrenched himself free from the powerful combination which has long been holding dark conclaves for the regeneration of San Francisco. And how illuminating was the violent disjunction! Mr. Hearst no sooner kicked over the traces when he began poking holes in the screen behind which our glorious benefactors have been mysteriously operating. The position of all the parties to this mix-up is most amusing to those who are in possession of the key to the right understanding of it. The situation is one that abounds in material most palatable to the sombre misanthrope whom long experience of the world has brought to the temper of fixed and contemptuous disregard for man as a species. It is a situation conducive to the reflection that the operation of good intentions is often frustrated by the activities of selfish interests. If the graft prosecutors had stuck to the business of sending to jail the ruthless and insatiable banditti of public office instead of appealing to the imagination of organized labor by vindicating their hostility to capital; if they had differentiated the bribe-giver from the victim of extortion instead of trying to compass private revenges, they could now afford to be blissfully indifferent to the attitude of the Hon. William Randolph Hearst.

## Now For the Uncolored News

When honest newspapers fall out after a protracted season of armed neutrality, and resume their most congenial occupation of disemboweling one another, in a Pickwickian sense, then their credulous readers stand a fair chance of enlightenment. So keen is my news



instinct that I was inclined to turn handsprings eloquent of elation when Mr. Hearst resolved to play no longer in Mr. Spreckels's yard. For I must confess that there is nothing so repugnant to me as a daily newspaper hindered in the performance of its legitimate functions. I can conceive of no condition of things in which the ends of public justice might best be subserved by an agreement among all newspapers to color the news. That there has been a combination of the daily newspapers of this city entered into for the purpose ostensibly of redeeming it from a corrupt Administration, is a fact so well established that it may be asserted without fear of contradiction. That under this extraordinary and unprecedented dispensation much good has been accomplished no one will deny; but also, that much injustice has been done, is a fact easily susceptible of proof. And with equal facility might it be shown that purely selfish motives have inspired much that has been done. Unquestionably there is much sincerity behind the Prosecution. I believe that the Bulletin started the crusade against graft with the best of intentions. For the routing of the grafters the Bulletin is deserving of the highest commendation, but one may with absolute consistency in this matter vouchsafe credit where credit is due and at the same time unhesitatingly deplore and censure the prostitution of justice by the sworn officers of the law and ridicule the chicanery and shallow pretensions of some of the unctuously rectitudinous protagonists of the moving and somewhat sordid drama.

#### Sincerity of the Press

The great hullabaloo raised over the defection of the most pregnant and provocative of journals, the one which usually leads all the others in the fashions of journalism, is proof of one thing: of the impression among the Prosecution combine that a united newspaper front, not only in matters pertaining to the prosecution of the hoodlums but also in the paramount matter of politics, is essential to successful achievement. Else, why the ululations of the Examiner's contemporaries? The Examiner has offered no criticism of the legal work of the prosecution. It is as hot as ever on the trail of the hoodlums, and still indicates a spirit of co-operation in the matter of enforcing the laws against bribery. Yet its contemporaries, while disavowing political designs, are very much disgruntled and very abusive. If we study the situation in the light of these recent developments we may find much that is conducive to laughter respecting the pretensions to civic patriotism on the part of certain great dailies.

#### Some Characteristics

It is a study of peculiar interest and gratification to me since these self-righteous journals have been so industriously engaged in poisoning the wells of controversy by diffusing a sentiment prejudicial to the reputation for honesty of every dissenting commenta-

tion. In view of the frightful irregularities of spasmodic energy to which their own virtue is subject, it is amazing that they do not reserve their sneers for one another. There is one broad fact about them so important that nobody forgets it. This one broad fact is a permanent disadvantage under which they must labor as moral critics. It is the recollection in the public mind that each has proved the other a mountebank. Naturally it must require the expenditure of an immense amount of ingenuity to convince the ordinary person that sincerity is predicable of such papers, and hence their perpetual state of temporary honesty and their conjectural suspicions of sinister influences, despite their servility to organized labor for the obvious purpose of getting the coin of the merchant who advertises to reach workingmen. It is no wonder that these distinguished journalists never exchange the kiss of peace without searching one another for knives.

#### Examiner Revelations

So far as the readers of Town Talk are concerned there was nothing of fresh interest in the revelations made in the columns of the Examiner; but those revelations were gratifying to me since they served to corroborate much that I had already recorded. Weeks ago I commented on the failure of the Prosecution to pursue the Home Telephone investigation. The Examiner says that investigation was abandoned as soon as the prosecutors found it expedient to do politics. This is an explanation that persuades me of the error of the rumor that it was abandoned to hold Justice Sloss of the supreme court in line, it being known that he was related by marriage to Mark Gerstle. This is one of the relationships conceived to be favorable to the Prosecution, but of course this conception is ill founded. Justice Sloss, in my opinion, is a jurist of some independence of character, and it would, I am sure, be as unjust for the Prosecution to suspect him of being amenable to the appeal of blood as for the defense to rely on Judge Cooper's impending relationship to Downey Harvey. It is an unfortunate habit of lawyers of a certain peculiar mental fabric to speculate not upon the law of a case but rather upon the subtle influences that might affect the complexion of the court. This habit is the source of many scandals in the legal profession. It is as abominable as the conduct of a certain lawyer of whom I heard not long ago, that he was instrumental in securing the appointment of a Federal judge in a distant city, and then solicited clients on the strength of his pull.

#### Why Hearst Withdrew

Mr. Hearst might be far more generous with his disclosures than he has yet been, for in his intimacy with

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the Prosecution he learned a great deal of the inside of things. Perhaps he knows why the investigation of the milk graft, the graft that involved the poisoning of babies, was abandoned. But we should not expect him to give undue prominence to the fact that what he now animadverts upon he was quite willing to connive at up to the time that his associates passed him the convention lemon. For of course the Examiner's withdrawal from the sainted combination was not the result of enlarged knowledge, nor of a conviction that its original position was a mistake. No emotion of repugnance was excited in Mr. Hearst by the conduct of these righteous gentlemen who have schooled themselves against that intense consciousness of kinship with all the frailties and vices, which is prejudicial to that active heroism essential to aggressive opposition to wrongdoing. Nor did Mr. Hearst make any serious objection to the doing of politics until his choice for mayor was rejected. But it is not fair to Mr. Hearst to represent that he alone had political designs. Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Phelan had candidates for mayor, too, and their objection to Hearst's choice was not that he wouldn't make a good mayor but that he wouldn't be their mayor.

### The Glorification of Burns

Surely Mr. Hearst was as much entitled to the proud privilege of running the city government by proxy as were Spreckels and Phelan. They started the graft prosecution but they could have made no progress had Hearst not persuaded Langdon to appoint Heney. Not that Heney was indispensable but that they thought so at the time. Since then it has been learned that Heney and Burns would have made an awful mess of the whole thing had it not been for the newspapers and for Roy the stool-pigeon, who trapped the supervisors. All these interesting details will probably be supplied the readers of the Examiner in the course of time. So the position of that newspaper from the strictly news standpoint is now to be envied by its contemporaries, especially by those whose policy is inspired from without. One of its first tips to the public was that the astute Mr. Burns did not track Schmitz through Europe. It appears that the Examiner found Schmitz for Burns. We shall probably learn later on that the story that Ruef's chauffeur was a Burns's detective was also pure fake. But nothing will be more interesting than veracious reports of court proceedings. Perhaps on the next trial before Judge Dunne it will not appear that the attorneys entered into a combination to insult the court, but rather that the Judge made it impossible for the Attorneys to entertain any sentiment toward the court other than that of contempt. The importance to the Prosecution of having the news colored is illustrated by the newspaper reports of the proceedings before the Court of Appeals last Saturday. According to those reports it was clearly shown that Judge Dunne had not refused to settle the bill of exceptions in the Schmitz case, and that the attorneys for the defense had been

guilty of deception. The facts are that the record was produced showing that the attorneys for the defense had uttered the truth, and that no writ of mandamus was issued simply because Judge Dunne had abated his obduracy. The attorneys for the Prosecution tried by tricks of verbal legerdemain, by fantastic snares for puzzling the understanding, equivocalities that lurk in language, that Judge Dunne had in no way obstructed the due course of justice, but in this enterprise they miserably failed.

### As It Occurred

By way of illustration of how false impressions are created let us consider the matter of the colloquy between Judge Dunne and Attorney Fairall on the occasion of the court's remark that the attorney belonged in jail. As reported by some of the newspapers it appeared that the attorney used improper and insulting language for which he was properly rebuked. What actually occurred was quite different from what was reported in the newspapers. Here follows a full report of the proceedings from which it is possible to derive a very accurate impression of the distinguished gentleman on the bench.

Mr. Fairall: This is an application for bail, pending an appeal. The affidavit upon which it is based recites that the defendant is the Mayor of the City and County of San Francisco and that a Mr. Gallagher pretends to have been appointed to that office and consequently a conflict of authority has arisen, which we think justifies the exercise of the court's discretion, as a matter of public policy in releasing the defendant on bail. Now the District Attorney stated yesterday that he was not prepared to file any affidavit, yet the affidavit which he filed this morning was dated yesterday and contained the name of Gallagher as Mayor, which has been erased and the date is made of today and Boxton's name has been substituted for Gallagher's. He alleges that Boxton is the Mayor of San Francisco and therefore, denied in his affidavit that Schmitz is Mayor and that any conflict of authority can arise. I noticed that the order of the Board, which attempted to remove Mayor Schmitz from office was based upon a letter which Your Honor sent to the Board of Supervisors informing them that Mayor Schmitz had been convicted of felony. Your Honor knew that that judgment had been appealed from and that you had issued a certificate of probable cause for such appeal and you knew when you

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wrote the letter that the effect of the appeal and the certificate of probable cause was to suspend the judgment and render it inadmissible in evidence for any purpose. Now, if the judgment was not admissible how could your Honor's letter be admissible for the purpose of proving a conviction?

The Court: I do not think that the question of who is Mayor is of any importance here. Your application, in my opinion, has no merit.

Mr. Fairall: Then your Honor denies our application?

The Court: Look here, Mr. Fairall, the court will send you to jail where you belong.

Mr. Fairall: I do not belong in jail any more than your Honor belongs there. I take exception to such remarks. You, as a judge, have no right to cast aspersions upon the character of an attorney and when you do so, I will treat you as any other man.

The Court: I shall treat you as you deserve. When you act respectfully the court will hear you.

Mr. Fairall: I know the duty of the court and I understand the rights and duties of an attorney. Attorneys do not have to submit to insults at the hands of the court and when a judge descends to such conduct he puts himself outside of the protection with which the law clothes the court. I will say again that you have no right to say I belong in jail, and I shall not submit to it either on or off the bench.

The Court: Mr. Langdon, I want you to follow this matter and see whether an application for bail is made in the Court of Appeal. The last time an application was made here, there was subsequently an application made in the Court of Appeal, in which it was alleged that the defendant was suffering from an incurable disease. That application was dismissed. I regard this as species of fraud.

Mr. Fairall: Do you mean to infer that the dismissal of the application was fraudulent?

The Court: If what I say reflects upon you, you may take it that way.

Mr. Fairall: Nothing I have done has reflected upon me or shall reflect upon me.

### Langdon's Sorry Plight

Aside from the effect of the Hearst flop on the graft prosecution there is in the incident much of vital significance of a purely political character. When Hearst flopped his Independence League (Leg?) flopped with him. In other words he folded up his party and put it away with moth balls. It is not to participate in the coming municipal campaign. For Mr. Langdon there is in this incident galling provocation to poignant rumination. He is now without a party. This is the same Langdon, who, but a short time ago, was scattering for the Examiner a glorious message of truth and wisdom, informing, instructing and enheartening his fellow-men. He now stands accused by the Examiner of "evil alliances." I hate to spoil this by comment. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. Mr. Langdon will probably have to run as an Independent, and at this stage of the game with his old pals of the Labor Party against him on the score of treachery, and the Examiner disgusted with him for being unfaithful to his patron and benefactor, the Hon. William Randolph Hearst, from my viewpoint he doesn't bear the aspect of a winner. He will probably get a lot of boosting from the Prosecution's organs, but this is by no means certain. He is not beloved by his associates. They have tolerated him because they had to. They needed him to keep Heney in his job, but they have regarded him as a joke on account of the transparency of his pretensions to legal ability, and now that he is without

affirmative support they must surely feel inclined to pull the last prop from under. But he really controls the situation, for if he were deserted he would remove Heney. And yet since the Examiner deserted him even Heney has become irreverent. As witness the indignant protest of Heney in the Glass trial when Mr. Delmas assumed that he had a hand in the election of Bostton. There sat Langdon, who, according to the testimony, had Bostton as his guest at dinner one night last week, and he was obliged to swallow the painful implication contained in the protest of his assistant, who with clamorous indignation resented the imputation of his responsibility for the elevation of Bostton. He spoke as though he were a man of such exalted ideals and extraordinary sensitiveness in the matter of decency and the higher moralities that he revolted at the idea of clothing the confessed grafter with the sacred robes of authority. And there, as I have remarked sat Langdon. But enough of Langdon. It is far more agreeable to raise a man unjustly deprecated than to undertake an office so ungracious as that of eradicating favorable but false impressions.

### Gallagher the Early Bird

Acting-Mayor Jim Gallagher's last official act is one that does full credit to his astuteness. He beat Mayor Bostton out of \$300 of the city's money by beating him to it. The salary of the mayor is \$500 a month. In addition there is a contingent fund for which no accounting may be made. The monthly apportionment of this fund is \$300. Now while the regular salary cannot be drawn until the end of the

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month, the \$300—allotted for entertaining and the like—may be drawn in advance. Gallagher skillfully protracted his term of mayorship into July and therefore had first chance at the \$300. Gallagher and Boxtton, it may be recalled, once nearly caused a split among the labor supervisors because of their mutual jealousies and mutual ambition to lead. But all this was forgotten when the dove of peace appeared in the form of mysterious, fat envelopes. I am assured that in the present instance Gallagher is still amicably disposed toward Boxtton. The \$300 was a mere business matter.

#### Ruef's Hospitality Accepted by His Prosecutors

The friends of Mayor Schmitz have been aggrieved by the order of Judge Dunne forbidding the chief executive from lunching at his home. When he is in attendance upon court it has been the practice of the sheriff to take him home for the midday meal. This custom was established while Judge Dunne was absent in the country but as soon as he returned and it became necessary for Schmitz to apply to him the privilege was promptly curtailed. While it is admitted that Judge Dunne's authority is absolute, it is at the same time contended that his arbitrary ruling works a hardship as well as a discrimination. It is very well for Schmitz to be munching hard tack and sipping bad coffee, but what about Ruef, his accomplice and co-conspirator. Ruef is still kept in the Fillmore street prison house, where he fills out the weak places in the comfortable menu provided by the city by purchases from his own pocket book. Moreover, he is permitted to entertain his friends, give dinners and suppers, in fact to do about as he pleases. An incident of a week ago has done much to rile the friends of the imprisoned mayor. Ruef, whose friendship for Burns, the prosecution's chief detective, dates from the subjugation of the wily boss, his confession and plea for mercy, celebrated the entente cordiale with a dinner at which were present many of those identified with the prosecution. The dinner was one of the best that has been served in the prison house. The oldest wines, the finest herbs and the richest meats were unspared in the making. An echo of the dinner reached the friends of Schmitz and on top of it came the order forbidding Schmitz to lunch at home. These discriminations are causing no end of bitterness but Schmitz is down and out while Ruef has earned the gratitude, if not the respect, of the prosecutors.

#### Boxton the Brazenest

According to a friendly supervisor, whose confidence I hope I am not betraying, District Attorney Langdon had a strenuous time in finding even a boodler to succeed Gallagher. The reason why Gallagher was not retained as mayor was this: Gallagher was needed, being the only supervisorial boodler of brains and ability, to look after the expenditure of the city's funds as chairman of the finance committee. He could not do both. But before Boxtton was chosen, every boodler was interviewed—and each refused, in some instances with tears. They would NOT be mayor. And a mayor against his will might disturb

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the reformers' programme. Daniel G. Coleman, popularly believed to be made of brass and rhinoceros hide, threatened to kill himself. "Of course he wouldn't," commented my informer. Jack Furey clasped his big though not honest hands and begged to be spared. McGushin, Lonergan, Kelly, Mamlock and Coffey, the most pitiable nonentities on the board, were approached in vain. Even Rea declined—Rea, who when his honesty was impeached, used publicly to apostrophize his son Louy. "Louy," he would say, gazing through his extended arms, "ven I looka into your eye, I can say to you, 'Louy, your father ees an honest man.'" But Boxtton was persuaded without any noticeable difficulty. Perhaps he feels he has reached the depth of misery and degradation, and with a sort of morbid instinct, glories in it.

#### A Letter from Bierce

From Ambrose Bierce come a few pertinent remarks anent the humiliations and sufferings of San Francisco. That great master of epithet and light-winged satire has resided for several years in Washington, D. C., the atmosphere of which he rates superior to that of San Francisco principally for the reason that it is not subject to the caprices of organized labor. The absolute freedom of Washington from the pestiferous influences of unionism and the arrogance of the insufferable demagogic champions of labor, was really the paramount consideration in the shaping of Bierce's choice of the nation's capital as a place of residence. San Francisco holds for him many fine and stirring memories, for the State he has a deep and sentimental attachment, but nothing could be more repugnant to him than the thought of living in a city in which the principles of personal liberty have lost their significance. But I wish to quote the remarks to which I referred. They are contained in a letter written to his friend Herman Scheffauer. "What a San Francisco!" wrote Bierce. Where are the courageous men of the Vigilance Committee of the old days. Where



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those who broke the head of the mob with pick-handles in the time of Dennis Kearney? I mean, where are those like them? It is clear that the business men and the professional men of today are no better than the labor unions and not half so brave." Indeed it is quite clear. And it strikes me that Bierce might find much pleasant diversion in San Francisco at this time, since there are so many men of the type to which he alludes. Indeed the city never was so rich in targets of the kind that are most easy of access to the arrows of his inexhaustible quiver.

#### A Vision of Doom

In the days agoe Bierce exerted his power of luminous mockery to very good effect upon just such provocation as recent events developed. It was when civic pride as now was dead and disorder encouraged by demagogues prevailed that Bierce put some of the bitterness of his feelings in a poem that throbs with his radiant force of expression. This poem is not to be found among his printed works. It is entitled "A Vision of Doom"; of which the following is an extract:

As I stood, a voice,  
But whence it came I knew not, cried aloud  
Some words to me in a forgotten tongue,  
Yet straight I knew me for a ghost forlorn,  
Returned from the illimited inane.  
Again, but in a language that I knew,  
As in reply to something which in me  
Had shaped itself a thought, but found no words,  
It spake from the dread mystery about:  
"Immortal shadow of a mortal soul  
That perished with eternity, attend.

What thou beholdest is as void as thou:  
The shadow of a poet's dream—himself  
As thou, his soul as thine, long dead,  
But not like thine outlasted by its shade.  
His dreams alone survive eternity  
As pictures in the unsubstantial void.  
Excepting thee and me (and we because  
The poet wove us in his thought) remains  
Of nature and the universe no part  
Or vestige but the poet's dreams. This dread,  
Unspeakable land about thy feet, with all  
Its desolation and its terrors—lo!  
'Tis but a phantom world. So long ago  
That God and all the angels since have died  
That poet lived—yourself long dead—his mind  
Filled with the light of a prophetic fire,  
And standing by the Western sea, above  
The youngest, fairest city in the world,  
Named in another tongue than his for one  
Ensainted, saw its populous domain  
Plague-smitten with a nameless shame.

For there  
Red-handed murder rioted; and there  
The people gathered gold, nor cared to loose  
The assassin's fingers from the victim's throat,  
But said, each in his vile pursuit engrossed:  
"Am I my brother's keeper? 'Let the Law  
Look to the matter.' But the Law did not.  
And there, O pitiful! the babe was slain  
Within its mother's breast and the same grave  
Held babe and mother; and the people smiled,  
Still gathering gold, and said: 'The Law, the Law.'  
Then the great poet, touched upon the lips  
With a live coal from Truth's high altar, raised

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His arms to heaven and sang a song of doom—  
Sang of the time to be, when God should lean  
Indignant from the Throne and lift his hand,  
And that foul city be no more!—a tale,  
A dream, a desolation and a curse!  
No vestige of its glory should survive  
In fact or memory: its people dead,  
Its site forgotten, and its very name  
Disputed."

### Resolution in Nevada Politics

Just now the State of Nevada is in the throes of deep speculation regarding the political changes which even the caloused alkali dusted sage brush settlers recognize is taking place. Signs of the change went singing through the air during the late meeting of the State legislature in Carson. The rail-



HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

A brilliant Californian who has decided to take up his residence in New York and devote himself to literature. He is one of the few American men of letters whose work is in demand in British magazines.

road lobby appeared there as debonair and confident as usual, pinned to the hour to kill the railroad rate bill when, mirabili dictu, the rate bill went through with an enthusiastic whoop, the discomfited lobby was irretrievably worsted and the old political machine was given such a shaking up by "those whoopers from Goldfield, Bullfrog and them other camps" that there's no possible chance of even patching it up.

### End of the Comstock "Sack"

The fact is that during the session of the last Carson legislature the "Comstock crowd," which has been running Nevada politically since the early seventies,

woke up to find their political stronghold stampeded by the new Southern Nevada mining camps. These hustling enthusiasts carted off the county seat from Hawthorne to Goldfield after a desperate fight to a finish, passed a lot of anti-railroad legislation that is still making the corporations sizzle and gave notice that there will be henceforth an end to Colonel Mazuma electing the future U. S. Senators from Nevada. Henceforth the Comstock is not to exercise the exclusive privilege of fitting out its bonanza kings with the purple toga. The young and aggressive new mining camps in the south are eager to make their influence felt. When the Reno Journal changed hands recently and the rumor went out that the new management was friendly to Larry Sullivan and had a campaign mapped out to advance his interests for U. S. Senator a roar of protest went up from the new mining centers. At once the Journal came out with a flat and decisive denial of having any such plan. Whereat the young lion layed down once more and licked his chops apparently pacified but all the same he is on guard vigilantly watching lest any of the old Comstock raiders rise to snatch the political thunder. The old days when the Comstock ruled Nevada and half a dozen San Francisco millionaires ruled the Comstock and the political destiny of the Sage Brush State are gone forever.

### Some Sly Jurists

This is the season of the year when it is customary for our judges of the Superior Court to take their vacation. It is the theory of the Superior Court that Bench and Bar should have a brief season of rest, and that for this purpose the machinery of justice should be stopped. But this theory, I have been told, by a delegation of indignant lawyers, is never realized inasmuch as the judges are never of one mind respecting the time suitable for a rest. One or two like to hold court in the vacation period agreed upon, for by doing so they give the pee-pul the impression that they are indefatigable and too conscientious to take a rest. But when the vacation period is at an end they slip quietly away to New York or elsewhere, and with all the other judges holding court, the absence of the sly ones attracts no attention. And thus it is that the lawyers are cheated out of a vacation. Some of them manage to make brief trips into the country, but they never enjoy a real vacation because of the selfishness of the gallery players of the Bench.

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### Jack London's Deterioration

There is very good reason to suspect that Jack London has degenerated, that he may no longer pose with success as an exponent of the strenuous elemental life. This disconcerting suspicion comes from reading in the public prints a story published on the all-sufficient authority of Mrs. Jack London that the author of "The Sea Wolf" and "Tales of the Fish Patrol" suffered the pangs of sea-sickness during the voyage of the Snark from this port to Honolulu. Imagine this persistent glorifier of the ocean, this champion of many waters who has buffeted the billows of divers seas in Arctic canoes, Japanese sampans and other strange craft, imagine him, if you can, tossing in his bunk on the summer Pacific, the victim of inglorious mal de mer! Truly the enervating influence of a landlubber's soft existence has wrought wonderfully with the London physique that it so quickly succumbs to this unheroic malady of the deep. Time was when London saw himself the very incarnation of Nietzsche's blond beast. He says so himself in "The War of the Classes": "I could only see myself raging through life without end like one of Nietzsche's blond beasts, lustfully roving and conquering by sheer superiority and strength. Further, the optimism bred of a stomach which could digest scrap iron and a body which flourished on hardships did not permit me to consider accidents as even remotely related to my glorious personality." Alas, the optimism of that circus digestion has given way to the pessimism of sea-sickness and the most undignified of marine accidents has attacked that glorious personality. Henceforth our much advertised man of letters must be characterized by an expression borrowed from that great authority who has already characterized the London animal stories as the "sublimity of absurdity in nature faking." Exit Jack London, the blond beast of Nietzsche; enter Jack London, the mollycoddle of President Roosevelt.

### Millionaires Evanish

A few months ago a horde of Goldfield millionaires was threatening our local tenderloin with a wine famine. There is nothing on this earth so inductive to thirst as the alkali breezes of Nevada, and no place in the world where the concomitants of a thirst slaking fest are more inviting than right here in the electric lighted district dedicated to the joys of the night life. So hither trooped the parched throated fortune builders from the sagebrush, and as every mother's son that owned a hole in the ground sufficiently deep to be listed on the Exchange for the allurements of easy-marks, was heralded as a Goldfield millionaire, this new tribe of plutocrats was becoming as numerous as the Colonels of Kentucky. Goldfield millionaires infused new enthusiasms into the tenderloin. They inspired new emotions, imparted new thrills, and started new romances. But alas! the Goldfield millionaire spender did not come to stay. He was an ephemeral plutocrat. His wine thirst has been abated. He no longer contributes to the gayety of the tenderloin. His subsidence was coincident with the dropping of the bottom out of the Goldfield stock market. According to a recent arrival from Goldfield, business in that mining town has become very dull. It is the opinion of the principal operators that the wild-cat schemes have petered out for good and that the stock of none of the undeveloped properties will ever again be carried up in sympathy with the stock of the big

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mines. But of course if some entirely new and important strikes were to be made there would be another boom and more excitement.

### Shortridge the Suburbanite

Samuel Shortridge, the Henry Clay of the California Bar, is assiduously engaged these days in broadening the scope of his knowledge. Mr. Shortridge is a man of versatile talents, possessed of a large fund of information in many departments of knowledge, but amidst all the fascinating furniture of his mind, won from study and enlightened companionship, he is painfully deficient in some of the activities that engage the attention of men. With chicken raising, for example, he has but a slender acquaintance. With that industry he now meditates an intimacy; also with the pleasures of the garden, and the raptures of the dairy, for the eloquent attorney has become a suburbanite and he purposes living between sessions of the court after the manner of the true country gentleman, inhaling the breath of the dawn and the smell of the night, cultivating his own fig tree and vine, developing a passion for the sad Columbine, the mauve Gentian and the blue Verbena, taking root perhaps, in the midst of his tulips, and hearkening anon to the music of the lowing solitary "bossy" winding slowly o'er the lea. Mr. Shortridge's new home is in Menlo Park, forty minutes from the heart of San Francisco by the S. P. over the new cut-off.

### Local Newspaper Men Decorated

The Emperor of Japan has just decorated several American newspaper correspondents who achieved more or less fame and big expense bills during the late war. The medals are golden bronze, about the size of a \$20 gold piece and bear on the obverse crossed Japanese standards, surmounted by the rising sun. On the reverse is a monumental shaft of conventional form, flanked by branches of palm and laurel. The title conveyed is the Imperial Order of the Crown. San Francisco carries off three of the honors, a handsome percentage of the number bestowed. The Bulletin is represented by Grant Wallace and Richard Barry and the Examiner by Jack London. The Call-Herald is represented by Oscar King Davis and William Lewis but that newspaper combination can hardly be regarded as exclusively Californian, though in a fine weighing of the merits it might be claimed that Jack London also represented the Eastern Hearst papers. The balance of the decorations were bestowed as follows: George Kennan, Outing; Richmond Smith, Associated Press; W. G. Morgan, New York Tribune; Richard Harding Davis, Frederick Palmer and J. H. Hare, of Collier's Weekly.

### A Great Test Case

According to several of the leading lights of the local bar all the labor cases now confronting us are as nothing to the great one which will be put up to the United States Supreme Court next October—the question of the liability of a labor union to punishment under the anti-trust law. It will be the first time this important point has been raised. The issue is advanced in the suit of a Connecticut hat manufacturer named Lowe who charges that some two hundred members of the American Federation of Labor sent out circulars all over the country to his customers warning them to cut off trade with him or they would be put on the "unfair" list and would lose the patronage of the labor unions and their friends. Lowe brought suit for \$240,000 damages under the anti-trust law, which provides that any violation shall be punished with a fine amounting to three times the damages suffered. The case is attracting more attention in conservative union circles than is the Haywood case.

### "Silent" Barrie

James Matthew Barrie, according to an English writer, is the most silent man in London. He says absolutely nothing, and some of his contemporaries affect to believe that he is keeping silent for a wager. When he is spoken to at literary gatherings he looks sad and puzzled, sad that people will do such a stupid thing as talk, and puzzled as to how to treat the peculiarity. However, his silence is a good investment, for his returns from books and plays net him a quarter of a million a year. In this connection the wife of one of his cousins thus makes moan. Barrie was visiting his relative and the lady did her best to be agreeable according to her lights. "It was downright hard work. To think that I, a poor, stupid woman, should be forced to grind out talk of an unresponsive brain, while the great J. M., with his mill full of grist, sat silent. At last, wearied out with my efforts, I left the room. In about an hour I returned. Still those fond cousins sat gazing into a dying fire while they worshipped My Lady Nicotine. 'You're having a lovely time,' I exclaimed. 'Fine,' answered J. M. 'We've not spoken since you left the room.'"

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# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## The Peter Martins

Writes a correspondent from New York:

The Peter Martins came home from Europe very unexpectedly. Mrs. Peter had planned to spend the summer in Europe, but pressing domestic affairs urged upon her the necessity for a summer in America. As the Martins had leased Colonel Morrell's house on the Newport cliffs, made sacred by having been occupied by the Pemmy Jones' one season, they stayed over in New York one night only. Mrs. Martin is as radiantly beautiful as ever, her manner and air of supreme hauteur rouses envy in the breasts of all the clerks in the Boston store, who always fall all over themselves to wait on her. They all agree that Lily

of money. Not at all. Mrs. Carolan has not greatly reduced her size of the Pullman fortune. She is selling her Chicago property because she wishes to forget that she came from Chicago.

## Bad Blood in Burlingame

The breach in Burlingame will be wider than ever now that Francis Heney accuses Mr. Henry T. Scott of tale-bearing and expecting to propitiate the prosecution by injuring Mr. Will Crocker and Mr. Glass. If developments should continue along this line Mrs. Will Crocker will find it impossible before long to recognize anybody in Burlingame except the servants. Mrs. Crocker has never taken Burlingame society seriously. But she is likely to now that she sees so much reason for despising it. As she is one of the few women of any consequence mentally in San Francisco society it has always been possible for her to dominate it, but she never cared to. Now, however, she may take pity on it and reorganize it.

## The Longworths

By the time this goes to press the whereabouts of the Nicholas Longworths will be as firmly established as the society reporters' determination to make capital out of the visit of this distinguished couple. The press wardens of the smart set, whose duty it is to ink all over every pink tea that comes their way, are at present poised, pen in hand, for definite news of Mrs. Eleanor Martin's intentions. "Will the dowager empress of San Francisco society again have the privilege of entertaining the president's daughter" is the interrogation that disturbs the society reporters. Mrs. Martin is pictured as restlessly walking the floor while her minions breathlessly answer the telephone and postman's ring for news of Lady Alice's acceptance. As a matter of fact, so an intimate friend of the family tells me, Mrs. Martin has never thought of asking Mrs. Longworth to accept her hospitality on this brief visit to the city. People are so scattered that it would be



Photo, Arnold, Del Monte.

MISS CORNELIA W. ARMSBY

Winner of Del Monte Cup for women at the recent golf tournament.

Martin is the dearest thing they ever saw. Peter thinks she is dear, too, only he spells it expensive, and deuced expensive at that. Mrs. Martin will resume her luncheon and dinner giving as soon as she has looked the battle ground over."

## Though Far From "Broke"

Mrs. Francis Carolan has been selling so much of her Chicago property lately that social writers in that city are of the opinion that she is sadly in need

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difficult to have a representative throng and besides Mrs. Martin is personally attending to some important business matters this summer. The Walter Martins and the Russell Wilsons spent the week at their newly established camp at Cisco in the Sierras.

#### The Eddy-Beveridge Engagement

A friend in Berlin writes me that there is no doubt about the engagement of Spencer Eddy's sister, Katherine, to Senator Beveridge. Katherine Eddy spent the winter in Berlin and while Lurline Eddy was in retirement she acted as hostess of the menage. She is a pretty foil to the dark beauty of her sister-in-law and they are more devoted than the mere proprieties of in-laws demand. Senator Beveridge is considered distinctly eligible even for a niece of Mrs. Marshall Field. My informant further tells me that Lurline Eddy is not considered a great beauty in Berlin. In Paris, as Lurline Spreckels, she was considered by many the most beautiful girl in the American colony. She is well liked by the Germans but her type is not the sort before which the Teutonic beauty worshippers prostrate themselves. Spencer Eddy is frequently spoken of as the best dressed man in Berlin and I understand that he prides himself in his sartorial fitness and takes great pleasure in the fact that all the young foreign attaches pattern their wardrobes after his.

#### The Lady and the Iron

"A Quart of Juice or the Washerwoman's Electric Revenge" might aptly be the title of a serio-comedy which has recently been played in the most fashionable apartment house in the city. The leading role was taken by a young society matron whose vivacious charm makes her conspicuous at smart gatherings. She wears her clothes with such distinction that it would be rather difficult for her friends to visualize her in the role of a washerwoman. As a matter of fact it is not necessary to drape the lady in bedraggled calicoes for the part. She did not make up as realistically for the Lady of the Suds as Ethel Barrymore does. Instead she probably wore a cunning little tea gown for you see her washing consisted of dainty little things like lingerie blouses, fetching neckwear and delicate accessories that make the French laundrymen wax prosperous. Since the lady did not paste them up in the front windows to dry it was really rather meddlesome of the house-maid to gossip about the clotheslines that were strung across the apartment on sunny days when Madame was out at fashionable teas. The management remained blissfully ignorant of the whole affair until the people in the next apartment complained that their sleep was parted in the middle by the bzz! whirr! of an electric iron. They declared it was like trying to sleep with a telephone receiver at one's ear and a nickel-in-the-slot subscriber banging at the hook.

#### Didn't Mean to Violate Rules

So Mine Host sent around notices that guests unlawfully attaching electric irons to the fixtures made him liable to a fine for not having a laundry license. The lady whose nocturnal energy was expended on an electric iron in an effort to subdue her laundry bills

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was very indignant at first, but she now laughingly declares that the electric iron never hissed above a whisper and that the complaint was really a piece of spite work because she had refused to give a social lift to the complainants. She says she didn't know it was against all rules and regulations and she isn't a bit ashamed of doing an amateur laundress stunt in these hold-up days.

### They All Do It

Since hearing the above story I have learned that almost all society women who are not cousin-germane to Croesus travel with a small electric iron in their suit cases. Of course its against the law to use them in hotels, but that's a small matter to most women compared to the convenience of being able to press the creases out of travel mused finery. In a great many country homes where a laundry is not provided for the convenience of the guests the electric iron is all that stands between a girl and wrinkles. There are a number of society girls who pride themselves on their dexterity and proudly announce that they do up all their own French blouses.

### A Society Vocalist on the Stage

Another San Franciscan has taken to the stage. This time it is Edward Montgomery, well known in society. He is one of the members of the talented Montgomery family whose coon song and cake walks used to be a feature of the Doctors Daughters' benefit performances. Dennis O'Sullivan and Blanche Bates urged the talented trio to go on the stage, but Owen and Edna preferred married life. Edward Montgomery and his friend Sherril Schell started on a European trip a year ago, and in Paris the former began his vocal studies. I hear that it was on the advice of Bessie Abbott, the opera singer, that he decided to enter the profession. He has met with considerable success in "Captain Jinks," "Old Heidelberg" and "Brother Officers." In Paris he sang in the salons of Lady Lange and the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, who was Mattie Mitchell of Portland. He used to sing in this city for Mrs. Horace Hill and Mrs. J. E. Tucker.

### For the Coolbrith Fund

George Wharton James, writer and lecturer returned to Del Monte on Friday of last week and on Sunday evening gave a talk at Carmel-by-the-Sea, in aid of the Coolbrith fund. Mr. James has with him several handsome autographed photographs of Mark Twain, which are to be sold for the benefit of the fund. Many authors of note have presented copies of their works in which they have written inscriptions, which add greatly to their value. Copies of Miss Coolbrith's poems have been exquisitely bound in full or three-quarter crushed Levant with inlaid flowers and gilt ornaments in the highest style of book-binder's art. Every binding is in an original design

and no two are alike. All of these are to be sold for the benefit of the fund that is being raised to provide the Californian poetess with a home, in lieu of the one that she lost last year in the San Francisco disaster.

### On The Clock Green

The Ladies' Putting Contest on the Del Monte Clock Green last week brought out five competitors in pretty summer dresses. The winner was Miss E. A. W. Morgan with a score of 22-24; total 46 for two rounds of the clock. Mrs. R. M. Loeser and Mrs. H. R. Warner tied for second place with scores of 24-24; total 48 each. Miss Bourne's score was 29-30; total 59. Miss Morgan won a Ladies' Putter as a prize.

### Broncho-Busting Into Literature

It certainly seems as though the "college woman" is outstripping even the actress in her race for notoriety. Hardly a week goes by now-a-days without a full-cut portrait in the papers with glaring headlines of some "College Girl Who Works Her Way Around the World," "College Woman Marries Her Oriental Pupil," "Co-ed Turns Foot-Pad," or other thrilling tale. The latest college girl to leave the beaten path is preparing to startle the world by means of the pen. This fact in itself is not so unusual but the manner of doing dips into the wildly weird territory where gasps go off like steam geysers. Miss Sophie Treadwell, who graduated from the University of California a few years ago found teaching in a district school in the mountains quite too tame for her college bred fancy. So, according to reports, she is to break bronchos on a Modoc County Ranch, and if the broncho-breaking does not prove neck-breaking, she will write of her experiences for Eastern magazines. It is true that Eleanor Gates did not follow the plow before writing "The Plowwoman," but there are ways and ways. The literary field offers a new excursion for Miss Treadwell, and surely throwing the lasso is more exhilarating than wielding the rod in a country school-room. Some time ago it was whispered that Miss Treadwell and Miss Isabel McReynolds, who was recently divorced from her society in Berkeley for reasons unknown to the college world, were collaborating on a story. The subject matter was kept a deep and dark mystery, but thus far the public has seen no evidence of the combined efforts. Those who knew Miss Treadwell in college, remember her, however, as cut after a somewhat different pattern from the majority of her college mates. For some years she registered for all jurisprudence courses, and only a short time before her graduation, did she give up her intention of becoming a lawyer.

Adele—Did you say that Belle is sorry that she spent so much money on her wedding?

Ethel—Yes; she hasn't any left for her divorce.

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This is the Stevens-Duryea Big Six that won the fifty mile race and the Del Monte Cup at the races at Del Monte July 4th, and incidentally made a world's record for touring cars. California is never behind when it comes to high class sports and in the making of records—the world has to look to California for the “new ones” or at least some of them. And our own Del Monte is not behind in fostering these world attractions. It was a beautiful and expensive silver cup that Del Monte put up for this race, and Mr. A. B. Costigan proudly says “isn't it a dandy.” The occupants of the Big Six Stevens shown above are A. B. Costigan of the Pacific Motor Car Co., distributors of the Stevens-Duryea,—in the front seat beside him is C. E. Mathewson the “get there” representative of the Diamond Tire—in the Tonneau are J. S. Bogart and E. S. de Wolfe, an imperial hotel magnate.



# Stage

## Sudermann's Latest Drama

"The Flower Boat" is the name of the latest Sudermann drama. It is said to be quite as powerful a play as his "Magda" and more candid in its treatment of a delicate topic than his "Joy of Living." It mercilessly holds up the mirror to the German Nineveh—Berlin. Brutally, fearlessly, the greatest of German dramatists excepting Hauptmann dissects the shallow philosophy based on Nietzsche which is an absorbing topic of controversy in Germany, and those who most ardently uphold him are perhaps those who, like the chief characters of this play, least understand the true significance of his theories. "The Flower Boat" may be regarded as Sudermann's contribution to the Nietzsche controversy. He presents in it the spectacle of a mother who, deeming herself a "super-woman" in the pseudo-Nietzschean sense, desires to pass pleasantly through life as in a "flower boat" in the garlands of which the serpents, not of a great passion, but of amorous dalliance, writhe and wriggle shamelessly and unchecked. Like a festering sore the ideas of this elegant wanton have poisoned the atmosphere around her and infected her daughters. But in their hearts there slumbers a spark of the ultimate passion of decency and we see—but not before their lives have been shaken to the very roots—a glimpse of salvation. This is the one positive note in the play. It is symbolic of Germany, mad modern literary Germany, finding herself once more and restoring the fallen household gods to their altars.

The first act introduces us to the salon of a refined voluptuary, the Baroness Erfflingen, widowed daughter-in-law of the founder of a great commercial house.

Her husband has committed suicide, and she has married a convenient nonentity to whom she owes her title. Her daughter, Raffaella, has married Brose-mann, a stern and simple man whom she derides as a philistine, and who is the actual head of the firm that conducts the affairs of the house in the name of its founder, now in his dotage. The second daughter, Thea, the heroine of the play, is about to be married to a young count of orthodox views whose narrowness she detests. A family council has been appointed to discuss the marriage. Before that even there is a conversation between the two sisters which throws a light on the mode of thought of fashionable Berlin:

Thea (with an innocent air): Tell me, sweetie, I was going to ask you this question long ago—why don't you take a lover?

Raffaella (lets the flowers drop and looks around timidly): Thea! For God's sake!

Thea: I have been observing you now for a whole year. You laugh, you cry, your lips are feverishly warm. Now it is this one, now that one who interests you. I always keep thinking: When will something happen? But nothing happens. Tell me now, it cannot be that you are so utterly devoid of talent?

Raffaella: Dear Thea, I forbid you to speak in this manner to me.



FRANK BACON

At the Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.



EZRA KENDALL

Who will appear in "Swell Elegant Jones" at the Van Ness Theatre commencing Sunday night.

Thea: My dear, my sweet sister, I am not a child any more. We poor things, if we do not mutually trust and confide in one another—

Raffaella: Yes, yes, dear; but believe me, you are quite mistaken, it is a false picture you are creating.

Thea: As regards details—yes. That is natural. But I won't allow myself to be blinded. I see everything, the entire mechanism. All the world is a market for lovers, the end of all things—intoxication, life, the exercise of the imagination—everything, in a word, is the lover. For whom are we beautiful? For the lover. Why do we strive for individuality and independence? In order to hold ourselves inwardly free for the lover.

Raffaella: Oh, if mamma heard you?

Thea: Ha, ha! It is from her that I get all this wisdom.

Raffaella (shocked): From mother?

Thea: Of course she never said it to me. Such things are as a rule not said. But, dear, it is the atmosphere, the atmosphere that one must breathe, and the atmosphere around mother was always that—

Raffaella: I, in your position, would respect her gray hair.

Thea: So I do! Mother is a superb woman, the grandest woman I know. Mother laughs, and everybody and everything is at her feet. Mother need but lift her hand. She is a goddess. That is why she was able to live the life she did.

Raffaella: But you were a child then. You did not understand anything.

Thea: No. At that time I only used to wonder why it is that little girls are invariably sent away when a handsome uncle calls. But—

Raffaella: Thea! Thea! I do not want to. Don't speak. I know it.

Thea: So you know it also? You are not so stupid after all?

Raffaella (with tears): It was not that way; not exactly so. You must not always think the worst.

Thea: Deary, lovey, don't cry. I cannot see you cry. I don't mean to reproach her at all. I think it was her full right, and I will act likewise.

Raffaella: For God's sake child! It is a crime against yourself to speak like that on the day of your engagement.

Thea: Yes, you were good and pious. God knows! But what is the use? At last the voice of the blood speaks.

Raffaella: No, it does not, it must not, it ought not. I love Leopold. He is my husband and I love him.

Thea: And think of your lion-hunter day and night.

Raffaella: That is not—

Thea: Don't fight against it. It catches you all. It will catch me some day also. . . .

### The Unique Kendall

With a laugh in every line, says the advance agent, a company of excellent players and a production which has received most favorable comment in Chicago and other big Eastern cities Ezra Kendall comes to the Van Ness Theatre on Sunday night, July 21st, for a two weeks engagement in his great fun show "Swell Elegant Jones." Ezra Kendall alone (it is still the press agent talking) has always given the theatre going public an evening of uproarious laughter, amusing anecdotes, and witty epigrams which added to his unique and mirth compelling personality have made him one of the foremost of theatrical stars. He comes

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to the Van Ness with a three act play which was acclaimed (still the press agent) wherever he appeared last season as the best medium for the exploitation of Mr. Kendall's talents he has ever had and there is no doubt that his success elsewhere will be repeated here. The scenes of the play are laid in Southern Indiana and the characters are the humorous types always to be found in a small bucolic village. Mr. Kendall will deliver his famous monologue "My Face Slipped Out of My Hand" during the second act and if there is any San Francisco theatre goer who can sit through this recital of the woes of the sleeping car traveler without roars of laughter he or she will be awarded a prize by Harry Askin & Co., Mr. Kendall's managers.

#### Kelcey and Shannon

Madeline Lucette Ryley's funny comedy "A Coat of Many Colors" with Mr. Herbert Kelcey and Miss Effie Shannon in the leading roles, will be the attraction at the New Alcazar Theatre this coming week. A more complicated farce was never written. Its situations tumble over one another and are ridiculous to the extreme. Mr. Kelcey and Miss Shannon are meeting with great success at the Alcazar. The patrons of that theatre appreciate the fact that these two thespians are artists of the highest rank, and that their appearance at the head of our leading stock company marks an epoch in the history of local theatricals.

#### High Class Vaudeville

The week beginning this Sunday matinee will be a red letter one at the Orpheum for the bill to be presented there contains among its new acts, five of the very best in vaudeville, two of which are headliners of exceptional merit. James Neill and Edythe Chapman Neill, chief among the newcomers are old favorites who will be most cordially welcomed. Their contribution will consist of a one act comedy by Julian Street, entitled "The Lady Across the Hall." Mr. and Mrs. Neill will be assisted by Reginald Travers, a clever young San Franciscan who of late has been distinguishing himself in the East. The other headliners are Jesse L. Lasky's latest vaudeville success, "The Stunning Grenadiers," an elaborate production embracing four scenes, four complete changes of beautiful costume and many bewildering and novel effects. Although the entire production was made in London and Paris it is the result of some clever and original American ideas. It is headed by Meredith Meredro an American prima donna who was a great success in the London Music Halls. The remainder of the cast is composed of charming European girls and includes Maude Corbett, an English comedienne. The company also possesses an eccentric musical director who wields the baton a la Creatore with fanatic skill and vigor. Roberts, Hayes and Roberts will introduce their laughing comedy sketch, "The Cowboy, The Swell and The Lady." Billy Gaston and Ethel Green who were features of the Babes in Toyland and Wizard of Oz Companies will furnish a skit entitled, "Bits of Musical Comedy." Mr. Gaston is the author of "Gee But This Is a Lonesome Town," and other song successes. Both artists excel as comedians, singers and dancers. Les Tardy, two famous French equilibrists, will also make their first appearance. It will be the last week of Willard Simms & Co., Muller, Chun and Muller, and of Ben-



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jamin Chapin in his inimitable impersonation of Abraham Lincoln. There will be new motion pictures.

### Idora Park

The charming operatta "The Merry War" is drawing to Idora Park the usual large crowds and they find that the beautiful waltz and march melodies of the great Strauss are as captivating and seductive as ever. These typical Viennese melodies seem never to grow old. The company does exceptionally good work and special praise is due Miss Christine Nielsen, a young lady who has had only six or eight weeks' experience on the stage. She sings the difficult music of her role with the skill of a true artist, and displays exceptional histrionic talent. She is besides an extremely pretty girl not yet out of her teens. Edith Mason, Bernice Holmes, Tom Persse, Walter De Leon and Ferris Hartman are all at their very best, and Steindorff's chorus and orchestra deserve special mention. The new scenic railway is proving a great attraction and a "Barrel of Fun" is another addition to the Park that is pleasing the patrons. After the run of "The Merry War" we are promised a superb production of "The Geisha" with Wallace Brownlow, the eminent baritone, as Lieutenant Fairfax and Miss Goodwin, a new soubrette, as the French girl.

### In the Limelight

"The Prince Chap" follows Ezra Kendall at the Van Ness Theatre and will be played by Cyril Scott and the New York cast. This is one of the most charming plays of the decade and holds a particularly fine record in this country as well as abroad.

Ethel Barrymore will close her engagement at the Van Ness Theatre with the performances on Saturday afternoon and night. The Friday and Saturday night performance as well as the Saturday matinee will have as an additional feature the one act play of "Carrotts."

Mme. Galski will sing several new roles during the season at the Metropolitan Opera House this winter. Conried has the exclusive rights to her services for the next three years, but has consented to her appearing at a few concerts previous to the opening of the New York season. So we shall hear the great artist while her voice is at its very best and before it has been subjected to the hard work of a New York opera season.

Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin, for purposes of the tour of "The Great Divide" next season, will retain the same company, with one minor exception, which aided in the extraordinary success of the William Vaughn Moody drama at the Princess Theatre, New York, last year. Mrs. Thomas Whiffen and Laura Hope Crews will again be the chief feminine support while the masculine roster will include Charles Wynn-gate, Charles Gotthold, William J. Butler, Arnold Wilbur, Henry B. Walthall, Bertram Harrison and Nolan Gagne. Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin will renew their New York run in "The Great Divide" at Daly's Theatre on August 26th and will go on tour about mid-autumn, playing in all the principal cities from Boston to Kansas City between that time and March, after which a trip to the Pacific Coast and the Pacific Northwest will be made.

Alla Nazimova will appear in an American play by an American author next season. This is Risgeley Torrenie's "The Madstone," which Henry Miller, the

beautiful Russian actress' manager, considers another "The Great Divide" in point of originality, strength and dramatic intensity. Nazimova's chief Ibsen revival will be "The Master Builder," though of course she will repeat her wonderful performances in "A Doll's House" and "Hedda Gabler."

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SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 19, 1906.

TO THE PUBLIC: This is to certify that Dr. Wong Him has cured me of lung and stomach trouble, from which I had suffered for many years. I tried many doctors, but they failed to cure me. I consulted Dr. Wong Him, and after taking his Herb Medicine for six months am now permanently cured. I wish to recommend him to the public as an efficient and skillful physician.

CHARLES BAEHR,  
632 Lyon street, San Francisco, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1907.

TO THE PUBLIC: I had a very severe case of Throat Trouble and general breakdown. Did not sleep or eat for eight days. After trying every remedy I heard of without success, I called on Dr. Wong Him, 1268 O'Farrell street, who by feeling my pulse correctly diagnosed my case. His remedies gave me immediate relief. Cannot say too much in favor of his teas.

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# The Summer Resorts

## HOTEL VENDOME.

The following registered at the Hotel Vendome during the past week: From San Francisco, Mrs. Marshal Hale, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hanford and party, Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Skaife, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Middleton, Walter Morris, Miss M. McGovern, Mr. and Mrs. A. Meyerfeld, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Scott, Geo. Stone, Isaac W. Upham, Mr. and Mrs. L. Levy, Fred S. Shoup, E. N. Pearson, B. H. Dibbler, B. P. Seaught, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss, Miss Lehenthal, Miss Sloss, Master Louis Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. Henry I. Wiel, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lesser and baby, I. W. Kingman; from Oakland, Mrs. W. H. Flagg, E. F. Adams, Anna Clooney, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Ellason, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Gray, G. H. Gray, Mrs. Mary Mikel, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Marwell, Miss Madden.

## TAHOE TAVERN.

Recent arrivals at Tahoe Tavern, Lake Tahoe, Cal: From San Francisco, Dr. W. H. Mayhew, Mrs. R. B. Wallace, Bradley Wallace, Jno. J. Mahony, Miss Mary Mahony, Miss Nellie Mahony, Miss Kate Curry, Miss Maggie Curry, Mrs. Chas. P. Lincoln, Mildred Lincoln, Mr. Chas. S. Fee and daughter, J. D. Landecker and wife, C. O. Bovier and wife, D. H. Jacobi, B. J. Hirsch, Miss Redoock, Frank Hoyt and family, Mr. E. H. Sellar and wife, J. F. Jewel, Miss Susan Martin, Mrs. A. Martin, D. A. Beardslee, Mrs. P. G. Wicher-sham, A. Ware Norman and wife, Mrs. W. H. Pratt, Mrs. O. M. Locke, Miss L. M. Spooner, S. W. Heller and family, Miss F. Stearns and maid, Mrs. J. Goldberg, Miss Kena Goldberg, Zelda Goldberg; from Oakland, Mrs. Miles Standish, H. C. Brougner and wife, Dr. F. L. Sanborn and wife; from Berkeley, W. T. Phillips and wife, Soper and Sybil Phillips, M. Newmark, J. H. Bockre, J. Meyers, B. Shaw, Amelia Newmark, H. Quagle.

## HOTEL DEL MONTE.

Among the San Franciscans who registered at Del Monte the past week were Mary Corbet, Helen Corbet, William Watts Kerr, Leslie Rand, Mrs. John D. Mansfield, Martin Burell and Mrs. Burell, Mrs. W. Watts Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Griffiths, Helen Hodgkiss, Miss Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Morrison, Miss W. W. Wiggin, Miss Jessie Wiggin, Miss Carrie Wiggin, Amos Burr, H. D. Schumaker and Mrs. Schumaker, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Hooker, John Weismann, Mrs. John Weismann, Miss Lucy Allyne, J. M. N. Nuttall, Miss Butler, Miss Genevieve Butler, Miss Alice Butler.

## SODA BAY SPRINGS

Recent arrivals at Soda Bay Springs: From San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Breyer, Geo. Hewlett and wife, Mrs. H. Hanson, E. W. Waterhouse, Mrs. E. W. Waterhouse, W. L. Hughson, Helen Hughson, Mrs. W. L. Hughson, George Hughson, Sollie Aronson, Sylvian Davis, Geo. D. Cohn, Jerry Regner, E. A. Lodge and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Brown, Dr. Paul Visemen, F. W. Fanon, C. H. Kendricks, Mrs. C. T. Brown, Miss Blanche Davis, Miss Grace Davis, Miss Lola Davis, F. A. Booth, H. D. Havens, J. M. McCauley, Mr. and Mrs. Smith O'Brien, W. H. Thermann and family, J. B. McGutee, Dan Leohry, Agnes Hanlon, Kathrine Hanlon, Mr. and Mrs. J. Peckerman, Miss Sallie Livingston, Eddie Cohen, Mrs. Evelyn McLaughlin, J. H. Handy, Mrs. Handy, Nettie C. Stinges, W. W. Kemp; from Oakland, L. W. Blake and wife, G. J. W. Stark, Mrs. Stark, Misses Ruth and Beth Stark, S. H. Dunbar, Ezra Barnett, A. F. Baumgartner, Mrs. A. F. Baumgartner, Helen Humphrey.

## NAPA SODA SPRINGS.

Arrivals from San Francisco: Mrs. W. A. Wise, Master Elmer S. Wise, Mr. Charles Benson, A. P. Happ, David L. Levy, Mrs. Robt. Reinhard, Master Robt. Reinhard, Mr. and Mrs. Max Levy, Mrs. H. Friendlander, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Jarvis, Mrs. R. R. Lewis, Mr. S. Nathan, Henry Liebert, Mr. Morris Levy, Pauline Liebert; Oakland, Mr. J. Blumenthal and wife, Master E. Schulhoefer.

## PACIFIC GROVE HOTEL.

The following is a list of the arrivals at Pacific Grove Hotel (formerly El Carmelo) for the past week: From San Francisco, I. Fried and wife, Miss Wade, Misses Brunner, Mrs. A. E. Brune and son, S. J. Churchill, Daniel F. Keefe and son, Mr. and Mrs. Burrell G. White and child, Mrs. Arnold and maid, S. Simpson, Max L. Rosenfeld, Wm. C. Murdock, W. H. King, Harry Williams, Nathan Tibbitts, James J. Black, Lawrence K. Wilson and wife, Mrs. E. F. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Erlin, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Ruppel, Calvin C. Erb and wife, Geo. Arbuckle, I. M. Green and wife, T. H. Smith, Cal Meenen, W. H. Moise and wife, I. A. Henner; from Oakland, F. B. Fagul and wife, W. B. Fagul and wife, Ralph E. Fox, Mrs. Helen S. Kelly, Miss Effie Scott Vance, Geo. B. Root and wife, Geo. H. Easton and wife, Russe P. Easton, Anna J. Easton, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Fisher, John A. Beckwith, Richard H. Gray, Geo. C. Shipman, Miss Breeling, L. S. Church, wife and daughter, Mrs. Carl A. Bachelidor and son, Mrs. F. M. Hurd, Miss Charlotte Hurd, Miss C. L. Playton and niece, Marguerite Martin.



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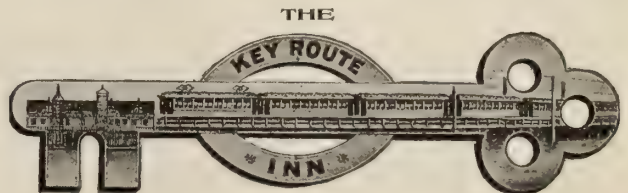
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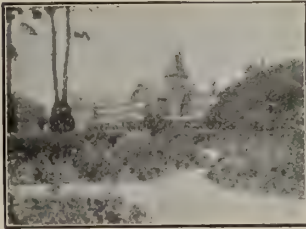
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## The Return of Shan

(Continued from Page 8.)

the Massereens women were of no account; she felt herself only to be an incumbrance. That heightened Shan's glory in her eyes. He was immortally young and romantic, he had known the "world." Its glamour was on him. An ageless romance is no bad companion, it was Fiona's. Shan dominated her life as secretly and completely as he dominated his mother's, but neither woman spoke of him. Fiona only knew the anniversaries in his life by the concentrated gloom on her grand-aunt's face.

This very day was Shan's birthday, and Fiona had resolved to visit his grave. As she turned the corner of the road she met—not a banshee—but Mad Andy, who came singing towards her. His vacant eyes stared before him, his cracked voice thrilled out sentiments as rebellious as they were childish. He passed Fiona still singing. A yard behind her he paused and flung a statement over his shoulder.

"I'm afther seein' Misther Shan," he announced.

Fiona wheeled round.

"What Mr. Shan?" she asked eagerly.

"There niver was but the one Misther Shan, an' he lived beyant." Andy waved an arm towards the Red House. Then with the peculiar cunning of the short-witted in his eyes, he exhibited to Fiona a florin held tightly between his teeth.

"'Twas himself gave it me for the reminbrance of old times," he added.

Then fearful for his possession he resumed his road and his song.

Fiona was puzzled. She knew that in Andy's brain past and present gleamed alternately like the colors of shot silk. Some kind stranger had recalled the memory of the open-handed Shan. She turned down a lane and went by an old gate into the Abbey grounds. The dead leaves whirled about her as she approached the ruined church, which, among its hollies and fir trees, looked like some chapel perilous set in a wild land.

The tiny churchyard was disused, but the graves of the Massereens were there among ground ivy and woodsorrel and plants that crept into the crannies of stonework. There was no cross over Shan, for his father had deemed a block of granite a more befitting memorial for the dead. He would have resorted in his blind bigotry to a heathen memorial rather than a cross. So on a block of smooth granite was recorded the name—"John Massereen," and the date, and then the lines—

"O Paradise, O Paradise,

I greatly long to see

The special place my dearest Lord

In love prepares for me."

Unfortunately Shan had never displayed any such longing or any celestial anxiety whatsoever.

Behind Shan's head was a wild valley and then the Wicklow mountains, dark against a stormy sky. A low red glow sent gleams amongst the tree trunks. The hour was enchanted.

Fiona knelt by the grave, her face buried in her hands. Her grand-uncle slept too profoundly under a marble urn to tell her not to pray for the dead, so she prayed for Shan vaguely, almost wordlessly. When she looked up her eyes met the eyes of a man who was sitting on the wall with his back to the



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mountains and his feet on the granite block. His figure was outlined against the dim light.

"Were you praying for him?" he asked abruptly.

Fiona could scarcely find her voice. She swallowed nervously.

"Yes," she said at last.

"I wonder why," he answered.

"Because," said Fiona, "because I love him. This is his birthday, I—I had to come."

She paused shyly, though her eyes said that there was more unexpressed.

"But you cannot have known him," said the stranger, "you must be very young."

"I am nineteen," this with absolute frankness.

"Do young girls generally remember the dead who have lain in their graves for twenty years?" he asked.

Fiona still knelt, her hands unconsciously clasped.

"Ah, but with Cousin Shan it is different," she said; "he—he seems to be always with me. He is so real that I think I know him better almost than Aunt Matilda. I do not think on a night like this he could sleep quietly. I think he would wake up to follow the wind, and to see the mountains. Don't you—don't you think so?"

He turned away from her, his face silhouetted against the dim light. There was a silhouette of Shan at the Red House. The two profiles were identical. Fiona saw this, and an excitement far deeper than terror made her shiver.

"You are right, Cousin Fiona," he said slowly. "No one could stay in his grave on such a night. The wildness of it would wake the dead. Has Heaven anything like it do you think? These swaying trees, the wet smell of the world, the mountains there, the dusk. Oh! dear God, it's good, it's good. A man couldn't lie still to-night—I couldn't."

Fiona rose, the last gleam rested on her excited elfish little face.

"Oh, Shan, I knew you would come sometime," she cried.

The man turned towards her quickly, but she could not see his expression. She went on speaking very quickly and eagerly.

"Shan, I have waited for you to come so long; I've had to pretend you were there—but I knew you were. Aunt Matilda is kind, but she is so old and grave, they all are—Anne and Thomas and Mrs. Redman; but I felt you would understand. Do you remember when I found the flycatcher's nest in the garden? I hoped you'd see. And when Aunt Matilda locked me into the china cupboard, and I cried so, I thought you came and whispered at the keyhole. Shan, I never was lonely because you were there, you were always young and kind, and you understood. Oh! I wish you could stay with us. I thought you'd be here to-night; everything said you would. But are you really truly," her voice shook, "really Shan?"

"My name is Shan Massereen," he answered.

Fiona trembled. She was giddy with excitement. The raindrops pattered on her old hat and against her flushed cheeks.

"You must go home," said Shan, then he laughed. "We don't mind rain, you and I, Fiona? But it's getting very dark. If I tell you to go home, will you?"

"Yes—but—Oh! Shall I never see you again?"

"If you come here at sunrise I will be here."

"Sunrise?"

"Yes, will you come?"

"Oh, of course."

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"Why are you not frightened?" he asked suddenly.

"Because I love you, Shan."

"Ah! Well I will be here because I love you, Fiona."

She turned and left him; a dripping, obedient little figure she passed into the darkness of the trees, through the wild wind and beating rain.

\* \* \* \* \*

The leaves of the arbutus and the holly trees glistened, as Fiona, in the strange glow of an autumn morning, ran down the Glenroy road. She ran, because the sky was rose and gold, and a wind blew out from the sunrise. The whole world shone with the first ethereal glory of dawn. The leaves rustled round her feet. At the Abbey gate she paused for a moment. Then (it was well for Mr. Massereen that he did not see his grand-niece!) she made the sign of the cross.

She walked over the grass more slowly, at the corner by the holly trees she looked towards the mountains and the ivy-covered low wall. Shan was sitting there, the light upon his young sun-burnt face and his rough brown hair. His hat lay on the ground, and he sang to himself. Fiona stood quite still, and he looked up and saw her among the hollies.

He rose and came towards her. He sang as he came, and the morning was like him and he like the morning. Fiona gazing at him with wide startled eyes knew that he was no ghost, but the living young embodiment of Shan. She did not question him. Their eyes met, and he smiled and kissed her. They looked at the mountains and the wild valley. Then they knelt hand in hand by the grave of the elder Shan, the father of the one, the cousin of the other.

Mad Andy met them at the turn of the road, and gave them a bow which was worthy of an imperial court.

"'Tis Mither Shan," he said, and laughed; then he muttered "He's put the comether on Miss Fiona," and turned to stare at her. For the morning was with Fiona, in her eyes and in her heart.

When they reached the Red House Mrs. Massereen had long been up. She was in the library reading some ancient book of sermons. To her it was but "words, words, words," for her son came between her and the book, so that she could only see him or try to see him, for the moment her mind tried to conjure up his face it eluded her. She tried to hear his voice, but she could not. Her whole being was rigid in this effort after concentration. When the attainment came she thought her fancy was cheating her with a noble deception. For she heard Shan's voice in the hall and his step on the threshold.

Then she knew that her wild prayers were answered and that he had returned. For a second as her dazzled eyes rested on him she believed her own fancy.

"My son, my son!"

But she was Shan's mother, and she knew that this was not her boy, but someone who was like him, yet unlike.

She stood and waited, and he came to her and kissed her hands.

"You are my grandmother," he said, "I am Shan's son. I have come to look for my own people. This is my father's land. Will you not kiss me?"

She put her arms about him.

"What is your name?"

"Shan Massereen," he said.

Then Mrs. Massereen knew that the world had changed, for Shan had returned.

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#### ORDER

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Application of }  
Bay Shore Electrical Construction } No. 10,770—Dept. 11.  
Company, a Corporation, for a }  
Change of Name.

Upon reading and filing the application of the Bay Shore Electrical Construction Company, a corporation, to change the name of the said corporation to BAY SHORE MACHINE AND ELECTRICAL WORKS,

It is hereby ORDERED that the hearing of the said application be, and the same is hereby, set for Thursday, the 22nd day of August, 1907, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court Room, Department No. 11, of said Superior Court, in Temple Israel, in the City and County of San Francisco, and that all persons interested in said matter appear before the said Superior Court at the said time and place, to show cause why the said application should not be granted; and

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation published in this City and County.

Dated July 12th, 1907.

WILLIAM P. LAWLOR,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

J. W. HENDERSON,  
Attorney for Applicant,  
1130 McAllister St.

#### SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Department No. 10.

WILLIAM ABBOTT,

Plaintiff,

VS.

All Persons Claiming Any Interest In, or  
Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein  
Described or Any Part Thereof,  
Defendants.

Action No. 2201.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William Abbott, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Hanover street, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-two (222) feet and six (6) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Lowell street (formerly Humboldt street), running thence southwesterly and along the northwesterly line of Hanover street forty-four (44) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly two hundred and thirteen (213) feet; thence at right angles northwesterly forty-four (44) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly two hundred and thirteen (213) feet to the northwesterly line of Hanover street, and the point of commencement.

Being part of lot number 94 of Westend Homestead Association, as per Map thereof filed March 26, 1863, in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit: That it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 27th day of June, A. D. 1907.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

#### MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk, a newspaper, on the 20th day of July, A. D. 1907.

#### MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES.

ADDRESS.

W. D. Flinn, 513 Buchanan street, San Francisco, California.

R. L. SIMPSON AND M. M. MILLER,  
34 Ellis street, San Francisco.

Attorneys for Plaintiff.



## Letters

### "The Long Road"

There is abundant evidence that the writers of fiction have begun to discover other themes to occupy their pens than the momentous question whether they shall devote their attention to the problem of two women and one man, and the consequent comedy, or whether it shall be two men and one woman, and tragedy; whether their lovers shall marry in the first chapter and tire of each other on the rest of the journey, or whether they shall yearn through four hundred pages of print and finally come together under a shower of rice. "The Long Road" is unique in more respects than one. It is a tragedy without gloom, a story of Russia which relates neither the intrigues of the society of the capital, the conspiracies of the Nihilists nor the persecutions of the peasantry; a tale of exile in which convict chains and cruel Cossacks are left out, a narrative so simply set forth that it might easily be taken for one of the primitive legends of the country. Ivan Illne was a prosperous blacksmith in Kazan, one of the Volga provinces. The resources of Siberia had but newly been discovered. Men were needed to develop them. Ivan had been given a present of snuff by a trader for whom he made repairs. Ivan took snuff—what more do we want? He was exiled to Irkutsk, and for more than a year he was on his way, he and his wife and his little nine-year-old Stepan, walking the dreary miles to the place of his assignment. Ivan learned wisdom and made no complaint. To whom should he lament, and why? He set himself up in business once more, and his trade prospered. His boy lived and grew and worked at the forge beside him, and the fame of Illne traveled far, as that of a good workman. Dolgourof, the governor of the province, held his reins lightly and there was peace and prosperity at home, albeit the contributions to the Imperial treasury were small. But Dolgourof went the way of all mortal men, and in his place came Paschkin, a hard man, a relative of the empress, and one whose eyes were not blinded to his own further advancement. Speedily he signalled out the Illnes, father and son, but the apparent honors they knew only too well how to estimate. Ivan Illne was made a member of the governor's council, which meant simply that by the law providing for the existence of such a body, certain men were selected to sit patiently and silently, if they could, and assent to what they could by no means prevent. Both father and son were made the instruments of the oppression of others. Being Russians and already in exile, how could they escape their fate and still live? A convoy from one of the silver mines was late. The roads were virtually impassible, but it mattered not to Paschkin. Ivan was sent as an envoy to discover the cause of the delay, and to bring back the heads of those who were to blame. Between two stages of his journey, man, horses and attendants disappeared. None were ever seen again, but the governor hanged the two men in charge of the belated convoy, probably as an example to the bad roads. In his journey of exile the little Stepan had one adventure which he never forgot. The exiles were unprovided with food or other comforts. They trudged wearily through heat and cold, mud and rain, and depended on what they could beg from the villagers for their subsistence, and as the little Stepan's short legs were soon tired, the family party of three was generally at the end of the procession and often too late to obtain even a crust at the end of the long day. One evening, when this had been their hard experience, and the little boy was caked with mud from head to foot, a tiny girl, taking compassion on him, thrust into his hand her own supper cake, and the vision of her golden curls from under her little cap, as she stood between her parents in the doorway, and the name they called her, "little Katenka," never left his memory. What the name of the village was,

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## Robert B. McMillan

Attorney-at-Law

1101 O'FARRELL ST.

S. W. COR. FRANKLIN

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Telephone: Page 81

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whether far or near, the name or the station of her parents, and whether she were living or dead he did not know and had no means of learning, yet "little Katenka" kept all the other maidens out of Stepan's mind, and though his good mother longed to see him married and settled, he could find himself in no mood for it. It was the one good thing that Paschkin did for the Illines when he sent Stepan virtually to sieze two handsome black horses he had seen on the steppe, and there at the end of the expedition, was little Katenka, grown up, Katia, now and with her own recollections of the "little mud boy" who had excited her infant compassion. Stepan, guided by the counsel and example of his father, was careful not to make himself conspicuous. He was prosperous, but not too prosperous; he lived well, but not too well, and he studiously affected a degree of stupidity which left him unmolested. It was after the good Ivan's disappearance, when he and Katia were married, and there was a little Katia, just old enough to run about and prattle intelligibly, that the second bolt fell. The governor's sleigh had met with an accident, and coming to the nearest shop for repairs, he happened on the master instructing one of his men in a manner which showed his quality. It was enough. Stepan was drafted into the council, like his father before him, and in time, sent on an expedition precisely like that in which Ivan had been lost. Stepan was not drowned, however. Scarcely had he set forth when a messenger was sent, with information about the roads which had been withheld from him, to reach Verinsk before Stepan could make the journey. This express messenger carried a decree of banishment. Stepan Illine was privileged to travel in any part of Siberia save the province of Irkutsk, but on no consideration was he to be allowed to rest more than ten days in one place. His business, his wife and child, all his interests were in Irkutsk, across whose borders he must not step. He was a blacksmith and iron worker, yet, how could he set up a forge or obtain employment as a journeyman if he must forever move on? How could he even dispose of his interests or make any provision for those dependent upon him? The real story of Stepan Illine begins with this exile within exile, with the manner of which he enabled himself to re-establish a domestic life with his wife, Katia, his little Katenka, and the newly added baby Stepan, and his friend, the old Jew trader, Peter Korp, and the vicissitudes of "the long road" with its heart-breaking tragedies. The extraordinary decree by which Stepan was made a wanderer on the face of the earth to satisfy an arbitrary spite is vouched for as a historical fact. The crass stupidity of police officials who executed their instructions to the letter under the most trying circumstances would be unthinkable outside of Russia. Even after the death of Paschkin there was no release, for it was no one's business to revoke the decree. It is a singularly moving story. The figure of Stepan Illine is one which will live in the memory long after the pinchbeck heroes of pseudo-historical romances and problem novels have faded out. The merciless exactions of a tyrannical governor exercised in this way against a harmless man, and his helpless family are a mightier arraignment than all the blood spilled in the newspapers, all the tales of Nihilistic terrors, all the accounts of student circles broken up and military incompetence. The author, John Oxenham, has given us nothing before from which "The Long Road" could have been predicted. It stands out from the ruck of books like a finely executed statue amongst a heap of stones. Published by the Macmillan Company.

—The Bookworm.

#### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE ITALIAN-AMERICAN BANK, 518 Montgomery street, corner Commercial, has declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1907, at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.

A. E. SBARBORO, Cashier.

A. SBARBORO, President.

H. L. DAVIS

W. D. FENNIMORE

J. W. DAVIS



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Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1907..... 38,156,931.28

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#### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO., corner California and Montgomery streets. For the six months ending June 30, 1907, a dividend has been declared on all deposits in the savings department of this company at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1907. The same rate of interest will be paid by our branch offices, located at 1531 Devisadero street, 2572 Mission street, 1740 Fillmore street, and 19th and Minnesota streets. Dividends not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1, 1907.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

#### ORDER

AND NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE SET FOR HEARING VERIFIED PETITION, ON APPLICATION OF THOMAS HIGGINSON FOR CONVEYANCE OF REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Estate of / No. 3750—Dept. 10.  
W. E. SHEPMAN, Deceased. /

A verified petition of Thomas Higginson having been heretofore filed in this court on the 16th day of July, 1907, for the conveyance of real estate by Amelia Shepman as Administratrix of the Estate of W. E. Shepman, deceased, it is hereby ordered that said petition be set for hearing on the 26th day of August, 1907, at 10 o'clock of that day at the Court Room of Department No. 10 of said Court at Temple Israel on the northeast corner of California and Webster streets, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of said verified petition, and of this order and notice, be served personally upon Amelia Shepman, Administratrix herein, and this notice be published for four successive weeks, before such hearing, so set as aforesaid, in Town Talk, a newspaper published weekly in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

This order is made pursuant to Section 1598 of the Code of Civil Procedure.

Dated July 16th, 1907.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

J. E. CARNE,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
1209 Market Street.

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# TOWN TALK

VOL. XV. No. 778

San Francisco, July 27, 1907

Price, 10 Cents



AMONG THE FEATURES OF THE LAKE TAHOE COUNTRY ARE THE MOUNTAIN PINES. IT IS IN A GROVE OF THEM THAT THE BEAUTIFUL TAVERN IS SITUATED.



# TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by  
**TOWN TALK PUBLISHING COMPANY**

Theodore F. Bonnet ..... Editor  
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Ralph A. Grover ..... Manager of Advertising

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## Justice Juggled Beneficently

For the one signal achievement of the Graft Prosecution—the substitution of Poet Taylor for Fiddler Schmitz—the community is profoundly grateful. If in all else there should be failure, in that one glorious consummation there is ample compensation. It would be much more satisfactory if Mayor Taylor could read his title clear, but we need not oppress ourselves with apprehensions over the reinstatement of Mayor Schmitz. While there is a section of the code which makes a verdict of guilty unaffirmed by the Supreme Court insufficient to effect removal from office, Schmitz cannot regain undisputed power until he is granted a new trial. And though it is pretty generally believed in the legal profession that he is entitled to a new trial the courts are not going to be in any hurry to give him a hearing. Judge Dunne, who is more concerned about the immediate interests of the community than anything else, has put the settlement of the bill of exceptions off as long as possible, and the Court of Appeals, not having been inoculated against timidity, an emotion which the press has made infectious, is not inclined to accelerate matters. In this matter Judge Dunne has shown that whatever else he may be devoid of, he is not lacking in a sense of humor. He postponed the settlement of the bill of exceptions on the score of pressure of business, and set for an antecedent date the trial of Eugene Schmitz on a second charge. This is a refined species of juggling with justice which the people must appreciate since it is for their benefit. Judge Dunne either is not so dull witted as his enemies assert, or else he is being cunningly advised, for if the programme is carried out Schmitz may be convicted a second time before the Court of Appeals is able to settle the points raised on the first trial. In other words Judge Dunne will be at liberty to conduct the second trial along the lines of the first, and all the while we shall enjoy the felicity of a clean and honest administration of municipal affairs. This method of correcting abuses may be repugnant to sensitive souls with an acute instinct for the law, and they may rant against these perversions which at another time may be indulged against the immediate interests of the people, especially if the whole bench proves susceptible to intimidation, but this appears to be a time in which it is salutary to ignore conventions. To be sure there was a speedy legal remedy at hand for the removal of crooks from

office, but if that remedy had been invoked the governor of the state would have taken a hand in the straightening out of our affairs; and the governor is not in sympathy with labor unions. Besides an important desideratum was control of the political machine.

## The Day of Judgment

The carpers who are finding fault with our judiciary, censuring those that assiduously cultivate mob favor and railing at the ones who are yielding to intimidation while being defied to undo the work of the Prosecution, should reflect that the latter are perhaps sacrificing themselves for the public weal. Human affairs are as variable as the clouds of heaven. Another year may find us dispassionate, beyond the bitterness and hatreds of internal dissension and in a mood for taking stock of our judges. Perhaps we shall be assisted to a sound judgment by the comments of those Eastern experts who have been reviewing the Schmitz case from afar. Or perhaps some jurist of high degree, in reversing a nisi prius court, will write an entertaining disquisition on improper conduct, in language free from technical phrases, and with such precision and clearness as to be within the comprehension of the common people. Then we shall probably view expediency in a different light from that which now illumines our judgment. In his calm moments the average citizen is scrupulously jealous of the character of the justice dispensed in the land. No matter how eager he may be for the punishment of the guilty he has a very strong prejudice against the man who sits to judge after the law and who smites contrary to the law. Every man who regards the law as a buckler to shield and a sanctuary to save, admires the judge, who, in times of inflamed feelings, has the courage and the conscience to fling himself back upon great and fixed principles, and suffers not the slightest encroachments of injustice. "Why!" asked Sydney Smith, "do we pay our homage to the dispensers of justice? Because we all feel that there must be somewhere or other a check to human passions; because we all know the immense value and importance of men in whose placid equity and mediating wisdom we can trust in the worst of times; because we cannot cherish too strongly and express too plainly that reverence one feels for men who can rise up in the ship of state, and rebuke the storms of the mind and bid its angry passions be still." We have reason to expect our judges to be men of the type that compel profound respect for the bench, men who never lose sight of the fact that they are charged with the duty of protecting the constitutional rights of their fellows with the sacred weapons of the law, and who know that there can be no crisis or emergency in which public morals and interests may be best subserved by sweeping aside fixed principles of justice. And while we may applaud them for yielding to our justifiable prejudice, in our cooler moments we realize that they have been false to their own conscience, and that the crimes they have punished are but venial transgressions in comparison with their own iniquities.

## Playing to the Labor Gallery

Said Mayor Taylor upon his accession to office: "I abhor class distinction, class legislation, class administration. The law does not recognize it; our theory of government does not tolerate it; to no honest man can it appeal." Fine sentiments, and uttered with



the proverbial sincerity of a poet. But no sooner was Mayor Taylor inducted into office than the mouth pieces of the Administration proceeded to advise him respecting the pestiferous and spurious representatives of labor who were deemed eminently qualified to co-operate with him in the management of our city government. Evidently Mayor Taylor's assertion that he abhorred class distinction made no impression on them. They assumed that it was distinctly "gallery talk." For if Mayor Taylor abhorred class distinction, most repugnant to him would be the idea of elevating to office, receiving as a member of his official family, any man who has achieved the discreditable distinction of being a labor leader in San Francisco. There are many union men in San Francisco competent to assist Mayor Taylor in the administration of municipal affairs; many that might reflect credit on his Administration, but they are not among the professional agitators who have brought organized labor into disrepute by diffusing the sentiment that there must always be hostility between the employer and the employed, and by aiming at the subversion of government in the interest of unionism. These professional agitators typify class distinction. While there is no objection to giving labor representation in governmental affairs, nothing could be more glaringly inconsistent with an abhorrence of class distinction than an endorsement of any man who has assisted in the creation of the sentiment that it is to the interest of unionism that injustice should prevail when on the side of union workingmen. That is the sentiment that has been created in this city by the men who have candidly confessed that justice is on the side of Patrick Calhoun and at the same time insist that he must bow to the dictates of organized labor. No man who abhors class distinction or in whom civic patriotism is more intense than zeal for self interest will extend the hand of fellowship to any demagogue by whom union labor has been converted into a faction animated by a spirit hostile to the city's best interests, a spirit contracted in its views and viciously selfish in its objects, a spirit that looks to the aggrandizement of the few even to the destruction of the interests of the whole. It is notorious that in this city today a sentiment is being fostered in organized labor antagonistic to the principles of our government. It is notorious that because of this sentiment San Francisco is virtually unrepresented in the National Guard of the State. Opposition to the militia is based upon no other sentiment than that which is hostile to that function of the state in the exercise of which law is enforced and order maintained. It is distinctly an anarchistic sentiment; and in a large measure, responsibility for it rests on the shoulders of a coterie of ill-bred and illiterate foreigners, who have rewarded the generosity of this country in bestowing on them the elective franchise, by inspiring class hatred and seeking to destroy the institutions which they have sworn to protect. Why should these men be coddled? Why should they be propitiated? We shall be told that they represent a large element of the community that should have a voice in the management of public affairs. But this is merely a fiction long nourished by demagogues. No reason having its roots in any sound theory of government can be urged in support of the contention that because unionism embodies a certain amount of force it should participate in the affairs of government. Organized labor is obviously a trust animated by principles that are prejudicial to the peace and prosperity of the country and as obnoxious to the sense of patriotism as those of the most corrupt capitalistic

combine. It may be politic to recognize this revolutionary element that fosters demagogism, chicanery and distrust and that seeks by force and intimidation to make this a class government abounding in special privileges for unionism, but it is surely unjust, it is unquestionably hostile to the spirit of our constitution. Every man who abhors class distinction must revolt at the proposition to encourage the doing of politics by an organization which is responsible for the irreparable injury that has been done to this city and which, according to many Eastern authorities, has made it impossible for San Francisco to regain her supremacy as the metropolis of the coast.

### Modernism and the Pope

Not since Pope Leo XIII addressed his encyclical on "Americanism" to the bishops of the United States has a document come from the Vatican equalling in general interest the syllabus dealing with "modernism" which was published a few days ago. That this pronouncement from Rome will cause a number of controversies and involve the extremists among Catholic divines in an unpleasant tangle is apparent to all who have followed the trend of recent events in so far as the Papacy is concerned. So far our knowledge of the contents of the syllabus is meager, the cabled accounts of its promulgation reciting only a few of the sixty-five propositions which are condemned. The position that divine inspiration does not guarantee all and every part of the holy scriptures against errors is declared untenable. This pronouncement may be traced directly to the findings of the Biblical Commission appointed by the present Pope. That the resurrection of the savior is not an historical fact but is purely supernatural and cannot be demonstrated; that the Roman Catholic church became the head of all churches not by divine ordinances, but by purely political circumstances; that the Christian doctrine was first Judaic, then Pauline, then Hellenic, then universal; that the principal articles of the Apostles' Creed has not the same significance to the primitive Christians as they have to the Christians of the present time—these propositions are all denounced. The position that the church is the enemy of natural and theological sciences is also condemned. So too are certain holdings with regard to the authority of the congregation of the Index and other congregations which are not definitely stated in the dispatches. That this syllabus with its denunciation of sixty-five distinct propositions was inevitably coming close observers have guessed for some time. Pope Pius acts quickly and decisively, as was made clear when he refused all offers of compromise in the French difficulty. That it has been in his mind to curb the exuberance of the ultra-liberal churchmen with measures of an unflinchingly drastic character was made clear when he took summary action in the cases of Father George Tyrrell in England and Don Romolo Murri in Italy. Just how the syllabus will be received it is perhaps not difficult to predict, in the light of what has happened in similar cases before. Most of the so-called modernists will declare their submission to the authority of Rome, as the "Americanists" like Ireland did when Pope Leo's encyclical was issued. A few will undoubtedly resist and the unrelaxing discipline of the church will be applied to them. Whatever criticism may be made of the teachings of Roman Catholicism, it must be admitted by all that its position in such matters, based on the claim of infallible authority, is perfectly logical.



### The Current Liberal Movement.

How the English Jesuit George Tyrrell found himself deprived of his priestly functions when he persisted in a position not consonant with Catholic orthodoxy has been told in Town Talk. The silencing of Don Romolo Murri is of more recent occurrence. It was the endeavor of Murri to make socialistic principles harmonious with Roman Catholic doctrine, but in his work he cultivated a spirit of extreme independence which led him finally to criticise the highest authorities of the church as well as the present policies of the Vatican. This brought him under the ban of the Pope who is above all things a disciplinarian and he was suspended from his priestly functions. Murri belongs to a set of enthusiastic young men in the Italian church who have been long inclined to take more freedom in the discussion of theological, biblical and political matters than the Pope is willing to accord them. Some of these clerics addressed a letter to the Pope recently in which the Vatican was daringly censured for its treatment of Murri, while, at the same time, claims to the widest liberty were set forth. These among other modernists may be considered as officially answered in the syllabus just promulgated. They have received a strong intimation that the Catholic Church, as has been said, "is neither a democracy nor a debating society." That the syllabus and its series of condemnations will inspire resistance in this country is most unlikely. Even the tendencies which were condemned under the name of "Americanism" had not become widely spread when Rome denounced them; and the strict orthodoxy of the church in America has not been seriously clouded since, if such anonymous outbursts as that which appeared last January in the North American Review are excepted. It is in Europe that orthodox teachings are most attacked and even in that connection it may be said, that they find staunch defenders in most unexpected places. Some of the most authoritative among purely agnostic Egyptologists and Syriologists have recently borne testimony, in the published results of their researches, to the correctness of the orthodox Catholic interpretation of the Scriptures.

### The Index in England

So much ridicule is tossed across the Atlantic at this country by British writers whenever the severely virtuous trustees of the Boston or other public libraries make a chaste but laugh-provoking spectacle of themselves by excluding from the shelves volumes whose virtue is suspected, that it has a most bracing effect on our opinion of American intellectuality and liberal-mindedness when England is caught in a similar offense. This is what has just happened. The London County Council has excluded from all London school libraries, as unfit reading for the young, Mrs. Gaskell's novel, *Mary Barton*. Now *Mary Barton*, as all who have read the story will quickly agree, is as innocuous as *Cranford* so far as any danger to the morals of the reader, youthful or old, is concerned. Yet has it come under the official ban of the mysterious authority which compiles the index expurgatorius for the London County Council. That this power who wields so great an influence in literature is no respecter of parties may be inferred from the fact that his action in condemning *Mary Barton* under a conservative regime was preceded, when the radicals were in power, by the condemnation of *Dombey and Son*, *Hypatia*, *Peter Simple* and *Grimms' Fairy Tales*. It

may be inconceivable that any authority should adjudge these books unsuitable for youthful reading, but it is perfectly true. London children who depend on the school libraries for their books are therefore debarred from becoming acquainted with three of the classics of English fiction and one of the standard collections of fairy stories. It is a state of things to make *Peter Pan* weep, but it is also a condition with which Americans may fairly twit the superior Britishers who insist that ridiculous exhibitions of puritannical bigotry are only to be found on this side of the Atlantic. Public libraries in this country quite frequently exclude from the public shelves the best-selling novels of English and American writers, but their judgment is usually confirmed in the long run as the best sellers in both countries are generally ill-written and of absolutely no permanent worth. But it would be impossible to name a public library or a public school in the United States which places *Dombey and Son*, *Peter Simple*, *Hypatia*, *Grimms' Fairy Tales* and *Mary Barton* beyond the reach of the child with a thirst for good reading. This country must be allowed to take a brief unholy pleasure in the latest act of the London County Council, for there have been many provocations and after all, the spirit of vindictive exultation is intensely human.

### The Peace Conference

There were no great problems solved at the opening session of our Peace Conference. The oratory was mostly platitudinous. The personal views of the speakers were neither interesting nor instructive, and not one of them exhibited a firm grasp of any of the important questions that are now engrossing the attention of the industrial world. The discussion was mainly academic but not always highly intellectual. Sentiments were deftly diluted out of a very warm respect for the prejudices of unionism, and nothing was said to which even Mr. Tveitmoen could take exception. It appeared to be assumed that organized labor will always be able to regulate wages. Nothing was said of soup kitchens.

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## The Journeyman

By Ralph Hodgson

Not baser than his own homekeeping kind  
Whose journeyman he is—  
Blind sons and breastless daughters of the blind  
Whose darkness pardons his,—  
About the world, while all the world approves,  
The pimp of Fashion steals,  
With all the angels mourning their dead loves  
Behind his bloody heels.

It may be late when Nature cries Enough!  
As one day cry she will,  
And man may have the wit to put her off  
With shifts a season still.  
But man may find the pinch importunate  
And fall to blaming men.  
Blind sires and breastless mothers of his fate,  
It may be late and may be very late,  
Too late for blaming then.

## Perspective Impressions

Mr. Spreckels has been quoted by the Chronicle as saying that he will be vindicated by Time. But surely Mr. Spreckels doesn't feel that he is in need of vindication.

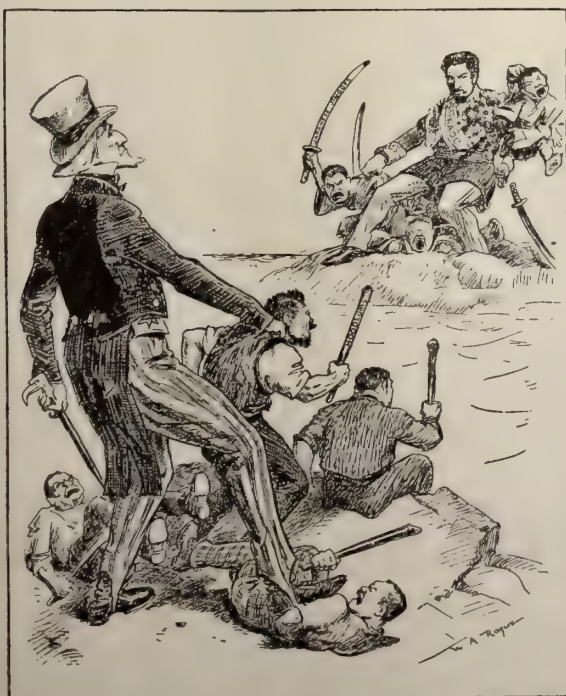
Mr. Langdon, we are told by one of his newspaper panegyrists, "made the graft prosecution possible by appointing Mr. Heney." Which is an indirect way of affirming the incompetency of Mr. Langdon. We appear to be getting at the truth in easy stages.

When are we going to wake up and demand that a little of the energy that is being expended upon the discouragement of graft be devoted to Cornelius and the other blackguards who are prolonging what they admit to be an unjust strike and are therefore responsible for the activity of cowardly thugs?

Mr. Phelan modestly praises the graft prosecution, thus implying that he is not one of them. Why this diffidence on the part of an ex-mayor.

According to a Fresno paper Patrick Calhoun has been hiring weekly papers to say that Spreckels is a grafter. This is very naughty of Patrick, but as Mr. Spreckels appears to have a monopoly of the daily press what is Patrick to do?

What better evidence do we need of the great progress that is being made by the town purifiers than the latest attempt that was made in the Mission to kill a motorman and conductor? And what better evidence do we need of the purity and absolute freedom from hypocrisy of the daily press than the silence with which such dastardly acts of violence are met.



KEEPING THE PEACE.

—Rogers in Harper's Weekly.

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—Reproduced from the Los Angeles Daily Times.

# The Infidelity of Madeleine Jeffreys

By L. T.

It is bad enough, in all conscience, for a man to find himself tied for life to a woman whom he does not love. But for a woman to find herself tied to a man whom she does not love is infinitely worse, and for this reason, that not only does love, or its absence, in married life, mean far more to a woman than it does to a man, but also that the finer sensibilities which distinguish woman from man are more easily revolted by the many repugnant circumstances incident to a loveless union.

I do not speak here of the woman who deliberately sells herself for wealth, or rank, or other material advantage. Such a woman must necessarily lack those finer sensibilities to which I have alluded. I speak of her far more-to-be pitied sister, who, having married a man under the delusion that she loved him, afterwards wakes up to find that it has all been a hideous mistake—that the idealized lover with whom, in the days of her courtship, she had promised herself such ineffable happiness, presents a very different aspect under the close and searching intimacies of wedded life. He need not necessarily be a bad man. He may even, according to his lights, be a virtuous man. But (which is the material point) he is not the man—not, that is to say, the individual whom girls of the lower orders know as Mr. Right. Aye, much to be pitied is the woman who, believing she was marrying Mr. Right, finds out too late that she has married Mr. Wrong. And such was the unhappy experience of Madeleine Jeffreys.

George Jeffreys, her husband, was a lawyer, with a large practice, enjoying a high reputation professionally and eminently respectable in private life. But his temperament was essentially conventional and commonplace. He walked through life on a dead-level plateau of smug mediocrity, carefully avoiding alike the depths that lay to his left hand and the altitudes that soared on his right. He was equally incapable of stooping to the disgraceful and of rising to the sublime. No temptation ever seduced him into shady behaviour, and no impulse ever surprised him into a quixotic action. In short, he was a decorous and inveterate prig.

How, then, had Madeleine, the impulsive, the generous, the high-spirited, the sensitive, the passionate come to imagine herself in love with such a man? That is a question to which I confess myself unable to give a satisfactory answer. It may have been that Jeffreys, under the novel influence of the first awakening of love within him, had been temporarily inspired with a fervour foreign to his nature, and warranted not to last; or it may merely have been that Madeleine, by some strange infatuation, read into his character qualities and sentiments that were non-existent there. Dreamy, as she was, and prone to idealize, there is nothing very unlikely in the supposition of her having done so. Anyhow, the fact remains that she did imagine herself in love with Jeffreys when she married him. Unfortunately, also, the fact remains that three months of wedded life with him opened her eyes, once and for all, to the fatal delusion.

Some women of calmer disposition would have recognized the inevitable, would have sat down by it, and have resigned themselves to making the best of it. For awhile, indeed, Madeleine did attempt to do

this. But her passionate, impulsive nature was incapable of long sustaining that dutiful, if somewhat hypocritical, role. Her manner towards her husband grew so cold and discouraging that, though not a man of very fine or acute perceptions, he could not but see that he had somehow forfeited Madeleine's affection. What the reason might be he could not divine, being too much eaten up with self-esteem to attribute it to any shortcomings on his own part. So he formed the conclusion that some one else must have come between them—in short, that there was another man in the case. At first, I believe, there was no foundation at all for such an idea. And possibly, if Jeffreys had kept his suspicions to himself, his wife, in spite of her dislike for him, would still have remained strictly loyal to her marriage vow. But from the moment that her husband, in the course of one of the many disagreeable scenes that occurred between them, openly declared his belief that some other admirer was at the bottom of her coldness and estrangement—from that moment she appeared to regard herself as free from further obligation to the man who had thus insulted her.

For some months nothing noteworthy happened, Madeleine remaining outwardly, if somewhat coldly, civil to her husband, and discharging all her domestic duties with laudable regularity. But at last definite shape was given to her husband's suspicions by her behaviour over a letter that she received one morning while at breakfast. If it hadn't happened that his eyes chanced to be fixed upon her at that particular instant, her look of confusion as she slipped the letter under her other correspondence would have escaped his observation, for it was all a matter of half a moment. But what he saw in that half moment, including the writing on the envelope, which was in a bold, masculine hand, at once confirmed all that he had hitherto suspected. Madeleine was in clandestine correspondence with somebody, and that somebody was of the male sex. At first Jeffreys was minded to tax her with her deceit then and there, and to demand to see the letter. But, on second thoughts, he decided to hold his tongue and appear to have noticed nothing, for if she refused, as she certainly would do, to show him the letter, he could not very well use force with her, and the only effect of such a proceeding would be to put her on her guard. He concluded that the wiser course was to lie low for the present, and thus having lulled Madeleine into a false sense of security, to put himself in a more advantageous position for watching her.

This course he adopted, with the result that, little by little, he made a number of discoveries that amply

(Continued on Page 33.)

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## Beneath the Surface

(What the Eastern Press is Saying of San Francisco's Multitude of Misfortunes)

San Francisco continues to occupy a large share of the attention of the Eastern press. And it is by no means singular to relate that in the matter of the highly dramatic affairs of this city much news is to be obtained far from home. Some of the large New York dailies and weeklies have had correspondents in this city, who evidently, unlike Lincoln Steffens, have the old-fashioned newspaper idea of the superior quality of news that is obtained from impartial sources. One of the best narratives of the misfortunes of this city, that has yet appeared, was printed by the New York Times on July 7th. It tells the whole story. That is, it tells more than one side. Though it contains some suggestions that may seem extravagant to the reader, it shows that at any rate there are two sides. It contains some inaccuracies, but on the whole it is a pretty faithful and vivid picture. In the opening paragraph we are told that a woman recently said of this city:

"San Francisco's general condition at this time reminds me of nothing so much as a grievously wounded animal, desperately struggling to recover from its almost mortal injuries, but which is being attacked from different quarters by a pack of wolves, whose only thought is to profit by its helplessness, and who are ready, on the instant, to bring about its destruction, if their selfish, personal ends can be attained."

Behind it all, says the writer, "is a game of politics, mean and selfish ('peek-a-boo' politics, as a business man termed it a few days ago), is being played at present, which extends to Washington, D. C., and Oyster Bay, L. I., and the effect of which it is intended shall be felt in the next National Republican Convention. In this Rudolph Spreckels, who is supplying (or rather advancing, for no one doubts that he will be reimbursed, through legislative or other action), money to the extent of \$100,000 for the meritorious object of sending certain "boodlers" and "grafters" to the State prison at San Quentin or Folsom, yet others, fully as guilty, are to be given immunity from prosecution as a reward for turning State's evidence, while at the same time being retained in office upon condition that they will "take programme" absolutely from those interested in the prosecution, and, in addition, are to be permitted to retain the bribes they accepted as city officials.

In this political game of chess no less persons of influence and importance are involved than the President of the United States and E. H. Harriman. Of the warfare which has waged, is waging, and is doubtless to continue between these two forceful men the public throughout the country is well aware, but that Theodore Roosevelt, strenuous and dominant, is anxious, even determined, to have a hand in the management and shaping of California State politics, with a view to strengthening his position, in view of the next National Republican Convention, or at least so arranging the political wires that his wishes regarding the Republican nominee for the next Presidential term shall be respected, may not be generally known."

Here follows a recital of the part played by the Southern Pacific Company in California politics explanatory of the importance to Roosevelt of the wiping out of the Harriman influence which is exerted

through W. F. Herrin. Continuing the Times' correspondent says:

"The earthquake and fire of April 18, 1906, were psychological events which made possible the realization of certain plans—political and commercial—which might never have been realized had not Providence intervened. Rudolph Spreckels, James D. Phelan, and other men of wealth and energy had only a few days before the fire made application to the Board of Supervisors for a franchise for a street railroad to compete with that of the United Railroads, of which Patrick Calhoun is President. The board, however, which is the same precious set of rascals that are today in office, was "friendly" to the United Railroads, and Spreckels, Phelan et al. could make no headway. The United Railroads had for months been seeking to obtain permission from the board to change its system from cable to overhead trolley, and while a certain percentage of the business men were opposed to the change, whether reasonably or not, the supervisors were inclined to listen to the urgings of the United Railroads. It is said that the stumbling block was only the question of 'how much' the United Railroads was willing to offer for the much-desired franchise."

The granting of the franchise, according to the Times' correspondent, was a bitter disappointment to the Spreckels-Phelan combine, and it was the means of arousing the ire of Claus Spreckels, whose espousal of the cause of the San Joaquin Valley farmers is a bit of history which is incorporated in the article to show how shrewd he is in fighting his enemies. The Times man says Claus Spreckels built the San Joaquin Valley road because of his hostility to the Southern Pacific Company. He promised to rescue the farmers from the Octopus and after enlisting their co-operation sold out to the Southern Pacific. This, of course, is a glaring inaccuracy. Mr. Spreckels did not sell out to the Southern Pacific. He sold out to the Santa Fe, and freight rates are as they were before.

The correspondent also relates that it is part of the programme of the Spreckels-Phelan combine to ruin the Spring Valley Water Company in order to put through a big water scheme. But the main purpose, it is said, is to build up a big political machine, and that is why Roosevelt "loaned" Heney and Burns to Spreckels and Phelan. As for Langdon, says the correspondent, he is merely a figurehead.

The correspondent approves of the good work that has been done but laments the evil. Of the prosecution of Calhoun he says:

"It was generally known that Mr. Calhoun and other officials of the United Railroads were liable to indictment by the 'graft' prosecution, but what was expected by the better class of citizens, believers in the much-vaunted 'square deal,' was that the prosecution would give its attention to others under suspicion, leaving Calhoun, for the time being, with his hands free to fight the car strike, in which so large a measure of the public and social interest was involved.

But when Rudolph Spreckels saw that Calhoun was in a situation where he could be greatly hurt by aid and comfort being given to his opponents, the strikers, he turned upon him with an exultant and remorse-

less energy, and on the very day that the strike was declared caused him to be summoned before the Grand Jury, and a few days later, in spite of the assurance made some time previously by Heney (and before he had consulted with Spreckels) that Mr. Calhoun would not be indicted, he was indicted upon a number of counts. From that time forth Calhoun has been harassed, fought and attacked by Spreckels, privately, publicly, and in every way which might tend to embarrass him in his fight with the strikers and weaken his powers of resistance and courage."

The story of Spreckels's espousal of the cause of the strikers in his public utterances is told; also of business depression and the attitude of the banks; and the correspondent asserts that the striking carmen are being held together for the August primaries. Notwithstanding the gloominess of the situation the writer thinks that San Francisco will recover.

According to Samuel Blythe in the Saturday Evening Post, we are still optimistic. "But," he says, "the cold, naked truth about the labor situation in San Francisco today is that the city will never regain her old place, will never get back to her old importance, never attain the power and prosperity that is rightfully hers, until this labor question is settled. The graft disclosures astonished nobody who knew anything about San Francisco, much less the people of San Francisco themselves. They knew the municipal government was rotten. They knew it before they voted Schmitz and the present board of supervisors into office the last time. Still, they voted them in, and the crimes now being exposed are as much the people's crimes as the specific crimes of individuals. When that gang of self-confessed felons now holding office as

supervisors was elected 'every burglar-alarm in the city began to ring and has kept ringing ever since,' to use the words of a man who has lived in the city all his life."

Respecting the Graft Prosecution Blythe says:

"There are two sides to this bigger-game story. Some of the leading men in the city declare the whole scheme of graft prosecution is based on a personal quarrel between Patrick Calhoun, president of the United Railways, by which name the street car system of San Francisco is known, and Rudolph Spreckels."

He concludes:

"It seems like 'Poor, old San Francisco!' now. Broken and bruised and bleeding, her commerce appears to be drifting away, her internal difficulties seem insuperable, her physical conditions beyond repair. But you can keep your 'Poor, old San Francisco's' to yourself. San Francisco will come back, perhaps without the old atmosphere that made everybody who knew it her slave; certainly with better buildings for her business, and certainly, also, with a decent internal management. The towns on the coast that boast they will snatch her trade with the Orient are celebrating prematurely. San Francisco was the result of a natural geographical condition. That condition still exists. The harbor and the railroad were not destroyed. When San Francisco does what she must do for herself she will find herself in the old commanding place, with outside capital ready to come in, and that is what she must have. And the reason why San Francisco will come back, why she will conquer all her difficulties, is because the people of San Francisco are Americans. They couldn't lose if they tried."

## Diana's Footprints

By Wilfred C. Thorley

Though the leaves are still and the ambient air is hushed,  
I know she has passed but an hour ago this way;  
For the young green leaves of the bay are but newly crushed,  
And no scent is surer to know that the scent of the bay;  
And the dust of the pollen is still afloat in the air  
That burst like steam from the pines as she bent the spray.

The way she went, that way will her feet return,  
For here is a sandal dropped in the heat o' the chase.  
The buckle is set with rubies like eyes that burn  
In the heart of the jungle at dusk, from a tiger's face.  
And the golden glance of the daisy is blurred with blood  
From the wounded deer as he paused in his deathly race.

Ah, here she comes! The sound of her brazen horn  
Thrills all the pendulous leaves with its threat of blood.  
And the blossoms flutter down at the blast of scorn,  
Or seal their beauty anew in the oval bud.  
And the sweat of her steeds drips down as they neigh for home  
And over the strangled flowers their wild hooves thud.



## The Friend

By Mabel Porter Pitts

If this rough path had still more tortuous wound,  
Had steeper been,  
If twice the pitfalls had been spread and found  
And every hope that we have failed to win,  
To bruise the heart had sunk more deeply in;  
If darker skies had rimmed the way of loss  
And heavier had been the heavy cross,  
Yet were the road that marks the waste of pain  
A happy way  
And our poor life would still not be in vain.  
It has obtained a not inglorious end  
If we, in trust, may clasp the faithful hand  
Of one well known, one who can understand,  
And truly say,  
"This is a friend."

## The Spectator

### The Lady and Her Gun

One young lady of Pacific Heights carries in her muff a wicked little revolver which she intends to use on the first hoodlum that utters threats against riding on the street cars. The why for is the experience of a friend who was recently insulted and terrified by a brute on a lonely corner of Jackson street. Before buying the gun, the young lady first sought a lawyer and assured herself that a little shooting under such conditions would be justified in law. Union thugs who value a whole skin will do well to avoid the upper end of Pacific Heights, for the fair gun-packer has Southern blood in her veins.

### The Cinching of McCarthy

The novel spectacle of P. H. McCarthy, president of the Building Trades Council, on his knees suing for peace is one of the pleasing incidents of the fight against the unreasonable demands of the labor unions. Since former Mayor Phelan plucked McCarthy from the basement depths of the California Hotel to make him a member of the Civil Service Commission, the autocratic hotel carpenter has ruled the Building Trades Council with the uncompromising despotism of the Tzar. By dominating the executive board of the Council he has succeeded with browbeating and bulldozing tactics to stamp out at its inception every revolt against his power. Three unions more rash than the others have been summarily reprimanded while others have been forced from the ranks of organized labor because their officers had the temerity to defy McCarthy. In his dealings with the employers he has been as arrogant and dictatorial. While the ashes were still smoldering on the ruins, McCarthy declared there should be no increase in wages until the city had been rebuilt. The newspapers and the public acclaimed this patriotic announcement but before a week had elapsed, McCarthy was scheming to force wages to a prohibitive figure. He persisted in making unreasonable demands until he was checked by a combination of bankers whose patience had been exhausted. McCarthy is now like a roped bull which

has reached the end of its tether. He may snort and paw the ground but he is no longer to be feared.

### How it Was Done

His subjugation came about during the metal trades strike at a time when it was feared there would be a general tie-up of all industrial interests. One of the larger shipbuilding concerns had weakly acquiesced in the demands of the machinists. As soon as the news reached 'change notice was served on the concern by its bankers that their account was no longer desired. The ultimatum was good naturedly accepted, the account closed and the managers went in search of new bankers. To their dismay they soon found that not a bank in town would accept the account under any conditions. The shipbuilders quickly withdrew their recognition of the union, discharged its men and closed down its works. On that day word was sent to McCarthy that if he wanted a strike of the bricklayers, carpenters, plumbers or any of the other allied unions that it was time to begin. The financial institutions were lined up for a long struggle and it could not come too soon to suit them. McCarthy, who on the day before had been urging an increase of pay for the bricklayers, suddenly changed his tactics. He hastened messages of conciliation with assurances that the Building Trades Council were satisfied with the existing schedules. While these assurances are accepted with caution, it is not believed that McCarthy will attempt to break the rope that is now holding him, but even if he should the bankers have a whip with which to drive him back to cover.

### Finn For Mayor

Union Labor, I hear, is grooming Tom Finn for mayor, or at least a certain faction is grooming him. Grooming seems the right word, since Finn is president of the Stablemen's Union. Finn has been supervisor, fire commissioner and deputy sheriff and is now police commissioner. Whether he has shown himself more than an amiable dummy in office, no one seems

to know, but personally he is very popular in labor circles. "He never gets sassy or nothin'" said a city janitor of him. That the stablemen have lost two strikes under his presidency is not held against him. The strikes were for increased wages on the ground that hostlers are de facto horse doctors. County Clerk Mulcrevy might also get the place—if he wants it—but not as a gladhandler. Mulcrevy has an annoying habit of beating his men to work and hauling them up if tardy. He also goes over the books after they leave to see whether the entries are up to date. He has even risked his popularity by discharging incompetents. But labor is just now inclined to make a great hero of any of the party who has shown any degree of ability, character or honesty.

### A Question of Morals

"The defense has alluded to these supervisors as degraded beings. Are they degraded by the fact that they took bribes or by the fact that Glass bribed them? I claim that they have been redeemed by their confession that they were tempted and debauched."

—Francis Heney.

Claim on sir! but your claim is not allowed.  
Such cant may captivate the motley crowd,  
But surely adulation makes no haste  
To sing the wonder of such curious taste.  
Though mob may flatter, still shall wisdom find  
Unfit, your moral precepts for mankind.  
To me 'tis manifest, for such as you  
The trade of moral critic will not do.  
There is a Father, kind alike to all,  
Who hearkens to the sinner's mournful call.  
But not to whine of unrepentant crook.  
Who, when he's brought summarily to book  
Accepts the promise of immunity,  
And stipulates to hold his plunder free;  
Who contracts to protect both pelt and pelf.  
Indifferent to everything but self.  
Would you, stern moralist, now have it said,  
By mocking retribution, guilt is shed?  
Then say I in sadness, not in elation,  
Thy morals mend; they need much alteration.

### Industrial Discontent

This is the kind of verse that Ambrose Bierce is not at present writing for the Examiner or for Mr. Hearst's Cosmopolitan, and yet I am told that his sentiments have not changed:

"As time rolled on the whole world came to be  
A desolation and a darksome curse;  
And some one said: "The changes that you see  
In the fair frame of things, from bad to worse,  
Are wrought by strikes. The sun withdrew his glimmer  
Because the moon assisted with her shimmer.

"Then, when poor Luna, straining very hard,  
Doubled her light to serve a darkling world,  
He called her "scab," and meanly would retard  
Her rising; and at last the villain hurled  
A heavy beam which knocked her o'er the lion  
Into the nebula of great O'Ryan.

"The planets all had struck some time before,  
Demanding what they said were equal rights:  
Some pointing out that others had far more  
Than a fair dividend of satellites.  
So all went out—though those the best provided,  
If they had dared would rather have abided.

"The stars struck too—I think it was because

The comets had more liberty than they,  
And were not bound by any hampering laws,

While they were fixed; and there are those who say  
The comets' tresses nettled poor Altair,  
An aged orb that hasn't any hair.

"The earth's the only one that isn't in

The movement—I suppose because she's watched  
With horror and disgust how her fair skin  
Her pranking parasites have fouled and blotched  
With blood and grease in every labor riot  
When seeing any purse or throat to fly at!"

### Poetry and Politics

"Nothing," says Goethe, "is more significant of men's character than what they find laughable." This observation may be rendered more felicitous for my purpose by substituting "judgment" for "character." It appears to be the judgment of many men in this city that the idea of being mayored by a poet is fit incitation to jocularity. And yet there is nothing laughable in that idea. Poets are not, as the illiterate imagine, made to sport all their time in the sunshine's golden braids, astounding the birds with rare melodies. The poetic temperament does not beckon eternally to flowery fields and amorous cavortings. It is not always responding to the moving invitations of Elysian delights. The most enthusiastic of poets do not smack the lyre all the time. The great poets were great thinkers and great philosophers; and Plato who was something of an authority in governmental matters tells us that until the rulers of this earth have something of the spirit and power of philosophy, and political greatness and wisdom meet in one, cities will never cease from ill.

### How to Judge Him

So far as Mayor Taylor is concerned, if he were more of a poet I should have greater confidence in his ability to make an ideal philosopher. In this land and in these days we are too apt to giggle about poets, and too ready to make game of poetical aspirations. Consequently there are few Americans who would dare look and act like a poet. Even Dr. Taylor who





has written some verse that is poetry and some that isn't, only to that extent acts like a poet, for nearly all the great poets from Wordsworth up and down have written metrical prose. But Dr. Taylor unabashedly looks like a poet, and all that he lacks, all that prevents him from being generally recognized as a poet is that he doesn't take himself seriously enough as a poet and doesn't exhibit the taste and preferences and prejudices of a poet in his relations with men. But I am digressing. All that I intended to write in these paragraphs was a protest against the irreverent American sentiment which laughs at poetic aspirations. The poet penetrates into the sacred mysteries of the universe and interprets nature for us. He has done much to make clear for us what one should love, and what one should despise. He has exercised a most wholesome influence over the minds of men. The generosity of soul which ever accompanies true genius has induced the poets and philosophers of all ages to stand forth in the cause of liberty. As a man, according to Carlyle, is a poet in proportion to his depth and sincerity of vision, perhaps the best way to judge of the poetry of Mayor Taylor is to note the character of his achievements as chief magistrate of this city.

### A Few Suggestions

Unfortunately Mayor Taylor may have but a short time in public office; so short that it may be impossible for him to do aught but instruct and refine by example. It is his privilege to exhibit for our benefit something of the benignancy of a poet, as he did at the Peace Conference, and with his sense of the public welfare supreme in his mind he might endeavor to quell all petty impulses, assuage those passions that have been heated to igniting point, sing the virtue of fair play, deprecate rancor and discourage the practice of recklessly purveying injurious rumors and insinuating black motives. We should not be content with vindicating to the world our detestation of graft. If it is reputation that we are looking for we should be eager to abate our acrimonies and restrain ourselves from conduct toward a human being that may in our calmer moments, when we shall have regained our mental equilibrium, cause us to burn with shame. As a poet, Dr. Taylor has an intimate knowledge of human nature; its secret springs, labyrinthine windings and perplexed mazes. He is quick to differentiate what is amiable from what is detestable, what is worthy of admiration from what should excite abhorrence, and therefore by virtue of his office and his instinct he is well qualified to teach what one should be eager to imitate and careful to avoid. Whatever may be his personal views respecting the guilt or innocence of Patrick Calhoun, as mayor of this city he must have felt a twinge of humiliation, as an American citizen he must have felt a shock of indignation, upon learning of the treatment to which that man was recently subjected by the officers of the so-called Civic League of this city. The hypocrisy that based objection to the presence of Calhoun at the Peace Conference on the circumstance of his indictment, notwith-

standing the fact that he was invited after he was indicted, must be more repugnant to Mayor Taylor than even the crimes with which Calhoun has been charged.

### A Significant Difference

Patrick Calhoun may be the blackest rascal that ever set foot in this city, but he ought to felicitate himself nevertheless upon having as yet refrained from exhibiting some of the traits of character which distinguish a few of our leading citizens, and which should be sufficient to raise them from obscurity were they in the most humble circumstances. How often one sneers at the old system of things and say, See what superior people we are,—how impossible under our sacred and enlightened institutions is anything so base and absurd as occurred in despotic France before the Revolution. Should we not keep our scorn for our own weaknesses and our own times? It is indeed, as Fontaine says, "The spirit of the race resembles that of the individual man; it shines and is eclipsed by turns." If I believed that the repeated expressions of hostility to Calhoun were due entirely to the conviction that he is a public enemy, rather than to a servile desire to humor the spleen of organized labor, I should have no criticism to offer, for I know that the actions of men follow their passions as naturally as light does heat, but there are impregnable obstacles to such a notion. The main one is this: the crimes with which he is charged are the same as those with which other men in this community are charged, and yet the other men are not the objects of such bitter hostility as is being vented against Calhoun. The difference in attitude has been well exemplified, by Dr. Clinton, the faithful friend of the late Nettie Craven, who was shocked by the presence of Calhoun at the Olympic Club, a club of which several men under indictment are members. Those men have not been asked to resign, nor has Dr. Clinton resigned because they are members. Of course it would be highly improper to ask them to resign, since they are presumed to be innocent, and so important is that presumption in the case of all men charged with crime that it abides with them even until the jury of their peers retires to deliberate on a verdict, and it is a fatal error on the part of the judge who does not so instruct the jury.

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### Some Other Obstacles

The other men charged with crimes similar to those upon which Calhoun has been indicted belong to our swellest clubs of which the men behind the prosecution are also members, and no objection has been made to their presence in those clubs. Nay it would be deemed an outrage to raise objection. Another obstacle to the notion that the hostility to Calhoun is a righteous hostility lies in the knowledge of the fact that it is not being exhibited by angels. In some instances it is being exhibited by men who, if unrighteousness really revolted them, would not be on speaking terms with themselves. In some instances it is being exhibited by vociferous merchants who have become very busy moralists. Fancy a merchant a moralist! Why in ancient Babylon they relegated merchants to the outskirts of the city because of their contaminating influence. The wise Babylonians assumed that a man could not be an honest merchant. But it was wrong to be hostile to merchants. The man least to be admired in this world is the one who cannot censure a vice without rage against the guilty party. That is why I look with something of aversion on those of our leading city who have become absurdly ostentatious with their scorn. They remind me that when I was quite young I read in Fielding that the worst of men generally have the words rogue and villain most in their mouths.

### Clinton's Hallucination

There are men in this world afflicted with a tendency of constitution to persuade themselves that they have done things which they have only thought of doing. In this way they come to regard themselves as heroes of achievements which are merely the relics of unrealized resolutions. Of this type of man is C. A. Clinton, the well known political doctor who was for many years intrenched at the public crib, and who has hopes, I suspect, of gorging himself again. Dr. Clinton has been deftly recalling himself to the mind of Mayor Taylor. He was very much in danger of being overlooked in the still hunt for supervisors when there came to him a fine opportunity for thrusting himself into public notice, in the dual role of workingman's friend and uncompromising defender of civic purity. The opportunity arose at the Olympic Club's banquet. Patrick Calhoun was there as a club guest; Dr. Clinton, as a club member, and therefore was Patrick Calhoun's host. As, in the person of Calhoun at present, there is typified that spirit of our country which energizes the principle of personal liberty, and as, in this city at present, it is recognized that there is very much need of something to quicken respect for that principle, the presence of the railroad magnate at the banquet was a stimulus to the imagination. In the circumstances it was not strange that exuberant feelings gave spontaneous testimony of approval to the courageous stand that Patrick Calhoun has taken. But there was one man among those five hundred banqueters who was not elevated by the enthusiasm; one man who defied

the spirit of the occasion and undertook to make it serve the end of his own glorification. That one man was Dr. Clinton, who rushed into print the following day with what purported to be the speech which he delivered. And that is why I have attempted to classify him. Dr. Clinton did not deliver that speech. I should hate, however, to think that he has not persuaded himself that he delivered it. For if, being conscious that he did not deliver it, he should insist that he did, then I should have to put him in a quite different classification, and marvel at the courage of the man.

### What Really Occurred

Dr. Clinton probably has a keen imagination from which he derives a facility in fabricating extravagances. This is in the nature of an endowment of mental confusion. This is unquestionably a creative faculty, but it is not an addition to the fundamental power of strong, discerning perception; rather is it a vulgar substitute. It bespeaks an obtuseness of the perceptive faculty accompanied by a tendency to misrepresentation, unchecked by an appreciation of the virtue of veracity. I was at the Booster's dinner and I feel competent to record what took place. After reading Dr. Clinton's account of what took place I should have been very much in doubt of my competency had I not learned later of the storm of indignation which this remarkable person caused by his misrepresentations and had I not had my own recollection of events verified by numerous eye-witnesses. What I saw and heard at the banquet so far as Patrick Calhoun is concerned may be briefly described. We had just seated ourselves when he entered, and as soon as he was recognized he was cheered for at least two minutes. It seemed to me that every voice in that throng was raised in acclamation. Judge Lawlor entered a little later, and he too was cheered but much less vociferously and only for a moment. After the chairman of the evening, Mr. William F. Humphrey, made a report to the members of the club on its affairs and announced that there would be no speech-making, there was a call for Patrick Calhoun. It was taken up with a spontaneity that attested the sincerity and unanimity of sentiment. But Calhoun did not respond. Men rose to their feet in all parts of the vast hall and alternately cheered and shouted the railroad magnate's name. Still Pat Calhoun remained in his seat. He did not rise until, as it seemed to me, every man in the hall was on his feet cheering and waving his napkin. No greater outburst of enthusiasm have I ever witnessed in a throng of equal size. Mr. Calhoun thanked the Olympians for the reception, and said that as he believed in law and order he must bow to the chairman's inhibition.

### Rough House For the Doctor

Up to this stage of the proceedings I was unconscious of Dr. Clinton's presence. He may have pro-

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tested inwardly, but I am certain that he made no speech except to himself. He first attracted my attention when we were leaving the banquet hall and the large throng was massed in the vicinity of the doorway leading into the main building. The members of the club were in exuberant spirits over the success of the affair which augured so felicitously for the future of their club. They were generous with their acclamations, and it was while they were in this mood that somebody catching sight of Patrick Calhoun, who was just in the act of descending the stairs into the main building, shouted his name and incited the crowd to another outburst of cheers. Calhoun was again called on for a speech, and he responded as briefly and as gracefully as before. Then it was that Dr. Clinton thrust himself into the limelight. The unmannerly doctor was standing within ten feet of me, but his utterances were unintelligible, for the reason, as it seemed to me, they were choked down his throat. A score of indignant Olympians in their rage at thus being humiliated by one of their associates who would in their home put insult upon a guest, rushed upon the offender. What violence they did to him I was unable to see, as at that moment some thoughtful person closed convenient folding doors, shutting Clinton and the twenty or thirty by whom he was being suppressed, out from the main throng. The whole scene was enacted with such speed that the continuity of Calhoun's speech was unbroken. As soon as he finished, the doors were reopened; and presto! Clinton had disappeared. He had been hustled to an upper floor.

### His Strange Quiescence

I cannot conceive of any theory upon which Dr. Clinton can justify his behaviour. If Patrick Calhoun is good enough to be a guest of the Olympic Club, surely he is good enough to speak at the Olympic Club. There is not, that I know of, any rule of ethics which affirms that a guest may mitigate the offensiveness of his character by the simple process of holding his tongue. Dr. Clinton saw Patrick Calhoun enter the banquet hall and seat himself at a table. Dr. Clinton remained and dined with Patrick Calhoun. As Dr. Clinton is a member of the Olympic Club, Patrick Calhoun dined with him as his guest. It was Dr. Clinton's privilege to withdraw from the table. He did not do so. He heard Patrick Calhoun called upon to speak by nearly every member of the club, and he remained and heard that speech. Subsequently when the banquet was at an end and another speech was called for then did Dr. Clinton resolve to avail himself of the occasion as a means of promoting a little cheap publicity for himself. Dr. Clinton is evidently one of those somewhat rare men who are fiercely ambitious in small things rather than in large. He seems to be proud of having made a boor of himself.

### The Imperative Consequence

The directors of the Olympic Club feel pretty keenly the humiliation to which they have been subjected.

But their duty in the matter is obvious. Patrick Calhoun was their guest, and if there is any significance to one of the laws of this land which we should hold more sacred than any other, the insulting of him on the score of his indictment was an offense so grievous that the person by whom it was committed should be deemed unfit for the companionship of men who take pride in the decency of their behaviour. There is no law for the letter and spirit of which we should be more solicitous than that which requires the assumption of a man's innocence until his guilt has been established. Men are not made outcasts by the simple process of indictment. To assume that a man is guilty because he has been indicted is a crime against our system of government of an especially mean and contemptible character. It bespeaks a disposition to prejudice, and while that has not been provided against by penal enactment it is forbidden by a law that by many is considered much higher. We are told by an eminent biblical authority that the man is as smoke in the nose of the Lord who says to one of his fellows: "Come not near to me, for I am holier than thou." But it is not entirely because Dr. Clinton is a barbarian in morals that the directors of the Olympic Club should deal with him. Nor is it because, possibly, he was influenced in his unmannerly conduct by a lively sense of the profit to be derived from cultivating labor union favor. Not satisfied with having created a disturbance in the club, Dr. Clinton gave publicity to a club scandal. And worse than that, he dealt in misrepresentation respecting members of the club; misrepresentation of a character highly prejudicial to their reputation. All of which is most unfortunate. All of which adds to the compunctions of the lovers of fair play in this community who are conscious of the brutalities to which Patrick Calhoun has been subjected. For whatever may be one's opinions respecting the charges that have been made against Calhoun, it is undeniable that the treatment which he has received from some men is akin to that species of inhumanity which is barred in Christian warfare. We can vindicate our abomination of the crime charged against Calhoun without gloating over insults offered by union waiters and acquiescing in such brutalities as have been paraded to the impairment of our reputation for decency and fair play. It is this kind of conduct which suggests that while as children of nature we are brothers to the stars and the lilies we are also akin to toadstools and weasels.

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### A Boost For Taylor

From a recent issue of the official organ of organized labor I learn that Mayor Taylor is persona non grata to the unions of this city. This is a circumstance that should have a tendency to commend Mayor Taylor to the esteem of law abiding citizens and win for him their support in the coming election. I regret that I was not at an earlier date apprised of the hostility of the unions to our mayor. This hostility indicates that whatever may have been the attitude of the men who discovered Dr. Taylor, toward unionism, they have brought him into no entangling alliances. For Mayor Taylor, the protegee of the prosecution, has been pronounced an enemy of labor by the official organ of labor. By the way, I do not believe that the editor of the official organ was subsidized by Patrick Calhoun, for he represents Calhoun to be worse than Taylor. According to this inflammatory editor Calhoun should not be sent to jail; he should be put to death. And as for the Graft Prosecution it is a joke and Langdon an enemy of the people. So from all this it is obvious that disapproval of the Graft Prosecution is not always inspired by Patrick Calhoun.

### A Fatal Oversight

A broker just back from a popular summer resort is telling with glee of how he "beat the house." At about the time he arrived at the resort the hotel rates had been raised from three and a half to four dollars a day. He remained for ten days, and upon leaving asked for his bill. When it was presented to him he glanced at it and remarked: "Four dollars a day, eh? Well, I won't pay that." The clerk gasped in astonishment. "Won't pay it? Why, that's our regular rate. We raised it not long ago, you know." "Perhaps you did," was the guest's reply, "but you didn't raise it on me. The rate here for me is three and a half a day." The clerk looked extremely puzzled. "I confess that I don't understand you," he said. "We charge everybody the same." "No you don't," said the broker. "You're charging me three and a half a day. There's a card up in my room which says that is the price." And what could the clerk do but correct the bill? But the broker was hardly out of the hotel before the bell boys were scurrying around taking the old rate cards out of the rooms.

### A Tourist and Her Bear

The Teddy Bear craze has not yet struck here except so far as the children are concerned. The toddlers carry the wooly things around, but as yet adults have not had the courage to lug them through the streets. But the craze is on its way via Los Angeles. A correspondent tells me that although it has not broken out there in the virulent form that prevails in the East, still a beginning has been made. "I saw one beautiful example of the utter ridiculousness of the fad," writes my informant. "On a mountain trail I met a tourist lady astride of a burro. She

was more than plump, and her face was red and moist because of the excessive heat. She was not an inspiring spectacle at best. Tucked under one arm, its feet poked ludicrously out, and actually an expression of weariness on its fuzzy face, was a Teddy bear. I did not know whether to laugh or swear." I more than half expected that the Princess Alice would have one of these substitutes for blood and meat babies with her when she arrived. If she had, the fad would have taken hold in good shape. She should be thanked for sparing us the infliction.

### Caught in More Land Frauds

A big land fraud case pregnant with all kinds of sensations has just been decided in Modoc County to which I am surprised that our friends the big dailies have given practically no attention, especially since John A. Benson, of land fraud notoriety, and T. B. Walker, the multi-millionaire timber king, were very grievously mixed up in it. According to the testimony Benson, Walker and C. L. Hovey obtained by fraud from Mrs. Mollie Conklin a tract of 9500 acres of land in Kern and Inyo counties, known as the "Monache Meadows." Benson pretended that he wanted the land for lieu purposes. By securing it and later surrendering the title to the U. S. government he could get in return certain script which would give him the right to take up timber or other valuable government land acre for acre up to the amount of his script. According to the agreement he wormed out of Mrs. Conklin he was to pay her \$4 per acre for her property when the government accepted it. After

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the papers were signed he prevailed upon her to place them in escrow.

### Grave Findings Made

Later on Mrs. Conklin discovered that among these supposed deeds she had unintentionally been made to sign a power of attorney to Hovey. But subsequently Hovey transferred the property to Walker. Mrs. Conklin made desperate efforts to get the money due her for the land but outside of a small sum, collected early in the deal, she was unable to obtain anything. On the hearing of the case, last week, up in Alturas, the jury was out only a little while and brought in a strong verdict for Mrs. Conklin. Forgery was charged in some of the papers used to deceive her and multimillionaire Walker was told that he was any thing but an innocent purchaser when he bought title of the lands from Hovey. Altogether the three defendants received such a blistering from the jury and subsequently from the bench that there is little likelihood of their courting a repetition by taking an appeal.

### Brains Appreciated

In commercial circles examples of the reward of merit are not of such frequent occurrence as to fail to excite interest. It is not unusual for a business firm to show appreciation of brains and industry by promotion and increase of salary, but it is in rare instances that a man who has zealously contributed to the prosperity of his employer is admitted to partnership. Therefore of more than casual interest is the action of the pioneer firm of Sherman, Clay & Co., in bestowing upon Mr. Andrew McCarthy an interest in the business, at the same time electing him to the office of treasurer. Mr. McCarthy entered the house in his boyhood days, and by perseverance and industry rose to the responsible position of manager which he filled in a manner that added greatly to the prestige of the firm. Mr. McCarthy has been warmly felicitated by his numerous friends on his good fortune.

### A Crusade Against Microbes

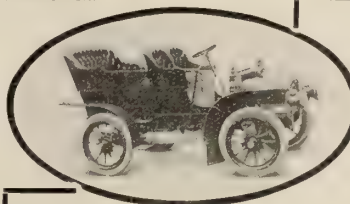
Not long ago a musty old curmudgeon of a scientist announced, doubtless in high glee, that he had scrutinized a kiss through a powerful microscope and found it to be fairly permeated with large, fuzzy microbes. The discovery was hailed by his musty brethren as the finish of romance. Science had at last, thought they, got the goods on Romeo the lovelorn, and on the rowdy Cyrano with his pretty speech—Un baiser—to the fair Roxane's casement. The day seemed plainly in sight when poetic sputterings by moonstruck youth would yield to scientific selection—perhaps a public marriage bureau conducted under competitive examination. But now comes Long Beach City with a microbeless scheme of much the same import. This select village has set itself above and apart from the rest of poor, infected mankind by a means that nothing but

Southern California or Kansas would think of or act upon. In short it has passed a municipal edict placing a ban upon dogs, cats, cows, canaries, chickens, parrots, white mice and Belgian hares and in general every living thing whose existence depends upon its owner's affection; and even horses and mules are placed under severe sanitary restrictions. Long Beach is now microbeless as well as saloonless. There is nothing to prevent its inmates from entering the Hereafter via senile decay, after vegetating into a green, aseptic old age. To the busy, pleasure loving San Franciscan, with his many bad and many forgivable traits, this panic fear of microbes looms up as a powerful sermon on futility. There is a recklessness or fatalism in San Francisco's spirit greatly to be deplored, no doubt, yet morally preferable to a selfish and irreverent desire to protect one's mere animal existence by robbing life itself.

### Their Awful Existence

The Long Beachcomber makes a veritable bugaboo of his environment. What voodoo worshiper is there, anyway, so thoroughly surrounded by spirits, ghosts and devils as the health crank. Believing his miserable, tortured body a mere chemical retort, he eats his protose and wheatnuts with a wry face and ends with an antiseptic gargle for fear meat might harden his protoplasm. He debases caution. So does Long Beach, which having no commercial, scholarly or artistic activities to absorb its time becomes fanatic over

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an 'ism. No cockerow now welcomes the dawn in Long Beach; no chatter of birds disturbs its slumbers. There is no bark of romping dog to join the shout of children. Even the mule, with the taste of peroxide spray in his throat, has no heart to heehaw to his fellows. The lone maiden lady must sip her tea and knit her worsted without the purring companionship of a cat. The cheerless widow must part with her poll-parrot, whose facile profanity used so intimately to recall the presence of the dear departed. Even the tuneful canary no longer lends its notes to stir sweet memories of unmarried youth in the breast of the toiling housewife. In the meantime the San Franciscan is content to trust his welfare to the quarantine officials and the local health department. Yet he will not be entirely uninfluenced in mind by the action of Long Beach. For one thing, he will hereafter be more leniently disposed toward the Hawaiian who conceals his stricken friends in his own abode to save them from banishment to the leper isle of Molokai. The Hawaiian is desperately reckless and even criminal in this respect. But he is so downright human that we can almost forgive him.

#### Trying to Dodge the Gold Bricks

So many innocents have been stung by "the millions NOT taken out of Goldfield, but out of the pockets of the unsophisticated plain people by wily promoters and brokers that suspicion is rampant now whenever any one connected with a brokerage firm is observed tripping in the vicinity of financial distress. Owing to last winter's big slump in stock values, good, bad and indifferent firms have been caught short and in almost every instance the fleeced public shouted "guilty" till the badgered firms, in several instances,

were able to prove their honesty. The last concern to fall under the criticism of the Nevada speculators was Patrick, Elliott & Camp. M. B. O'Farrell was the manager. When the grass became short several months ago and stocks still "kept a dropping" O'Farrell pulled out and came to this city where he started a new company. Several weeks ago he disappeared, or so thought those Nevadans who had suffered by the lapses of Patrick, Elliott and Camp, and the announcement was spread broadcast that he had jumped to foreign parts with a clean up of \$30,000. The San Francisco dailies were deceived by the rumors and published a story of his departure on one of the Pacific liners. It was the regulation absconder story with the pursuing sheriff, the only piece of "verisimilitude" missing was "the blue eyed blonde with the swell figure, his companion." The truth of the matter is that O'Farrell was in the south on a vacation. He at once wired the sheriff and his friends in Goldfield of the true situation and rushed back here to straighten out matters; but as Patrick, Elliott and Camp's creditors are not all satisfied he'll have his hand's full. O'Farrell claims that he paid out \$50,000 of his own private funds in his efforts to get the firm back on its financial legs and finally quit because the members showed a disposition to let everything go by the board. O'Farrell's end of the affair seems to be all right for Sheriff Inman, after investigating the complaints of his alleged flight, reported that there was "nothing against him."

#### WESTERN WORLD

Read Assistant District Attorney Cook's article on the "Delays of the Bar." Cartoon by Maynard Dixon, "Justice Entangled." Western World this week, all news dealers.

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# Social Prattle

By Tantalus

## The Entertaining of Alice

According to published report Mrs. Eleanor Martin called on Mrs. Longworth and after mutual pledges of admiration, the President's daughter coyly remarked that she was not averse to receiving social attention, and Mrs. Martin insisted that her apathy in the matter was due to misinformation, whereupon they fell on each other's necks and agreed to a day of dizzy social delights. At this writing they are plucking the fatted squab in Burlingame but it is yet too early to speak of the luncheon in the authoritative past tense. But at least we can explode some of the involved theories that unravellers of social mystery have concocted from the fact that Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels will act as joint hostesses on the occasion. The favorite explanation that is bandied across the tea tables of the uninitiated, is that Mrs. Spreckels would find the role of hostess altogether too trying these troublesome days. The Spreckels' guest list has been rather abbreviated by a difference of opinion, and the wiseacres insist that Mrs. Spreckels made a very clever move by getting Mrs. Martin to share the honors of hostessing the affair. Mrs. Martin has scrupulously avoided taking sides with either faction—she makes the entertaining of others the business of life and does not believe in mixing up outside business with pleasure. Mrs. Martin has taken special pains to show the regard in which she holds Mrs. Spreckels. As I said several weeks ago, Mrs. Spreckels was among those invited to receive at the reception Mrs. Martin gave Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, which fact alone limelights Mrs. Martin's attitude. Mrs. Martin and her son Downey Harvey have long enjoyed intimate social and financial relations with James D. Phelan (who is rather coy these days and disinclined to divide honors with Mr. Spreckels), and it is therefore easy for her to act as mediator between the factions created by the graft prosecution. How long Mrs. Martin will be able to fill the role is another question.

## How It Happened

Meanwhile there is plenty of fuel to start a nice little blaze at which the cold outsiders may warm their hands and it seems a pity to throw cold water on their theories. But as a matter of fact these two ladies—Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Spreckels—did not closet themselves in secret session and seal, sign and deliver themselves to a pact whereby all the warring factions were to be brought together with Mrs. Longworth as the magnet. Mrs. Eleanor Martin went to the Fairmont to call on Mrs. Longworth and found Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels on the same mission bent. The ladies decided to have luncheon together and found the Longworths in the dining room lingering over a repast to which they had invited Miss Ethel Barrymore and Senator Newlands. There was a cordial exchange of greetings, and Mrs. Longworth said she hoped to find an opportunity to see her San Francisco friends, and

then both ladies in the same breath suggested the luncheon and dinner and Mrs. Longworth agreed to ring them up on the telephone and appoint the day. I have this story from at least four people who sat at an adjacent table and could not turn a deaf ear to social history in the making. Just how Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Spreckels figured out that they would act as joint hostesses at the luncheon and that Mrs. Martin should preside over the dinner alone I do not know but in just such unexpected way as I have related were the affairs suggested. With Mrs. Martin's non-partisan presence as a guarantee it will probably not be necessary to censor the luncheon list very carefully. Mrs. Spreckels herself would probably handle the situation as though Burlingame were not passing through the glacier period. For with Mrs. Longworth to thaw things out society would not act as though it had been in cold storage all summer and I fancy the guest list would be about the same if Mrs. Martin were out of the running.

## In Honor of Ethel

Ethel Barrymore, with her registered stage pedigree, consummate beauty, and pretended disdain for society, has nevertheless been extensively entertained by the smart set during her engagement in San Francisco. The beautiful young actress is usually the house guest of the Joe Tobins but they are in Europe just now, and so are the Charlie Clarks with whom she always spends much of her time. Miss Barrymore was the only one outside of the immediate family who was present at the marriage of Miss Tobin and Mr. Clark. In a published interview Miss Barrymore scores her press agent for making capital out of her social connections and evidently she has managed to successfully evade his alert eye, for several affairs given here in her honor have not yet been served with coffee and rolls at the family breakfast. Thornwell Mullally was host at a handsomely appointed dinner in her honor at the Fairmont Hotel. Among the other guests were Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Jennie Crocker and Mrs. Thomas Eastland. Miss

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Barrymore does not grow a Marcelled mane but society loves to stroke it just the same—the young actress still wears her hair parted in the middle and rolled smoothly over her ears when she is not on character parts. Having been engaged more times than Lillian Russell has been married and having thus far never played a speaking part at the altar, society women do not regard Miss Barrymore as a dangerous rival who is trying to bag an eligible in local preserves for Cupid has not yet hit the mark with smart drawing rooms the wide world over for a target.

#### A Void in Our Art World

The home-coming of Miss Gertrude Partington, who will shortly leave Paris for a visit to San Francisco, has brought to light a curious lack in the art equipment of the city. Miss Partington has lately added to her various laurels a distinguished success in dry-point etching, a departure not indeed remarkable to

those familiar with the illustrative work of this clever young woman. Mr. John Wanamaker, who is responsible for the Hellen vogue in America, is responsible also for the direction of Miss Partington's genius along these lines, one of the artist's first subjects being Mr. Wanamaker's daughter, whose portrait by Hellen is among the etcher's best known work. That the well-known connoisseur freely expresses his opinion as to the superiority of the Partington portrait is regarded as exceptionally significant testimony to the beauty and distinction of the work. His opinion has taken the very practical shape of several other commissions, the resulting etchings being introduced into America in the Philadelphia gallery of the dealer. The work has attracted the widest attention there, and a large commission from another Philadelphia art dealer, for a series of the beautiful girl etchings in which Miss Partington has been so successful, is among the pleasant evidences. Naturally, to the Californian California as a mine of feminine loveliness ever sug-



AT EL PIZMO BEACH SURF BATHING IS DELIGHTFUL AT THIS SEASON. IT IS THE BENCH OF THE BEACH MAKES IT A POPULAR PLACE.



gests itself, and Miss Partington determined to combine business with pleasure and return to San Francisco to fulfill her commission. The artist's sister, Miss Blanche Partington, the dramatic critic, was accordingly admonished to look out for those newer beauties that have bloomed during Miss Gertrude's absence of the last three years—and for an etching press. The beauty-quest was easy, says Miss Partington, but the etching-press is another story. If the evidence so far is conclusive, there is not at the present moment an etching press in all San Francisco.

#### But Los Angeles Has One

Advertisement, and exhaustive enquiry among artists, printers, and art dealers alike, have failed to discover the local existence of one of these indispensable adjuncts to etching, with the coincident evidence of the entire absence of the art among the city's artistic activities. The fact also develops that Los Angeles

owns at least one of these presses, the property of Mrs. Pope, who was Miss Marion Holden of this city, herself an etcher of some distinction. Doubtless among the lost treasures of the city were etching presses, and doubtless we shall have etching presses again, but in the meantime San Francisco is an etcher's desert. Among the beautiful women who have so far been asked to pose for Miss Partington is Miss Ethel Barrymore, who will "sit" for the artist in New York. That Miss Barrymore, like Mrs. Wanamaker's daughter is a Helleu subject, adds a particular interest to this promised portrait. For the local beauties, whether or not Miss Partington has them "on the list"—her opinion here being regarded by the artist as all but final—is one of the day's burning questions.

#### Distinguished Lecturer Coming

A matter that should be of considerable interest to people in this and neighboring towns is the coming of



ED AMONG THE FINEST BEACH RESORTS IN CALIFORNIA AND THE WIDE  
C FOR AN AUTOMOBILE SPEEDWAY.

Dr. James H. Hyslop, formerly Professor of Logic and Ethics at Columbia University. He will speak at the State University on the thirty-first of this month and will deliver a lecture under the auspices of the California Club on August fourth at the Bush Street Temple on Science and the Future Life. Dr. Hyslop is perhaps better qualified than any other man in America to discuss this subject, he having been one of the most active of the group of scientists identified with the investigations made of late years by the American Society for Scientific Research.

### They Never Feazed Her

Evidently when Alice Roosevelt Longworth wants a thing all the blue ribbon badges in the world can't budge her from her desire. The morning that the Longworths arrived at the Fairmont, some hundred Christian Endeavor delegates were banqueting in the Red Room. Just as they were washing down crab salad with Spring Valley, Vintage '07, the word went round that the President's daughter was lunching in the main dining room. Careless of the possibility of their ice water getting flat, there was a stampede to the door to see Mrs. Longworth. That young matron and her husband happened at the moment to be drinking their favorite brand of cocktail. Mrs. Longworth glanced up, saw the bulging eyes under the motley millinery jammed in the door, and gazing pensively at the C. E. badges fluttering on "heaving bosoms," calmly ordered another cocktail!

### Perhaps it Was Tea

One mild eyed young thing, who was among the last to squeeze in, and get a squint at Mrs. Longworth, remarked in a very audible whisper, "they say its a 'Rooshian' habit to drink your tea out of a glass." But I fancy that some of those stern eyed women swallowed that "tea" pretty hard. However Mrs. Longworth seemed utterly indifferent to the tempest she had set a bubbling in the tea pot in the Red Room.

### Her Lively Interest

There is a remarkable difference in the bearing of Mr. Longworth and his near-Princess Alice. The Honorable Nicholas is evidently studiously intent upon ignoring the public gaze which follows in their wake. He carefully focuses his eye upon blank space or his charming wife, while she on the other hand pays the public back glance for glance. In sauntering through the foyer of the Fairmont she met curious gaze with gaze—a look that showed neither annoyance nor the disinterested glance of a public eye, but rather the amused gleam of one who is filing away "types" in the picture gallery of the mind. Mrs. Longworth herself is rather a unique type, for with the whole world for a footstool, she still manages to take a brisk interest in everything and everybody while the average San Francisco society girl is blase at twenty.

### Evolution of the Shorbs

Los Angeles society was very much interested in Bernardo Shorb and his bride while they were honeymooning in the South. The marriage of "The Infant"

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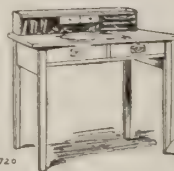
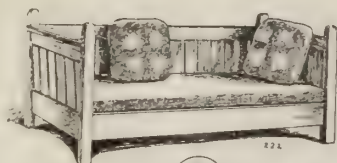
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as Bernardo is called by people who have not yet adjusted him to his new role, is only another one of the dynamic surprises which the Shorb family has furnished Los Angeles since it pulled up its stakes in those parts. The Shorbs were not counted in the race for social leadership down there, and Los Angeles sat up and rubbed its eyes when Mrs. Ynez Shorb White began to appear in black face type in the San Francisco society columns. Then it was that the carpet-baggers and the new rich of the South learned of the glorious past of the Shorbs. The mistake had been made of estimating the social worth of the family from the standard of its financial worth, and the family fortune had vanished. Even the old Shorb home on a hill overlooking the San Gabriel Valley, once one of the show places of those parts, after having been mortgaged up to the hilt passed into other hands. When the Shorbs occupied it the hospitable latch always hung out, but no effort was made to win social prestige for the family 'scutcheon, though at one time even the family exchequer would have easily placed leadership in their grasp but the social bee had not yet learned to buzz in the family bonnet. I was told the other day by an old friend of theirs that even Ynez Shorb showed none of the social instincts in her girlhood which distinguish her now. The prominence and newspaperiety which the family have achieved here have made Los Angeles prostrate itself before the Shorb connections still left down there. Brent Watkins, whose engagement was announced the other day, is a cousin and is a power that is reckoned with by Southern California girls who are anxious to have a fling at San Francisco society. Mrs. White's influence with Mrs. Eleanor Martin is the lever by which her Southern friends believe she moves social destiny.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mead (Mrs. Mead was Miss Mae Sadler) are expected home in August. When they left San Francisco on their wedding trip they went to Alaska but when last heard from they were in the Yellowstone Park. It is their intention to remain in the Park a couple of weeks then tour Montana and Oregon, taking the trip down the Columbia river and home via the Shasta Route. On their return they will make their permanent home at Byron Hot Springs.

#### A Pleasant Time at Bon Air

One of the most pleasant and perhaps the most popular of Marin County hotels is the Bon Air, delightfully situated upon a hillside overlooking the bay. They have had some delightfully informal gatherings there during the summer. The last was on Saturday the 20th. The grounds and hotel were crowded with some of San Francisco's best people and dancing lasted into the night. The personnel of these assemblies is always select and the hospitality of Messrs. Strassburger and Parker and their capacity as hosts has not only been demonstrated but is fast becoming known about the bay.

#### A NEW FINANCIAL INSTITUTION

Fresh and inspiring evidence of the confidence that notable financiers have in the future of San Francisco is given by the recent incorporation of the San Francisco Bond and Mortgage Company which is to serve as an intermediary between capital and borrowers in this city. The officers are: John Lloyd, President; David F. Walker and W. P. Plummer, Vice-Presi-

dents; Treasurer, J. Dalzell Brown; Secretary, Rufus P. Jennings; General Counsel, W. J. Bartnett and Charles W. Slack; General Attorney, M. E. Cerf. The capital stock is \$10,000,000. The purpose of the company is not to compete with well-established institutions but to co-operate with them in securing funds necessary for the immediate rebuilding of this city. It will be operated upon principles that have long been familiar to the greatest financiers in Europe.



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## The Summer Resorts

### BYRON HOT SPRINGS.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following from San Francisco: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Pike, Mr. and Mrs. B. Y. Shorb, Miss Ethel Young, Miss Irene H. Sheehan, Mr. John R. Sheehan, H. C. Voorman, A. Dederky, Miss N. F. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Casey, L. P. Degen, Emory Winship, L. A. Langemann, Mrs. J. C. Klein, John T. Gilmartin, Mrs. T. C. Howard, Miss Ethel Howard, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Talbot, Miss Ward, Miss Talbot, Mr. W. H. Talbot.

### SODA BAY SPRINGS.

Arrivals at Soda Bay, week ending July 17, '07, from San Francisco: Miss Hecht, Miss Clark, J. K. Hecht, Silvian Selig and wife, C. H. Hart, John F. Worster, Ed H. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. H. Heedeman and children, Mrs. M. O. Heedeman, Mr. Burtson, Edwin A. Lodge, Mrs. Sallie Lodge, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Towe, Mrs. Alfred Sparlara, Miss Kate Sartori, Miss L. Sartori, L. Bowie, L. E. Taylor, F. T. Fleming, R. W. Gray, V. T. Wooster, A. Kahn.

### TAHOE TAVERN.

Recent arrivals at Tahoe Tavern, Lake Tahoe, Cal.: from San Francisco, Mrs. G. R. Hayes, Mrs. Geo. B. Willicut, Geo. H. Willicut, C. Goldberg, M. W. Foley, K. A. Hallahan, M. Harney, A. Harney, L. M. Libbey, Mrs. Howard and son, W. H. Mara and wife, Benj. Boas, Miss McEvery, Miss McLaughlin, Dr. McEvery, F. F. Mix and family, W. F. Powers, Mrs. F. L. Southwick and family, F. H. Watkins, J. O. Harron and family, Dr. H. E. Plymire and wife, Miss Peacock, Mr. Ungewitter and wife, W. R. Jones, F. H. Fries, V. H. Seavey, Eva A. Bromley, Gerald Lyons, Dr. W. H. Mayhew, J. Birmingham, Mrs. M. S. Henderson and child.

### NOTES FROM WITTER SPRINGS HOTEL, LAKE COUNTY.

Lieut.-Governor Porter and party of seven are spending a month at Witter Springs Hotel.

Mrs. Captain Bull and family of the navy will arrive at Witter Saturday for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Galpin and daughters arrived at Witter Springs Wednesday.

General and Mrs. Bell of Washington, D. C., have joined the army colony.

Mrs. C. W. Durbrow and the Misses Sharp of Mill Valley have joined Mrs. and Miss Moffat for a month.

Stewart Culin is at Witter getting data for a new Indian book.

### HOTEL VENDOME.

The following registered at the Hotel Vendome during the past week: from San Francisco, H. W. Darling, Frank S. Burr, J. H. Benedict Jr., K. Wiese, A. J. Hechtman, O. Helleland, F. W. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hochstadter, E. J. Hochstadter, Mrs. J. Gall, O. Fredlander, Fred C. Hataline, Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Trusty, Mrs. Eleanor Smith, J. W. Flynn, Mr. and Mrs. H. Lyons, J. C. Beatty, J. Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. N. Cohn, Mrs. Frank T. Wayland, E. W. A. Waterhouse, John Berryman, D. V. Maclean, H. Levinsun, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Greeley, Sarah Funkenstein, Miss Flood and maid, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kirk, Miss Teresa A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Helm.

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# Stage

## Taking Ezra Kendall Seriously

Whether or not a humorist may ever be taken seriously is a delicate question, but for present purposes it may be hazarded that a so-called humorous play may be taken with deadly seriousness when it is so atrociously bad that it cannot even be regarded as a good joke on the audience. It is not possible that "Swell Elegant Jones," the offering in which Ezra Kendall is just now endeavoring, with the most painful results, to exploit his humorous personality, was perpetrated as a practical joke on humor-loving theatregoers. It is too bad even to possess that doubtful reason for being. It is so bad that the author has not dared to put his name on the program, preferring to be an anonymous torturer of the long-suffering public. And so, faced by the miserable failure of his every effort to be funny it becomes necessary, for the first time in his career, to take Ezra Kendall seriously. Time was when Ezra Kendall rocked an Orpheum audience with mirth for twenty breathless minutes but there is no hint of the vaudeville star in the Kendall of "Swell Elegant Jones." Careful attention to every line of the play fails to show a single joke worthy of the author of "Spots" and "Good Gravy." There are times when one laughs at the silliness of the attempts at wit, but that is only when an hour or so of painful endurance has worked complete demoralization of the sense of humor. One chuckles occasionally with solemn politeness, but the suggestion of a post-mortem tribute to murdered mirth is irresistible. There is not the inspiration for a hearty guffaw in the whole play: it is the canonization of insipidity, the apotheosis of dreary and unrelieved dullness. It is no disappointment to learn that Ezra Kendall is no actor, but the other members of the company are not famous monologists like their star, so there is no excuse for their collective crudity. Kendall has been provided with a genuine barnstorming company and scenery to match; and the fact that, so equipped, he has stolen for two weeks into the best playhouse in town—treading closely on the heels of Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore—is the only thing remotely resembling a joke in connection with his engagement.

—Edward F. O'Day

## Orpheum Vaudeville

The bill for the week beginning this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum is headed by the foremost comedy acrobats in this country, Frank Seymour and Emma Hill, who will introduce their latest hit, "The Mix and the Mixer," which it is predicted will prove a delightful surprise. John W. World, a clever singing and dancing comedian and Mindell Dreyfus Kingston, a soubrette with a powerful voice, will reappear after quite a long absence and are sure of a cordial greeting. Among other newcomers are the Five Musical Byrons, who perform on a variety of instruments with a skill that has made them famous. It will be the second week of the Stunning Grenadiers who have created quite a sensation and the last week of Gaston and Green, Roberts, Hayes and Roberts, Les Jardy and of those delightful artists, James Neill and Edythe Chapman Neill. Mr. and Mrs. Neill will say adieu to us in a new one act play by Edgar Allen Woolf, called "The Actress and the Devil." Mrs. Neill will appear

as the actress and Mr. Neill will play "The Devil of Wall Street," a character study and very much out of the conventional. His make up is described as striking and perfect and he presents a type of man familiar to New York, and yet his appearance is made to bear a subtle resemblance to that of the accepted portraiture of his satanic majesty which makes the title of the play seem to fit it. The entertainment will conclude with New Motion Pictures.

## The Prince Chap

"The Prince Chap," one of the greatest comedy successes seen in New York in many seasons so report runs, will be presented here with Cyril Scott in his original star role. The play was written by Edward Peple, and produced at the Madison Square Theatre



EMMA HILL

Who in conjunction with Frank Seymour will present the comedy, acrobatic eccentricity, "The Mix and The Mixer," next week at The Orpheum.

in the metropolis. Its success was so great that the day after its first performance tickets were placed on sale for the balance of the engagement. Owing to other bookings at the Madison Square the comedy moved up to Weber's Theatre on Broadway, where its run was successfully continued for over 209 times.

It was afterwards presented at the Yorkville, Lincoln Square and Majestic theatres, all within eighteen months. Besides this "The Prince Chap" was played 150 times at Sir Charles Wyndham's Criterion Theatre, London, and is now running in the English provinces. "The Prince Chap" will be seen at the Van Ness Theatre commencing Monday, August 5th.

#### Kelcey and Shannon in "The Idler"

Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon will play the leading roles this coming week at the Alcazar in C. Haddon Chambers' fascinating English society drama "The Idler." The play has something of an American atmosphere, for though the events take place in London they hinge upon a tragic happening in California a score of years before the opening of the story. The plot is one of intense human interest, dealing as it does with the career of a man who in early life committed a murder, and in later years is threatened with exposure and punishment. The plot abounds in thrilling complications and through its warp and woof runs the thread of a woman's love.

#### The Geisha

Commencing Monday July 29th that delightful Japanese operetta "The Geisha" will be sung by an enlarged opera company at Idora Park. The new members of the cast are Doris Goodwin, a singing soubrette, and Wallace Brownlow, the well known baritone. The work will receive the finest presentation it has ever had on the Coast. Hope Mayne will bid adieu to the stage in this production as she has decided to retire to private life and make a certain well known Alameda bachelor the happiest man on earth. After the run of "The Geisha" the ever welcome "Robin Hood" will be revived.

#### O'Sullivan in Oakland

The special engagement for three weeks of Denis O'Sullivan at the Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, opened most auspiciously last Monday evening with a presentation of Boucicault's "Arrah Na Pogue." The popular San Franciscan has already made hosts of Oakland admirers by his splendid impersonation of Shaun the Post and the delightful manner in which he sings the old Irish melodies. For the second week of his engagement, commencing next Monday evening, Mr. O'Sullivan will present "Peggy Machree," the musical play written especially for him by his wife, which he presented with great success in London and throughout the British Isles, and which proved very popular when given by him during his last engagement at the old Grand Opera House. O'Sullivan, by the way, has signed a five years' contract with Joseph Brooks and will be starred by him in this play next season, opening in New York in December. As Barry Trevor, O'Sullivan is seen at his best and will have an unusually attractive repertoire of songs that will include many of the ancient Irish folk songs besides "Welcome Home," "Driscoll Abou," "The Donovans," "The Birds Fly South," "Oh, Lovely Roses," and the fascinating "Widow Malone." The excellent stock company at the Liberty gives Mr. O'Sullivan excellent support. A specially engaged chorus will be a feature of the production of "Peggy Machree." "The Shaghraun" is announced for the third and last week of Mr. O'Sullivan's Liberty engagement.

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August 5: Cyril Scott in "The Prince Chap."

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NEXT: "Sherlock Holmes."

COMING: Denis O'Sullivan.

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Will L. Greenbaum, Acting Manager.

Commencing Monday Evening, July 29,

#### "THE GEISHA"

With Wallace Brownlow and Doris Goodwin in the Cast.

## Ye Liberty Playhouse 14th & Broadway OAKLAND

Direction H. W. Bishop.

Denis O'Sullivan and Bishop's Players in

#### "PEGGY MACHREE"

Next: "The Shaghraun."



### In the Limelight

"The Man of the Hour" is an early booking for the Van Ness Theatre where its presentation is bound to create quite a stir. The big special company organized especially for the tour by Wm. A. Brady will open here August 19th.

The production of "The Prince Chap" to be seen at the Van Ness Theatre is identical with the one that enjoyed a run of two hundred and nine performance at five different New York theatres.

"Salomy Jane," one of the most prominent of the past season's hits in New York has been booked for the Van Ness Theatre.

"The Lion and the Mouse" and a big production of "The Prince of Pilsen" are two of the successes of former seasons to be offered the coming autumn at the Van Ness Theatre.

English critics are predicting that "The Merry Widow" run at Daly's London Theatre will last for three years.

### American Plays in London

An occasional correspondent now in London writes as follows:

"The English theatre-going public is collecting a strained garland of ideas regarding America, its customs and its language from a number of plays now being presented here by American artists. Grace George's bizarre diction is accepted by cultivated Londoners as a good example of 'English as she is spoke in New York' and the homely caricatures of 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch' are calmly looked upon by the untraveled, yet highly superior Briton, as correct types of American people. I sat behind a group of English people, comprising a baronet, two members of parliament, and three ladies of high position and liberal education, the other night. Each individual in the group assented with a superior 'Oh, yes, of course, that's very American' when someone turned around to say that all boys of eight years in the States chewed tobacco. This remark was, of course, apropos to the fact that one of the youngsters in the play is caught red-handed and black-lipped in the act of enjoying a plug of the fragrant weed. It is difficult to persuade an English mother that American parents do not delight in torturing their offspring, and all sorts of shuddering exclamations at the outrageous American practice are heard when a woman in the play kinks a little girl's hair with a flat iron. Verily, the idea of America gleaned from 'Mrs. Wiggs' pleases vastly, and vastly misleads the London theatre-goer. Mr. Tyler and his company may fondly believe themselves to be making an enormous artistic hit at the Savoy Theatre, but the real 'hit' is made by the exaggerated types which prove all the wild dreams our British cousins entertain regarding American customs and habits to be quite true. Inasmuch as more Americans than comprise the entire population of Great Britain visit England in the course of every five years, we may fairly believe ourselves to be very well informed about English habits and customs, and to look with pity upon our insular neighbor who derives his misinformation as to America from the plays sent over to London to exploit character actors and actresses in character parts."

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SAN FRANCISCO, March 23, 1906.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Our three-year-old daughter, having been ill for some time and being treated by the most prominent physicians, gradually became worse and was finally given up by them. We were then recommended to Dr. Wong Him. We started with his treatment, and within two months' time our daughter was cured. Respectfully,

MR. AND MRS. H. C. LIEB,  
2757 Harrison street, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 19, 1906.

TO THE PUBLIC: This is to certify that Dr. Wong Him has cured me of lung and stomach trouble, from which I had suffered for many years. I tried many doctors, but they failed to cure me. I consulted Dr. Wong Him, and after taking his Herb Medicine for six months am now permanently cured. I wish to recommend him to the public as an efficient and skillful physician.

CHARLES BAEHR,  
632 Lyon street, San Francisco, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1907.

TO THE PUBLIC: I had a very severe case of Throat Trouble and general breakdown. Did not sleep or eat for eight days. After trying every remedy I heard of without success, I called on Dr. Wong Him, 1268 O'Farrell street, who by feeling my pulse correctly diagnosed my case. His remedies gave me immediate relief. Cannot say too much in favor of his teas.

O. REESE, 1552 Ninth Ave.

**HOTEL DEL MONTE.**

The following San Franciscans registered at Del Monte during the past week: R. E. Sanford and Mrs. Sanford, E. Barns and Mrs. Barns, Dr. Pickett, Miss Keyes, Miss Scott, Dr. A. H. McNulty, Mrs. Tomlinson, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Fleishacker, A. P. Buffington, U. S. A., Carlton C. Crane, Dr. Clyde Payne and Mrs. Payne, J. J. Greeley and Mrs. Greeley, Mrs. T. W. Huntington, T. W. Huntington Jr., Emily Huntington, Mr. Metzger, Rev. Wm. der Rondenstrom, Geo. H. Sanders, Geo. C. Salcht and Mrs. Salcht, Miss Dora Winn, D. G. Martin, Mrs. W. J. Martin, J. J. Martin, Mrs. G. L. Perham, Miss Ina Perham, W. W. Hannan and Mrs. Hannan, Hother Wismer, Mrs. M. A. Swan, A. F. Piper, L. K. Piper,

Chas. W. Lott, E. L. Foucar and Mrs. Foucar, Chas. K. Lorigan, E. L. Girzi and Mrs. Girzi, F. B. Lorigan and Mrs. Lorigan, W. J. Corkery and Mrs. Corkery, Geo. E. Crothers, Mrs. H. Mansfield Blakeslee, Miss Phoebe G. Raisch, Miss Valerie Smyth, A. G. Stoll.

**NAPA SODA SPRINGS.**

Arrivals from San Francisco: T. F. Armstrong, H. H. McCollister, A. Edwards, Miss Turner, Gustav Wormser, Hartland Law, Mrs. Hartland Law, Mr. H. E. Law, Mrs. H. E. Law, Ralph Newsonben, Mrs. A. Roth, Miss Cecelia Roth, Miss Esther Roth, Miss Catherine Roth, Mr. A. Roth, Mrs. H. Cohn, Miss Cohn.



DENIS O'SULLIVAN

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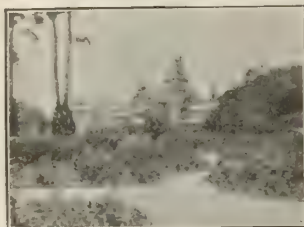
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## The Infidelity of Madeleine Jeffreys

(Continued from Page 8.)

confirmed his suspicions. For instance, he ascertained that Madeleine, who hitherto had been a very stay-at-home woman, was now in the habit of going out for hours at a time, nearly every afternoon, "shopping"; though the number of purchases that she bought or had sent home, was, if anything, less numerous than heretofore. Again, though no more letters in that handwriting were received at the house, he learned that his wife usually found some reason for running out to a neighboring newspaper shop as soon as he had gone to business. He had no difficulty in discovering that the shop in question drove quite a lucrative little trade by lending itself out as an accommodation address. Hence the true inwardness of Madeleine's frequent morning calls there was tolerably apparent.

But these were only small discoveries compared with what came to light when George Jeffreys reached that stage of his investigations when he thought it necessary to interrogate the servants. He found both Martha, the housemaid, and Mrs. Holly, the cook, simply bursting with suppressed intelligence. What they had to tell him related to circumstances that occurred on two or three occasions when business had called him away from home for a few days.

"Oh yes, sir," said the voluble Martha, in the course of her revelations. "You know missis's little sitting-room, with the French windows opening on the back garden. Well, I first begin to think, I did, when, one evening, as you was away, and missis was supposed to be alone in there, I was a-passin' the door and I hear missis a-talkin' to some one, and a man's voice a-answerin' of her. Which, thinkin' it very funny—bein' then late in the evening—I came straight into the kitchen and told cook, didn't I, Mrs. Holly?"

"You did, Martha," replied the person referred to, nodding her head impressively.

"Well, sir," continued Martha in her rambling way, "me and cook thought as this was a thing as want more lookin' into. So we goes and listens together at the door of the little sitting-room, didn't we, cook?"

"We did, Martha," rejoined Mrs. Holly, again nodding her head even more impressively than before.

"And while we was a-listenin'," continued Martha, "we hear things as make us look at each other and ask ourselves whatever is respectable situations a-comin' to. Yes, sir, we did—we hear the missis and the gentleman a'callin' of each other 'darling,' and all manner of loving names; and then, it's true, as I'm standing there, sir, we distinctly hear them a-kissin'—didn't we, cook?"

"We did, Martha," assented her fellow-servant, the impressiveness of her nod being this time quite portentous.

"Then I tap at the door," went on Martha, "and turned the handle to go in, but find it locked. 'Who's there?' says the missis, sharply. 'Only me, m'm,' says I. 'I was a-comin' to ask you if there was anything I could do afore I went to bed.' Then I hears the sound of the winder being softly opened and shut agen, and a moment later missis, she unlock the door. 'I was asleep, Martha,' she says, makin' believe to yawn, 'and had locked myself in to avoid being disturbed. I hope you didn't knock more than wunst,' she says, a-eyeing of me rather suspicious. 'Oh, no, m'm' I says; which was quite true, for I hadn't only knocked that wunst. Well, that was the first evening

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as you was away, sir. And the next evening as you was away, me and cook decide as it was our dooty to watch what went on this time, sir, so we slips off our white aprons and puts black shawls over our heads, and we waits outside behind the yew tree in the corner of the back garding, in case there might be anythink to see. And we hadn't been waitin' long, sir, afore a gentleman—which it was too dark for us to see his face—come quietly in by the side gate and goes up to the winder and taps gently. Which a minute later the winder's opened just wide enough for him to slip through, and then it's softly closed agen. And cook and me, we creeps up to the winder and tries to peep in, but the curtings being drawed, we couldn't a-see nuthink, though we could hear them two, quite distinct, a-calling each other loving' names, and now and then a-kissin' of each other; which it was nearly a hour sir, afore the gentleman leave agen, going out quietly by the side gate, same as he come. And that, sir," concluded Martha, "was the last time as you was away, so we haven't had no chance of seeing nuthink since."

"You are quite sure of all this?" demanded Jeffreys, whose face was very pale and stern, fixing his eyes in a scrutinizing gaze on the two domestics.

"Certing, sir," replied Martha.

"Certing sure, sir," added Cook.

"And you are prepared, if necessary, to repeat what you have told me on oath?"

"I'd swear to it anywhere, sir," answered Martha, emphatically.

"Ditto me, sir," said Cook.

"But this gentleman, now?" interrogated Jeffreys. "You say it was too dark for you to see his face. Can you give me any sort of description of him—was he a big man or a small man, for instance?"

"Well, sir," rejoined Martha, "I should say as he was neither one thing nor the other, though rather on the small side—'bout as big as the milkman, shouldn't you say, Cook?"

"Just about," nodded Mrs. Holly.

"And he'd got a beard, sir," continued Martha. "Rather a long beard, which made me think he might be a hartist, or a littery gent, or sumthink o' that sort. But that was as much as I could see."

"You have nothing further to add to what you have told me?" demanded Jeffreys, after a moment's silence.

"No, sir. We've a told you everythink," replied Martha.

"Yes, sir, we've a told you everythink," corroborated Cook.

"That will do for the present, then. I need not keep you further now. But I must impress upon you not to tell anybody—and especially not to tell your mistress—of the information you have given me."

Both domestics assured him that they shouldn't dream of such a thing and then withdrew. The upshot of the interview was that Jeffreys at once consulted a fellow attorney as to his best course of action, and, acting on the latter's advice, he employed a detective to watch Madeleine. Probably the lady had somehow got an inkling that her movements were under surveillance; at any rate, she was so careful in her behaviour that the man employed to spy upon her found himself persistently baffled. But Jeffreys, determined to find out the whole truth, and to find it out without more delay, took the drastic step of breaking open his wife's desk one Sunday when she was at church, in order to see whether he could discover any



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evidence there in the shape of compromising letters.

The result of this step was decisive. In her desk he found from thirty to forty letters in the same unmistakably masculine handwriting as he had observed on the envelope of that letter which had first aroused his suspicions, and a perusal of their contents placed Madeleine's guilt beyond doubt. The writer had so far had the prudence to conceal his identity that he had refrained from attaching his surname to the "ever your devoted Boy" with which all the letters wound up. But though he had thus been careful to hide his personality, he had taken no pains whatever to conceal the real nature of his relations with Madeleine, but had let himself go with an ardour of amorous unreserve that clearly revealed the state of the case. Jeffreys' face grew black with rage as he read them. When his wife returned from church, there was a terrible scene.

Madeleine stood up to the infuriated Jeffreys with a courage and a spirit worthy of a better cause. She refused either to admit or deny anything. Her husband had stooped to question her own servants against her, to set detectives on her track, to force open her desk and read her letters. She would have nothing to say to such a man. He had taken upon himself to ferret out things to her discredit in his own mean, underhand way, and in that way he might continue to make what investigations he pleased, and to discover what he could. She was not going to hold any communication with him on the subject.

"By Heaven!" cried out Jeffreys, almost beside himself with anger at her cool defiance of him. "You shall tell me, woman! I will wring from your false lips the name of the scoundrel who has betrayed me."

She smiled at him in cold disdain.

"Will you?" she replied. "We shall see."

"By —," he ejaculated, now white with fury, as he shook his fist at her. "I will make you tell me, you —."

She neither quailed at his clenched fist, nor winced at the foul name by which he addressed her.

"Nothing shall ever make me tell," she answered, drawing herself up very proud and erect. "I love him far too well to give him away."

She was utterly in the wrong. She stood convicted of that which should have bowed her down with shame, if not with repentance. Yet there was something almost splendid, almost noble, in the woman's misplaced loyalty, in the courage with which, while she was ready to face any consequences for herself, she proudly refused to betray her lover.

It was in vain that Jeffreys raved, stormed, threatened. She remained defiant and immovable.

"Look here, you shameless baggage!" he cried out, at length, "let me warn you, for the last time, that unless you give me up this fellow's name, I will drag you through the exposure of the Divorce Court without mercy and without compunction."

"Drag me where you please," she answered, with proud determination. "I do not want either your mercy or your compunction. I would not have them at a gift. I hate and despise you far too much. But I love him, and I will never betray him—never, never."

With that, she turned and left him. Half an hour later she quitted her husband's roof for the last time.

Madeleine kept her secret faithfully and well. By no artifice or investigation could Jeffreys discover the identity of her lover. In the end, when he commenced divorce proceedings, he was obliged to cite as co-

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respondent "some person unknown." This circumstance of itself attracted a good deal of attention to the case, which Madeleine fought out to the bitter end. But those fatal letters (corroborated by the evidence of the servants, which remained unshaken under cross-examination) were damning and conclusive. In due course the decree was made absolute, and about a couple of years later Jeffreys married again.

Not long after that event he was surprised and not very well pleased to find lying on his plate, when he came down to breakfast one morning, a letter addressed to him in Madeleine's handwriting. Opening it, with a moody frown, he read as follows:

I am glad to see you have married again. I hope your present wife will make you happier than I did. I think the time has now come for me to tell you the truth about my lover, whose identity I have hitherto refused to disclose.

I certainly deceived you. But not in the way you thought. The fact is this. When I realized that I did not love you, I found it simply insupportable to remain your wife. But the law says that only sin in the man or the woman can dissolve the marriage tie. Now, there was no chance of your sinning, and I could not sin in that way. I could, however, behave in such a manner as to make you believe that I had sinned. And this is what I did, in order that you might claim release from me.

Can't you guess how I did it? It was the easiest thing in the world. For what easier than to counterfeited the bass tones of a man's voice for the deception of two suspicious maids listening at the keyhole? What easier than to disguise one's self in male attire, with a false beard, and to slip in at nightfall through one's own boudoir window? What easier than to write, and to get a confidential friend to copy, any number of compromising letters, and to take care that they should fall into your hands?

Briefly: there was no man in the case. I was my own lover. There, you have my secret. I shall not disclose to anyone else; no more, of course, will you.

M.

### AUTO NOTES

Mr. J. H. Durst returned to this city on Friday last after spending several weeks in Nevada, where he took with him his model "A" Oldsmobile. Mr. Durst reports having made several thousand miles in his car. He makes special mention of a trip from Hawthorn to Bodie through the Sweet Water Country. At times he was compelled to go over a grade of 12 miles in length, averaging probably 20 per cent and, at points, as much as 35 per cent. A great deal of sand was encountered and, in summing up the trip, Mr. Durst says he does not believe there is another car built, in the class of the Model "A" Oldsmobile, which will duplicate the performance of his car.

Mr. I. M. Green, who, with his family, is spending his vacation in Lake County, visited this city for a few hours last Saturday and says he is having a most delightful time touring through Lake County in his Model "A" Oldsmobile.

Mr. David D. Vint is an ardent devotee of the speed wagon which gets its power from gasoline. Since purchasing his 60 H.-P. Thomas "Flyer" Mr. Vint has thoroughly acquainted himself with the car and now dispenses with a chauffeur entirely, having found, as most motorists do, that the real fun is only experienced when at the wheel.

Mrs. H. F. Mordoff received her new Thomas "Flyer" last week and has made several pleasant trips through Alameda and other bay counties. She is a firm believer in the fact that the Thomas is the only car.

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## Letters

### "Priscilla of the Doll Shop"

Nina Rhoades has a well-earned reputation as a writer of stories for the little girls still interested in dollies and toy tea sets, and such miniature momentous matters. She is wise enough not to preach, but confines herself to relating an interesting narrative, leaving the moral to take care of itself, and as her good girls are not superlatively good, nor her naughty ones impossibly bad, and her "big people" neither implacable tyrants nor idiotically complacent, little readers find themselves at home to the extent of feeling that if the incidents are not likely to occur in their own lives, at least they might have happened to other children. "Priscilla of the Doll Shop" is the title of her latest book, but that is only one of three stories. Priscilla was a little girl who helped dress dolls for sale after school hours, and out of her occupation in assisting her aunt to earn their support, she walked right into the middle of a real story. "When Eva was Seven" tells of another little maiden who, overhearing some servant's gossip, was convinced that her parents were woefully disappointed that she was not a boy. Her little playmate, Jimmy Murphy, was an only son, and Mrs. Murphy having once said to Eva that she wished she had a nice little girl of her own, the child set about rectifying the mistakes of Nature by attempting to effect an exchange. What happened, then, and the games and plays which Eva and Jimmy enjoyed together will interest both boys and girls of the same age. "Lulu's Penance" is most heartily commended to those mothers and aunts who will persist in afflicting their juvenile relatives with those abominable "Elsie" books. Lulu was pretty well spoiled by adulation, to begin with, but the finishing touch was added when a companion loaned her "Elsie Dinsmore," and she felt moved to emulate the example of that sniveling little Pharisee who is the most dangerous book companion ever deliberately chosen for a little girl. The three stories together make quite a substantial volume. The cover design is similar to that employed on previous books by the same author, so that, though they do not form a continuous series, yet the "Brick House Books" are easily associated. Illustrations, by Bertha Davidson, are unusually good. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

"Heart Melodies," a selection of prose and poetical extracts of a cheerful and uplifting character brought together by Mary Allette Ayer, will make its own appeal to those in search of something at the same time useful, appropriate and beautiful as a gift to a book-loving friend. It will be equally appreciated by the youngest girl past nursery age and by the oldest woman who has yet eyesight enough to read by or hearing enough to enjoy being read to. The selections are gathered from every source, yet the compilation is free from the usual padding and platitudinous bits which seem to be forced in for the sake of having something, no matter what, from every great writer. The dainty white and gold binding immediately suggests Easter, Christmas, confirmation, a birthday, a wedding anniversary, or the recovery from an illness, in fact, there is no occasion upon which a gift of any kind is appropriate that "Heart Melodies" would not fit into. This is the third volume of selected gems by the same editor, the predecessors being "Daily Cheer Year Book," and "The Joys of Friendship." Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

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**ORDER.**

AND NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE SET FOR HEARING  
VERIFIED PETITION, ON APPLICATION OF  
THOMAS HIGGINSON FOR CONVEYANCE  
OF REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF  
SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Estate of / No. 3750—Dept. 10.  
W. E. SHEPMAN, Deceased.

A verified petition of Thomas Higginson having been heretofore filed in this court on the 16th day of July, 1907, for the conveyance of real estate by Amelia Shepman as Administratrix of the Estate of W. E. Shepman, deceased, it is hereby ordered that said petition be set for hearing on the 26th day of August, 1907, at 10 o'clock of that day at the Court Room of Department No. 10 of said Court at Temple Israel on the northeast corner of California and Webster streets, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of said verified petition, and of this order and notice, be served personally upon Amelia Shepman, Administratrix herein, and this notice be published for four successive weeks, before such hearing, so set as aforesaid, in Town Talk, a newspaper published weekly in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

This order is made pursuant to Section 1598 of the Code of Civil Procedure.

Dated July 16th, 1907.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

J. E. CARNE,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
1209 Market Street.

**SUMMONS.**

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN  
FRANCISCO.

No. 10,701—Dept. No. 3.

MARIE LANG,  
Plaintiff,

vs.

JOSEPH LANG,  
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, SEND GREETING TO JOSEPH LANG, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of July, A. D. 1907.

(Seal of Superior Court.) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

GEORGE W. ARMBRUSTER and H. W. MATHEWS,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
2424 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Cal.

**ORDER**

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN  
FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Application of }  
Bay Shore Electrical Construction } No. 10,770—Dept. 11.  
Company, a Corporation, for a }  
Change of Name.

Upon reading and filing the application of the Bay Shore Electrical Construction Company, a corporation, to change the name of the said corporation to BAY SHORE MACHINE AND ELECTRICAL WORKS.

It is hereby ORDERED that the hearing of the said application be, and the same is hereby, set for Thursday, the 22nd day of August, 1907, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court Room, Department No. 11, of said Superior Court, in Temple Israel, in the City and County of San Francisco, and that all persons interested in said matter appear before the said Superior Court at the said time and place, to show cause why the said application should not be granted; and

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in the Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation published in this City and County.

Dated July 12th, 1907.

WILLIAM P. LAWLOR,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

J. W. HENDERSON,  
Attorney for Applicant,  
1130 McAllister St.

**SUMMONS.**

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN  
FRANCISCO.

Department No. 10.

WILLIAM ABBOTT,  
vs. Plaintiff,

All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or  
Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein  
Described or Any Part Thereof, } Action No. 2201.  
Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William Abbott, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Hanover street, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-two (222) feet and six (6) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Lowell street (formerly Humboldt street), running thence southwesterly and along the northwesterly line of Hanover street forty-four (44) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly two hundred and thirteen (213) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly forty-four (44) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly two hundred and thirteen (213) feet to the northwesterly line of Hanover street, and the point of commencement.

Being part of lot number 94 of Westend Homestead Association, as per Map thereof filed March 26, 1863, in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit: That it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 27th day of June, A. D. 1907.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

**MEMORANDUM.**

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk, a newspaper, on the 20th day of July, A. D. 1907.

**MEMORANDUM.**

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

**NAMES.****ADDRESS.**

W. D. FLINN, 513 Buchanan street, San Francisco, California.

R. L. SIMPSON and M. M. MILLER,  
34 Ellis street, San Francisco.  
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS OF THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM H. THOMPSON, DECEASED, TO PRESENT THEIR CLAIMS TO THE ADMINISTRATRIX OF SAID ESTATE WITHIN FOUR MONTHS.

Estate of WILLIAM H. THOMPSON,

Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of WILLIAM H. THOMPSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at her residence at No. 2324 Divisadero Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said residence the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said WILLIAM H. THOMPSON, deceased.

CORNELIA A. THOMPSON,  
Administratrix of the Estate of  
WILLIAM H. THOMPSON, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., July 17, 1907.

JOHNSON & SHAW,  
Attorneys for Administratrix,  
969 Broadway Street, Oakland, Cal.

**Continental Building and Loan Association**

Corner of Market and Church Streets

SAN FRANCISCO

IN BUSINESS FOR 18 YEARS

Capital Subscribed ..... \$15,000,000.00

Capital Paid in and Reserved ..... \$ 2,481,317.50

5 Per Cent Paid on Ordinary Deposits. 6 Per Cent Paid on

Term Deposits.

WASHINGTON DODGE, President. JAMES McCULLOUGH,

JOS. G. CRAWFORD, M. D., Second Vice-President. GAVIN McNAB,

WILLIAM CORBIN, Sec. and Gen. Manager. Attorney.

Always glad to answer questions. Call or write at any time.





























